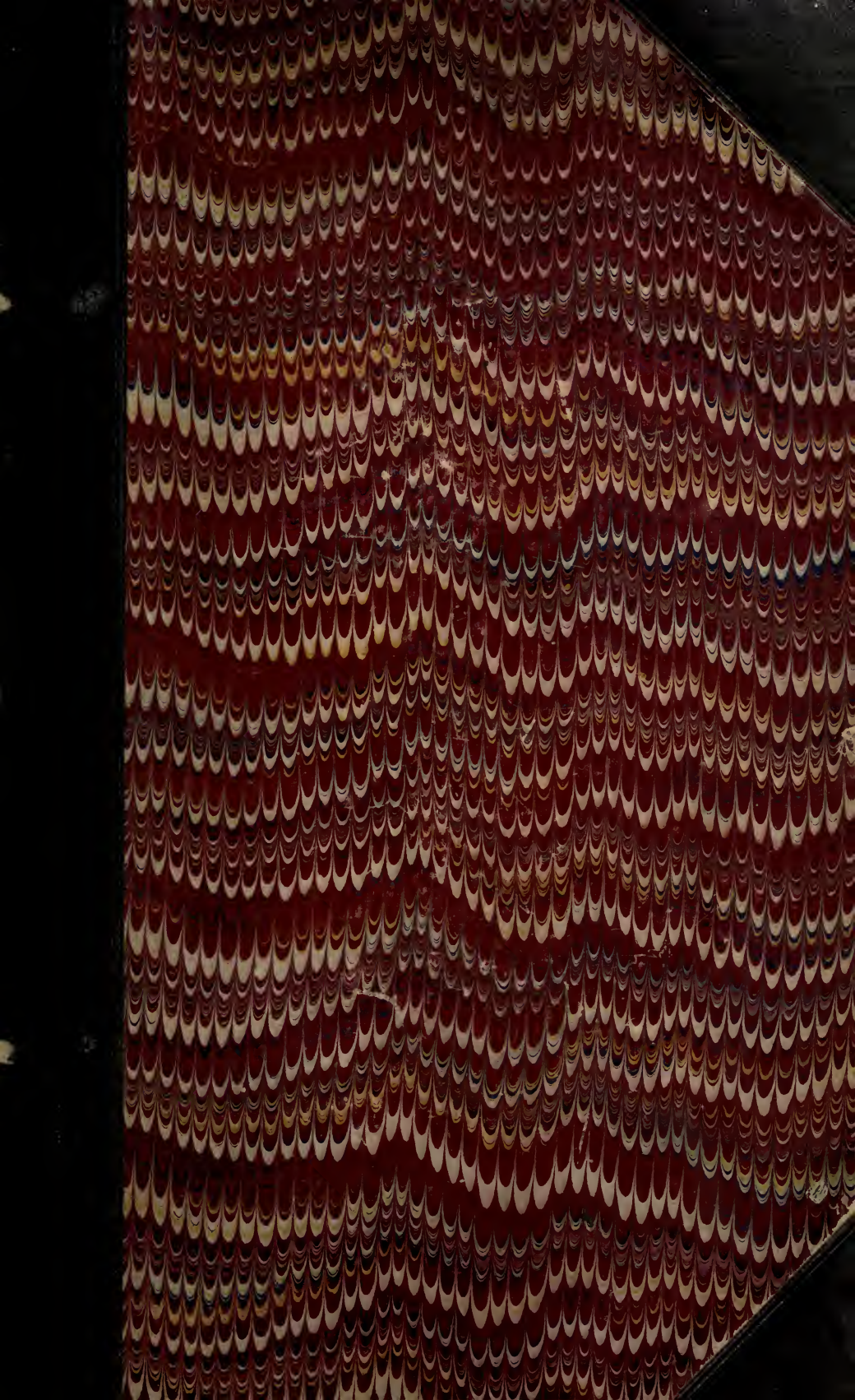

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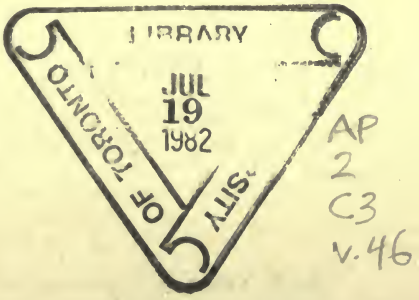

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CONTENTS.

Aiguesmortes —*Charlotte Dunning*, . . 12
American Hermit, An—*William D. Kelly*, 238

Beginnings of Georgetown College, The.—*J. Fairfax McLaughlin*, ... 610
Boy from Garryowen, A.—*Rev. John Talbot Smith*, ... 390

Case of Nationalization, A.—*S. B. Gorman*, 153
Catholic University of Louvain, The.—*Rt. Rev. John J. Keane*, ... 525
Chat about New Books, A.—*Maurice Francis Egan*, . . 125, 263, 411, 551, 702, 832
Coming International Scientific Congress of Catholics, The.—*Rev. Augustine F. Hewit*, ... 469

Darwin's Life and Letters, ... 756
Demurrer to Henry George's Complaint, A.—*Robert J. Mahon*, ... 588
Disturbance of the Social Equilibrium.—*Rev. Willibald Hackner*, ... 210
Dolores : A Christmas Story.—*Agnes Power*, 470
Dr. Brownson's Road to the Church.—*Very Rev. I. T. Hecker*, ... 1
Dr. Brownson and Catholicity (*Conclusion*). —*Very Rev. I. T. Hecker*, . . . 222

Emersonian Creed, The.—*Maude Petre*, . 376
Episcopacy no Bond of Unity.—*Rev. Augustine F. Hewit*, ... 721

Fragment of a Forthcoming Work.—*B. Kingley*, ... 298
Free Night-Shelter and Bread in Paris.—*L. B. Binsse*, ... 175
Galileo Galilei and Dr. McGlynn.—*Rev. J. U. Heinzle, S.J.*, ... 110
Growth and Vicissitudes of the Shakspere Text.—*Appleton Morgan*, ... 68

"Heartless, Headless, and Godless."—*Rev. Patrick F. McSweeny, D.D.*, . . . 433
How I Became a Catholic.—*Rev. Augustine F. Hewit*, ... 32

In North-eastern Mexico.—*Charles E. Hodson*, 761
Ireland in Parliament : A Retrospect.—*C. M. O'Keeffe*, ... 676

John Van Alstyne's Factory.—*Lewis R. Dorsay*, . . . 44, 188, 334, 513, 653, 815

Latest Fashions in Freethinking.—*A. F. Marshall*, ... 21
Leo XIII. and the Catholic University of America.—*Right Rev. John J. Keane*, . 145
Leo XIII.—*Very Rev. I. T. Hecker*, . . 291
Leo XIII. and the Philosophy of St. Thomas. —*Rev. John Gmeiner*, ... 367
Let all the People Sing.—*Rev. Alfred Young*, 321
Let all the People Praise the Lord.—*Rev. Alfred Young*, ... 805
Letters of Thackeray.—*Agnes Repplier*, . 593
Louis Pasteur.—*George Prospero*, . . 619, 791

Martyr to Science, A.—*Richard M. Johnston*, ... 743
Metropolitan Museum of Art : Collection of Cypriote Sculpture, ... 165
Metropolitan Museum of Art : Collection of Cypriote Sculpture.—Second Paper.—*Wm. H. Goodyear*, ... 489
Modern Corycius, A.—*Jos. W. Wilstach*, . 103

Negroes in Mississippi, The.—*Rev. L. A. Dutto*, ... 577
New Publications, . 139, 281, 428, 566, 716, 852

Our Catholic Schools.—*Rev. P. A. Baart*, . 603

Parisian Working-Classes, The.—*B. Archdekan-Cody*, ... 81
Parseeism and Buddhism.—*Merwin-Marie Snell*, ... 451
Race Divisions and the School Question, . 736
Radical Fault of the New Orthodoxy.—*Rev. A. F. Hewit*, ... 353
Roman Universities, The.—*Right Rev. John J. Keane*, ... 313

Saltillo.—*Charles E. Hodson*, ... 438
Seminary for the Colored Missions, The.—*Rev. John R. Slattery*, ... 541
State and the Land, The, ... 94
State Socialism.—*Rev. Edward McSweeny*, 690
Street-Preaching.—*Rev. Alfred Young*, . 499
Summer in the Carpathians, A.—*Dorothy King*, ... 505

Three Hundred Dollars and a Cow.—*T. F. Galwey*, ... 236
Two Months in French Canada.—*Mrs. J. Sadlier*, ... 694

University of Strassburg, The.—*Right Rev. John J. Keane*, ... 643

"What shall be the Treatment of Converted Polygamists?" 535
With Readers and Correspondents, 134, 272, 420, 559, 708, 843
Wyntertons of Netherwood, The—*A. M. Clarke*, ... 629, 777

POETRY.

At One.—*Francis Howard Williams*, . . 652
At the Gates.—*John E. McMahon, U.S.A.*, 803
At Twenty-one.—*Mary Elizabeth Blake*, . 173

Fall of the Leaves, The, ... 221
From the Encheiridion of Epictetus.—*M. B. M.* 389

Hymn to the Blessed Virgin Mary.—*Frank Waters*, ... 609
Heart's Need, The, ... 689

Land of the Harp, The.—*Charles Henry Lüders*, ... 93

Leo XIII.: 1887.—*Maurice Francis Egan*, . 289
Locked Antlers, The.—*Charles Henry Lüders*, ... 804
Love is Blind.—*Rev. Alfred Young*, . . 628

Ronain on his Island.—*Katharine Tynan*, . 457
Rule of Life, A.—*Frank Waters*, . . . 842

Sonnet from Dante.—*Louise Imogen Guiney*, 31

To Leo XIII.—*Rev. Alfred Young*, . . 420

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

After School Days, ... 281
Ancient History, ... 428

Bible Stories for Children, ... 716
Bodyke, ... 716

Capital and Labor, ... 139
Christian Armed, in Verse, ... 139
Ça Ira, ... 566
Clare Vaughan, ... 281

Directorium Sacerdotale, ... 428
De Montréal à Washington, ... 716

Ecclesiastical History of Newfoundland, . 852
Elements of Analytic Geometry, . . . 281
English Reader, The, ... 281
Elements of Ecclesiastical Law, . . . 428
Essays, Chiefly in Poetry, ... 716

Fortunes of Words, The, ... 139
Fifty Years of English Song, ... 566
French Navy Captain, A, ... 716

Handbook of the History of Philosophy, . 428
History of the Christian Church, . . . 852
Holy Angels, The, ... 852
Hundred Years Ago, A, ... 716

Is there Salvation after Death? . . . 281
Irish Scholars of the Penal Days, . . . 281
Illustrated Catholic Family Annual for 1888, 566
Indifferentism, ... 566
Incarnate Word and Devotion to the Sacred Heart, ... 716
Intemperance; or the Evils of Drink, . . 852

Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi, . 566, 716
Life and Letters of St. Teresa, . . . 852
Life of Jean Gabriel Perboyre, . . . 716
Life of Washington, ... 566

Liguori Leaflets, ... 852
Looking Backward—2000–1887, . . . 852

Man's Birthright, ... 281
Most Holy Rosary, The, ... 281
Matthew Calbraith Perry, ... 566
Memoir of Bishop Willson, ... 852
Men and Letters, ... 566
Menology of England and Wales, . . . 852
Manuale Sacerdotum, Diversis eorum, etc., . 566
Mr. Absalom Billingslea, ... 852

New Parks beyond the Harlem, . . . 852
New Raccolta, The, ... 139

Our Divine Saviour, and other Discourses, . 139
Ownership and Natural Right, ... 428
Ordo Divini Officii recitandi, Missæque celebrandæ, etc., ... 566
Old Folks at Home, ... 566

Pour l'Irlande, ... 280

Questiones Mechlinenses in Rubricis, etc., . 566

Republic of the Future, ... 139
Reginald Pole, Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury, ... 566
Richard Lepsius, ... 716

Sermons, Moral and Dogmatic, on the Rosary, 281
Sermons on the Blessed Eucharist, . . . 281
Sermons from the Flemish, for all the Sundays of the year, ... 852

Thoughts on the Holy Gospels, . . . 852
Toilers' Tracts, ... 139
Treatise of Prayer, A, ... 716

United States Life-Saving Service, . . 281

Wide Awake, ... 281

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DR. BROWNSON'S ROAD TO THE CHURCH.*

IT was a philosophical road. "My own path to the church," he says in his preface to *The Convert*, "led through the field of philosophy." And that is as much as saying that it was by no means the common road. The historical facts of Christ's birth, teaching, death, and resurrection; the historical certainty that he established a society gifted with a divine commission to teach in his stead and under the influence of his Spirit; the actual identity of that society and the Catholic Church of to day—the establishment of these facts in the honest inquirer's mind is the historical road to the church. The philosophical road is different. Instead of studying facts it studies doctrines; instead of only seeking a society it looks mainly for a system of truth. Finding doctrines that answer to the deepest questions of the soul, it argues that the society which teaches them can validly lay claim to the right to teach. It thus argues mainly from the doctrine to the teacher, from the truth to the external authority that teaches it.

The man who establishes the historical identity of the church

* The following extract is from a letter kindly written by a friend of my single fellow-disciple of Dr. Brownson at Chelsea, mentioned in my last article, and supplies some needed information:

"He was not the General George S. Greene to whom you refer, but Colonel William B. Greene. I became acquainted with him in 1872, when I was a boy of eighteen, and knew him with a growing intimacy up to the time of his death in 1879 or thereabouts. Though he was so much my senior, we were united by a strong bond of sympathy in our views of economics. In those matters he was a disciple of Proudhon. How Greene first came to read Proudhon I do not know, but it must have been very soon after Proudhon began to write, because the latter's first book appeared just about the time of your first visit to Boston, and it was not more than ten years or so thereafter when Greene (then a Unitarian clergyman, settled, I think, in North Brookfield, Worcester Co., Mass.) began to publish in the Worcester papers some remarkable articles on finance in which Proudhon's ideas were advocated with great force and originality of presentation. Greene afterwards knew Proudhon in Paris, where he spent a number of years. They dined together frequently. Greene was in Paris when the rebellion broke out, and he came home to join the Northern army. [He held a high command in the artillery during the whole war.—ED.] He married (somewhere about 1850, I judge) Anne Shaw, of Boston's aristocratic Shaw family, noted in abolition annals. Young Colonel Shaw, you will remember, commanded the first black regiment, and was killed at the head of it. I believe he was a nephew of Colonel Greene's wife. Miss Shaw brought Colonel Greene a fortune, which made him a man

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of to-day with the apostolic college says the doctrines now taught must be true; the man who perceives the identity of the church's doctrines with his own highest aspirations also proves them true. The man who has become responsive to the primitive action of his reason says that the church, which is its only authoritative exponent, must be a divinely-appointed teacher. The infallible authority of the church in her past, present, and future teaching is established by the necessity of the truths which she teaches for the welfare of the human race, by thus completing the outlines of natural truth drawn by the divine hand in human consciousness.

"To believe," says Dr. Brownson in *The Convert*, p. 306—"to believe is normal, to disbelieve is abnormal. When the mind is in its normal state, nothing more is ever needed for belief than the removal of the obstacles interposed to believing; for, if we consider it, the mind was created for truth. Truth is its object, and it seeks and accepts it instinctively, as the new-born child seeks the mother's breast from which it draws its nourishment. Place the mind and truth face to face, with nothing interposed between them, and the truth evidences itself to the mind, and the mind accepts it without seeking or needing any further reason. The assent termed knowledge follows immediately from the joint forces of the intelligible object and the intelligent subject."

The road to truth is clear and short to minds without guile. It can only be made dim and long by submitting to passion and by wilful wanderings induced by prejudice and inordinate attachments. The path of sound philosophy leads to truth always, unless crossed by passion. Now, Dr. Brownson's very passions were forms of the love of truth. All his struggles, friendships, and prejudices grew out of his supreme love for the truth. I am even of opinion that Dr. Brownson could not have formed a permanent friendship with one in whom this was not a leading trait

of leisure. When I first knew him he lived at his country-house in Jamaica Plain summers, and at the Clarendon Hotel in Boston winters. Later he lived at the Parker House the year round. In 1877 he went to England, and died there, in Tunbridge Wells, just as he was contemplating a return to America, in 1879. He left a wife and son, the latter a classmate of mine at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is married, and lives, I am told, in Europe. Colonel Greene had a daughter, of whom he was very fond and proud, but she was lost on the ill-fated *Schiller*, wrecked off the English coast. She was a young woman of high attainments, among them an excellent knowledge of Hebrew. Her death shattered her father physically and hastened his end. His body was brought to Boston and interred at Forest Hills, and his grave on every Decoration Day is made the object of a special visit by his old artillery associates.

"I never heard him mention Brownson, and your article gives me the first intimation of his discipleship to that great man; but I am glad to know of it, for it furnishes a possible explanation of some of Greene's tendencies—for instance, his early interest in finance, his subordination of the question of the negro's freedom to a much larger and more inclusive anti-slavery movement, and his tender side towards Catholicism. [Here follows a list of Colonel Greene's publications.] He also published the results of some investigations in the higher mathematics, for which branch of science he had a great fancy. Physically he was a majestic figure, and mentally he was a giant. His bravery was perfect. Though a man of the world and living as such, he never failed to respond to any call of duty in connection with the righting of any wrong, no matter how much ridicule and hatred it might subject him to.

"Of his private life there are others who can tell you more than I. But I know from my own experience that Greene was a charming, genial, and whole-souled companion and one of the most remarkable of men."

of character. Without seeing clearly this passionate love of truth in him, it is, I think, hardly possible to understand him. The love of truth, identified in his mind with the love of philosophy, was a constant impulse to unwearied intellectual activity searching for the ultimate truth.

Hence he was an uncomfortable man for a coward to know. He was a dangerous man to have for a friend, if you were not ready when the time came to make the sacrifice of all things for the love of truth. This was also why he never could be rich. He never would suffer the temptation to be rich to enter his mind. I do not think that he even knew what that temptation was. The spirit of sacrifice always was and always will be the trait of men deeply longing for the entire truth. Entire truth demands the sacrifice of all things if you wish to become its worthy disciple; at some time or other the demand will be made on you. The Master of truth taught this when he said that unless a man renounces all things he is not worthy to be his disciple. Thus much I have said to illustrate what Brownson means by "the removal of the obstacles interposed to believing."

Dr. Brownson had for his life's mission to find the true religion through philosophy—that is to say, by means of the truths of unaided reason—and, strange to say, he succeeded in doing so without knowing a single Catholic philosopher and without having read a single Catholic philosophical treatise. It was a new path he struck; he followed it faithfully to his reception into the church, and gave us in *The Convert* what, to my knowledge, no one else has ever done before or since—the philosopher's road to the church. No doubt many have entered into the fulness of supernatural truth by the philosophical way; and of course there are many arguments published showing how reason demands revelation and the accord of natural and supernatural truth. But what great man before Brownson has ever written a book leading us step by step, through the very processes of his own actual experience, in a road from reason to revelation entirely apart from the historical? St. Augustine's *Confessions* is indeed something of the sort. But it is as much a study of the struggles of the moral nature as it is a history of the gropings of the human mind in search of the divine. It is rather the conflict between right and wrong than that between true and false. *The Convert* tells us the direction he took in his journey from reason's starting-point, and the many struggles he encountered before he reached the goal of all his heroic efforts—the divine truth as fully revealed in the church of Christ.

That with premises which are supernatural one can reach more deeply into the domain of supernatural truth no one will doubt who is amenable to sound logic. But that the supernatural can be reached by logical processes from premises seemingly natural is what no one, to my knowledge, has ever shown can be done, before Dr. Brownson. Again, that the acceptance of the supernatural is the most sublime assertion of the natural has been said; but how very few have proved it in a manner worthy of the theme? Brownson is one of the most successful, and his process of reasoning is altogether original.

I once heard Dr. Brownson say that he and Daniel Webster, with whom he was well acquainted, happened to meet in a Boston book-store. Brownson picked up a book and began looking through it. Webster glanced at it and saw that it was a defence of the Catholic religion. "Take care," said the statesman to the philosopher, "how you examine the Catholic Church, unless you are willing to become a Catholic, for their doctrines are logical." How little appreciation of the philosophic mind did that remark reveal! Webster was an honest man, and I have always believed that he was upright and faithful to conscience in his public life. But Brownson's passion was just what he was warned against: to find doctrines that are logical; in comparison with that all was worthless. "I did not," he says in *The Convert*, "value reputation for its own sake—I have never done so. . . . It cost me not a pang to throw all away on becoming a Catholic, and to be regarded as henceforth of no account by my non-Catholic countrymen, as I did not doubt I should be. There is something else than reputation worth living for." And a few lines below he states what it was that made his life worth living, what was the residuum of consciousness after every one of his great mental struggles: "I had one principle, and only one, to which since throwing up Universalism I had been faithful, a principle for which I had perhaps made some sacrifices—that of following my own honest convictions whithersoever they should lead me." This sentence should be put on his monument. And he had said before: "The subjective heresy of the age is a far greater obstacle to its conversion than its objective errors. What men most lack is principle, is the feeling that they should be true to the right, and that to be manly is to be ready to follow the truth under whatever guise it may come, to whatever it may lead—to the loss of reputation, to beggary, to the dungeon or the scaffold, to the stake or exile. . . . It is necessary first of all to make away with all shams —to use one of Carlyle's terms—to get rid of all illusions, and

believe a lie is a lie and that no lie shall stand. . . . If we have not advanced to faith in the Gospel, let us return to simple nature, and have at least the natural order, which after all is real, on which to plant our feet" (pp. 305–6 and p. 98).

Brownson's first great step towards the fulness of the truth was, therefore, the philosophical verity that Life is Real. Human life, especially in its motives, in its power of being informed by principles, is reality. To settle this question was the first and by all odds the greatest of the struggles of Dr. Brownson's life. He was firmly persuaded, and so am I, that the great fault of men generally is that they deem the life of their souls, thoughts, judgments and convictions, yearnings, aspirations and longings, to be too subject to illusion to be worthy their attentive study and manly fidelity; that even multitudes of Catholics greatly undervalue the divine reality of their inner life, whether in the natural or supernatural order.

What is the factor, or what are the factors, of that life? Are they one or many? How are the phenomena of that life of the soul produced? Some would have us believe that the yearnings and aspirations of the soul are but the life of the Deity, immanent in all creatures, and which reaches first to self-consciousness in man. Into this delusion Brownson early fell, and through it he began to work his way soon after cutting loose from orthodox Protestantism. "I had become," he says, "a believer in humanity, and put humanity in the place of God. The only God I recognized was the divine in man, the divinity of humanity, one alike with God and with man, which I supposed to be the real meaning of the Christian doctrine of the Incarnation, the mystery of Emmanuel or God with us, God manifest in the flesh. There may be an unmanifested God, and certainly is, but the only God who exists for us is the God in man, the active and living principle in human nature." He says that by the silent operation of his religious sentiments he gradually cast off this preposterous theory.

Then he fell into subjectivism, or rather fell back upon it; for, in common with most men of the age, it had been more or less the bottom error of his mind. By subjectivism I mean the theory which maintains that the aspirations or unappeased desires of the soul towards the infinite are the renderings of the sentimental imagination: they are mere projections into activity of feelings entirely subjective; mystical impulses towards no corresponding objective realities, or, at any rate, with objects which it is not possible to bring into the field of the really

knowable. Some will admit that religious feeling is as much a verity as any other part of human consciousness, affirming, however, the subjectivity of all purely spiritual life; and no more can be said, they insist, for the principles, metaphysical and logical, with which they are associated in the spiritual life of man. Now, such a theory never leaves the soul that is governed by reason at rest. The problem ever and again demands solution: Are these yearnings, aspirations, unappeased desires, or religious feelings—the ruling traits of the noblest men and women—are they genuine, real, corresponding to and arising from the reality of certain objects external to the soul? I think that in the solution of this problem Dr. Brownson fought and won his greatest victory; at any rate, it was to me the most interesting period of his life. No wonder, since I had the same battle to fight myself, and it was just at this epoch that I came into closest contact with him. We fought this battle shoulder to shoulder. Brownson and I were both led to the Catholic Church more by attaining to sound views on this question than by any one other means; it is the longest stage on the philosophical road.

The constituent elements of every act of the soul consist in two factors, ourselves and something not ourselves. Subject and object are two elementary factors in all experience, be the intermediary steps what they may. These are primary elements of the phenomena of life. Every act involves an actor; there can be no thought without a thinker. Nothing cannot act. But no thinker can think alone; that is, every thought involves something besides the thinker. What does not exist cannot be apprehended or perceived. If a man were placed by hypothesis where nothing apart from himself exists, no perception, no knowledge, no feeling, no volition whatever would be possible. There is no perception without an object. The faculty of intelligence becomes perception, the will becomes act, only by the presence of objects independent of one's self. Starting from a simple unit, there is no conceivable way of producing any kind of act whatsoever. It would be like

> "Dropping buckets into empty wells,
> And growing old in drawing nothing up."

In the production of life, subject necessarily connotes object and is correlative with it. Oneness is barrenness.

To see, if one is not a fool or a lunatic, is to see something; to perceive is to perceive something. To think is an intellectual act, and to think is to affirm virtually some truth existing independently of the thinker. What consciousness or appre-

hension, each in its respective sphere, duly attests, whether physical, metaphysical, ethical, or religious, must be held as indubitably certain. To act on any other view of human life is to tend to imbecility. This law of objective reality applies to the entire realm of human activity. Life is real. "Wherefore," says St. Augustine on the Trinity (book ix.), "it must be clearly held that everything whatsoever that we know begets in us the knowledge of itself, for knowledge is brought forth from both, from the knower and the thing known." The immediate source of human life is the intercourse between the human intelligence and reality. Reality conditions life. Life is real. Life cannot be otherwise than real.

This may seem commonplace to readers trained in the sound sense of Catholic truth, but no language can exaggerate the joy of finding out the reality of mental life after one has floundered about during his best years in such systems of philosophical scepticism as the German school of Kant and his successors, Fichte and Hegel. It was the discovery of this sound realism that placed Dr. Brownson and myself consciously and at once upon the road to truth, right conduct, peace of mind, and finally to boundless, triumphant, and permanent joy! This is a gain the value of which they can best appreciate who have sadly misspent their lives in the study and acceptance of sceptical systems of philosophy, or who have wasted their youthful energies, given to acquire virtue and wisdom, upon visionary schemes and delusive enterprises. And to one of such experience nothing is more surprising, nothing more sad, than to behold men leaving the guidance of ascertained truth for dreams of a socialistic paradise.

The conversion of Dr. Brownson, therefore, to Catholicity, mainly by philosophy, involved the refutation of idealism and the German subjective systems of metaphysics—no small labor; for it was on these erroneous systems that Brownson's philosophical views were originally based. In *The Convert* he gives us a narrative, though one too scanty in details, of the process by which he arrived at a philosophy of the Real. The necessity of progress in man and society he had fully established; it was the residuum of verity after his socialistic studies and experiences were done. But how is this progress to be secured—by what means?

"Man," he says (*The Convert*, p. 271), "is now below what I would have him and behind the goal I would propose for him. I propose his progress; I propose to elevate him in virtue and happiness. But if he is

below what I would have him, how, with him alone, am I to elevate him? Man is what he is, and with only man how am I to make him, or is he to become, more than he now is? Man only equals man. From man I can get only man, and with man alone I can have nothing above man. No man can rise above himself or lift himself by his own waistband. . . . Nothing cannot make itself something, and the imperfect, without borrowing from what is not itself, cannot make itself perfect. *Ex nihilo nihil fit.* . . .

"Undoubtedly there is such a phenomenon as growth. We see it in vegetables, in animals, in man; but all growth is by accretion, by assimilation from abroad. The acorn develops and grows into the oak only by virtue of the substance it assimilates from the soil, air, and light. It must have food, appropriate food, and it is only through assimilating the food by a living process, determined by the internal law of the oak, that it grows and expands into the tree. So of the whole animal world. No animal can grow or even live by itself alone. Thus it is in the material order, as all men know and concede, else why the necessity of food and drink? The spiritual and material correspond, for the material does in its order but copy or imitate the spiritual. Neither in body or soul, then, can man grow or make progress—for progress is nothing but growth—with himself alone, or without assimilating to himself appropriate food from abroad. Progress there may be and undoubtedly is, and this progress is effected by processes determined by the internal law or nature of man, but not without the aid of that which is not man."

Following this the doctor tells us of his studies of the eclectic system of Victor Cousin, and the attempt made by that writer to establish the true, the good, and the beautiful as absolute ideas, and continues:

"But these absolute ideas, what are they? M. Cousin makes them the constituent elements of reason. But of what reason? The divine or the human? If of the divine, how does our intelligence grasp them? If of the human, how determine their objective validity, or, to use the language of the schoolmen, their existence *a parte rei?* M. Cousin's answer is confused and unsatisfactory. . . . This question M. Cousin has never to my knowledge answered, and therefore has never really advanced beyond the subjectivism of Kant."

Cousin, therefore, gave us no real assistance. We remained under the influence of the subjectivism of Kant, and I particularly under that development of it which Fichte made. According to Fichte, the Ego posits itself; that is his *primum philosophicum.* By means of this the intelligence can never reach the certitude of truth. If the Ego can posit itself absolutely (as this theory pretends), man is put in the place of God in the universe. It may be asked if Dr. Brownson and I had made up our minds that this *primum philosophicum* of Fichte was absolutely true. I answer, No. We tried to do so. But we did not hold it un-

doubtingly as certain. Nobody can. The human intelligence is not made to assimilate such a delusion. It is to the human mind what an emetic is to the stomach. An honest attempt we made, indeed, to believe it; but the effect was a disturbance of mind like that which poison produces in the physical system. Hegel, more intelligent than Fichte, started with a different *primum philosophicum*, but just as false and sophistical: *Das Sein und nicht Sein sind dasselbe*—Being and not being are the same. I tried to read Hegel till my wits were in such a tangle and snarl that there was no such thing as getting them straight again till I shook him off.

These two men were disciples of Kant and had fastened themselves on his theory of purely *à priori* synthetic judgments, which, according to him, are mere abstractions and have no objective existence. In a word, he gave pure subjectivism for Fichte and Hegel to develop, and *The Ego posits itself* and *Being and not being are the same* was the result. Dr. Brownson and myself were stuck full of it. For a while we couldn't talk, hardly think, of anything else, and yet all the time we felt a revolt against it. Dr. Brownson began to work out of it by the study of Cousin, as related in the foregoing extracts.

But it was Pierre Leroux, and especially his work *L'Humanité*, that gave us most assistance in our search for the reality of life. When we first got hold of him we did not know where he would lead us. Indeed, he did not himself appear to be conscious of the results involved in his teaching. But Dr. Brownson soon perceived it, and so did I. Leroux's theory was that there is a necessary element of objectivity in every act of the subject. If, therefore, I act in harmony with the laws which control my mental processes, *I am sure* that I think and live in harmony with the Infinite Real, my Creator. Leroux did not go quite so far as this, but his principle that every act of the subject supposes an object involves objective certitude and real union between the thinker and the thing thought.

When Brownson fully got hold of this his mind was vigorous and active enough to work it out, far better than Leroux himself. In his day Leroux had some vogue, was a member of the French Assembly of 1848, and a writer on philosophical subjects; but who reads him now? He never was comparable to Brownson, and is now all but utterly unread. Yet his work *L'Humanité* had a great influence on Dr. Brownson. How hard we studied it! I read it once or twice, and then I re-read and studied it. It lifted Brownson and me out of the German sub-

jectivism in which we had been involved. In truth, it took very little to lift him out of it, but it took much to lift me. He had studied more deeply and worked his way, as he explains in *The Convert*, farther along; was an older man, and, being more of a Scotchman, was of a temperament better adapted by nature than my German one to reach philosophical conclusions entirely sound. It may be asked why the Scotch school of philosophy did not set us right. Me it greatly helped, yet Brownson treats its claims lightly in *The Convert*. In the main, Scotchmen have been true to the national mission in the domain of philosophy. The work of the Scotch philosophers seems to have been to seize hold of the element of objectivity in every thought, feeling, and sentiment of man, and to emphasize it. In our day and in this country they have a later glory in Dr. McCosh, the Scotch-Irish president of Princeton College. He is a sound reasoner, knows the reality of human life, teaches the objectivity which enters into every act of human consciousness and thought, and withal loves and values the vocation of philosopher. It is an admirable spectacle, in these times of absorption in the pursuit of wealth, that Dr. McCosh sought to resign the presidency of a great institution of learning to become professor of philosophy. This is a bright example of the nobler national characteristics of his race. And I will frankly say that the realistic school of Scotch philosophy is the only true philosophy, forming a school, outside the Catholic Church; and this is because it is an objective philosophy. Hamilton is the degeneracy of the Scotch philosophy. His slopping down into what amounts to subjectivism is lamentable. Spencer has used him in such a fashion as to irremediably connect him with scepticism and agnosticism. But McCosh goes far towards compensating for his errors.

But, it may be asked, why did not Catholic philosophy assist Brownson? Because he did not know it. In the entire literature accessible to us, it and every other Catholic teaching was relegated to the region of defunct theories. It was nearly altogether in Latin, and even so not readily accessible to us. Any of the great Catholic philosophers might have afforded us a clue to the solution of our problems, though few of them were in their day confronted squarely with our radical difficulty. Kleutgen, in the first chapter of his work, *Die Philosophie der Vorzeit*—a résumé of the doctrines of the schoolmen—affirms the necessity of the element of objectivity to every thought. But he does not dwell on it, nor prove it anywhere in his work, on the whole so

valuable. In St. Thomas it is always taken for granted, yet a patient study is needed to discover the propositions which actually fix it in his explicit teaching. Modern Catholic philosophers have not, in my judgment, devoted enough of care to the element of objectivity in human life, considering that the intellectual disease of the nineteenth century has been and is subjectivism. I say *is*, for if Agnostics are not subjectivists as to the material world, they are plainly so in regard to metaphysical truth.

Here, then, was our gain: Life is real. We learned to tell truth by its looks. Our inner life was a fair test of all the truth in the order of nature, and furnished us a most suggestive preamble for learning the truth revealed in an order above the natural —revelation.

"For belief," says Brownson, "reason never requires anything but the mutual presence, with nothing interposed between them, of the credible object and the creditive subject. . . . Demonstration the most rigid and the most conclusive only shows the object without envelope or disguise. Truth" (in the natural order) "needs no voucher, and, when immediately presented to the mind, evidences or affirms itself. . . . The principle must hold true, as far as applicable, in the supernatural order and in regard to faith as well as in regard to science. Faith or belief is assent to propositions not immediately known, on the authority affirming them; that is, it is assent on testimony. The understanding does not assent to them because it sees immediately their truth, as is the case of science or knowledge, but because it sees the sufficiency of the authority or testimony affirming them. The immediate object of belief is the veracity of the witness, or the fact that the authority in the case can neither deceive nor be deceived; and here the assent is immediate as soon as the obstacles are removed, because to believe is normal. If the supernatural and the natural correspond one to the other, as it is here assumed that they do, the same holds true of belief in the supernatural order. . . . My conduct, then, in believing in the supernatural order the moment my reasons against believing in it were removed and I saw its accordance with nature and reason, was not rash or precipitate, but truly reasonable and philosophical, in accordance with the principle of all belief, and indeed of all science. I asked and I needed nothing more."

Thus, face to face with the supernatural, viewing it with a mind as guileless as intelligent, Dr. Brownson had reached the last stage of his struggle for union with the truth. A step further and he could drink of that fountain the sound of whose refreshing waters, so long thirsted after, he could already distinctly hear.

In another article—the last, I hope, of the series—I will accompany him into the church. I. T. Hecker.

AIGUESMORTES.

CHATEAUBRIAND, in a letter to Monsieur Vigne-Malbois, wrote:

"Last year [1838], while making a hasty journey through the south of France, in going from Montpellier to Nîmes, I turned aside for a moment to visit Aiguesmortes. I saw all that could be seen in a few hours. . . . I had an idea of writing an account of Aiguesmortes, the only city in France which has preserved the monuments and military architecture of the time of St. Louis."

Chateaubriand never carried out this project, but much has been written about the town by poets, historians, and men of science. Like the illustrious author of *René* and *Atala*, I visited Aiguesmortes and saw all that could be seen in a few hours, although at the time I knew nothing about the place, except what I had learned from an old guide-book which I picked up in Nîmes. Baedeker makes no mention of it, and I may as well confess that because he ignores Aiguesmortes my companion and I were the more eager to go there. Afterwards I bought all the books and pamphlets I could find relating to the town and its history; most of these are out of print, many of them are of scant value save as curiosities of literature, and I give a list of those from which I translate some parts.* I can lay claim to no great historical knowledge, and I shall not venture to repeat all the stories I heard about Aiguesmortes. A garrulous old gentleman of Nîmes told me many wondrous tales about the town, but they were too marvellous to be true, queer and interesting as they were coming from his lips. The article in Monsieur Leuthéric's book is by far the most satisfactory, short as it is. He writes, not as a picturesque historian, but a man of science; and yet, like so many men of science, he has the touch of the poet, and it is this touch which lends a charm to his book. Of Aiguesmortes he says:

"Without the production of salt, which is gathered in abundance from the swamps along the littoral and exceeds sixty thousand tons a year, life would be absolutely extinguished in the old city of St. Louis. But solitude and abandonment are in perfect harmony with the peaceful majesty of the

* *Histoire d'Aiguesmortes.* Par F. Em. di Pietro. Paris, 1849.—*Vie du Père Brydaine.* Par l'Abbé Caron. Lille, 1860.—*Aiguesmortes.* Par M. Topin. Nîmes, 1868.—*Les Villes Mortes du Golfe de Lyon.* Par Charles Leuthéric, Ingénieur des Ponts et Chaussées. Paris, 1879. Couronné par l'Académie Française.

fortification, untouched in six centuries, which the hand of man has respected up to the present. Aiguesmortes has had, in a word, the double good fortune to escape both the vandalism of demolishers and the zeal of restorers. There does not exist any enceinte in Europe, perhaps in the world, which has been kept in such perfect integrity. . . . All is dead about this dead city; nothing recalls modern Europe, and you could believe that you had been carried to those brilliant but sad countries of Africa or the Orient that, like Aiguesmortes, live only in the past. . . . In spite of the melancholy and abandonment that seem to have been its fate, perhaps because of its very melancholy and abandonment, Aiguesmortes cannot, should not perish. And whatever may be the vicissitudes of that arid and unstable coast, there will always remain to the old city of St. Louis a magnificent architectural diadem, and to that desert plain a yet more radiant halo of glorious and tender memories."

It was on a fine morning in early April—the early April of the south of France—that my painter-friend and I set out for Aiguesmortes. As the train drew away from Nîmes the wind blew into the opened window, sweet with the nameless fragrance of spring, and we looked on green fields; but little by little the face of the landscape changed, growing more mournful every minute. Instead of pleasant pastures we saw a forlorn expanse with great sand-banks rising up here and there, and sea-birds soaring about, dipping down ever and again to the pools of stagnant water. "The vegetable earth no longer exists here, and it would need centuries for cultivation to take possession of these low lands and salt swamps, last traces of a vanished sea. . . . Wandering cattle and horses roam about which have kept the Saracen habits of their ancestors, brought hither by the Crusaders."

When the train stopped we found that we had travelled in a most prosaic fashion from the nineteenth century back to the thirteenth. Aiguesmortes was before us, its massive walls with the turrets rising up irregularly along the top, presenting the same appearance that they did when they were built by Philip the Bold about the year 1272. The houses within were completely hidden, and there was only a church-spire peering over the wall. A great gate yawned open, but we did not enter at once. Often had I seen so-called walled towns, and always had I been tacitly asked to construct towers and battlements out of dismantled stones; but Aiguesmortes put no such tax on the imagination—it was visible, tangible. Had a warrior in armor appeared I should not have been particularly surprised just at that moment. I half-expected him; I wondered what he would say to me when he asked whence I came, and I answered

America, an unheard-of country. I should be condemned as a suspicious character, and the best fate I could hope for would be lifelong imprisonment in yonder Tower of Constance, looming up grim and awful just outside the walls.

While we were looking and dreaming a chubby urchin clattered past us who was whistling the tune of "Nicola," which everybody had been humming in Nice since the carnival, but it sounded rather incongruous in Aiguesmortes. The painter laughed. "Nicola is the countersign," she said, as we followed the boy. It was like going into a tomb or a prison. Once within I could think only of those toy towns that children build out of blocks on the floor, and enclose with big dictionaries and cyclopædias and old geographies; and as I gazed at the walls rising up tall and impregnable about me, I felt myself shrinking to the size of a wooden figure in a Noe's ark. The houses that lined the narrow streets did not go far towards dispelling the notion. They were of no very ancient appearance; they were small, lacking all decoration, neat and prim; and, since my books tell me nothing about them, I can give only my own idea of their age, and my friend and I agreed that they could hardly be more than fifty or sixty years old. We saw some carved doors that showed signs of antiquity; one was exactly like a door we had sketched in Xanten, the little town near Düsseldorf where, as everybody knows, the castle of the Nibelungen stood and Siegfried, the dragon-slayer, was born. But the town of Aiguesmortes is disappointing; it is the wall about it and the great tower outside that completely satisfy the imagination. There was no stir of life, no people hastening to and from their work, and the men and women we met had pale, stolid faces and stared at us with lack-lustre curiosity. Neither guides nor venders of guide-books pressed their services or their wares upon us; Aiguesmortes seems to care little for the strangers within her gates, and we sauntered aimlessly up and down the streets until we came to the old church of Notre Dame des Sablons. This has been torn down and rebuilt, until I doubt if much of the original structure be left; but a church dedicated to Our Lady of the Sands was standing here when the town had no fortifications and was a mere fishing-village belonging to the musical monks of Psalmodi. On a little hill overlooking the marshy plain there was, centuries ago, a Benedictine monastery; the brothers were rich and powerful; but the Saracens had a fashion of swooping down on this part of the coast, and when they demolished the abbey it is recorded that the brothers, though driven out of

house and home, never ceased the perpetual chanting that had given them their name. Charlemagne built a tower of refuge for them; and this tower, called Matapère then, is now known as the Tower of Constance. St. Louis rebuilt it, when he bought Aiguesmortes from the monks of Psalmodi in the year 1248, for a port from which he could sail on his crusade to the Holy Land. Aiguesmortes is about three miles distant from the gulf, and is approached by a canal; and in writing of this old canal, traces of which can yet be seen, though the shifting sands and the overflow of the Rhone make the passage to the sea an ever-changing one, Monsieur Leuthéric remarks that these ancient canals are all shaped like the Grand Canal of Venice—a long letter S running from east to west. The situation of Aiguesmortes has given rise to some droll mistakes, and a good many famous authors, among them Voltaire and Buffon, have thought that Aiguesmortes was once on the coast. The "imaginative Maillet," who fancied that the formation of continents was owing to the evaporation of the waters of the seas, cited Aiguesmortes as a proof of his theory. With scientific questions I dare not meddle, but the picturesque historians made a blunder which anybody can appreciate when they graphically described the ships that were to bear St. Louis to the Holy Land as sailing up to the walls of the town. There were no walls there then, only the Tower of Constance, and it was St. Louis' son who, in obedience to his father's wish, built the fortifications. According to the tradition, the design followed was that of Damietta, but Monsieur Leuthéric says that Aiguesmortes resembles Damietta no more than it does Jerusalem or any other town of the East; he calls it a veritable reminiscence of the Orient, while the Tower of Constance is a type of the European fortification of the eleventh century. The observer, however ignorant of archæology, can see the difference in the spirit of them at a glance.

It was during the period after St. Louis' death that the town saw its best days. Then, as now, it was insalubrious and the soil was sterile, but its inhabitants numbered fifteen thousand souls, because, to encourage its prosperity, Philip the Bold gave it great privileges, and it became a sort of city of refuge. "Every day," says Di Pietro, "people hastened within the walls, some seeking safety from their tyrannical lords, some escaping the bands of armed vagabonds who prowled about the provinces"; but the greater part came hither to enjoy the commercial freedom bestowed upon the town by its king.

There was plenty of life then. In the port lay ships from all

countries, bringing the rich stuffs from the East, spices from the Indies, and the Italians came with their silks and jewelry. Fifteen thousand inhabitants there were at that time; there are barely three thousand now. No wonder the streets had a deserted look to us as we strolled about them that pleasant April morning. In the square before the church is a modern statue of St. Louis, standing crowned, his left hand on his sword-hilt, his right raised to the cross on his breast. He is the patron saint of the town, and the historians devote pages of description to the time when he was about to sail for the Holy Land and the Crusaders' tents were pitched on the plains. One old chronicler * tells a queer story about him. It seems that, in his desire to improve the town, he took the stones from the tomb of Arnaud de Bellande at Maguelonne, a famous hero in the wars against the Saracens, and the chronicler, after relating this, adds: "But as this was, in a way, a violation of the glory and repose of the dead, and of the respect due them, his [St. Louis'] plans did not succeed." Just where his plans failed, however, I do not quite understand.

The next famous persons who come on the scene are Francis I. and Charles V., and how they chanced to meet there on the coast of the south of France is told in all the histories. Meet they did, those extraordinary men, who were now fighting bitterly, then exchanging courtesies; now vowing eternal friendship, then sending challenges to mortal combat; and it was on the 15th of July in the year 1538 that they entered Aiguesmortes. Francis had his wife and daughter with him, and many great ladies and gentlemen were in his train; the name of Henry of Navarre stands in the long list. That was a memorable day for Aiguesmortes. The town was decorated, the artillery thundered from the ramparts, the people shouted and cheered, and another old chronicler (La Faille, *Annales de Toulouse*) says in a sort of despairing ecstasy:

"As for the festivities that the emperor, and the king, and the knights, and the ladies enjoyed, I leave you to imagine them. Above all, a peace was concluded between the said emperor and the said king—a perpetual peace if it please the Blessed Son, *cui laus sit in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.*"

But it is not by reason of its past that Aiguesmortes is of such interest. About many a town far more stories can be told. The wonder is that its walls should have been left standing perfect to

* Gariel, *Idée générale de la Ville de Montpellier, recherchée et présentée aux honnêtes Gens*, 1665 (quoted by Di Pietro).

this day; and though its isolation may be one reason, the chief reasons are its unhealthiness and the sterility of the soil. Nothing will grow there, and, while the winter is not severe, the cold winds blowing over the Cevennes cause sudden changes in the temperature and bring on catarrhal affections and diseases of the lungs. Then there is the *marin*, or southeast wind, that comes laden with the moisture of the sea and the deadly exhalations from the surrounding swamps. What with consumption and malarial fever, no wonder that Philip the Bold was compelled to give Aiguesmortes extraordinary privileges to keep people in the town; and it is to me significant that the number of inhabitants rose to fifteen thousand, for it shows what men will endure for the sake of freedom—freedom to live in peace and carry on their affairs without let or hindrance. As I read the history of the town I see that its prosperity declined as liberty increased throughout the land. Men would stay there among the swamps no longer when other places gave them the same immunity from grinding taxation and hard military service that was accorded to the citizens of Aiguesmortes. And so they fled from the fever-ridden town, and left its walls untouched for archæologists to study and sentimental travellers to admire. Some idea of the present condition of the walls is gained from an account of the great inundation in the year 1840.

On the 4th of November, towards six o'clock in the evening, the inhabitants of Aiguesmortes saw that the waters were rising in the canals that flow all about the town, increasing rapidly, acquiring every moment more force, until at last they tore away the boats fastened to the quays. It was a black night, and, bearing torches, the men went outside the walls to discover, if they could, how great a danger was threatening them. Women and children ran through the streets crying that the Rhone had overflowed its banks between Fourques and Beaucaire, and would spread over the low lands along the littoral. Announced by a great roar, the waters rushed on, covered the plain, and touched the walls of Aiguesmortes at midnight. Under the direction of the civic authorities men hastened to the gates and barricaded them—precautions that were taken none too soon, for the waters deepened until they rose up high about the walls. All night long reports of guns were heard—signals of distress from the people dwelling in the outlying country. When day broke the inhabitants of Aiguesmortes mounted the ramparts and saw as far as the eye could reach one vast expanse of rushing water. Vessels sailed up to the walls and brought food to

the beleaguered town until the flood subsided. After nearly sixteen hundred years the walls that Philip the Bold built were of sufficient strength to protect the people within them from a foe more to be feared than a host of armed men.

The Tower of Constance, built as a refuge, became a prison, and after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes Protestants were confined in it and political offenders. The Abbé Tribolet went to see the Protestants, to console them, to convert them if he could, and his remarks on his unsuccessful mission are perhaps worth translating because of their droll naïveté.

"No one," he writes, "could be more surprised than I was when I visited the Protestants at Aiguesmortes. I found the Tower of Constance, which is beautiful, grand, and spacious, full of prisoners but not of martyrs. I expected they would be resigned and patient; instead they do nothing but murmur against the government, and where I listened for songs of joy and praise I heard only insults and reproaches. Some, indeed, were reciting psalms, not in sorrow for their sins, however, and to obtain forgiveness, but to proclaim vengeance against those who had reduced them to their sad plight, and to predict the future destruction of the realm."

That any one should sing songs of joy and praise in the Tower of Constance would seem to me rather inexplicable, for a gloomier, more dreadful dungeon it would be hard to imagine. Our guide, an old soldier, told us the usual horrible stories about the prisoners: of women bearing children and strangling them in the madness of despair, of men making wild efforts to escape and falling to the ground below—such tales as are related to travellers everywhere in Europe until the tourist is satiated with horrors, and, if he be an American, is glad to remember that in his own land there are no monuments of the past to echo the cries of the oppressed and to stand witness to man's inhumanity to man. It was to us a relief to quit that dark tower and step out on the platform in the sunshine. The town lay at our feet, the walls surrounding it forming an almost perfect quadrangle. At irregular intervals rose up the turrets, fifteen in all, of divers shapes. The tops of the ramparts are reached from the interior by staircases, and there are nine gates, the one called *la porte de la Marine* giving on the great lagoon where ships formerly could anchor. Now the town may be approached only by small vessels, and a few come bringing oranges from the Balearic Isles. It was supposed that the railway would give an impetus to the trade of Aiguesmortes, but it did not, and the amiable old gentleman of Nîmes told me, with a shrug of his shoulders, that the town was dead, dead, dead!

There seem to be two opinions about its unhealthiness at present, but it has a bad reputation, and the verdict of impartial persons is against it. Going back to Nîmes, we went in a third-class carriage, for the distance is not great and we had become interested at the station in the talk of two peasant-women. One defended Aiguesmortes against the other's attack, and we heard both sides discussed at great length and with a tremendous amount of gesture. It finally leaked out, however, that the stanch defender of Aiguesmortes had passed only her childhood there, and then had moved to Nîmes, whereupon her adversary remarked:

"Ah! yes, you got away before you had the fever. You may well praise Aiguesmortes; she was generous to you."

One poet calls it "*la cité poitrinaire*":

"*Et puis nous irons voir* (*car décadence et deuil*
Viennent toujours après la puissance et l'orgueil),
Nous irons voir, aux bords d'une eau stationnaire,
Aiguesmortes aux vingt (?) *tours, la cité poitrinaire,*
Qui meurt comme un hibou dans le creux de son nid,
Comme dans son armure un chevalier jauni,
Comme, au soleil d'été, qu'il croit être propice,
Un mendiant fiévreux, dans la cour d'un hospice."

As an offset to these verses, which were addressed to M. de Lamartine by Jean Reboul, the famous *boulanger-poëte*, I will give a few lines by Emmanuel Théaulon, a dramatic writer, born in Aiguesmortes in 1787. He came back to visit his native place in 1826, and he improvised a song at the banquet which was given in his honor:

"*Vite, en route,*
Coûte que coûte,
Tout mon espoir
Est de revoir
Cette ville,
Heureuse et tranquille,
Où je fus bercé,
Caressé.

"*J'ai vu Milan, j'ai vu Turin,*
J'ai vu Bruxelles et Berlin,
De Rome, j'ai touché les portes.
Mais c'est Aiguesmortes,
Malgré ses eaux mortes,
Qui seule, amis,
M'a fait dire à Paris,
Vite, en route." [*Da capo.*

It was a hundred years before Théaulon sang that song at the banquet that a young missionary, not yet a priest, poorly dressed, passed through the streets of the town, arousing the scorn and astonishment of the inhabitants. On Ash Wednesday he entered the church after the bell for service had rung, but he found no soul there ready to hear the word he had to speak. He seized a bell, ran forth into the streets ringing it, and when he had gathered a crowd about him he begged the men and women to follow him into the church, which they did from sheer curiosity. But, once there, he held them by his marvellous eloquence; the stares and laughter ceased, and after he had left the pulpit the congregation remained motionless, silent, full of consternation. Then all, young and old, men and women, hastened to him to show him their devotion and respect.

And so le Père Brydaine began his first mission, so he preached the first of those sermons which afterwards made all Paris stop and think, and gave him a high place among the spiritual teachers. When he left Aiguesmortes his going forth was not as his coming in had been. The people followed him beyond the gates, weeping, heaping blessings upon him, and begging him to return to them when he had received orders and could give remission for the sins that he had roused them to repent of.

The life and labors of Brydaine are told by l'Abbé Caron, and are too well known to be repeated, too uneventful, perhaps, to be of absorbing interest; but whoever walks the streets of Aiguesmortes is sure to remember that February morning when the young missionary roused the town from its lethargy. But it is not by reason of its past history alone, or the people who once trod the pavements, that Aiguesmortes is interesting and should be visited: it is because the town is what it is—the only city in Europe, perhaps in the world, whose walls are standing to-day as they have stood for six centuries. To see them, to touch them, is to understand the days that are gone as they cannot be understood by any poring over old chronicles.

CHARLOTTE DUNNING.

THE LATEST FASHIONS IN FREETHINKING.

I PROPOSE to speak only of English novelties. It seems to me that there are eight kinds of freethinkers who are now engaged in educating or diverting us, and that they may with accuracy be classified as follows: (1) the scientific or prove-everything freethinker; (2) the hypothetical or speculative freethinker; (3) the pessimist or gloom-loving freethinker; (4) the patronizing, (5) the polite, (6) the pontifical freethinker; (7) the aggressive or down-with-everybody freethinker; (8) the Anglican or church-mantled freethinker.

The scientific or prove-everything freethinker is a man who won't let us take anything for granted. He will scarcely allow us to breathe or to eat, unless we have first proved that we *can* breathe and *can* eat. Nor will he even allow us to be good, or at least to try to believe that we try to be so, unless *he* has first proved to us what it is to be good, what it is to have a conscience or to be moral. There is now a school in England which is endeavoring to instruct us in scientific and also molecular morality. In *The Principles of Morals*, issued from the Clarendon Press, we are taught to set aside all *à priori* methods of morals, whether they be intuitive or transcendental. We are to adopt only an *à posteriori* method, basing our moral ideas or moral principles on such facts as admit of verification. That is the word—verification! Here, then, we have a scientific novelty. Natural philosophy, sociology, biography, and psychology have to be studied with much carefulness by all such students in freethinking as would attain to a (modernly) moral career. Now, there is this drawback to such elaborated ethics: if a man is not to make up his mind as to what particular kind of morality he will adopt until he has worked out his ethical system scientifically, there will be a risk of his being painfully immoral during the phases of his scholastic shiftings or uncertainties. Besides, since not one man in ten thousand can even read books on such subjects—Hume, Hobbes, and Bentham being difficult reading—it is clear that the truest morality must be always confined to the very few, to the most gifted of the aristocracy of freethinkers. Not one man in a million can be a freethinking saint—that is, a man who is scientifically moral. "Oh! but," say these scientists, "you must study your environment; your 'traditional

environment' is the grand thing." Now, no doubt our traditional environment, which we are bidden to accept as our new Bible, affects us more or less in social habit; but even if we had time to study it we could scarcely regard it as a divine teacher, especially as we should have to interpret it for ourselves. It comes to this, then, that we must all wait till we have made our fortunes and can retire to a country-house with a big library, there to commence our education in scientific morality by the aid of our traditional environment. On the whole, perhaps it would be better to give up morality, as we give up "perpetual motion" or "squaring the circle." However, let us take another modern authority, no less a man than Professor Huxley. He calls himself, for want of a better word, an Agnostic. And he tells us, as to morality, that "its safety lies in a real and living belief in the fixed order of nature." Physical science, not revelation, is to be our guide. Our state of consciousness is to be our individual estimate of the known and unknown laws of the natural life; what we call our conscience being a sensitive barometer to causes and effects in the natural order. Here again we are met by the same difficulty—the incapacity of the millions to judge such matters. We are forced to picture the butcher and the baker, the smock-frocked peasant and the aproned artisan, busying themselves with distinguishing between such doctrines of materialism as may be learnedly classed as absolute or relative, and hesitating whether they shall rob an employer or a customer of half a dollar until they have decided what are the intimations of the natural laws. The estimate of each person might be quite unlike. Education, disposition, and circumstance greatly modify human views. Natural laws act differently on different minds; and yet we are bidden to regard them as the sole *Ecclesia docens* to everybody, whether wise or foolish. The two principles, then, are no principles at all. Naked materialism, which considers all morality, all virtue, as an acquired habit of the co-ordination of matter particles; and agnosticism, which affirms all human life to be dependent on our individual estimate of natural laws, are two so-called sciences which may be amusing to playful intellects, but which have no more to do with religion or with conscience than they have with foot-ball or French cookery.

The hypothetical or speculative freethinker passes his life as an intellectual dreamer. He is always thinking about things which have no data, but ignores what, to say the least of it, is probable. Let us take a recent example of this spirit. The late

Lord Gifford made a "speculative" will, in which he left a bequest of $300,000 for the founding of university lectureships, the subject of the lectures to be in all cases the same, and to be thus formulated for the guidance of the lecturers: "Whether there are any legitimate inferences to be drawn as to the character of the cause or substance of which the universe, as far as can be known, is the outcome." Any churchman, dissenter, or freethinker might hold a lectureship. There was to be no limit, restriction, or doctrinal prejudice. A portion of this strange will ran as follows: "I give my body to the earth, as it was before, in order that the enduring blocks and matter thereof may be employed in new combinations." This was generous, if speculative! Indeed, it is not easy to say *who* might not be able to "lecture hypothetically" on the whole will as well as on its parts. We can imagine Mr. Herbert Spencer, with his fond insistence on the eternal energy, having a good deal to say on such subjects. Professor Flint, whose partiality for theism is well known by his numerous admirers, would probably make a good lecture out of the will. So might Schopenhauer, but then he is not an Englishman, or, what is still more important, he is not a Scotchman; and it was to the four universities of St. Andrew's and Glasgow, Edinburgh and Aberdeen, that the $300,000 were bequeathed. We need not dwell further on the subject. As an example of the "ruling passion strong in death"—the passion for the speculative and the hypothetical—this will must always take a front rank.

The pessimist or gloom-loving freethinker is anything but a cheery companion. As an example let us take Dr. Henry Maudsley, whose recent work, called *Natural Causes and Supernatural Seemings*, is pre-eminently fitted to make one miserable. The argument is of this kind, if I may venture to condense it: Don't believe in traditional falsehoods; no amount of tradition can make things true. Don't confuse a *post hoc* with a *propter hoc*, and so fancy that God ever hears prayer. Don't defer to a "good authority" for your pious opinions: the good authority will, of course, back up your superstition. Don't be imposed upon by the deceits or the sophistries of a hundred teachers; they have motives (professional motives) for deceiving you. Don't take refuge in the luxury of credulity, what is called "faith" being a timid luxury. Don't let pride lead you to believe in the supernatural: a mere excuse for really believing *yourself* above nature. And don't let humility lead you to bend the knee to the mysterious—to what, being indiscernible, is above knowledge.

Don't be enthusiastic, and don't be shy of facing scepticism, and don't be afraid of being perfectly miserable in your incredulity. Such is a sort of epitome of the writer's spirit. It is pessimism diluted with egotism. And what is very observable about all these pessimists is that they tell you frankly that they know they will make you unhappy; they know that their doctrines must destroy peace; and though, of course, they are sorry for it, they maintain that the search for "truth" must be cultivated to the utter destruction of "superstition," which is the present substitute for the God-like intelligence of pure pessimism! Well, let them think so, if they will; but it is not easy to believe in the sincerity of fancy writers who have *nothing* to offer to Christians but incredulity! We too, happily, can dismiss their sophistries with a lively scorn. "Don't believe in the infinite, because the infinite is not apprehensible by the finite"—which is the staple fallacy of all pessimist freethinkers—is so ludicrously illogical, irrational, sophistical, that even babes ought to be able to see through it. The infinity of power, as of holiness, *is* apprehensible by the human mind, in the sense that the negation of them would be imbecile. And so also it would be imbecile to affirm that Infinite Mind *cannot* communicate itself to its own creatures in such measure and by such means as shall be wisest; or to affirm that He who created us by His supernatural power cannot communicate to us His supernatural purpose. Once more, it is imbecile to affirm of the Supreme Goodness, who *has* given us so much that is good, that He *will not* make goodness His (and our) eternal joy, spite of the temporary disturbances of our probation. But enough of pessimism, which is a sort of day nightmare.

The patronizing freethinker is more diverting. Let us take an instance of this complacent tone or temperament from the tip-top heights of English freethinkers. Professor Huxley is undoubtedly a great scientist in the department he has elected —physical science. If he would stop there we might, all of us, look up to him. But he must be also a theologian. He must not only be a theologian, he must patronize. In a recent article contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* he assured us that the theologians of the middle ages were not quite such fools as we had taken them to be. They did not devote some three, four, or five centuries to "the discussion of mere frivolities," as most people in these days seem to suppose; on the contrary, "the men of that epoch, take them all round, were endowed with wisdom and folly in much the same proportion as ourselves."

This is gracious. True, the professor is so good as to inform us that "the Roman Catholic religion is not to be found in any well-authenticated record of the teaching of Christ," but we submit to that little drawback for the sake of the apology which is offered for the misguided men of the dark ages. It is refreshing to be able to think that St. Thomas Aquinas, Peter Lombard, Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, may even confidently be compared with the writers on freethinking, on agnosticism, on unknowableness in the *Nineteenth Century*. They were "endowed with wisdom and folly in much the same proportion" as those who believe in nothing but themselves yet try to persuade everybody to believe in *them*. Men who say that "the safety of morality lies in a real and living belief in the fixed order of nature" speak complacently and patronizingly of men who regarded materialism as the most debasing of all the follies of doctrinaires.

But, leaving these magnates of lofty patronage, let us consider for a moment an inferior class of patronizers who possess all their presumption but not their brains. Patronage is not peculiar to the great scientists. It is a weakness of the ordinary English leading-article writer. The *Times* newspaper, which combines freethinking with Christianity—the freethinking having a generous proportion—assured us some time ago that "what little religion the Italians have they owe mainly to the teaching of the Roman Church." What little religion the *Times* has it owes mainly to the requirements of its subscribers. This, however, does not impair its keen judgments. English freethinking journalists (the *Times* is not exceptional) are always gracious, when they can be so, to the Catholic Church. Thus they insist that though the church is and has been the bitter foe of religious liberty, progress, and enlightenment, it is useful from the antiquarian point of view, because in days that are long past it guarded literature. But in these days that amiable mission is over. And though, of course, we must recognize that the Catholic monasteries in the middle ages preserved for us the best literature of primitive times, still, now that science and philosophy and (above all) newspapers are common property, the old religion is an anachronism and a stop-the-way. These journalists are even ready to write patronizingly of the "modern attitude" of the great living Catholic writers; yet they warn them that, even with the best intentions, they "do not understand the times in which they live." Journalists understand the times—and their readers; but such Englishmen as Cardinal Newman or

Cardinal Manning, with all the editors of English Catholic periodicals, though they are men who deserve esteem for their abilities, are so far behind their times in practical knowledge that it is marvellous how they can manage to live in the nineteenth century. The readers, like the writers, of freethinking journalism say the same thing to our faces with gracious patronage: "Really, I think there is so much that is charming in your religion. I have sometimes wished that I had been brought up a Catholic. To be able to believe in the divinity of your church must be such a comfort and so quieting. Your unity, too, is fascinating; your church services are most picturesque; your discipline is so superior to anything Protestant; positively, if I were to believe in anything at all, I certainly should believe in your religion. But, of course, no man who is really educated, who knows physical science and modern philosophy, and who is thoroughly 'up' in both Spencerism and Darwinism, can help seeing through the 'accidental phenomena' of all this; and I am sure that *you*, though of course you are a sincere Catholic, must at times feel that, though your religion is a solace to you, it cannot hold water against modern thought. Whatever there *is* of the beautiful or the reasonable, in any and all the forms of Christianity, there cannot be a question that *you* have got; but Christianity, though it has served a good purpose, is now supplanted by pure reason—that is, agnosticism."

The polite freethinker is a twin-brother to the "patronizing," though he takes refuge in the high-breeding of agreeing with you, and "never says a word that can hurt your feelings." He *is* a Catholic whenever he has the happiness of talking with you. He even smiles with you over the quarrels of the freethinkers, and picks holes in their funny attacks on the church. He is always all things to all men. If you press him closely he will confess that he believes nothing; but he says it with the suavest respect for *your* views, and will not allow any one to say a word to you that might seem rude. He will plead your cause for you at a dinner-party or in a smoking-room. "But, my dear So-and-So," he will say to your opponent, "pardon me, you are quite wrong in your apprehension. The Catholic religion is the religion of good people, and some of the greatest living intellects believe in it. In my experience Catholics are the only consistent Christians, the only people who act up to their religion. It is beyond me that any one who understands the Catholic philosophy can possibly say a word to its disparagement." And then he will turn the conversation: he is so an-

noyed that any one should have differed from you in *his* presence, though the funny thing is that it is with Catholics alone that he is so exquisitely sensitive to high-breeding. He will not, it is true, contradict Anglicans, but he will only take the part of the Roman Catholic.

The pontifical freethinker may be dismissed in few words, as one who is more dogmatic over his negatives than any pontiff ever yet was over his affirmatives. He combines the scientific, the hypothetical, the pessimist, the patronizing (but not the polite) attributes of freethinking; and he only differs from other freethinkers in that he thrones himself as supreme pontiff, from whose decisions no church or state may dare to appeal. He is frantically wroth with the Catholic Church for presuming to teach infallibly about *anything*, while he includes *everything* in the sphere of his pontificalism, which is magnificently shrined in Number One. He is just one inch removed from the next type in the portfolio:

The aggressive or down-with-everybody freethinker. Now, this last gentleman has so many brothers throughout the world that it is needless to do more than "point his moral." Every one knows him—at least in the newspapers: he is the man who carries Socialism, Communism, Red Radicalism into every department of thought, including the spiritual. Gambetta, Paul Bert, Garibaldi may occur to us as familiar examples. In England the aggressive class is not conspicuous for ability; it is only conspicuous for aggressiveness. I have met men in smoking-rooms, in railway-carriages, in city offices, who seemed to want to fly at one with their anti-theism. Curious hostility! The type is not numerous; but it makes up by cruelty, by tyranny, by barbarousness, for the small "following" which it at present attracts. In France we have seen how the worst tyranny—social, political, religious—is that of men who make the greatest boast of liberty; and wherever the type exists it is notorious for its warfare on all the most chivalrous or refined instincts of human nature. Moral: the ultimate of sceptical liberty is "Down with everybody," just as the ultimate of political liberty is the guillotine.

Lastly, the most painful of all types is the Anglican or church-mantled freethinker. One example may suffice, and it is quite a recent one. Canon Freemantle, a dignitary of the Anglican Establishment, has lately published an article in the *Fortnightly Review* which surpasses every Anglican experiment. To give a digest of it is to say simply that it is the dismissal of Christianity into the cloud-land of sentimental nothing-at-allism. We are

"not to quarrel with those who think of the Supreme Power rather after the analogy of force or law than according to the strict idea of personality." We are to avoid a "passionate certitude" as to the fact of the Resurrection; to regard the appearances of Christ after the Resurrection as we regard the "vision" which is spoken of by St. Paul; to regard Christ himself as "pretending to no absolute knowledge of God"; to treat miracles as exaggerations, inspiration as pious sentiment, and the accounts of the infancy of Christ as pretty picture-work of the first and third Gospels. "Theology under its Changed Conditions"—the title of this strange venture—means the advance of physical science, the theory of evolution, the abolition of all clerical subscription, and the prosperity of all democratic freethinking. It means that we are now to be "cautious" in asserting Christ's divinity; to regard immortality as "a background of hope"; to get rid of the theology of sin and of redemption, or to reconstruct it in harmony with modern ethics. And, generally, while preserving the present formularies of English-Churchism, there must be a private and individual interpretation of them; and so "the church must merge itself in general society," and, instead of chiefly insisting on dogma or on Gospel facts, must insist only on kindness and brotherly love, on the domestic virtues, on political liberties, on whatever will make human life more comfortable. This treatise on the abolition of Christianity has not attracted any notice from the bishops. "Canterbury" evidently regards it as scholarly criticism. Had Canon Freemantle advocated the supreme authority of the Holy See he would quickly have been called to account by his diocesan; but as he has merely smashed to pieces the whole Christian faith, riddled even the Thirty-nine Articles with as many bullets, point-blank denied his own ministry and his own office, and reduced religion to a refined pagan sentimentalism, his paper passes unnoticed as the speculation of a bold thinker seeking to free himself from the trammels of dogmatism. He certainly has freed himself, if not his readers. As an example of Anglican or church-mantled freethinking this essay holds a front place in English literature; nor is it easy to speculate as to any possibly future developments of such unblushing, published scepticism within the church.

There are other types, but just a word or two may suffice for them. The indolent freethinker takes everything very easily, because he is too lazy to be in earnest about anything. The conceited freethinker likes to imagine himself to be superior to

the common herd of his tradition-fettered brethren. The original freethinker affects to strike out brand-new theories which could never enter the heads of ordinary people. The eclectic freethinker boasts of his art of "picking out the good points" in every form of religion, Christian or pagan. The charitable freethinker says he cannot possibly insist on one creed, because in doing so he would have to condemn a hundred other creeds—a charming sophistry which he does not apply to the general principles of right or wrong, though in all choices there are many wrongs to one right. The reverential freethinker is so worshipful of the unknown mysteries that he thinks it profane to wish or seek for a revelation; "for has not God," he says to us, "revealed himself to us in nature? and is not *that* revelation enough for us all?" The variety freethinker boldly argues (and seems to mean it) that variety is a visible law of all creation; and that just as no two intelligences are quite alike, so no two persons ought to be expected to believe harmoniously, for it would be quite repugnant to the luxuriant variety of all that is that the same creed should trammel us all in a common bondage. I have only met with one gentleman who urged this argument, but he was a learned man and an M.A.

I must say one word as to the dictionary freethinker, who uses words which scarcely anybody can understand. This learned syllabist is really an incubus on the age. New dictionaries of new words have been rendered necessary to meet the colossal demands of the new writers. The compositors have now a hard time of it. No man can affect to be a modern thoughtist unless he has a wealth of syllabic culture which makes him a kind of peripatetic glossary. And our poor heads are made to ache by laborious articles on "pure" reasoning which, if summed up in a few plain English sentences, would mean either nothing or nonsense. To disbelieve, or "believe in nothing," seems to be an intellectual operation which is a thousandfold more difficult than the old *credo*. This is progress. And it was the natural issue of the Reformation. The "evolution" of freethinking is a laborious thinking downward, just as the evolution of divine faith is a winging upward.

Such attitudes might be multiplied quite numerously; but why crowd our portfolio any further? Manifestly, freethinking must be individualized in every man according to his own personal proclivities. Moreover, a man's experience of his own life is a secret which is hid within his own breast, and it is quite certain that he will not be candid with any other man in con-

fessing his whole soul, his whole self. And here I venture to add an observation as to the best way of arguing with any freethinker. I own I think it better—if I may hazard my own opinion—to *agree* with every freethinker as far as may be possible, and not to irritate him by treating him as "gone wrong." I think so especially because most freethinkers *are* right from the particular standpoint they have elected to make their *crux*. In nine cases out of ten it will be found that a man's inferences are very fairly deducible from his own premises. Those premises may be *ex parte*, or even rotten, yet the inferences are deducible—as he draws them. Now, most Christians combat a freethinker as though intellectually he were a leper, and morally a *mauvais sujet*. The exactly opposite course seems to me to be the right one. To take one example: I know a man who is always insisting on "the cruelty of the imagined God of you Christians"; and I always agree with him—from his point of view. He only takes the temporal and visible side, ignoring the rectifications of eternity and the whole compass of the secret purposes of God. As his own life has been a bitter one, he is soured; and as his father and mother were infidels, he is one too. I should say, then, he stands excused—on his own lines. It is the lines which have to be disputed, not the sequences; it is the very limited premises, not the inferences. And I venture to think that immense harm is often done by well-meaning but too virtuously indignant Catholics by slashing into the whole position of those who differ from them, instead of conceding the just inferences from detached facts. Contradiction never yet converted anybody. Intellectually and sympathetically it is a mistake. Cardinal Newman has said somewhere that most adversaries might be brought into agreement if only they could understand each other's principles. It is not about conclusions that men differ; it is about the relations of the forces of different principles. Freethinking in England has been increased by the vicious habit—vicious in the intellectual sense of the word—of assuming that a man is wrong because he thinks wrongly; whereas he may be quite right, within his position. The temptations in these days to a hundred forms of "religious doubts" may well lead men to adopt some mental apology, which apology, as they conceive it, may be captivating, although faulty through its detachment from the whole truth. We must remember, too, that even Catholics may create freethinkers. The scandal which professing Catholics often give by their worldliness, their cruelty, their social pride; the want of deli-

cate sympathy and intuitiveness in many who pose as strict observers of duty—such inconsistencies do more to fan the flame of a moral scepticism than mere talk can do to change a mood of intellect. Let us be just in measuring the "latest fashions in freethinking." If the latest fashions of some modern Christians were not so strange as to attract attention by the blending of what is hateful with what is lovable, the latest fashions in freethinking would not have their reason of being in the honest contempt which is excited by "Christian" examples. There are hosts of freethinkers who owe their moods to "Christian" society, just as there are not a few Catholics whose experience of their brother-Catholics often tempts them to make excuses for their own faults. Freethinking means the rejection of Catholicism. But what if in Catholic society there are types of the natural life which seem to preclude any real belief in the Catholic religion?

A. F. MARSHALL.

SONNET FROM DANTE.

"Deh peregrini, che pensosi andate."

YE pilgrims, who with pensive aspect go,
Thinking, perhaps, of bygone things and dear,
Come you from lands so very far from here
As unto us who watch your port would show?
For that you moan not outright, filing slow
Through the mid-highway of this city drear,
You even as gentle stranger-folk appear,
Who of the common sorrow nothing know.
Would you but linger, would you but be told,
Pledge with its thousand sighs my soul doth give,
That you, likewise, should travel on heart-broken:
Ah, we have lost our Beatrice! Behold,
What least soever word be of her spoken,
The tears must follow now from all that live.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

HOW I BECAME A CATHOLIC.

SINCE I began, with some reluctance, this piece of egotistical writing I have been consoled by some words of Cardinal Newman* which have anew fallen under my notice. The substance of his remarks is, that when one brings his own religious experience to the common stock of psychological facts, egotism is true modesty, which permits him to state what are personally his own grounds for his belief, with such an assurance of their sufficiency that he thinks they should suffice for others also, unless there are impediments which may be invincible or not—a question which he has no call to meddle with.

It is, however, less than this which I propose to do in describing the process, without formally giving the reasons, of my becoming a Catholic, except in short and simple statements by way of explanation.

My father inherited his patronymic name from a Puritan minister in the Church of England who was expelled from his parish by Archbishop Laud, and who emigrated to New England soon after the first settlements were made in Connecticut. My mother inherited hers from an Irish Presbyterian minister who came over to Connecticut about the year 1718 and married a lineal descendant of the Puritan Captain John Mason. I was bred in the Congregational sect and in the strictest Calvinistic doctrine. I am a New-Englander in heart as well as by birth and descent, and I have a sincere respect for my ancestors and the other forefathers of my own country and people, so far as their civic and social virtues deserve it. Their religion also I honor, inasmuch as it was based on belief in the Bible, in the divinity of Christ, and on sound morality. I am grateful for the goodly natural heritage they have left to their offspring, and also for the Christian tradition, albeit a defective one, which they have transmitted. There is no claim, however, which parents can have on the religious allegiance of their offspring after the period of nonage, except so far as they represent a higher and divine authority. Allegiance to ancestral religion, so far as it is in any way due, ought to be given to the original Christianity of our Catholic forefathers in England, who were

* *Grammar of Assent*, chap. x. at the beginning.

converted from heathenism by the missionaries of the Roman Church.

I never felt any sympathy with Puritanism. A spontaneous repugnance of mind and heart to this narrow, harsh, and dreary system of religion sprang up in me as soon as I began to have thoughts and sentiments of my own. This was fostered by my reading, which I began at a very early age, in history and general literature. Besides this I was frequently conversing with relatives and friends whose religion was of a milder and more genial type, particularly with Episcopalians. A thaw had set in among the orthodox Congregationalists, under which their Calvinism was melting away. This did not affect me much, except as it weakened the moral influence which is exerted by common consent and agreement in doctrine. I was attracted to the Episcopalian form of Protestantism from childhood, and to no other. I was familiar with it from reading English history and literature, often attending its services, and even perusing some of its able works of controversial divinity. I think that if I had been educated under the High-Church discipline, or had even been permitted to exercise the right of private judgment by choosing my religion for myself, I might have been practically religious during all my boyhood and youth. As it was, I only made occasional and fitful efforts in that direction, under the influence of the emotional excitement to which young people in the evangelical sects are at times liable, especially during what they call "revivals." At twelve I had finished the course at Phillips Academy, Andover, and before I was fifteen I was entered at Amherst College. I never made what is called a "profession of religion" until some months after my graduation. During my college life I was inclined to look for a philosophy purely rational and not specifically Christian, after the manner of Carlyle. I had no expectation of joining any kind of church, much less of entering the clerical profession. I was looking forward to a secular profession, to gaining all honorable worldly advantages and enjoyments, to acquiring wealth and fame, and, in short, was building castles in Spain of great magnificence.

Notwithstanding passing clouds of scepticism and aberrations into the region of pseudo-rational philosophy, I was too well grounded in natural theology, the evidences of Christianity, and the knowledge of the Bible to be swept off from those foundations into infidelity.

It was during the first year after my graduation that a crisis occurred which I look upon as really my "conversion." I was

shut up in solitude with my law-books, and looking forward to my worldly career. My thoughts and aspirations were irresistibly turned from this earthly vision, which vanished like "a castle in the air," toward God and eternity. It was my most intense desire to be completely freed from sin, to be reconciled with God, to seek for him as the supreme good, to devote myself to his service, and to attain the true end of my being in the future life by an everlasting and perfect union with God. I believed firmly that this could only be accomplished through the grace of the Divine Redeemer and Mediator, Jesus Christ. It never occurred to me to imagine or to wish that there was any way of entering into or persevering in the state of grace except the one way of obedience to the law of God—obedience to the law which commands us to believe what he has revealed, to avoid what he has forbidden, and to do the good works which he has prescribed through the natural conscience and the precepts of the Gospel. I determined firmly to follow the light of truth in my mind, and to obey all the dictates of conscience with the most perfect fidelity possible, recognizing also the veracity of God as the absolute standard of truth, and the will of God as the absolute rule of right. I have never since that time retracted this resolution. In virtue of it I became and I remain a Catholic. It produced a great and decisive change in my moral state and attitude toward God and the world which has not been succeeded by any similar change, and therefore I call it emphatically a "conversion."

There was one great practical difficulty in my way which my father removed by a happy inconsistency. The transition from the state of death to the state of life, which I had been taught in childhood must be effected by an act of God under which the soul is passive, before one could begin to elicit any vital and salutary acts—how could I believe or hope that this had been or would be effected? Two or three times in my past life, under the influence of religious excitement, I had fancied that certain emotions were an evidence that I had experienced this mysterious change of heart. But when this temporary excitement passed away I had always relapsed into the old state, and I had never even asked to be admitted to the communion. I was not disposed to let myself be deluded again by my imagination. In this dilemma I was helped by a statement which my father made, that a baptized person might claim all the privileges of a child of God which are signified by baptism, if he were willing to acknowledge and ratify his own part in that covenant of adoption

of which the sacrament is the sign and seal. This imperfect, lingering remnant of the Catholic doctrine of baptismal regeneration is found in the writings of John Calvin himself; and, although mostly ignored and fallen into oblivion among the so-called evangelical sects, it has never wholly disappeared even from among Calvin's disciples. It was a perfectly new idea to me when I heard my father propose it, as it were casually, in a conversation one Sunday evening. It was a very welcome one, for I was only too happy to be allowed to consider myself as a child of God, and to have a definite ground of belief that he would recognize me as such on the condition of exercising filial faith, hope, love, and obedience, with contrition for all former transgressions. I began at once to fulfil my part of the baptismal compact, trusting in the mercy of God for forgiveness and all the grace which I needed in order to live as a Christian and persevere to the end.

I think that probably I did recover at that time the grace which I had received in baptism, and that from this time forward I was united to the soul of the Catholic Church, by faith, hope, and charity, several years before I was received into her outward communion and formally absolved from all censures and sins which I had incurred since my baptism in infancy.

As for difficulties and objections relating to particular doctrines, and the sympathies and antipathies which I have before mentioned, such as might seem to have reasonably made me pause and examine more carefully where I should find that genuine Christianity which would satisfy my mind and heart, they were in abeyance. Fulfilment of the obligations of baptism seemed to involve allegiance to the discipline and doctrine of my hereditary sect in which I had been baptized. I took it for granted that this foregone conclusion would be ratified and justified by my future study of theology and ecclesiastical history. At the seminary I earnestly endeavored to throw myself into the most thorough and logically coherent system of Calvinistic theology. As I was intellectually honest in this effort, and governed by a paramount love of truth, the result was that I found the whole system break to pieces under my feet. I did not waver in my belief of the truth of Christianity and of the chief articles of the Catholic creed. But I rejected the Calvinistic doctrines as merely human and spurious additions to the faith, or travesties of genuine Christian doctrines.

Moreover, I was convinced by study that the Protestant sects which had organized themselves on the Presbyterian basis had

departed altogether from the apostolic and primitive order of episcopacy, so that their claim to be recognized as churches was questionable and the *irregularity* of their constitution was certain.

From this time my respect for the Reformation as a general movement, and for all religious teachers and doctrines which were its legitimate offspring, was destroyed. I looked toward the church of the Fathers, to the successors of the Apostles, to that episcopal body which had inherited the divine commission of teaching and ruling, for the genuine and perfect form of Christianity in respect to doctrine and order.

This was the time (1840–46) when the rich literature of the Oxford school obtained a wide circulation among Episcopalians in this country. It obtained many adherents and advocates, and the so-called Anglo-Catholic movement not only rose to a great importance in England, but attracted general attention and exerted great influence in America. From this source I gained a much fuller knowledge of primitive and Catholic doctrines historically and logically connected with the one specially emphasized by the High-Church party—*i.e.*, the apostolic succession through the episcopate. It is needless to specify doctrines generally well known as taught in that Anglican school with more or less explicitness and completeness—a sort of semi-Catholic system, in its highest degree approximating so nearly to genuine Catholicism that its advocates were regarded by outside observers as "Romanizing."

Some little time elapsed before I reached the conclusion that I must sever my connection with the ministry and communion of the Congregationalist sect. When I arrived at this conclusion I passed over to the communion, and in due time into the lowest order of the ministry, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, where I remained until the early part of the year 1846.

This had been the church of my boyish reverence and love. I had plenty of relatives and friends in it, and the transition from extreme Protestantism to a Protestantism half-Catholic was not so very violent when accomplished by easy stages. It was not so far a cry from Geneva to Canterbury as from Geneva to Rome. I did not once consider the idea of going to Rome, or expect ever to go there. I thought that what is called in a loose kind of phraseology "the Anglican Communion" was a true branch of the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church, of which the Roman Catholic Church and the Greek Church were also branches; that it had been justly and lawfully reformed in

some respects, and was the real continuation of the old Catholic Church of England, although unfortunately estranged and separated, in respect to external communion, from its sister-churches and from the somewhat haughty and unkind mother-church of Rome.

I was loyal and true to my new allegiance so long as my conscience permitted me to acknowledge it. I travelled rapidly Romeward, following the path of Froude, Allies, Faber, and Newman; but I did not know where I was going until I suddenly came upon the gate of the city. I never harbored the thought of leaving my ecclesiastical position until within a few weeks of the time when I severed the tie which bound me to it. As soon as my conscience required me to make this severance I ceased to officiate in the ministry and to receive communion. The last time that I officiated as a deacon in the Protestant Episcopal Church was on Christmas day, 1845, and this was the last time I communicated. On the following Easter day I made my first communion in the Catholic Church, and one year from that time I was ordained priest, on March 25, 1847.

Nearly all the study and reading, the personal influences and other circumstances, which determined or affected my religious course in a Catholic direction were Protestant. I read very little in Catholic books of the modern period, and had but very rare and slight acquaintance with Catholics, except those who were in a humble sphere.

There were, however, certain distinctively Catholic impressions made upon me, few in number and at rare intervals, which I think worth mentioning.

At a very early age those texts of the New Testament which relate to the Holy Eucharist seemed to me to teach most clearly the doctrine of the Real Presence. Also the texts concerning St. Peter impressed me vividly as teaching the apostolic primacy of St. Peter and his successors. Those impressions were never effaced. The first Catholic book of controversy I read was Dr. Pise's *Letters to Ada from Her Brother-in-law*, which I found and read in a book-store with a strange kind of delight, though it seemed to me more like romance than reality. Another was *The Controversy between Dr. Hughes and Dr. Breckenridge.* I was particularly struck with one sentence in which Dr. Hughes spoke of Catholicism as "a holy but calumniated religion." I thought to myself that very probably most of the evil things I had been taught and had taken for granted concerning that religion were calumnies, and I never changed my opinion after-

wards. Wiseman's *Lectures on Science and Revealed Religion* indirectly increased my respect for the Catholic Church. The edition of which I had a copy was published at Andover under the auspices of some gentlemen of the seminary, who thus did a great service by introducing the great future cardinal and his works to the American public.

Other writings by Protestants, however, which were very useful and instructive, by giving more correct and enlightened views of the Catholic Church and her great men than those which prejudice and calumny had made prevalent, were Ranke's *History of the Popes*, Guizot's *History of European Civilization*, review articles by Macaulay and Stephen, Dr. John Lord's lectures, etc. I remember also reading a very curious work by Salvador, a French Jew of the most extreme liberal sort, in which it is very strongly asserted that the Catholic religion is the original and genuine Christianity, while Protestantism is only a huge blunder. I have heard other intelligent Jews say that if they were convinced that Jesus is the true Messiah they would not hesitate a moment to join the Catholic Church.

The first time I ever entered a Catholic church I was taken to the old St. Patrick's Cathedral of New York by my father. The first time I was present at High Mass was while I was a student of the East Windsor Seminary. I did not understand the ceremonies very well, but it seemed to me that the Mass was the most august and suitable form of the worship of Almighty God, and it reminded me of the pictures of Jewish ceremonial in *Calmet's Dictionary*, with which I had been familiar in childhood. This was in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. Father Starrs was the celebrant, and Dr. Hughes, who was then in his prime, preached the sermon. The next day I went to prayers at the General Theological Seminary, and for the first time the service seemed flat and tame.

A scrap of Arabic poetry, quoted by Mr. Palgrave, runs thus:

> "Not by chance the currents flow:
> Error-mazed yet truth directed, to their certain goal they go."

It may seem strange to some that the currents did not bear me straight into the Catholic Church instead of by the bend of Anglicanism. Yet, strange as it is to the view of those who stand in a position to see the bend, others who are in it do not perceive the curvature. I did not regard the Anglican communion as a sect separated from the Catholic Church. Neither did I regard it as the entire Catholic Church, and therefore look on the Roman and

Greek Churches as sects in separation. If I may illustrate my concept of the Church by a figure taken from a material temple, I looked on the Roman Catholic Church as the choir and nave, the Greek Church as a great transept, and the Anglican Church as a side-chapel with its porch opening on another street. As I was born, bred, and then dwelling on that street it was more natural and easy to go in by this side-porch to the chapel than to go all the way around to the grand front entrance. If the chapel was served by priests, and one could have the sacraments and other privileges of the church in it, he would not need to pass through into the nave or to distress himself because the passage was barred.

So long as one holds such a vague and imperfect conception of the essence of the Catholic Church, he can approach indefinitely near to it in his other conceptions of doctrine and discipline without perceiving any practical reason for passing over to the Roman communion. The late Leonard Woods, Jr., D.D., and others have made a similar approximation, and have still remained—some for a long time, some until death—in one of the various Presbyterian churches. So long as one considers that intellectual, moral, and spiritual community in ideas, sentiments, sympathies, together with the reception of the sacraments of baptism and the Eucharist, in what he conceives to be a valid and lawful manner, make up the essential bonds of Catholic unity —*i.e.*, that the tie which binds is *invisible*—he can agree with the Church of Rome very closely in faith and love her devotedly without thinking of stirring from his nook in the Protestant sect he belongs to. He may recognize the apostolic origin of the limited primacies of Alexandria and Antioch and the universal primacy of Rome, and may lament and condemn in great part the so-called Reformation. And yet he will not admit that he is a heretic or even a schismatic, as he is held to be in the *foro externo* of the Roman Church.

The one practical and decisive point which is the pivot on which all turns is this: There is but one flock and one shepnerd, the successor of Peter, and those bishops, priests, and people who are under his supreme pastoral episcopate. All who are not in this fold, whether they be genuine sheep and lambs, or wolves in sheep's clothing, are only scattered aliens and wanderers. There are bishops, priests, and baptized Christians in great numbers who are outside the fold of Peter. But although these are gathered into communities, and even though their doctrine may be in great measure in accordance with the Catholic

faith, none of these communities are organic portions of the Catholic Church. Even on the supposition, therefore, that the Protestant Episcopal Church, through the Church of England, had preserved the apostolical succession and an external connection with the ancient Catholic Church in England, and had retained the essentials of the faith, this would not suffice to establish the claim which is made for it by its so-called Anglo-Catholic members. It is not enough to profess the Catholic faith, to have received baptism, to be a member of a religious society whose clergy have received a valid ordination. The law of Christ requires, moreover, that we should profess the faith and receive the sacraments in the one true church whose pastors have a lawful authority under the supreme jurisdiction of the Chief Pastor of the Universal Church, the successor of St. Peter.

As I have said, I was about three years in reaching this conclusion. At first, I regarded the Anglican branch, as I esteemed it to be, of the Catholic Church, as being, in its ideal theory according to the interpretation of the most advanced High-Churchmen, the nearest to the primitive standard. Next to it was the Greek Church, and the most removed by human additions and alterations, the Roman. By a gradual change I came to regard, first the Greek Church as the nearest to the model of ancient Christianity, and afterwards the Roman. The Anglican "branch," of course, fell away from its high place in my estimation more and more, as the most imperfect and anomalous of all the divisions of Catholic Christendom, just barely excusable from the charge of schism and heresy. The party with which I sympathized looked back to the epoch before the separation of East and West, and looked forward to an epoch when a reunion would take place, by means of an œcumenical council, when Rome would abate her pretensions, modify and correct some points of her doctrine and discipline, and open the way to a universal reconciliation and reconstruction of Christendom. Briefly, and in a matter-of-fact statement, this is a project of bringing Rome down to the level of Constantinople, and all the Eastern and Western dissidents up to that level. Anglicans and other Protestants have often shown a hankering after fellowship with the Greeks on account of their middle position between Rome and Canterbury. One of the schemes for attaining this fellowship was the location of a bishop with a small staff of clergy in Constantinople to cultivate the friendship of the Melchites and other Eastern sects. Dr. Southgate was appointed to this mission and he requested me to accompany him, which

I consented to do; but my appointment was not ratified by the Missionary Committee, who distrusted my Catholic tendencies. While I was expecting to go on this mission I had a conversation on the subject with Dr. Seabury. The doctor inquired whether we expected to persuade the Greeks to change any of their doctrines and to conform in any respect to those of the Protestant Episcopal Church. I replied that I supposed the basis of agreement must be laid on the foundation of the first six councils, and that the Greeks would have to give up the seventh, and their doctrine and practice concerning the *cultus* of the Virgin Mary, the saints, and images. Upon this the doctor argued very strongly and conclusively that the same reasons which establish the œcumenical authority of the first six councils equally avail for the seventh, and that on Catholic principles the Anglican Church had no case against the Greek Church. It is plain enough that the same argument logically carried out concludes for the œcumenical authority of the councils of Lyons and Florence, and proves that the Greeks, and *a fortiori* the Anglicans, have no case against the Roman Church.

There were other things said by Dr. Seabury which I cannot distinctly remember, the effect of his whole conversation being to set my mind on a course of thought and reading which carried me onward to the last position which I rested in, so long as it seemed to be tenable. It has been, and still is, a position occupied by a certain number of the so-called Orthodox Orientals and Western Protestants—viz., that certain Christian communities separated from the communion of the Roman Church are in an irregular and anomalous condition, a state of secession and revolt which is wrong and unjustifiable, but not destructive of the essential Catholic unity, the organic identity of what they call the universal church in all its parts and members, which, though severely wounded, are not severed. It is argued in this plea that individuals are not responsible, and not to blame for the misfortune which was caused by the sins of their ancestors. They may, and even ought to, remain where they are, desiring, promoting, and waiting for corporate reunion.

Surely this notion that the Roman Catholic Church and the Protestant Episcopal are essentially one and the same is chimerical, and needs only an exercise of common sense to vanish like a bubble. However, we who were playing an ingenious dramatic performance as Catholics were living in a visionary, and not in the real world. It needed time and hard blows to break the spell of illusion.

In my case experience proved that our Catholicism was an affair of books, of the imagination, of a certain set of individuals, and not the genuine religion of the Church of England and the American sect which has chosen for itself the name "*Protestant* Episcopal." These communities are Protestant, although, along with extreme rationalism, they tolerate a kind of Catholicism. They are not only estranged from the Roman Church, but engaged in an "irrepressible conflict" with it. I soon perceived in my bishop (Dr. Whittingham) an intensity of animosity against the Roman Church which was really violent. He, like many others of his kind, was anxious to make proselytes, and when one fell into his hands he would reconfirm him. This is but one instance among a multitude of facts which prove that a cordial sympathy with the actual, informing spirit of the Protestant Episcopal Church is in diametrical opposition to the Catholic spirit.

I will not analyze more minutely the process which wrought my total and final severance from the Protestant connection.

John Henry Newman had just been received into the Catholic Church. I had been sent to a plantation in North Carolina, with symptoms which threatened a fatal issue within a few months. During that winter I had leisure to mature the results of the study and thought of the several preceding years, and with the strongest possible motive to make a decision which would endure the test of the divine truth and justice. From the last spit of sand on which I had found a temporary footing I made the leap across upon the Rock, an act which, of course, I was only enabled to make by a special aid of divine grace, but which, none the less, I consider as a perfectly reasonable act, and one which can be justified on the most satisfactory rational grounds.

In the foregoing pages I have sketched the progress of my religious convictions from Protestant Christianity pure and simple, in the form commonly called "orthodox" and "evangelical," through the middle ground of "High Church" and "Anglo-Catholic" Episcopalianism to the perfect and integral Christianity of the Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church.

The justification of this process in a rational sense consists simply in this: that it is consequent and logical from the premises that God is; that the Godhead is in the Person of Christ; that Christ has proclaimed and established a religion of doctrines and precepts which is obligatory, universal, and perpetual in a manner which is certainly authenticated.

In respect to these premises there was no process to be nar-

rated, since I began with and from them as undoubted certainties. Neither does a formal justification of the process of concluding the logical result from the admission of the premises belong to a mere piece of psychological history. I have not in view to prove the validity of the inferences which I draw from the assumed premises any more than to prove the truth of these premises. I aim only at relating the manner in which the process went on in my own mind. And, in conclusion, I will sum up by a simple statement of my own religious convictions and beliefs as they are now, the result of nearly fifty years of study and thought, taking in the Theistic and Christian premises as well as the Catholic conclusion. I do not doubt my own ability to make a satisfactory justification of all these convictions by evidence and reasoning, and I have heretofore written a great deal on several points of this argument of justification. But just now I merely intend to indicate the theses and the order in which they are arranged in the general conspectus, which I should undertake to defend if I were writing a complete treatise of apologetics, and which I am convinced have been amply defended by many men of greatly superior intellect and knowledge to my own moderate measure of these endowments. I mean this in respect to what is essential and substantial, for in respect to details and those relations which change with the varying conditions of times, there is always a new labor of progress and adaptation to be carried on, which is never actually complete and finished; just as in the case of the science of military defence and attack there has been a continual change and improvement in artillery and fortification.

The general conspectus is included within the terms of three theses.

First. Every rational and instructed man ought to believe in God.

Second. One who believes in God ought to believe in Christ and his revelation.

Third. Whoever believes in Christ and Christianity ought to believe in the Catholic Church, whose centre of unity and seat of sovereignty is the Roman See of Peter.

Augustine F. Hewit.

JOHN VAN ALSTYNE'S FACTORY.

I.

THE COLTONS.

"WHAT is it, Zip? Don't be stingy about your fun, whatever you are," said Mr. Colton from the head of the breakfast-table.

"Dip is never tinny 'bout anysing," commented little Eunice from her high chair at her father's right hand.

"Except a book she is reading and don't want to give up to the owner until she has got quite through with it herself," amended Tom, who had just laid beside Zipporah's plate the letter she was laughing over. She looked up at this home-thrust and put herself on the defensive.

"Well, you know, Tom, a book is *different*. I was just in the middle of the chapter where Ham goes out in the storm, and I wanted to know whether the man in the red cap was Steerforth, and if he was going to be saved alive."

"It was my book, all the same," said Tom, "and you ought to have given it up at once. You always take yours the very minute."

"Don't throw stones at each other's glass houses," interposed Mrs. Colton, handing Tom his coffee. "You are both of you very generous until some one touches the things you care most about for the moment, and then you hang on to them like grim death."

"*Mother!*" said Jack, with a protest in his voice. "Not Zip, anyway."

"That is because you don't know unselfishness from indifference. Zip, your father asked what your letter is about."

"I beg your pardon, father," said Zip, turning toward him and beginning to laugh again as she glanced down at the scrawl in her hand. "I didn't hear you. Listen to this:

"'MILTEN SENTER, Augest 13, 18—.

"'Deer miss this is to inform you that the skool bord have appinted you to teech this deestrik skool for the term begining September 1. terms three dolars a week and bord around.

"'W MESICK seckitary.'"

"That disposes of the lion in my path at once," said Zip, as the rest were laughing over this missive as it passed from hand to hand. "I didn't know until this minute whether I were most afraid of an acceptance or a rejection. I was looking forward to an examination with perfect dread, but I guess I can stand any *that* board of education will be likely to put me through."

"I don't see why you should dread an examination," said her mother; "the ink is hardly dry yet on your diploma."

"Diplomas are humbugs," said Zip with conviction. "Mary Price got one, and to my certain knowledge she could not write a letter a page long without blundering in her spelling and her grammar. *I've* got one, and how I should set to work to explain division of fractions is a question that has been making me shake in my shoes for the last three days."

"Pass on the tradition as you got it," said Tom; "if nobody ever explained it to you, pretend that it is one of the insoluble mysteries."

"Do you mean that I have thrown away the money I have expended on your education?" asked her father soberly. "In that case I might better have apprenticed you to a milliner or a dressmaker. I thought I was putting tools in your hands that you could work with."

"That is only Zip's nonsense, father," interposed Tom before his sister found an answer to her mind; "look at the premiums she has brought home every year. What were they for?"

"Look at those Nat used to bring home," said Zip. "I ran down to his house last night to ask him to translate a Latin phrase I came across in a story I was reading, and he knew just as much about it as I did, and no more. He said he never got Latin enough to make any durable impression. I don't know whether or not your money was thrown away, father, but at this minute I certainly feel that, as far as real knowledge of anything goes, I am not much above the level of 'W Mesick seckitary.' I'm free to confess, though, that I think nobody in Milton Centre is likely to find it out, if he is a specimen."

"Well," said Mr. Colton, pushing back his chair and rising, "I was going to ask which one of you girls would like to take a drive out to the camp-ground with me this morning; but as Zip is going away so soon we'll give the preference to her."

"She'd much better stay at home and go to getting out her fall clothes and setting them to rights, if you ask *my* advice," said her mother. "I had no idea she would be wanted so soon."

"I'd a great deal rather—" began Zip eagerly, and then stopped short at the sight of her father's disappointed face.

"I'll do that, mother," said Mattie, the second daughter, who had not yet spoken. "Zip's things are all mixed up with mine anyway, and she wouldn't know which was which unless I were by."

"Pity!" said Zip. "As if I could get your skirts down to my boot-tops!"

"Or my basques buttoned round your waist!" retorted her sister. "It wasn't the dresses I was thinking of, for that matter."

"Hurry up, then, Zip!" urged Mr. Colton. "I told Nat to send the buggy round by eight o'clock, and it is ten minutes past already."

The two girls went up-stairs together.

"Isn't it fun?" said Zip, tying on her hat and smiling at her reflection in the glass. "Fancy boarding around with people who spell like that?"

"If I could hear folks spell when they talk, I might be able to fancy it," said Mattie; "but then there wouldn't be much amusement in reading Josh Billings, would there? What'll you do with all your money?"

"Save it to found a home for respectable girls whose fathers think they ought to begin to support themselves when they leave school, whether there is any need of it or not. If I change my mind, I may buy myself a new silk frock like Fanny's, and a lot of books when I come back at the end of the term."

"I don't believe but there's more need of it than we think for," said Mattie. "With Fan dressing as she does, and Nat setting up a trotting-horse and buggy out of the business, I know that mother is troubled and father more cramped than he lets on for. What *I* should like to know is, why he don't set his foot down and put a stop to it?"

"There is something to be said for their side of the question," said Zip in a judicial tone; "they get some good out of the money, at all events. If father hands over a thousand dollars to the heathen on Sunday, I don't wonder Nat thinks *he* may as well buy a horse for a quarter as much on Monday. We use the horse almost as often as they do, anyway. Dear me! I wish father had elected to take you along this morning instead of me. I feel in my bones the sermon he is going to preach me on the road. Coming, coming, father!" And she ran down-stairs.

Thomas Colton was a man with one conscious and unvarying motive, based on his religious principles, and many fluctuating

whims which represented different facets of his natural character. The latter, in his maturer years, had chiefly shown themselves in the ways by which he had chosen to conduct the education of his children. The elder ones, in the sequence of their training, had been put through several varieties of what Nathan, the first-born, called, in looking back upon it, their "course of sprouts." They went from one school to another. Now they were confided to the indigent widow of a preacher, whose poverty, after a year's trial, turned out to be one of intelligent mental acquisition as much as of visible means of support; and again they flourished for a brief space under a daily tutor waiting for ordination. Once, at the close of a long vacation, Mr. Colton declined to send them back to school, and set up in his dining-room a joint-stock co-operative educational establishment, in which Nat, then thirteen, was to be Zip's sole instructor, while Tom, aged ten, was given the charge of Mattie, although not greatly in advance of her, even in reading. Mr. Colton himself proposed to review them all in the evenings, but broke down ignominiously over Nat's Latin grammar, which was Greek to him. Mrs. Colton rebelled at the end of a week, finding the house too noisy from morning to night, her carpet worn into holes where the boys dug their heels into it, her tablecloth splashed with ink, and the quarter's school money, which had been divided between the children on Monday morning, and solemnly stowed away by them in savings-boxes, all spent by Saturday night on taffy, tops, marbles, and story-books. Nat was sent off to boarding-school the next week, which his mother resented as an aggravation of the original evil, and the others drifted into the nearest public school, and from there into the town academies. Zip had received her diploma two months ago, at the age of nineteen, and Mattie was at the same time permanently withdrawn from school on account of a delicacy of constitution which forbade further application to books.

It was at this period that what Zip was still irreverently inclined to consider "one of father's poor streaks" displayed itself—at first to her badly-concealed mortification and displeasure. She was one of a rather large graduating class, all of whom belonged to well-to-do and some to really wealthy families. In the talks which they had had with each other concerning their future, not one of these girls seemed to have entertained any thought of earning her own livelihood, or otherwise contributing to the general welfare, except as those ends were tacitly included in that of marriage. One or two of them were en-

gaged already; each of them contemplated that probability more or less openly in face. Without ever actually avowing it, even to herself, Zip Colton had also considered her academic training as simply a formal and perfunctory preparation for the same end, bearing no more definite and essential relation to what would probably follow it than did other circumstances of her position. She had gone to school so long, she would have said, because her father chose to send her. Now that her school-days were over, she took it for granted that she would stay at home, assist her mother somewhat in the management of the household, have a good deal more time than heretofore to devote to reading, to visiting, and to the care of her wardrobe—the latter especially being an affair which her elders ought to see needed to be managed now on a more liberal basis. Then, one day or other, she would meet her fate in the ordinary form, as her mother had done before her, and take her temporary place as one of the wheels on which the great train of human existence rolls along from age to age. However, the girl's dreams were entirely vague as yet. She had, indeed, undergone what she felt at the time as the personal degradation of having been asked in marriage by a middle-aged preacher, who had come to her father's house at the beginning of Conference week when she was about eighteen, and proposed to her the following Wednesday. But her maidenly fancies had rested on no one for a voluntary moment.

Commencement day had fallen on a Thursday near the middle of June, and Zipporah had on that occasion occupied by general consent the post of honor; her essay was read by a Presbyterian doctor of divinity, and she carried off a gold medal for it. She was not as pretty, the girls agreed, as either Mary Price or Carrie Salter, and her white dress was neither so expensive nor so well made as those of half a dozen other members of her class. But she was nearly a head taller than any of them, and the head in question, crowned with a thick, black mop of wavy hair, was so set on her shapely shoulders as to give her a decidedly distinguished air. And then, too, when most of the others were flushing to an uncomfortable and unbecoming extent with the excitement and the heat, her smooth pallor was unchanged, and her elation showed only in the increased brilliancy of her dark gray eyes and the more vivid redness of her smiling lips. Mrs. Colton felt very proud of her, and so did her father. The girl rather queened it at home for a day or two, and, her essay having been printed and praised in the daily paper, conceived some

dim idea of forwarding one or two of her old stock of "compositions" to the *Atlantic*, and beginning as an author the "career" to which the orator of the day had invited her and her fellow-graduates. But this was only a passing whim, due to the natural vanity stirred by such public commendation. She had no more ambition than ability to distinguish herself in that line, and would have thought no more about it but for the sudden downfall which happened to her on the subsequent Sunday.

Family prayers were always delayed on that day, owing to longer hours in bed and a later breakfast. Zip came downstairs freshly arrayed in a pale lilac muslin, and all ready for morning church except in the items of her hat and gloves. The others were less far advanced in their preparations, and after breakfast and prayers were over every one left the parlor but her father and herself. She had been playing an accompaniment to the hymn they sang, and was still at the piano, running over "Brattle Street," and humming the words set to it in the *Carmina Sacra* in a very much subdued but full contralto, when Mr. Colton addressed her. Like herself, he was nearly ready for church, but on account of the heat sat in his shirt-sleeves in an arm-chair near the chimney-piece, his cheeks showing a Sunday morning smoothness, and his scanty hair arranged in a cock's-comb above his high, retreating forehead.

"Well, father," said Zip, wheeling round upon the piano-stool and looking him full in the face.

"Well, daughter," he returned, pushing up his spectacles and beckoning her with his forefinger.

"No," she said, shaking her head and laughing; "you'd be certain to squeeze my muslin into wrinkles, and it took Bridget all yesterday afternoon to iron out the flounces. Wait until I've been to church and had it all crushed in that narrow pew. I must go upstairs and get my hat and sunshade."

"Not yet; the bells haven't begun to ring. There is plenty of time, and this is as good a chance as any to ask you whether you have been considering at all your future work in life. Your education is finished now; what do you propose to do next?"

Zip opened her eyes wide and looked at him in silent wonder. His ordinarily grave, affectionate tone had something additional of both gravity and affection in it, and plainly demanded a serious answer. The one which involuntarily formulated itself in her thoughts was one which certainly would not shape itself on her lips under circumstances like the present, and she was unpro-

vided with any other. But as her father also kept silence and looked steadily at her, she finally found words, accompanied by a vivid blush.

"Do? I don't know. What do other girls do? Help mother with the sewing, I suppose, and look after the house more than I have had time for."

"Mattie will do that; the doctor says such light exercise is just what she needs until her health gets better. But you are as strong as a young horse. Haven't you thought about it at all?"

"I don't understand you, father."

"Don't you? What do you suppose I have kept you in school all this time for?"

"I don't know. What did the fathers of the other girls do it for?"

"That is their look-out. I did it because, after thinking about it a good deal, I concluded that if I fitted you for a teacher I should employ the capital I had devoted to your training to the best advantage."

Zip again blushed scarlet, but this time with annoyance and humiliation.

"Why should I teach?" she said at last in a pettish voice. "I suppose you don't need to have me earn money; and if you think I ought to save it, there isn't *anything* I wouldn't rather do about the house than have to turn out of it the very first thing—as if I were a boy, or you a day-laborer." Here she broke down far enough for the tears which had gathered in her eyes to roll down her cheeks and tumble on the breast of her gown.

"I am sorry you look at things in that way, Zip," said her father, much concerned. "It isn't a question of money altogether. But what were you singing when I spoke to you?

> "'Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
> To thee my thoughts would soar,'

wasn't it? Well, that is the way I see it. If God gives one brains and another muscle, strength to this one and delicacy to that, it is simply a diversity of gifts, which he intends should all be employed in his service. I will make application for you, if you like, to the board of education, so that you may be one of the competitors for the next vacancy."

"Oh! not that, father," cried Zip. "I *couldn't* begin here. If you want me to earn money, I know another way—at least I think I do. *Don't* say anything to the commissioners until I have tried! I know just what to do."

"There is the bell for Sunday-school," said Mr. Colton. "We will talk about it again. But I am sorry to find you feeling and thinking this way. I took it for granted you understood what I was intending, or that your mother would have told you."

The next day a roll containing three of Zip's essays, written out in her neatest hand and tied together at the top of the sheets with a perfectly made bow of the narrowest blue ribbon, went on to Boston, and for a month thereafter her heart bounded and her color changed with every approach of the postman. Then she got back her roll, and having, after a crying fit, composed herself to serious reflection, she directed it anew and forwarded it to the *Ledger*, whence it returned in a fortnight. Almost simultaneously one of her classmates wrote her, as an item of gossip, that a teacher was wanted in a village between two and three miles from her own residence, coupled with some speculations on the sort of person likely to be engaged.

"They generally have a young man," wrote Lucy Cadwallader; "the one who was there last winter was earning money to help pay the expenses of his senior year at Yale. I think he had been rusticated. He came over here every Sunday, Bella says, and Selina Pulver is supposed to be wearing the willow for him. But the school will be so small this season that they think they can't afford a man. It is a nuisance, isn't it? There will be a greater dearth than ever of what Carrie Salter used to call 'the male element' in the neighborhood. Mother is trying to get father to move to New York. I do wish he would."

This was the initiatory step which later on led to the letter which Zipporah Colton read aloud at the breakfast-table on the morning when this chronicle begins. Before that time arrived she had not merely recovered her equanimity, but, without at all entering into her father's sentiments, had begun to regard the prospect as something very much less than dismal.

II.

CAMP-MEETING.

VEHICLES of various descriptions, draymen's carts, grocers' wagons, carriages, had been passing between Riverside and the camp-ground from an early hour that Monday morning. Round-shouldered, black-haired Ben Austen, with two or three of his own carpenters and various amateur assistants, were putting up the preachers' platform, and placing the planks which were

to serve as seats in the space allotted to the audience. One of the dining-tables was already spread when Mr. Colton and his daughter arrived, and a huge stove was beginning to send up curls of faint blue smoke, which rose above the tree-tops and faded in the white noonday glare. Brother Sam Van Schaick's black Chloe had mounted guard beside it, and was waddling, in her white apron and blue gingham turban, between a long table which bore up her saucepans and kettles, and a smaller tent close by which had been set apart as a storeroom for provisions. Nothing like the throngs expected had as yet arrived, but the people were numerous enough to suggest that a good deal of crowding would be necessary if they were all to sit down at once to the sole dinner-table yet provided. If they could manage that feat, however, there was no doubt that none need rise hungry from it. Cold roasted fowls, boiled hams, head-cheeses, rounds of beef, legs of pickled pork, stretched in a line from one end of it to the other, and were separated by mounds of bread, plates of butter and of pickles, dishes of baked beans, and fruit-pies of all descriptions and varying degrees of indigestibility. Pans of milk from the nearest farm, with tin ladles embedded in their yellow surfaces, and jugs of cold water from a spring that bubbled up just behind the tent, were in readiness for the thirsty, and a gigantic coffee-pot, which stood on the back of the stove, was also issuing its delusively inviting odor. What creature born of woman ever succeeded in making coffee taste as deliciously as it smells, even when armed with a French biggin and the right quantity and just mixture of freshly-roasted, newly-ground Mocha and old Java? Small blame to Chloe, provided with a tin boiler, and the starch-box into which one of her well-meaning but ignorant lay-helpers had dumped every contribution to the general stock of misnamed berries, if even her best endeavors seemed to her to result in something less than tolerable. Fortunately, few of those who were to drink it had palates educated to the same point as hers. She sniffed it disdainfully from time to time, as she stirred her kettle of succotash, and thought of Brother Van Schaick's dismay when it should reach him, with a groan.

"As fur de dominie," she reflected, "he'll clean have a fit, I shouldn't wonder. When it comes to eatin' an' drinkin', he knows what's what better'n any minister I've seen aroun' in one while. Hope he'll 'member not to lean his hull weight on the table when he gits a-talkin'. Suthin'll git upsot as sure as preachin' if he does."

Undoubtedly Chloe had some ground for her misgivings. They were based not merely on such knowledge of the minister's social habits as she had gleaned from her mistress, at whose well-spread table he was a frequent guest, but likewise on the nature of the festive board at which he was about to take the seat of honor. Festive boards would be a more literal description, since they were mere unmitigated planks, stretched three abreast across a succession of saw-horses, without the slightest pretence of being joined to their supports by any enduring bond of union. Such as they were, they had issued from Ben Austen's shop that morning, and were to return there at the end of the week in company with the other lumber. At night-time their destiny was to be gathered up and stacked outside the tent, which would then be made to "rustle with sufficient straw," and otherwise adapted to sleeping purposes for those unprovided with private quarters.

That was Dominie Oldham at the head of the table—a middle-aged, middle-sized, portly, pompous man, with a broad, unwrinkled forehead which looked particularly white against his black, loose-lying hair; small, twinkling eyes; ruddy cheeks which showed how thick was the beard never allowed more than a day's growth (Mr. Oldham professed to regard any permitted trace of hair on the face as a remnant of what he called "the Jewish dispensation," and to consider his razor almost as an emblem of his faith); an unpleasant mouth, and a chin reposing in double and triple creases against his black satin stock and standing collar. The quiver of Mr. Oldham was, and always had been, empty of the usual clerical blessing—a fact which may be held to account in part for the further one that he wore much better black than is often found on the shoulders of Methodist preachers. It would not wholly account for it, the truth being that he was not at this period entirely dependent on his stipend, but drew a small private income from the continued sale of a highly curious book of travels which he had published on his return from Palestine some five years before.

His second wife, Evelina, was at the other end of the table, with Zip Colton on her left hand—a thin-faced, not to say wizened, little woman of five or six and thirty. She also was an author—or, as her respect for grammar and the masculine sex always compelled her to say, an authoress—and further resembled her lord in the possession of a trifling private income. But it did not arise from a royalty on her poems and her *Dallyings and Dreamings in Sunny Lands*, but from the well-invested rem-

nant of a small property she came into the year before her marriage. The bulk of it went to pay for that extended tour which it was mutually hoped would immortalize and enrich them both to a degree which made the plan of saving it all for the period of Mr. Oldham's superannuation seem but penny-wise.

The camp-meeting, being a union one, was to include two or three congregations from Riverside and certain villages along the route; but it happened that in this early, preparatory stage no minister was on the ground but Timothy Oldham, whose flock was likewise most amply represented in the assembled laity. Many heads of families had deferred their arrival for domestic reasons, and despatched younger delegates to put their private tents in order. This was Zip Colton's errand, as well as that of Prissy Beeckman, who sat beside her at the table, and slipped away from it with her before their elders had finished their repast.

"There's no hurry," said Prissy, a round dumpling of a little girl of eighteen or twenty, with shallow black eyes and curly brown hair; "it won't take an hour to put things to rights after Mr. Austen has got our tents up. Let's go as far away as ever we can before they miss us. They're going to have a prayer-meeting right there round the table as soon as dinner is over. I'm getting dead sick an' tired of prayer-meetings. An't you?"

"I never was anything else since I can remember," answered Zip, with an air of finality.

"I never hankered much after 'em," said Prissy; "but I don't know as I ever went quite so far as that until lately. This is to be a holiness camp-meeting, you know. Have any of your folks got the second blessing yet?"

"No; and I hope they won't, if all I hear about people who have is true."

"Well you may! Mother's got it. I was almost persuaded to go in for the first one myself; but since she got the second it has kind o' taken the taste for the whole of it out of my mouth."

"Why?" asked Zip. "What is she like now?"

"I don't know. She shuts herself up in her own room mostly, except when she is expounding Scripture or explaining how good she is, an' how happy she feels, to other people who come in to ask about it. The rest of the time she sits in a rocking-chair, with a Bible an' a hymn-book open on the stand before her, an' leaves every single thing about the house to be done by Minnie an' me. I heard her tell the minister that she was obliged to keep still so as not to 'joggle the Spirit when he came to write

on her heart.' It is *awful* for father an' the boys! There isn't one of 'em spends an evening in the house any more, or a minute longer than they can help *any* time. For as to Minnie an' me, we are so vexed with being put upon in that way that we are as cross as two sticks most of the time, an' don't make it very pleasant for them ourselves. If *that* is being a saint, *I'm* bound to be a sinner."

"I hope father won't get it," said Zip. "As for mother, I'm quite sure *she* won't."

"Neither will he," returned Prissy; "he's got too much common sense. It stands to reason that you can't attend to your affairs in the next world by letting your affairs in this one run all to rack an' ruin."

"If I were you and Minnie," said Zip, laughing, "I *would* get it for a week or so, and see how your mother would like it."

"So Minnie says. She declared yesterday that she'd say she was sanctified, an' then lay in a stock of cake an' biscuits, lock herself up, an' leave mother to wait on herself. But we couldn't do that, could we? I'd be afraid to humbug too far with such things. I suppose there *is* something real at the bottom of it, don't you?"

"If there is I can't imagine what it is like. Mother says Jeff Maywood got up in love-feast the other night and declared that he hadn't prayed in six months, because he thought it would be an insult to the Lord to ask to be made any better than he has been all that time. He is no better than he ought to be *any* time, mother says, and when she heard him tell that she made sure he wasn't half so good."

"Well," said Prissy with a rather doubtful laugh, "I *would* be a little curious to see how mother would take it if Minnie an' me did get the blessing in just the same way that she has. We have to be as particular as particular! You haven't any *idea* of the fuss she makes if everything isn't in apple-pie order an' her meals just so."

"Mr. Oldham must have got the second blessing, if that's a sign," said Zip. "Did you ever *see* such an ogre to eat? Mother says she hates to see him come in to tea, unless she has just finished the week's baking. I guess he knows it by this time, for he is very apt to come in that afternoon."

"I don't know *what* he's got!" burst out Prissy with a violent blush. "He came near getting a slap in the face this morning, an' would, too, if he hadn't walked off mighty sudden. I do *hate* that way some people have of chucking girls under the

chin an' dear-daughtering 'em on the sly. What would you take to marry a minister, Zip? Did I ever tell you about Mr. Meeker's writing to ask me, just after the Conference a year ago last May? You remember him; he stayed at your house. He came to tea with us twice, an' that's all I ever saw of him. Mother thought I ought to take him, too."

"You *don't!*" ejaculated Zip, doubling over with laughter. "I must sit down after that! He proposed to *me* before he'd been three days in the house, and Mrs. Meeker hadn't been dead two months! Marry a *minister!*" Zip's tone expressed volumes.

"That's just what *I* think," said Prissy in emphatic acquiescence with the unspoken sentiment; "I'd be an old maid to the end of *time* first."

Later in the day the two girls, in whom accidental propinquity and a similarity of sentiment on such topics had suddenly developed into intimacy a life-long but never familiar acquaintance, went out together to the southeastern limit of the camp to meet the stage which was to run daily between that terminus and the town. To Zip's surprise her brother Tom descended from it.

"I didn't know you were coming to-day," she said.

"Didn't you? How did you suppose the buggy was going to get back to town? Father told me to come out for it, but Nat gave me a note that will probably induce him to go home himself. There is some contract or other that won't wait for his signature."

"Then you will stay? Good! Prissy is coming into our tent with me to-night, and perhaps we can manage to get away somewhere together before the sermons begin, and take a walk when the moon rises."

But this scheme was frustrated by Mr. Colton's parting injunctions, and at night the three young people found seats as far as possible from the preachers' stand. So many were still lacking from the expected complement that, notwithstanding this precaution, they remained within full range of the voices of the exhorters, whose numbers had been considerably enlarged during the course of the afternoon. Zipporah sat with her back against a huge elm, and the others were on either hand. A good deal of whispering went on between them during the flow of Timothy Oldham's unctuous oratory and the discourse on "holiness" which followed it from the presiding elder of the district, a hale old man with snowy locks descending to his shoulders. But after the hymn which succeeded this address a lay

exhorter from a village near the camp-ground rose to speak, in a voice and with a manner which irresistibly compelled their attention. What he said is now of small importance: the eloquence whose themes are the terrors of the law, the final judgment, and the doom of the impenitent has no very wide range in thought, and depends greatly for its effect upon the speaker's personality and the moods of his audience. In this case the exhorter was the Schaghticoke farrier, a tall man with a haggard, large-featured, wild-eyed face, and a voice hoarse sometimes with the excess of his own emotion, but full always of a musical, sonorous charm. He had either deliberately abandoned or else forgotten the avowed purpose of the meeting, which was rather to promote the growth of holiness in believers than to awaken the unconverted, and there was a simple energy and force of conviction in what he said that presently began to make the two girls tremble and Tom frown as he sat with folded arms, looking steadily at the speaker. The latter's face was thrown into relief by a pair of blazing pine torches that flared up on either side of him at the height of a foot or so from the platform. Behind him the full moon, sailing upward through a cloudless sky, fell on the faces of the youthful group, and showed Tom, as a sudden motion on Prissy Beeckman's part drew his attention, that her features were convulsed with emotion and the tears streaming down her cheeks in floods, while his sister's wide-dilated eyes and parted lips and deadly pallor were evidence that her own perturbation was not less profound. He laid his hand on her arm and roused her.

"Get up, Zip," he whispered, "and come out of this. I can't bear to see you excited this way."

Zip turned her head slowly toward him, as if not half-comprehending what he said, but as he repeated it she rose. At the same moment Prissy had been approached by some one who had noticed her condition and wished to deepen the effect to the point of decisive action. Tom Colton also stooped over her and spoke in an undertone:

"Zip and I are going, Prissy. Will you come, too? If you want to do the sort of thing that man is urging you to, do it in cool blood to-morrow. Don't be carried off in a flood like this."

"'*Now*, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation!'" came the melancholy, resonant voice from the platform. "O sinner! who hear now your Redeemer pleading in your heart, tremble lest your unheeding ears close to-night in the last silence, and open in eternity only to listen to the sentence of your Judge!"

"O Tom! O Zip! I can't!" cried Prissy shrilly, sinking down upon her knees. "I am awfully wicked, and I am afraid."

Tom straightened up and took the hand of his sister, who likewise showed strong symptoms of surrender. But she followed him as he went down between the rows of empty benches, and then across the open space to a clump of trees, and again beyond these into the silver moonlight. Here they escaped the voices of the speakers, though the strains of the singing still followed them, softened and rendered more melodious by the interval. They sat down on the roots of a tree, and for a little neither spoke. They were very nearly of an age, but at that moment one would have called the boy considerably the elder, though in height and breadth he hardly justified his years, while she was a well-grown and self-possessed girl who fully looked her own. But Tom's face was extraordinarily thoughtful and manly, with dark, intelligent eyes beneath a spacious, strongly-marked forehead, and a mouth whose curves were at once scornful and determined. After a while the girl sighed deeply, and presently began to speak.

"If father had stayed, Tom, or if you had gone back with him, I should have done just what Prissy Beeckman will."

"And been sorry for it to-morrow."

"Perhaps. Father doesn't seem sorry. Poor father! Coming out this morning, he was saying how we all disappoint him, one after the other. Everybody else's children join the church, and not one of us has done it yet. Why shouldn't I go back and do it now?"

"Well," said Tom, "I've got nothing to say against it if you want to, now that you are cooled down a little. Are you sure you do?"

Zip got up and took his arm, turning as if she meant to retrace her steps. Then she stopped, and, after a few minutes of silence, began to pace up and down with him. They were on the edge of a stubble-field, along the side of which ran a stretch of yellowing grass. Overhead the moon bathed all the landscape in its mild radiance, and from within the clump of trees a late bird twittered sleepily, and a chorus of frogs croaked from a hidden pool.

"Tom," said his sister, "does father know you don't mean to be a minister?"

"Not from me; and I don't know who else could tell him but you or Nat, and I am quite sure neither of you will."

"Don't you mean to?"

"Mean to tell him? No; not unless he asks. I want to go through college, and why should I put a hindrance in the way of doing so?"

"Don't you think he would send you if he knew you wished to study for some other profession?"

"He might, but Nat thinks it is doubtful. I would have to explain why I have given up the other idea, and I have heard him say myself that to educate unbelievers is the way to propagate unbelief. Now, if I believed as he does, I still doubt my willingness to go in for the ministry; or, rather, I don't doubt it at all. I profoundly respect his convictions and know how honest he is in living up to them; but what do you think, for instance, of Mr. Oldham's?"

"Mr. Oldham is *horrid!*" said Zip with energy. "I am awfully sorry to have father disappointed in you, but I am very glad of it on your account and mine too. Father is so single-eyed about some things. I don't suppose he ever sees what humbugs some of them are. But I don't believe that last man to-night was a humbug."

"No, he wasn't. But how many such men do you find? There are a dozen, more or less, in Riverside engaged in father's business, and every one a church-member; but when I was in the office this afternoon old Popinjoy came in and declared that he had bought of every one of them and never had his ton coal-bin filled for the price of a ton, nor a cord of wood stand exact measurement, until he came to him."

"And don't you think his religion accounts for that?"

"For some of it, may be. If he were of my mind, and in my place, his scruples might make him out with his doubts and his intentions at once, while mine only go far enough to make it sure that if he questions me he will hear the truth. But as to weighing goods and giving exact measurement for exact pay, I think the unregenerate man in both of us would be equal to that. I am sorry you are going away, Zip, though if he sends me to college next month it won't make such a difference."

"I am rather glad on the whole. I believe I have some thinking to do, and getting by myself may help me do it. I wonder if I am likely to break down like this some other night when you are not by?"

"I shall not give you a chance. Understand, I don't object to your being religious if you can see your way to it in cool blood, but it was sickening to find you all worked up into such a fever. We will hunt in couples, if you please, until this show is over."

"I really ought to go back home, I suppose," said Zip. "Mother told me this morning that one night was as long as I had better stay, with all I have to do before going away. I wonder if father would feel very much vexed if we took the first stage in to-morrow?"

"There is more safety in flight than in numbers," said Tom, laughing, "and I recommend it where you are concerned. I am going to stay and get a mouthful of fresh air."

Zipporah returned to town the next morning, and, plunging into her preparations, soon wore off the effect of the most serious emotion she had yet experienced.

III.

MILTON CENTRE.

MILTON CENTRE, where Zipporah and her father arrived on the last Saturday afternoon of August, was originally nothing more than a hamlet consisting of one long "street," around whose starting-point were clustered a church, a post-office—which was also a store where everything was sold, from hardware and calicoes to millinery, groceries, rye-whiskey, and Jamaica rum—a tiny school-house, and the dwelling of the great man of the neighborhood, old John Van Alstyne.

At this point, and for some rods further, the "street" looked as though it had made up its mind to vindicate its title and to quarrel with the assumption implied in inverted commas; but it speedily grew tired of keeping up urban pretences and straggled off southward for three or four miles, dropping a farmhouse close beside its route at irregular intervals, and for years hardly deserving a name, save for the convenience of the general post-office department. Even when John Van Alstyne had at last utilized a water-power, and built a factory like those that had brought prosperity and population to various villages along the Milton Kill, he had refused concessions to other capitalists, and the influx of new blood had been less than was hoped in consequence. The mill-hands were in large part Irish-Americans, with a sprinkling of French-Canadians, and many of them heads of families. The village school, about to be entrusted to Zip Colton's inexperience, had been rather full for several seasons, but had now shrunk again in consequence of an epidemic of diphtheria which had decimated the children of school age.

The farmhouse of William Mesick, where Zip's preliminary acquaintance with nostalgia and "boarding around" was to be obtained, was a straggling but by no means large construction, built on two levels of ground. It stood back a short distance from the highway, but the white palings of the front yard, and the two gates which opened on to narrow footpaths leading to its doors, were flush with that avenue of travel. The second of these, conducting to the one-story half of the house, stood unlatched on their arrival, and it was by it that Mr. Colton and his daughter entered. In answer to repeated rappings on the door a hard-featured, small-eyed woman in a shirred green gauze sunbonnet, who might have been almost any age between thirty and fifty, finally opened it half-way and looked at them in silence. Zip's heart sank within her as her father briefly introduced himself.

"Land sakes!" ejaculated Mrs. Mesick. "Be you the new schoolma'am?" looking over the girl from top to toe, and back again, but not opening the door an inch wider. "You don't say? Why, you an't no age at all! An' you 'xpect to manage all them boys an' girls? It's lucky there an't so many of 'em as there was! I was out in the sass-garden when you rapped."

Then, recalled to hospitality, "This an't the front door. You go right back to that gate an' go in the other one. I'll run in the entry an' unlock. That you, John Price?" addressing the driver who had brought them over from Milton Corners. "You bring that trunk in an' carry it up to the rear chamber. Land sakes! if that's full, you got plenty o' things, han't you?"

Mr. Colton and Zip retraced their steps to the gate after a mutual glance of something like dismay. The father's plans for his daughter's discipline had been laid somewhat in the air, and by neither imagination nor experience was he qualified to form a mental picture of a manner of life so different from his own. At their right as they went down the path the hillock, on which the parlor end of the house had been built above the excavation made for the cellar, sloped so rapidly that, whereas it was nearly on a level with Mr. Colton's shoulders as he stood at the lower door, it was again on terms of equality with the kitchen entrance at the roadside. The slope was shored in with pebbles and a post or two at its highest point, and between the crevices of the former grass and weeds had taken root and hid somewhat of their ugliness. The whole place was ugly, Zip thought, surveying it with forlorn eyes, both outside, where it stood up spick and span with its white paint unrelieved by shutters, and its

windows darkened from within by the bluest and shiniest of paper shades; and inside, where the narrowest of entries abutted against a steep flight of carpetless stairs and led into the most dismal of best rooms.

There was an ingrain carpet with a large pattern on the floor, and, as Mrs. Mesick tied up the shade of one of the windows, the daylight revealed a smallish mirror in a red-painted frame between the two at the front, half a dozen cane-seated chairs standing with their backs against the walls, and in the middle of the room a table with a stamped cotton cover, on which lay a shell box and two or three daguerreotype-cases. There was a lamp on the chimney-piece, but there was nothing else in the room except Mrs. Mesick, still in her sunbonnet, and her two disconsolate guests.

"Be you goin' back with Price?" she asked Mr. Colton as the driver came down the stairs; and having learned that he had allowed the last train to go back without him, on the probability of finding a tavern in the village where he could put up, as he would like to spend the Sunday with his daughter, she sat down and apparently went through a brief mental operation.

"Cal'latin' to stay all night an' to-morrow, was you? Well, there an't no great of a tavern, but I dunno but what *we* might keep you about as cheap as you could go back to the Corners an' stop."

"At the Corners," said Mr. Colton, "we should stay with my daughter's friends, the Cadwalladers; but I have reasons for wishing to look about this village a little, and shall be glad to accept your offer of a room."

"Sakes alive! So they wanted you to stay to 'Squire Cadwallader's, did they? There an't a more stuck-up family in Milton Corners, let 'em be *who* they may. Lucy's a friend o' yourn, is she, Miss— I declare to goodness if I han't forgot your name. Colton? What's your front name? Zipporah! Well, if I ever heard the beat o' that! Must ha' picked that up out of a ragbag, didn't you? Well, I'll show you right up to your room, an' then I'll come down an' fix things for your pa."

"Do let us go back to Lucy's, father," whispered Zip as Mrs. Mesick turned her narrow, green gingham back.

"I wouldn't if I were you," he answered in the same tone; "it is better to get the plunge over at once. Besides, I want to introduce you to the minister and his family. I forgot to look up the list of appointments before we came, but it don't make much difference who it is. They will be some resource, and

there can't be many places quite so—so queer as this one. Go along now, and keep a stiff upper lip if you can."

"Poor little girl!" he reflected as she left him; "it will be harder on her at first than I expected, but I guess it won't hurt her in the long run."

Zip's room was the rear one of two which exactly divided the second story. Its windows faced the north and looked down upon a patch of meadow, and beyond this into stubble-fields. Not far distant rose the square church-tower, painted white, and looking remarkably like a kitchen-table with its legs in the air. On the horizon line in front were faint blue hills, but in that direction all the near country was level or only slightly rolling. At present it looked parched with drought, and dusty, save where it was dotted by occasional strips of woodland. That was the outlook. Within there was, first, a rag-carpet, ample for length, but leaving spacious margins of clean bare boards at either side. A bedstead piled high with well-stuffed feather ticks, covered with a patchwork quilt and adorned with a blue valance, was in the corner behind the door. A washstand and towel-rack were near its foot. Between the windows stood a small table, and above it was a tiny mirror, hung so high that even Zip's inches did not enable her to get sight of her chin. A couple of peacock-feathers were crossed below it. There were two wooden chairs also, and Zip's trunk. That young person heaved a disconsolate sigh.

"Where shall I hang my dresses?" she asked after looking round vainly for some signs of a closet-door.

"Can't you keep 'em in your trunk? I han't got but one close-closet, an' that's down-stairs an' chuck-full."

"Not if I can avoid it; they are crushed now with packing."

"I s'pose I can git Mesick to drive some nails on the back o' the door; or he might put up a strip here by the head o' the bed. I do *despise* spilin' a nice wall like this with nail-holes, though. This is to be your stiddy home; you'll want to come back to it every Friday night an' stay over Sunday, an' your trunk can stay here all the time, I s'pose."

"It would be rather troublesome to move it around from week to week," said Zip, looking at it.

"So 'twould. Guess you got close enough for six girls in it."

"No; only enough for one; it is pretty full of books at the bottom."

"Well, make yourself to home. Got any water in the pitcher? Hand it here an' I'll git you some, seein' you don't know

your way 'round the house yit. You'll git the hang o' things before long."

Mrs. Mesick departed, and Zip sat down on a chair beside the window; being a brave girl, she winked away a tear or two and swallowed the lump that came in her throat. "I didn't think it *could* be as hateful as this," she said to herself.

Presently Mrs. Mesick's foot was heard returning.

"'M goin' to put your pa down-stairs," she observed. "I got piles an' piles o' beds, but on'y this one spare bedstid. Mesick an' me an' the children'll camp out for t'night in the next room to you. You needn't be scared if you hear a noise, for he snores enough to wake the dead if they wa'n't used to it."

"O no!" said Zip. "Give father this room and make me a shake-down in the other. I'd ever so much rather, and so would he."

"All right; if that suits you an' him it'll suit me, though I'd just as lives do the other thing if you say so. Guess I'll git tea, then, first. D'ye like green tea or black tea best, or mixed?"

"Black; but it don't make much difference."

"That's lucky, 'cause I never have anything but green. You can git a quarter o' black for yourself any time at the store, an' I'll draw it for you. Black tea tastes like hay to me."

Zip followed Mrs. Mesick down-stairs and rejoined her father, whom she found in the dooryard. They strolled across it to the meadow, from which it was divided by a low fence, and looked about them with not many words. A road started off westward in front of the farm-house, and in that direction the country was more hilly and better wooded; the declining sun was gilding the tree-tops. While they stood looking that way a conch-shell sounded from the back door, and a little girl, issuing from the lower front one, came to summon them to tea. As the child approached Zip suddenly turned and said:

"If I find I cannot stand it, father, and you see me coming home in a week or two, what shall you think?"

He smiled rather dubiously. "Would you put your hand to the plough and look back, my daughter? I hoped you had more courage."

"But it don't seem to me that I *put* my hand to *this* plough, father. Didn't *you* do it?"

"I did it for the best, my dear; and in the end I don't believe it can do you any harm. You may be able to do a great deal of good here."

"I don't see how. There's room for it, I don't doubt, but of

what use *I* could be I can't imagine. Of course I can teach the children to read and write, but anybody could do that."

"Come, now," said her father, "if that is the way you look at it, why shouldn't you be that person as well as anybody else? These people, if our friend in the house is a sample, are a little rougher and more uncouth in their ways than any you have been accustomed to, but what does that amount to? At bottom they are doubtless well-meaning, and as you adapt yourself to them you will probably find them do the same to you. And then it is only for three months, unless you take to your work with such a will that both you and the district want to make the trial longer. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if there turns out to be grit enough in you to keep you here all winter."

The secretary of the Milton Centre school committee entered his kitchen as Mr. Colton and his daughter were entering the dining-room, which adjoined it, and which was, in fact, the apartment on which the door opened through which they had been at first forbidden to pass. Mrs. Mesick's unwritten traditions of decorum prohibited new visitors from coming in there until after having made acquaintance with the formalities of the upper portal and the solemnities of the best room, but, that ceremony once performed, motives of convenience came into play again. Mrs. Mesick was heard apprising her husband of their arrival, and, after washing his hands at the sink with a good deal of audible splashing, he came in. His greeting could hardly be called effusive, though he offered one of those still moist members to Mr. Colton and nodded to Zipporah.

"Afternoon! How de do? Don't know as we expected you before to-morrow night or Monday morning. It's all right, though. Set by, won't you?"

In outward appearance William Mesick was hardly a more attractive specimen of the New York farmer than his wife was of the female of the same species. He was a tall, gaunt man, not so hard-faced as his spouse, with a pair of mild blue eyes which beheld what was in front of him but expressed no comment on it, and a head of wispy, hay-colored hair, from which, on sitting down at table, he took his tanned straw hat and laid it beside him on the floor. He wore a soiled linen coat, and his brown Kentucky jean trousers were tucked into his boots.

"Professor?" he inquired, looking at Mr. Colton. Receiving an affirmative nod, "Like to ask a blessin'?"

"We *an't* professors, Mesick an' me," said Mrs. Mesick when that ceremony was concluded. "We go over to the Corners

to church on Sundays, though, when it don't rain or the horses han't bin too hard used on Saturday. Take sugar an' milk, Mr. Colton?"

"Over to the Corners? Why, there's a church nearer by than that," said Mr. Colton, as he took his cup.

"Methodist, an' I wa'n't brought up that way. Besides, there an't no stiddy preacher, an' I'm glad of it—we'd never see anything if we stayed poked up here all the while. Mary Jane, you let that apple-sass *be* till I dish it out."

"Why isn't there a steady preacher?" asked Mr. Colton. "I know there used to be."

"'Cause there an't enough people to give him full support now that John Van Alstyne's hauled back a little. This one goes back an' forth between here an' East Milton, an' I don't know whether to-morrow's one of his off-days or not. He comes twice't a month."

Zip glanced at her father under her lashes, and rather enjoyed the long face he drew under the influence of this unexpected picture of spiritual destitution. It struck no such dismay to her soul as to his. There was but one sentiment among the young Coltons concerning Sunday. "Welcome, sweet day of rest," the opening line of the canticle with which family worship usually began on that morning, was felt by them as an ironical commentary on the facts which made it the most burdensome of all the seven. From Sunday-school, which began at nine, they went to church at ten, returning home at noon to a cold dinner; at two Sunday-school began again, followed by afternoon service at three. In the evening a third sermon, succeeded not unfrequently by a prayer-meeting, kept them in church until nine or thereabouts. On their arrival at home family devotions, lengthened on Sunday nights by the fact that the chapter was then read, not from the Bible, but from Adam Clarke's Commentary thereon, with all his wearisome expositions appended, closed a day brightened only by surreptitious story-books and the playing of hymn tunes.

From this servitude Nat had emancipated himself by an early and imprudent marriage and the setting up of a new household. Now that she was to be released from the yoke, Zipporah likewise planned to disport herself in moderate freedom; and though the thought of wholly absenting herself from church on Sundays by no means commended itself to her better judgment, she was not in the least sorry that inevitable circumstance had provided her with not more than two sermons a month. As she listened

to her father's next question and its answer, she mentally dispensed herself even from those.

"Who is the minister here?" asked Mr. Colton. "Do you remember his name?"

"Rev. Adoniram Meeker. He's a widower, an' they do say he's payin' his distresses to S'manthy Silvernail, over to the Corners. He'll set himself down in a butter-tub if she'll have him, that's certain; but I dunno's she will. It's no joke even for an old maid to marry a man with six young ones under ten years old, an' go to spendin' all she's saved up to keep 'em."

"Brother Meeker, is it?" said Mr. Colton, smiling. "You remember him, daughter? He was at our house a year ago last May. We'll walk down to the parsonage after tea and make a call. Who is keeping house for him, Mrs. Mesick?"

"He lives over to East Milton. I dunno's his house *gits* kept much. Some o' her folks have got the two or three youngest, an' the eldest is a girl about the age o' my Mary Jane. She does for him, mostly, what he can't do for himself. He's a very good man, by all accounts, an' very handy, but he's terrible anxious to git a wife."

"Oh! that is natural enough," responded Mr. Colton, "with so many little ones and no one to look after them."

Mr. Colton's inquiries after tea determining the fact that there would be no divine service in the village the next day, it was settled that they should ride to Milton Corners with their hosts in case of fair weather; and after a walk down the mill-road and beyond the dam, where Zip caught sight of several more of her prospective pupils, their day ended.

LEWIS R. DORSAY.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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GROWTH AND VICISSITUDES OF THE SHAKSPERE TEXT.

In the June, 1887, Catholic World I remarked how certainly more amusing than amazing it is that such minute, finical, and overstrained conclusions as to William Shakspere's habits, methods, motives, models, experiences, and dates of composition should be drawn by the so-called æsthetic and inductive critics of the Shakspere plays, when we remember that William Shakspere himself not only never saw the 1623 text of his own plays, but (according to Hemminges and Condell) never authorized the quarto text upon which it was founded. That Hemminges and Condell should impeach their own record by the statement that all their own predecessor's "copy" was stolen and surreptitious might indeed add the weight of what lawyers call a "declaration against interest" to their statement, were it not that there is much corroborative evidence to the same effect, though it is hard to believe that if these quartos were stolen at all William Shakspere did not himself wink at the theft. Shakspere might well have been robbed once of his literary property in days when there was no author's protection except an author's shrewdness in making his bargain before his production got into print, or, by an oversight, he might have even allowed the piracy to be repeated a second time. But that he should be robbed against his will, punctually, regularly, and periodically, for eleven years, and to the extent of some thirty or forty plays and editions of plays—each one a distinct and damaging piracy—passes one's powers of credulity. William Shakspere was no fool in business matters, and there is a familiar proverb as to the man who twice suffers when forewarned. But here, indeed, are these quartos, printed in black and broken types, roman, italic, punctuation and abbreviation marks, words intelligible and unintelligible, all thrown carelessly together; and, whether stolen or authorized, authentic or spurious, it is behind them that we must dig, if we dig at all, to find the man, the dramatist and poet we are after.

For the present, however, let us leave questions of origin and content ourselves with demonstration of the vicissitudes which this priceless text outlived from its first appearance in the print of these quartos for twenty-one years, more or less, to the collected form of 1623, from whence it has substantially come down to us

in the general untouched, save here and there by the industry or crotchet of the individual editor. And first as to the examples of deeper insight into men and affairs, scientific and philosophical excursuses, and amplifications of classical allusion which we find in the folios and not in the quartos.

The dissolution of the learned houses in England, by which lands were ravished from the clerical and student classes and bestowed upon the military and political, and the subsequent scattering of hundreds of scholars to search for whatever "lease of quick revenue" came first at hand, were still very recent when William Shakspere arrived in London. Manuscripts produced by these scholars had long since begun to look for a market; and when, in default of any periodical publications, managers of the then newly-licensed theatrical companies came to be the nearest purchasers and purveyors of literature to the masses of the people, perhaps some of them found a sale at the stage-door. If in certain of these manuscripts there were forecasts of such propositions as the circulation of the blood, the attraction of the centre of the earth for falling bodies, the building of continents by oceanic action, possibly the actual allusions to those theories which are familiar facts in the folios, but which we cannot discover in the quartos, can be accounted for without violence to probability or history. A manager like William Shakspere would have been quick to see the dramatic possibilities in such ideas as that from a man's heart went forth to every member a compelling fluid, or that the simplest and most silent forces of nature were working always for the betterment of the race, and to have availed himself of them for telling declamation. And mayhap there were bits of antique lore and classic allusion in these manuscripts which also found their way into the plays, going sometimes into the wrong places, and thus making the mass of anachronism which affronts the fine sense of critic and scholiast to-day. Lacking the university training of Marlowe or Jonson, Shakspere had to take his classics as best he could, at second-hand. He could not correct, or even know if they were wrong.

But these excursuses in the Shakspere plays were evidently not inserted by the stage editor to draw crowded houses, nor material which we submit to our hermeneutics to-day for the general who drank beer and fouled the straw in the Elizabethan barns called play-houses. To suppose that Elizabethan audiences went to their theatres to listen to philosophical and classical discussions, or to doubt that they would have hooted the metaphysicians off the boards and tossed the learned Thebans in

blankets, is to misread the history of the English stage. Whether retained because understood or because not understood is immaterial, since retained this recondite and hermeneutical matter was. Our next speculation, then, should be—since audiences must be attracted and the general appetite regarded—Was there no growth in the popular as well as in the classical, the humane as well as the didactic, vein? I think that there was, and that, slim as are our personal items as to William Shakspere's methods, habits, and personality, we happen to have a record of it, and that the dramatist was always tirelessly at work vitalizing all he borrowed with his own genius. Of all that has been written of this man's personality, of all the libraries of his real and alleged personal history, we have only one little touch of the pen which shows him thus at work; but, small as it is standing alone without elaboration or comment, it cannot be questioned or improved. "He did gather," says Aubrey, "humors of men daily, wherever they came. . . . The humor of the constable [Dogberry or Elbow?] he happened to take at Grendon, in Bucks, which is on the road from London to Stratford, and there was living that constable about 1642." And in other ways the newly-organized theatres with their companies took the place now filled by the daily newspapers. Not only did actors become the willing mouthpieces of whatever was put into their hands in writing, but, in travelling from place to place, dealers in the latest *on-dits*, news, scandal, or gossip, "the abstracts and brief chronicles of their time." Their acquaintance and good opinion were worth cultivating, and, as Hamlet reminded Polonius, "after your death you had better have a bad epitaph than their ill-report while you lived."

Under such circumstances it was natural and unavoidable that the written play in the hands of these actors should constantly augment itself by interpolations and localisms. This latitude and license was not only tolerated, but playwrights even essayed to guide it by selecting the exact points in their manuscripts at which it should be indulged in. In the plays of this period we come continually upon such stage directions as "Here they two talke and rayle what they list"; "All speak"; "Here they all talke," etc. How can it be doubted that the actor found it immensely to his advantage to feel his audience beforehand by ascertaining the matter of which—when the "business" allowed him—he should "talke and rayle" as he listed? Nor does it seem to me "considering too curiously" to surmise that Shakspere endeavored to check this license in his own behalf

when he made Hamlet direct that "those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them," because conscious that his plays were freighted with much more than ordinarily valuable matter. How, indeed, could he have failed to know what he himself had admitted into them?—matter which it were shame for the clowns to dilute with their horse-play, "for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered." When the thumbed play-books (gathered as they were, each actor's part as far as it went) reached (in default of any unblotted Shakspe-rean manuscripts) Hemminges and Condell's printers, and were used for First Folio "copy," without editing or even proof-read-ing, of course any memoranda of this interpolated matter, any "abstract or brief chronicle" the individual actor had found timely and so noted on the margin, stood very little chance of being discriminated against by the compositors. Indeed, these compositors appear to have been allowed to set up pretty much as they pleased, and each to have paged his own work, indifferently to the pagination of his fellows. Or, if they hap-pened to be short of "copy," they sometimes deliberately left a gap at haphazard; nor was there any proof-reader anywhere to reconcile these slipshod and despotic journeymen. We see where, for example, they left a space of twenty-nine pages, between *Romeo and Juliet* and *Julius Cæsar*, in which to print the *Timon of Athens*. But all the copy they could find of the *Timon* only made eighteen pages, and so, by huge "head-pieces" and "tail-pieces," and a "Table of the Actors' Names" in coarse capitals, they eked out the signatures, and by omitting the whole of the next signature carried the pa-gination over from "98" to "109." The copy for *Troilus and Cressida* seems not to have been received until the volume was in the binder's hands (which is remarkable, too, for that play had been in print for fourteen years), for it is not mentioned in the table of contents, but is tucked in without paging, except that the first five pages are numbered 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, whereas the paging of the volume had already reached 232. *Troilus and Cressida*, thus printed, fills two signatures lacking one page, and so somebody at hand wrote a "prologue" in rhyme, setting out the argument, to save the blank page. And were further evi-dence necessary, the careless proof-reading supplies it. In these acting copies of a particular actor's part, the name of the actor assuming that part would be written in the margin opposite to,

or instead of, the name of the character he was to personate, precisely as is done to-day by the theatre copyist in distributing "lines" to the company. It happened that, in setting up the types for this first edition from these fragmentary actors' copies, the printers would often accidentally "follow copy" too closely, and set up these real names of the actors instead of the names of the characters. These were overlooked in the proof, and there still may be read "*Jacke Wilson*" for "*Belthazar*" (*Much Ado about Nothing*, II. iii. 37); "*Andrew*" and "*Cowley*" for "*Dogberry*"; "*Kempe*" for "*Verges*" (id. IV. ii. 25, etc.), etc. And so in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, although Pistol has disappeared from the stage (along with the landlord, Nym, and Bardolph) for the transformation scene at Herne's Oak, the stage business in the Folio prints invariably "*Pist.*" as a direction to the speeches of the Puck or Hobgoblin. This error is easily accounted for if we suppose this part doubled with that of Pistol, as it easily might have been in the old play. So *Broome* for "Brooke" may not be a misprint, but the real name of an actor. These errors, to be sure, sometimes give us such interesting bits of insight into Shakspere's green-room that we cannot but be very thankful for the blunderings of the printers. It seems, for example, that there were three actors of minor parts in the company: Sinklo, Humphrey (perhaps the Humphrey Jeaffes mentioned by Henslowe), and Gabriel by name (possibly Gabriel Harvey, an actor also mentioned by Henslowe), whose lines found their way into the hands of the First Folio printers and so down to us. Sinklo, it seems, took the part of one of the players in the Induction to the *Taming of the Shrew* (Induct. 89), and of one of the gamekeepers in *III. Henry VI.* (III. i. 1). Humphrey played the other gamekeeper (the stage direction in the Folio, 13, *Henry VI.*, III. i. being, "*Enter Sinklo and Humphrey with crosse bowes in their hands*"), and Gabriel *the Messenger* (I. iii. 48) in the same play. And that this messenger was supposed to enter as if out of breath with his haste in bringing the news with which he is entrusted, we are assured by finding in this same careless Folio, at his second entrance (II. i. 42), printed, not *Gabriel* or *Messenger*, but the words, "*enter one blowing*"! Thus we can gather something not only of the actors but of the stage business from the misprint of our First Folio. This player Sincklo (or Sinklo, sometimes written *Sink*) took the part of the first of the three beadles who arrest Doll Tearsheet at *II. Henry IV.* (V. 41), where the stage direction is (in the quarto), "*Enter Sinklo and three or four officers.*" And that he

was a spare, lean man rather than short and fat (as beadles ought to be) we know, because Doll says to him: "Thou thin man in a censer, I will have thee soundly swinged," etc. That material errors like these could have remained unnoticed and uncorrected for twenty-three years is, therefore, not only an illustration of the extreme carelessness, in everything except the mechanical part of their employment, of the early printers, but of the hurried preparation of the actors' copies from which these printers set up. And it is probably to this habit of preparing plays for the night's presentation hurriedly and without stopping to assign names to characters (since there were no play-bills, it could really make no difference so long as the parts were effectively cast) that we doubtless owe the name Curtiss, given to one of Petruchio's servants in the *Taming of the Shrew;* otherwise the introduction of an English name into an Italian play (where even *Baptista* as a male name is accurately used, showing somewhere a familiarity with Italian nomenclature) might still puzzle us. In this same play we have the first speech in Scene i. of Act III., given now to a messenger (or servant), assigned to *Nicke* (or *Nick*) in the Folio; and, as there is known to have been a Nicholas Tarleton among the actors of that period, he has been conjectured as being the one alluded to as cast for this part.

And that these fragments of old quartos and actors' lines contained notes of changes, necessary, convenient, or profitable, in the text furnished them, according to the varying circumstances or emergencies of twenty-one years of stage service, there is constant proof. For example: In the quarto, where Falstaff cuts fellowship with Pistol, he says: "I myself sometime, leaving the fear of God, am fain to shuffle, to filch, and to lurch." When it comes to the Folio it is printed "leaving the fear of Heaven." Similarly, in the quarto of the *Much Ado about Nothing* (1602) Dogberry demands of Conrade and Borachio, "Masters, do you serve God?" and, upon being answered affirmatively, tells the sexton to "write down that they hope they serve God; and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains" (Act IV. ii. 17). But in 1605, the third year of King James, there was enacted a statute (19 Stat. 3 Jas. I. cap. 21): "If any person in any stage play, interlude, show, May game or pageant, jestingly and profanely use the name of God or Christ Jesus, or the Holy Ghost or the Trinity, he shall forfeit 10s., one moiety to the king, the other moiety to him that will sue for the same in any court of record at Westminster." In deference to

this statute the name of the Deity in Falstaff's speech is changed to "Heaven," the direction to the sexton is omitted, and Dogberry, after the reverent question, "Masters, do you serve God?" gives no opportunity for response, but (since the remainder of the passage admits of no reconstruction) proceeds immediately with "Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go far to be thought so shortly," etc. (indicating that the book used by the First Folio printers for this play was of date subsequent to 1605). The general effect of this statute was to substitute everywhere in the plays of that period this word "Heaven" for "God" (see *Richard II.*, I. ii. 37 and *passim*), and I am advised that the word "Heaven" has been preferred generally upon the English stage ever since. Again, France and Spain were the countries with which England was oftenest at war, and which, therefore, it was most popular to disparage. Frenchmen and Spaniards were relied upon to make the groundlings roar, precisely as in our American cities we utilize to-day a plantation negro or a Chinaman for the purpose. But subsequently to 1604 King James, who wished his son Charles to marry a Spanish princess, became anxious to conciliate Spain in every way, and so particularly unwilling that public offence be given to Spaniards. In the quarto of *Much Ado*, therefore, where Dom Pedro says that Benedict must surely be in love, since he dresses "like a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow, or in the shape of two countries at once, as a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hips upward, no doublet," the stage censor directed that the last half of the sentence be entirely expunged, making Dom Pedro merely say that Benedict had a fancy for appearing as "a Dutchman to-day and a Frenchman to-morrow" (III. ii. 32). And the occasions where the actors deliberately "cut" a long speech are quite too numerous to schedule here. Some of the lines we prize most in *Hamlet* were ruthlessly sacrificed by individual actors (*e.g.*, *Hamlet*, I. i. 108–126, and II. iv. 37), and so never went into the First Folio at all. That the play of those days grew by volunteer localisms, "gags" and "guys" of the actors, there is a curious piece of non-contemporary testimony. Pope, writing his preface in or about 1725, declared that he had seen a quarto of one of Shakspere's plays where much of the ribaldry of the lower characters now preserved in the First Folio was "in the margin in a written hand," and another quarto in which a speech and bit of stage business were carelessly run in together, mak-

ing the line read: "The Queen is murdered *ring the little bell.*" * (To which the watchful Malone added: "There is no such line in Shakspere.") Pope continues: "In the old edition of *Romeo and Juliet* there is no hint of a great number of the mean conceits and ribaldries now to be found there. In others the low scenes of mobs, plebeians, and clowns are vastly shorter than at present; and I have seen one in particular which seems to have belonged to the play-house by having the parts divided with lines and the actors' names in the margin, where several of these passages were added in a written hand, which are since to be found in the Folio."

But it seems probable that the greatest embarrassment and interruption to the series of presentations at the Shakspere theatres would have been the policy of Elizabeth. She had been upon her throne not yet four months when she issued her proclamation of April 7, 1559, to be repeated in substance in a second decree dated May 16, 1559. This first proclamation is not extant, nothing being known of its character except from the allusion to it in Hollinshed.† The second was printed and circulated in the form of a broadside, "imprinted" (so runs the colophon) "at London in Powles Churchyarde by Richard Zugge and John Cawood, Printers to the Quenes Magestie. *Cum Priuilegio Regiae Maiestatis.*" From a copy in the British Museum (there being only one other in existence, the copy in the Bodleian) I am enabled to print it entire:

"By the Quene.

"Forasmuche as the tyme wherein common Interludes in the Englishe tongue are wont vsually to be played is now past vntyll All Hallowtide, and that also Some that have ben of late used are nót convenient in any

* The pagination of the First Folio stands pp. 1–38, then 61 to 129, and so on, becoming hopelessly mixed up later on, when it begins at 1 again at the histories. Some of the headlines are transposed (as, *e.g.*, pp. 37 and 38 of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* read *The Merry Wives of Windsor*). In *Hamlet* one hundred pages are omitted entirely (156–257), though the text is all right; and there are many more of these slips. I have never, for my own part, wavered in believing that to the same carelessness and indifference on the part of these editors we owe the omission of *Pericles* from the First Folio. I am unaware of any standard of internal evidence by which that play can be left out of the Shakspere canon. Much of its higher dialogue is magnificent; and even in the unreadable brothel scenes the wit is of Shaksperean tension and quality. Nor, with such abundant proof of haste or incompetency, or both, on the part of Messrs. Hemminges and Condell, is it possible to take their unsupported word as to a Shaksperean authorship. Six quarto editions of *Pericles* bore Shakspere's name, and the same modern scholarship which affects to concur in its rejection by Hemminges and Condell admits the employment of hack writers (to an extent of something more than three-sevenths of the entire play as printed) to pad the *Timon of Athens* to a necessary length, and lays other liberties to their charge which would seem to tally with Disraeli's opinion that the publication was not so much an offering of friendship as a pretext to obtain a proprietary right to the plays.

† See Collier's *History of the English Stage*, i. 168.

good ordred Christian common weale to be suffred. The Quenes Maiestie doth straightly forbyd al maner Interludes to be playde either openly or priuately except the same be notified before hande, and lesensed within any citie or town corporate by the Maior or other chief officers of the Same, and within any shyre by such as shalbe Lieutenants for the Quenes Maiestie in the same shyre, or by two of the Justices of pease inhabyting within that part of the shire where any shalbe played.

"And for instruction to euery of the saide officers her maiestie doth likewise charge every of them as they will annswere: that they permyt none to be played wherein either matters of religion or of the governance of the estate of the commõweale shalbe handled, or treated: beyng no mete matters to be wrytten or treated vpon, but by menne of aucthoritie, learning and wisedom, nor to be handled before any audience but of grave and discrete persons: All which partes of this proclamation her majestie chargeth to be inuiolably kepte. And if any shall attempte to the contrary, her maiestie giueth all manner of officers that haue authoritie to see common peax kepte, in commandement to arrest and emprison the parties so offending for the spayce of fourteen dayes or more as cause shall nede: and furder also until good assurance maybe founde and giuen that they shalbe of good behaviour and no more to offend in the like.

"And furder her Maiestie giueth speciall charge to her nobilitie and gentilmen, as they professe to obey and regard her maiestie, to take good order in thys behalfe with thier servauntes being players that this her Maiestie's commandement may be dulye kept and obeyed.

"Yeven at our Palayce of Westminster, the xvj daye of Maye, the first year of our Raygne." *

Now, what plays had been publicly represented in London prior to 1559 which should have appeared to the young queen so subversive of the public tranquillity as to call for pause in the crowding labors of a new reign that two proclamations inside of five weeks should issue? We may never know. Shakspere was yet to be born and to write his first play when the queen was nearing her earthly term and fine; and the dramatic condition under which his predecessors in the reign of Mary had worked do not seem to have led to or to have produced any *raison d'être* for the edicts of April 7 and May 16, 1559. The probabilities are, I think, that we owe them to that iron foresight, so to speak, and invincible determination on the part of the young queen to tighten even the rigid Tudor policy to which she had succeeded, and to leave no detail even of the people's amusements uncentralized in herself. This item of her policy may, in the lapse of years or failure of cause for enforcement, have fallen asleep.

* This copy was kindly made for me by a judge of her Majesty's Common Pleas from the original broadside, and, to insure perfect accuracy, with his own hands. So far as I know to the contrary, this may be its first appearance in print since 1559. I am sure its great curiosity justifies its appearance here, at any rate.—A. M.

But that the queen's attention may have been called to the performance of all of Shakspere's historical plays (as we know it was to the *Richard II.*), and induced the peremptory order for "Falstaff in love" rather than further indulgence in his habit of making himself too free with matters not "mete to be written or treated vpon, but by menne of aucthoritie, learning and wisedom, nor to be handled before any audience but of grave and discrete persons," we have already suggested.* Certainly, did any English compositions ever fall into purview of statutes forbidding plays "wherein either matters of religion or of the governance of the estate of the commõweale shalbe handled or treated," the plays we call Shakspere's are those compositions.

Now, we know that Queen Elizabeth had seen with her own eyes the historical plays in which Sir John Falstaff—*né* Oldcastle—had been delineated. Why were not the Globe and Blackfriars closed under and by virtue of the proclamation of May 16, 1559? Among the so-called Bridgewater manuscripts brought forward by Mr. J. P. Collier in 1835–6 (then at the height of his reputation as a scholar, antiquary, and Shaksperean) was a "Certificate of the Blackfriars Players," dated in 1589. It was instantly accepted as either the genuine draft or early copy of such a paper, until the general *dénouement* which proved all Mr. Collier's manuscripts and the "Perkins Folio" to be spurious, made with intent to deceive, and which left Mr. Collier himself a ruined man, with the imputation of forgery never to be lifted, to die unnoticed, broken, and friendless in his ninety-sixth year. In this "Certificate" the two Burbadges, Shakspere, and thirteen others (Shakspere standing twelfth in a list of sixteen) are made to represent to the Privy Council that they, "being all of them sharers in the Blackfriars playhouse," have never given cause of displeasure in that they have brought into their plays matters of state and religion unfit to be handled by them or to be presented before lewd spectators, neither hath any complaint in that kind ever been preferred against them or any of them.†

The largest probability exists, I think, from the considerations set forth in this paper, that there must have been some certificate or representations of the sort made, otherwise the master of the revels or the lord-chamberlain would have closed the Shakspere theatres, certainly in Elizabeth's, even if not in her

* THE CATHOLIC WORLD, June, 1887, p. 350.

† A facsimile of this forgery is given at p. 248 of Ingleby's *The Shakspere Controversy*, London: Natali & Bond, 1861.

successor, King James's, reign. We have seen * that a rigid stage censorship had forced Shakspere to remove the name of Oldcastle from his comic character and to substitute that of Falstaff therefor. The principle of this stage censorship of plays by the lord-chamberlain remains in our American common-law policy to-day, and is vested in whatever of record takes the place of Chancery in England (*i.e.*, in the State of New York, the Supreme Court, where it has been twice invoked within the last few years—once in the case of George Jones, *alias* "the Count Joannes," and once in the case of a Mr. Talmage, a Brooklyn exhorter). It was by no means suffered to lapse under King James. "In 1633 Ben Jonson gave his comedy, *The Tale of a Tub*, to the stage, with a savagely satirical caricature of Inigo Jones under the pseudonym of 'Vitruvius Hoop.'" This part was cut out by authority. The office-book of the master of the revels, whose duty it was to license plays, contains an entry to the effect that Vitruvius Hoop's part was "wholly struck out, and the motion of a tub, by a command from my lord-chamberlain, exceptions being taken against it by Inigo Jones, surveyor of the king's works, as a personal injury unto him." But were the Cobham family satisfied with Shakspere's apology and substitution? I have never seen it suggested that perhaps the Cobhams believed the only real reparation they would obtain would be by the preparation of a play for the same boards where Falstaff had strutted, which should do the career of their ancestor justice to a populace who forgot easily and read not at all, and so procured such a play to be written. But the fact is that, shortly after this apologetic prologue to *II. Henry IV.* (which had been entered in the *Stationer's Register*, August 23, 1600, but which is supposed to have been written in 1598)—viz., in 1600—there actually did appear a play called *Sir John Oldcastle*. This play is noted in Henslowe's diary of October, November, and December, 1599, as the collaborative work of Munday, Drayton, Wilson, and Hathaway. The play, notwithstanding, as printed in quarto by Thomas Pavier, bore on its title page the statement that it was written by William Shakspere. Internal evidence has long since pronounced this statement unauthorized, and relegated *Sir John Oldcastle* to the interrogative condition of a "doubtful play." But had it been written by anybody under coercion it would have doubtless had the same perfunctory flavor; and had Shakspere been the coerced party he might well have entrusted it to hack-writers, and felt himself discharg-

* THE CATHOLIC WORLD, June, 1887, p. 353.

ing his part of the bargain by producing the completed play of *Sir John Oldcastle* on his stage. Had William Shakspere received simultaneous orders to prepare plays, one showing "Falstaff in love," and the other Sir John Oldcastle as an epitome of virtue, there would, I think, be small question as to which commission he would have executed himself, and which he would have let out to his subordinates. At any rate, I cannot help believing that the sudden withdrawal of the name of Oldcastle from the Henry plays, and the appearance of a play in the opposite vein to which that name was given, were not entirely unconnected circumstances. In changing the stage business from *Oldcastle* to *Falstaff* in the quarto the scribe sometimes overlooked a speech, and left "*Old*" standing where he should have substituted "*Fal*" (*e.g.*, quarto, Griggs's reprint, p. 17, line 4 from bottom); and at III. ii. 28 the statement that Falstaff had been "page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk" (which the historical Oldcastle actually was) has been left standing. (It is interesting in this connection to note that Mr. Dowden asserts that Sir John Fastolfe, whose name was borrowed for the substitution, was actually the owner of the Boar's Head Tavern, or at least of a tavern bearing that name.)

The most curious piece of evidence, however, touching the risks which these plays ran of being for ever lost, of how they lay unnoticed for years or were carelessly acted from the actors' part-books, presents itself in the case of the *Othello*. Shakspere died in 1616. He probably had ceased any active theatrical work four or five years earlier when he retired to Stratford-upon-Avon and assumed management of his estates there. In the British Museum is a volume containing the manuscript diary of one Hans Jacob Wurmsser von Venderhagen, who accompanied Louis Frederick, Duke of Würtemberg-Mumpelgard, an ambassador who visited England officially in 1610, and in pages of this diary for the month of April in that year occurs the entry:

"*Lundi* 30.—*S. E. alla en globe, lien ordinaire ou l'on joue les commedies; y fut representé du More de Venise.*"

This play thereafter was left without a custodian, and is not heard of again until in 1622, when it is "*Printed by N. O. for Thomas Walkley.*" The play must have been printed from a copy prepared before 1605, because, as we have seen, it was in that year that the Act XIX. Stats. 3 Jac. I. 21 was passed, forbidding the use of oaths on the stage; and there is at the very beginning the expression, "'Sblood" (*i.e.*, God's blood), removed, of

course, in the Folio. Only a year later appeared the First Folio, including this same *Othello*. But a comparison of the two versions makes it hard to believe that they came from the same sources. No very great changes in the text of a play, certainly, could have taken place in a single year, and it is difficult to see what further or stronger proof that the Shakspere plays existed in many different versions, and included even during Shakspere's life or immediately after his death, could be desired.

Such being the facts—(1) the existence of never less than two, and often of many, versions of the Shakspere plays before 1623; (2) the fact that Hemminges and Condell's editorship began and ended with the preparation of certain prefatory matter, and (3) that they never even supplied a proof-reader (their own statement that they printed from Shakspere's own unblotted manuscripts being shown, by the most superficial comparison of their text with that of the quartos, to be a whole-cloth falsehood)—such being the facts, we say, who can hesitate to understand that any reasonable historic doubt as to the Shakspere special authorship is deserving of respectful treatment, and that from the occurrence of any passage in the First Folio no absolute certainty as to William Shakspere's life, habits, or experience can be dogmatically asserted and peremptorily and offensively defended as against the gentle lovers of the "gentle" Shakspere, who will perhaps plead a human tendency to error in lieu of the creative and absolute certainty of the æsthetic and inductive critic? For my own part, while I do not believe, for example, that Francis Bacon wrote the Shakspere plays, yet I would welcome a theory that Queen Elizabeth, or Essex, or the court fool, or Raleigh's ghost wrote them, as an alternative to believing that the projector and manager of the Globe Theatre realized a fortune by mounting essays on man's relation to the universe, or enchantment as an engine of personal providence, or on eschatological and ontological problems generally, for the pennies of the groundlings and the applause of the dudes and maids-of-honor who lolled in at his stage-doors.

APPLETON MORGAN.

THE PARISIAN WORKING-CLASSES.

THE average passing tourist in Paris visits its crowded theatres, open-air entertainments, *café-concerts*, its public balls, races, "fast" restaurants, and other haunts of dissipation; he sees the brilliant display of splendid equipages and fashion in the "Bois," and the animated crowds that throng the footways in the exciting thoroughfares of the peerless city; and after a few days' or weeks' experience of this phase of Parisian life he leaves the place firmly convinced that the people of Paris are devoted to the pursuit of dissipation and pleasure. This impression is quite erroneous; he has seen but the surface life of the great city, and has not known the patient and laborious population who have made it what it is. This knowledge can be acquired only by long residence amongst them; and having had that advantage, I have thought that it might be useful to tourists, and at the same time correct hasty judgments on the Parisians, to record the results of a careful and impartial study of this highly-gifted people.

Beginning with the working-classes, one is struck with their powerful physique, ruddy complexions, and clear eyes beaming with intelligence, as they troop homewards from their work about six o'clock in the evening. They walk with a light step at a swinging pace, chatting merrily together or humming the refrain of some popular song. They have no appearance of fatigue after their day's labor; and they mount cheerily to their bright little rooms *aux combles*, where they are greeted by smiling helpmates and are regaled by the comfortable *pot-au-feu*. Their window-sills are almost invariably brightened by flower-pots—a love of flowers being general among the Parisians—and the walls of their rooms are usually decorated with those excellent cheap colored engravings which constitute the special industry of Epinal. In these *combles* they are free from the overcrowding which is demoralizing so many of the poor in London, where it is not unusual for nine or ten persons to herd together in one room. The bulk of the Parisian laboring-class live in the top stories of fine houses, in spacious thoroughfares, where they exist under far better sanitary conditions than most of the poor mechanics in the overgrown British metropolis, who dwell in close,

foul-smelling slums and courts, amidst the noisome emanations of unflushed sewers and reeking cesspools.

On Sundays and fête-days the Parisian workmen, accompanied by their wives and children, sally forth in plain but scrupulously clean dresses, the father carrying the baby in his arms, and the mother bearing a well-filled basket containing the modest luncheon of which they will partake, *coram populo*, on the fresh sward of some of the Parisian pleasure-grounds. They return to their dwellings about dusk, all the healthier and more cheerful for their little excursion, and wind up the day with a light repast of soup, bread and coffee, and glass of wine. On Sundays they all adjourn after this meal to the benches in the boulevards and avenues, where they enjoy a gossip with their neighbors while observing their children at play; thus presenting a picture of simple village life in the heart of the most refined city in the world. Sometimes, when working at a distance from their homes, they dine in one of the numerous eating-houses frequented by their class, where they can procure a substantial meal for sixty centimes.

On the whole, the laboring population of the great city are very respectable and orderly, and possess naturally refined manners. I have dined occasionally in their company, and have been impressed with their quiet and well-bred behavior. Blousemen may be often seen in good restaurants seated at table beside fashionably-dressed people, and quite at their ease with them. They are abstemious, confining themselves, as a rule, to the regulation half-bottle of *ordinaire*, which they usually qualify with water. When dining together in their own resorts they use an *argot* full of quaintness and amusing metaphors. Although they regularly read the newspapers, their conversation runs more on matters immediately concerning themselves—as their special occupations and the price of food or goods—than on public or political questions. Once only did I hear a question of the kind introduced, when a Socialist indulged in the usual diatribes against the *bourgeoisie* and *l'infâme* capital to a companion who was quietly discussing—his dinner. At length the latter, wearied with the persistency of the other, remarked: "*Ne m'embêtez pas de votre socialisme; ça ne donne pas le pain à son petit monde*" —a remark which made his hearers smile and silenced the frothy eloquence of the *prolétaire*. In fact, so long as their personal rights are not menaced and their democratic institutions untouched they are indifferent about party struggles for power. Within the last few years ministries of various republican fac-

tions have succeeded each other without awakening any interest or excitement amongst the working-classes. Calm and contented as they seem, however, there lurks within them a fierce spirit that would flash out under any injustice or oppression affecting themselves, or measures calculated to imperil the welfare of their country. They are rarely out of employment, save in exceptional circumstances, such as the prolonged commercial crisis which lately prevailed, and they seem to have plenty of money for their wants. An evidence of their general prosperity is furnished in the fact that most of the petty groceries and wine-shops are well stocked with gastronomic delicacies and rare wines and *liqueurs*—showing that there must be a demand for them among the humbler classes. It is only on festive occasions, however, that they indulge in these luxuries; but they are careful at all times to partake only of nourishing food and good wine.

A more tangible proof of their well-being is afforded by the deposits in the post-office savings-banks in Paris, which have increased steadily every year since that institution was established five years ago, and by the still more telling fact that the first emission of the *emprunt de Paris* in May last for twenty-two million francs was covered twenty times over by the sums paid into the various banks and financial agencies in Paris. The greater part of this loan was furnished by the working-classes, for most of the depositors purchased shares of small amount, varying from twenty francs to three hundred. They hoard their *économies* (savings) chiefly for investments of this kind, which are guaranteed by the state. The Republicans were not in such a thriving condition in the earlier days of the existing *régime*, for we are told that a well-known thief, who was practising his *industry* at a meeting of that party which was held in those days, having been warned by a policeman who was watching him, replied, with a disdainful shrug of the shoulders: "Don't talk to me of your Republicans! I have searched the pockets of hundreds of persons in that crowd and I could not find a single *sou*." * Those pockets are now well filled.

These frugal and saving habits of the working-classes are the real source of the wonderful recuperative power and elasticity with which France recovers from disasters which would overwhelm any other people, and accounts for the rapidity with which she repaired the exhausting drain on her resources en-

* I borrow this anecdote from M. Maxime du Camp's valuable and exhaustive work, *Paris, Ses Organes, Ses Fonctions, et Sa Vie.*

tailed by the Franco-German war. The consciousness of possessing these savings in case of emergency communicates to even the humblest persons an air of independence and contentment. It is seen in the *cantonnier* who waters the streets and in the itinerant hawker who drags his truck laden with fruit, vegetables, or other wares to the doors of Parisian housewives. Humble as these occupations are, persons of irreproachable character are alone admitted to them, and there is a keen competition for the privilege. In fact, character is indispensable for every kind of employment in France; and steady workmen are, therefore, very careful that their *livrets* shall present a creditable record, for it is their bread that is at stake. In short, there are means of subsistence for every worker in Paris if he be well recommended and competent.

An amiable trait in the Parisian working-class is their affection for their children. Fathers generally carry their little ones in their arms, play with them, and teach them to walk. While treating them with equal tenderness, mothers take care to train them well. Even the children of the destitute are not bare-footed or clad in ragged clothes, like the poor street Arabs of London. The Parisian *ouvriers* take pride in having their children well dressed; and one cannot help admiring the self-denial of many of these poor mothers, whose dress consists of the plainest and cheapest materials, while their children are comfortably and often elegantly clad. This profound and tender parental affection impels them to work hard and to endure many privations cheerfully in order to save up the indispensable dowry for their daughters and the means of securing a good position—especially a government one—for their sons. To use their own expressive phrase, they "*se saignent aux quatre veines*" to establish their offspring well in the world. One often sees the pleasant spectacle of a mother and her little ones going to meet their bread-winner on his homeward way from his work; and the honest fellow invariably caresses the children, who run towards him with open arms, with tender solicitude—a scene such as Corot or Millet would have loved to portray.

There is an expression of precocious shrewdness in the keen eyes of these children. This arises partly from the fact that they are taught to assist in household work and to make purchases at a very early age. It is amusing to see the gravity and carefulness with which these mere scraps of humanity carry a loaf of bread, taller than themselves, hugged closely in their arms, or, mayhap, a basket of vegetables and a tin of soup in each hand;

although not without an occasional longing glance at other children engaged at play whom they may chance to meet on their way. This early initiation into the affairs of daily life renders them practical and trains them in habits of thrift and independence.

It is a pleasing sight to see young women of this class, with neatly-arranged hair and spotless aprons tidily adjusted to their waists, with the concentrated and calculating look that indicates some purchase in view, and looking so fresh, alert, and bright as they step briskly along on their small and well-shod feet.

There is, unhappily, a dark side to the picture I have given of the Parisian working-class, amongst whom are many restless and discontented men. These, for the most part, have become addicted to habits of "tippling," which excite them to the commission of acts alien to their natural dispositions, as in the case of the *grévists* of Decazeville, to whom poor M. Watrin fell a victim. It is the old and senseless struggle between capital and labor which is invariably disastrous to both.

The great mass of the Parisian artisans are sober, well-conducted men, who aim at becoming foremen and employers in their turn, and it is from these that the ranks of the *petite bourgeoisie* are for the most part recruited. They are content with the existing state of things, and resigned to the unalterable laws that regulate the relations between capital and labor, knowing well that—

> "Such hath it been—shall be—beneath the sun,
> The many still must labor for the one!"*

These have generally investments in post-office savings-banks and other government securities, which render them naturally averse to any doctrines calculated to disturb social order or imperil the rights of property. These men constitute the real conservative democracy of which Lord Beaconsfield dreamed, and which Lord Randolph Churchill has been long endeavoring to establish amongst the English working-classes, with small prospects of success, for *there* it is founded on the unstable basis of Protestantism, which is essentially a repudiation of all authority, spiritual and temporal.

The well-conducted Parisian workmen love work, and will go a long way to earn a franc. Adverting to a lazy man, a worthy housewife remarked in my hearing: "He must be mad; he

* Byron's *Corsair*.

doesn't care to earn his bread." These housewives, by the way, sometimes contribute towards the support of their households by working as *femmes de ménage*, or at some other occupation which will require but a couple of hours in the day. They are clever *ménagères*, and are very keen at bargaining. It is both interesting and amusing to see them engaged in making purchases. When buying linen or clothing they scrutinize each article closely, test its quality by straining it between their hands and holding it up to the light. When negotiating for fruit or vegetables they take care to touch, smell, and taste them before they buy. The worthy souls evince an unyielding determination to get full value for their money. Nevertheless, thrifty as they are, with that hankering for what is chanceful which prevails so generally among the working-classes of Paris, many of them regularly invest a few francs in the lotteries which are so frequent in France, even after having repeatedly drawn blanks.

Between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning it is pleasant to see the women of this class, fresh and cheery, provided with baskets of all sizes, thronging in and out of the provision shops and groceries, and crowded around the fruit and vegetable carts of the *marchands de quatre saisons*. There is much laughter and merry chat, and the streets then present a very animated and even exciting scene. Yet, absorbed as these women are for the time in such mere mundane occupations as marketing and shopping, you will see many of them enter a church on their way homewards, lay down their parcels or well-laden baskets, and pray fervently for some moments at one of its altars.

On certain mornings in the week during summer and autumn the booths of flower-sellers are crowded with purchasers of the humbler class, who generally bring away some tastefully arranged bouquets for the adornment of their little rooms *au sixième*. A fondness for domestic pets is another of their specialties, and even when out of work and suffering privations they take care that their birds, dogs, and cats are well fed.

Within the last few years a notable improvement has taken place in the physique of the Parisian working-classes. Lank forms and careworn faces are rarely seen among them. As a rule they are stout, ruddy-faced, muscular, and full of vigor. Even London draymen will not bear comparison with the porters who transport sacks of flour from their carts into the bakeries, the *forts* of the Halles, and the stokers of the gasworks at La Villette, or even with the butchers and butcher-boys, who, standing in their shops under groves of symmetrically-arranged

legs of mutton or ribs of beef, present a professional *meaty* appearance quite in keeping with their surroundings. Many of these sons of Anakim could pull down a bull by the horns and fling its carcass on their brawny backs. Some women of the lower classes are enormously fat, and actually inspire awe by the amplitude of their forms. The hackney-coachmen of Paris are remarkable as a class for their chubby, rubicund visages and their unwieldy bulk, and especially for the marvellous width of their backs, which must excite a painful feeling of envy in their delicate "fares."

Parisian workmen are artists by instinct. Their hands, as a rule, are small and well shaped. They work with a certain deliberation, and pause occasionally to observe the effect of what they have done. Bonnet-making and the manufacture of artificial flowers afford employment to about a quarter of the female population of Paris. An enormous number of the working-class are also engaged in the production of those elegant trifles known as "articles de Paris," which find a ready market everywhere, although they have now to contend with the keen competition of England, Germany, and Switzerland, which are making rapid progress in the decorative arts.* With the Parisian artisan the deft hand carries out swiftly the active, creative thought. If genius be the faculty of realizing great things with small means, the workers of the great city may claim the possession of the divine gift; for the simplest material becomes plastic in their magic fingers, and is transformed into "a thing of beauty."

Unlike the poor in other countries, the sight of the splendor and luxury by which they are surrounded does not tantalize the working population of Paris. This arises from the fact that they are not embittered by suffering and misery, like the starving *ouvriers* of the First Revolution—sufferings which goaded them into the fearful excesses of that great social upheaval. The Parisian workmen of to-day possess many comforts and enjoy social amusements among themselves which are unknown to their *confrères* under monarchical governments. Their government also gratifies them frequently with public spectacles, and on fête-days and holidays they enjoy themselves thoroughly at the festivals and fairs which are so numerous during the summer and autumn in the environs of the capital. The workmen's syndicates, or guilds, also give public balls periodically, which are fre-

* In a work entitled *La Crise Industrielle en France et en Europe*, by M. Marius Vachon, published recently by order of the French government, very interesting details are given on the advanced state of the decorative arts in England, North Germany, Austria, and Switzerland.

quented solely by their own class, and at which, with that wonderful adaptability to circumstances which seems peculiar to Frenchwomen, the Parisian *ouvrieuses*, who appear in the plainest clothes during the day, will figure in elegant toilets and conduct themselves with the ease, grace, and self-possession of ladies *du meilleur monde*. As a corrective to the temptations to which they are thus exposed, the religious sisterhood called *Petites Sœurs de l'Ouvrier* are charged with the special mission of watching over and visiting workwomen employed in the ateliers, factories, and public offices of Paris.

The working-classes of the French metropolis possess many facilities for intellectual improvement, of which, for the most part, they sedulously avail. The association styled *L'Union Française de la Jeunesse* gives free lectures for workmen in branches of knowledge pertaining to their various trades. *L'Association Philotechnique* gives technical instruction to workmen in their special occupations. Free courses of lectures on scientific and literary subjects are also given specially for that class by professors of the colleges and lycées, and those who profit by them are entitled to compete for valuable prizes at the examinations which terminate each course. These lectures are well attended by the working population, who have greatly benefited by them, not only intellectually but morally, since they shield them from the seductions of wine-shops and revolutionary clubs, in which the most pernicious anti-social doctrines are propagated. These means of mental culture are supplemented by forty-six municipal libraries free to the public, who can both read in them and borrow books to read at home. The official report of the Prefect of the Seine, giving the statistics of these libraries for last year (1886), has not yet been published; but from that issued for the year 1885 we learn that these institutions were attended by 700,000 readers, most of whom confined themselves to useful books, either in science, history, biography, or travels, while about 3,000 read works in English and German. These libraries also lend musical compositions, of which 23,000 persons availed, proving the diffusion of musical taste among the lower classes. Thus the municipal libraries form a valuable adjunct to the public lectures and the evening schools.

Another measure calculated not only to advance the well-being of the French workmen, but which has been productive of fruitful results for the commerce of France, has been in operation for some time. A certain number of mechanics are sent annually abroad to reside in the great centres of industry, in

order to study for some time the operations and improvements in their various trades, at the joint expense of the state and the municipality of Paris.

A valuable organization, called *L'Union des Associations Ouvrières* has been expressly established to combat socialist and infidel propagandism. During Lent, and occasionally at other periods of the year, courses of evening lectures for workmen are given in the principal churches and in their crypts on such fundamental truths as the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and on economical and social subjects, such as the reciprocal duties of master and servant, the relations between capital and labor, order in liberty, etc.* A recent number of *La Semaine Religeuse de Paris* gives the following interesting account of one of these missions to the working-classes in one of the most infidel quarters of Paris:

"Dès les premiers jours, la chapelle, habituellement désertée, c'est remplie d'une foule compacte, avide, bientôt sympathique. Les hommes venaient chaque soir plus nombreux, portant tous l'habit de travail qu'ils n'avaient pas eu le temps de quitter; il faisait bon les voir, timides d'abord, simples curieux, osant à peine s'asseoir, puis s'intéressant au sermon, approuvant de la tête, redoublant d'attention, saisis enfin, de plus en plus touchés, ebranlés à mesure qu'on entrait résolument dans le vif des grandes vérités et qu'on arrivait aux graves obligations de la vie chrétienne. Ah! qui donc oserait dire que la foi est morte dans l'âme du peuple? Non, non! elle n'agit pas, il est vrai, elle dort—mais elle vit! Le quartier de Javel, réputé réfractoire à l'action du prêtre, en a fourni une nouvelle preuve saisissante; en quelques jours de nombreuses conversions se sont produites; d'autres s'acheveront plus tard. Le dernier jour de la mission un bon vieillard pressait la main d'un vicaire, et lui disait tout haut: 'Merci, Monsieur le Curé, vous m'avez remis dans le bon chemin!'"

In the *Cercle Catholique* of the Rue Luxembourg lectures are also given by lay Catholics, which are well attended by the working-classes and are productive of the most beneficial results. A distinguished Parisian *savant*, M. Domet de Vorges, delivers free lectures occasionally on scholastic philosophy and kindred subjects in the Catholic Institute of Paris, of which a member of the Chamber of Deputies, M. De Lamarzelle, is a professor.

The large number who take part in the Catholic congresses so frequently held in France attests the zealous interest taken by influential persons in the welfare of the working-classes. Penetrated with the responsibility which attaches to their position, Catholic employers are careful of the spiritual as well as the

* On these occasions the seats are free.

temporal welfare of their workmen. Hence they actively promote the organization of religious associations amongst them, and supply them with lectures and books calculated to elevate their souls above the material occupations in which they are engaged. Catholic employers also encourage the formation of associations among the workmen for establishing funds against sickness or want of work. Catholic Workmen's Clubs are steadily increasing in France, and are actively promoted by leading Catholics, such as that eloquent and intrepid champion of the church, the Comte De Mun, the Montalembert of our day, the Comte De Roquefeuil, the Comte De la Bouillerie, and MM. De Carné, De Lamarzelle, Lecour de Grandmaison, Lerolle, De Marolles, etc. Not only are the artisans belonging to these clubs the best in their various trades; they are also the most appreciative of the solicitude shown for them by good masters, whose kindness is generally repaid with ingratitude by infidel workmen. The true friends of the artisan are those who insure for him a rational and consequently a happy existence here, and the hope, if not the assurance, of a happier one hereafter.

The children of the Catholic working-class can supplement the sound denominational education imparted to them in the *écoles libres* by a technical training in the communal school in the Rue Tournefort, under the care of an impartial and earnest professor, M. Laubier. In this institution pupils are taught various trades, such as working in wood, forging, modelling, and also drawing, in workshops attached to the school, without interfering with their usual intellectual instruction. They work from two to seven hours, according to their ages and classes. This branch of education does not cost the state more than twenty thousand francs annually, and about three hundred boys avail of the advantages it affords. They easily obtain employment at once, on leaving the school, in the respective trades for which they have been prepared. *Ateliers* will soon be introduced into all the primary schools in France, in conformity with the unanimous report of the Congress of Teachers held in Paris in September, 1886. A school for teaching watch and clock making has been also established recently in Paris. This technical training inspires the lads with a self-reliant spirit which, when united with religious instruction, is sure to render them in after-years good and useful citizens.

A proof of the steadiness and good conduct of the greater part of the Parisian workmen is afforded in the frequency with which medals of merit are conferred on them for remaining dur-

ing the long period of forty or fifty years in the service of the same employers. The fact speaks eloquently for both.

Belleville, Clignancour, and Menilmontant are quarters chiefly inhabited by workmen, most of whom are comfortably installed in model lodging-houses somewhat on the plan of the Peabody buildings in London. It is a proof of the general prosperity of the laboring-class that these districts are the most thriving in the metropolis.

Unlike their *confrères* in England, the Parisian workmen never have recourse to the pawn-office to procure means for purchasing the *necessaries* of life. It is only when they are in full work that they pledge their trinkets for some special occasion, and they evince no sense of shame or humiliation in availing themselves of this sometimes useful institution. If, on his way to the *mont-de-piété*, a workman should be asked where he is going, he will frankly reply, "*Chez ma tante*," with a twinkle of the eye which implies that it is in order to get the means for enjoying himself at a *fête* or some social amusement.

Like all great cities, Paris contains many destitute persons, but deaths from exposure or want are by no means so frequent —making due allowance for the difference in the number of inhabitants of both cities—as amongst the poor in London. In the French metropolis they are more cared for. In each of the twenty arrondissements of the city there is an office of the *Assistance Publique*, in which the necessitous who are deserving of relief are provided with food until they can obtain means of subsistence. In the beginning of November public kitchens (*fourneaux économiques*) are opened in various quarters of Paris, in which a portion of meat is sold for ten centimes, and an equal quantity of vegetables or half a litre of soup at the same price. These kitchens are under the control of *La Société Philanthropique*, and are served by Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. Besides these the Parisian poor have many facilities for keeping "body and soul together." They can get their linen washed for a trifle in public lavatories, where they can also procure a can of hot water for cooking purposes for a few centimes. They can buy half a bucket of cinders at the baker's for two sous, and fragments of bread for soup or the *pot-au-feu* for one sou. They try every petty industry rather than beg. Most of the thoroughfares swarm with hawkers of neckties, brass trinkets, umbrellas, etc. They turn everything to account—empty tins, jam-crocks, corks, remnants of cigars, etc.—and sell in the markets dishes made up of rejected fragments of food from hotels and restau-

rants, and which are arranged in the most appetizing manner to attract customers I mention these facts to show how easily even the very poor can live in Paris.

The Parisian workmen have to struggle with a grave obstacle* arising out of the high-pressure age in which we live, and from the craving for luxurious living which pervades all classes in every country at present. Allured by the attractions of the Queen of Cities, mechanics from all parts of France crowd within its walls in the hope of getting higher wages and more enjoyment than they could possibly obtain in the provinces. Thus the labor-market is glutted, wages are reduced, with consequent strikes, numbers are thrown out of employment and are often forced by want to swell the criminal population of the city.*

As servants may be fairly included amongst the working-class, a few words about Parisian domestics may not be misplaced here. In France the relations between master and servant are, as a rule, mutually satisfactory. Masters are kind in their demeanor towards their dependants, who are respectful without being servile. The former evince a real interest in the welfare of their domestics, and never speak harshly to them or make them feel the insolence of superior position and wealth, as in England, where the axiom, *Quot servi, tot hostes*, holds good. French servants are attached to their masters, who treat them as members of their families. Private coachmen possess a *tournure* often as distinguished as that of their employers; and one can scarcely help being awed by their imposing aspect as they sit, close-shaven, in well-starched collars, clad in liveries *parfaitement stylés*, calm and grave as Homer's gods, on the coach-boxes, whence they look serenely down on mere vulgar pedestrians. The magnificent "Jeames," however, in his rich plush knee-tights, powdered hair, swelling calves, and dangling tags, is rarely found in the houses of high-class Parisians.

It is far more difficult to procure service in Paris than in London. Wages are much higher in the former city. Servants hired at *bureaux de placement* very often turn out, if males, to be robbers and assassins, like Marchandon; or, if females, to be *bonnes à tout faire* in many very questionable ways. In hiring furnished rooms or *apartements* service is not included, which causes much discomfort and inconvenience to Anglo-American residents in the Circean city of fashion and pleasure.

* The census of 1886 shows that there is an important diminution in the population of small communes and chief towns of the rural cantons, and a large increase in that of towns of one hundred thousand souls and upwards.

From what has been said of the Parisian working-classes in the preceding pages it is evident that, although the moral condition of a large portion of them is deplorable, there is, nevertheless, a far larger number differently circumstanced. The workmen of this class constitute the real strength and hope of France, and they are sound to the core.

B. ARCHDEKAN-CODY.

THE LAND OF THE HARP.

A FRAGMENT.

THERE was a time of old when, threading the forests of Erin,
Red deer nibbled the buds, and roe-bucks, high on the mountains,
Leaping from height to height 'neath pinnacles jagged and splintered,
Suddenly paused to gaze at the fallow-deer far in the lowlands.
Then, if a sleuth-hound bayed, or a hunter, lost on the hillsides,
Circled the eddying air with echoing shouts to his comrades,
Swiftly the wingèd feet of the roe sped higher and higher;
Proudly the antlered stag snuffed up the scent through his nostrils;
Fleetly the dappled does fled off to the briery bracken.

Splashing amid the reeds and flags of the bright-edged rivers,
Wild swine wandered to drink and cool their skins in the midnight
After the woodland search for sweet, crisp roots; or at noontide,
Lying in scented glooms where hazel-twigs intertangled,
Drowsed 'neath canopies green, soft lulled by the murmur of leaflets.

Screened by the heather-bloom that, spreading over the uplands,
Lifted its purple bells, the foxes down from the mountains
Stealthily wound their way to forage the neighboring valleys;
Or, in the earlier year, stole down through tropical fragrance,
Stirring the broom's bright fleets of gilded galleys at anchor—
Stirring the golden bloom of the gorse; and where, in the autumn,
Clustering bunches swung at the tangled marge of the wild-wood,
Supped on a feast of grapes 'neath the broken vines and the moonbeams.

Deep in the haunted glens the rivulets babbled and whispered,
Swirling around the stones and singing over the shallows
Down to the songless pools, where, mirrored clear in the stillness—
Mirrored with arching boughs and birch-stems hoary with silver—
Kingfishers flashed afar down the listening aisles of the forest,
Gorged with fish for their young in the hollow banks at the brook-sides:
Flashed down the murmuring streams on swift green wings through the shadows,
Stars of shimmering blue that sank in an emerald heaven.

CHARLES HENRY LÜDERS.

THE STATE AND THE LAND.

THE public is at this moment perplexed with two contradictory theories of land-ownership, both of which are extreme views. There is the theory of Henry George, which classes the proprietary ownership of even a small village lot, purchased by the savings of a life of toil, reserved for the cottage home of a respectable mechanic, as on a par with chattel slavery;* which affirms that the state which sanctions such ownership is guilty of complicity in robbery of the people, and that no amount of public guarantee, no degree of good faith and no depth of trust in the state's assurances, no lapse of time however long, or of acquiescence by every class in the state and by every succeeding generation and form of government, can give a man any right to acquire, or the community any right to deed or sanction the deeding of, a single foot of land to be held by a private man by a title of real ownership. Henry George's theory, which brands all private ownership in land as iniquitous, sinful, robbery, piracy, and the root of all the distress of the poor, is one extreme.

Then there is the theory which maintains that every landowner, even the land-monopolist with his square leagues, holds his particular estates in land by a right ranking among the high

* Such was the frank avowal of Mr. George in answer to a question put to him during a speech made by him last winter in Chicago. The writer's information rests both on the uncontradicted report of the Chicago papers and the statement of a friend who was present at the meeting.

natural rights of man, by which his vast domain is guaranteed to him like the custody of his children, and is part of his personality; that no human power can legislate upon his ownership of it, except in view of the peril of life or other extreme necessity of his fellow-men—a theory which would intrench the landlord class of Ireland securely in the citadel of natural right against the present combined efforts of religion and statesmanship, seeking, with the applause of the world, to drive them out; which would declare the accidental opportunities, the vicious legislation, the cunning speculation, that has made men lords of vast spaces of the earth's surface, to be forms of nature's sacred investiture of wealth and power, reckoning them superior to the highest powers of legitimate government. This is the other extreme.

Now, as in many another case, the truth lies between these extreme views: there is a right of ownership in the community or state, and the state is competent to confer and does confer a real ownership on individuals. There is nothing but cold legal formality in the following sentences from the Constitution of the State of New York, but they embody the common sense of civilized men on this question. Article i., section 11, reads:

"Section 11. The people of this State in their right of sovereignty are deemed to possess the original and ultimate property in and to all lands within the jurisdiction of the State; and all lands the title to which shall fail, from a defect of heirs, shall revert or escheat to the people.

"Section 12. All feudal tenures of every description, with all their incidents, are declared to be abolished, saving, however, all rents and services certain, which at any time heretofore have been lawfully created or reserved.

"Section 13. All lands within this State are declared to be allodial, so that, subject only to the liability to escheat, the entire and absolute property is vested in the owners according to the nature of their respective estates."

Section 7 of the same article provides for compensation for property taken for public use.

God gave the goods of the earth to men originally in common, but his method of donation has not been the same for all his stores. Some things he gave to mankind collectively or as their joint and unparted property, yet capable of being divided and reduced to individual ownership by themselves according to reason's dictates—such as beasts and fowls, the land and its products. Others, as air, sunshine, water, nature has made positively common and free to each person. She has thus regarded men, as the logicians say, both collectively and distributively.

Speaking especially of land, no theory is logically tenable which admits that the land was primitively bestowed on men in common distributively, as air, light, and water are. There is no such thing from nature as the positively free gift of land. The division of it, on such a hypothesis, would be wholly infeasible. It would lead straightway to violence and anarchy to allow that any individual man has, or ever had, the right to appropriate the land or its products at his absolute discretion. No nation of mankind ever recognized such a principle, and indeed human society would not be possible at all if it had to begin under such a condition. Each individual person would, in that event, be made the last judge in his own case concerning an object which is equally related to all persons. The theory which derives the original title to particular ownership of land from *mere* "occupancy," or "appropriation," or "industrious activity" assumes the land to be positively and distributively free to every one, just as the light of day is.

"From the nature and purpose of civil institutions," says Jefferson, "all the lands within the limits which any society has circumscribed around itself are assumed by that society and subject to their allotment; this may be done by themselves assembled collectively or by the legislature to whom they have delegated sovereign authority; and if they are allotted in neither of these ways, each individual may appropriate to himself such lands as he finds vacant, and occupancy will give him title" (Jefferson's Memoir, Appendix, Letter to Samuel A. Wells, Esq.)

Title by occupancy is thus only valid by the express or implied allotment of the state.

History witnesses that nature originally gave the soil to mankind jointly, and not severally—that is to say, she left it undivided. She made this donation to men somewhat after the manner in which the United States government gives to a tribe of Indians the goods which they require. Our general government does not divide the supplies and apportion to each Indian of the tribe his equitable share, but it delivers them in bulk to the whole tribe or to the appointed representatives of the tribe. Division of the goods donated is made by the Indians themselves. Similarly nature has given the things of the earth to men *collectively*, and all have an equal right to some share in her bounty. She has imposed no immediate command to divide her stores and allot their several portions to individuals. But men themselves have done this, "*per adinventionem rationis humanæ*," as St. Thomas says. That is to say, they have both prescribed that there shall

be a division of the goods of nature, and also the method of that division.

The totally sufficient reason for founding private ownership of the soil does not exist in the particular person. To affirm that, by virtue of his mere individual personality or because of being *sui juris*, one is, or ever was, entitled to "appropriate" or "occupy" the land by mere and arbitrary will, is to maintain an individualism as destructive of justice as its converse error, communism; it destroys itself logically, and would, in practice, for ever bar the existence of human society. Such a theory invites communism.

We have thus come to the question, By what human law has it been decreed, first, that lands and goods shall be divided, and, second, that this or that particular person shall have this or that particular portion?

The answer given by Catholic philosophers is, that the division of goods is in pursuance of what is called among ethical writers the law of nations—not to be confounded with the international law of diplomacy. This law of nations, or *lex gentium*, is the highest form of human law in reference to the temporal life of mankind. It is the common expression of the cultivated reason of civilized nations. Though unwritten as a form of statute, it is nevertheless embodied in the fundamental institutions of every civilized nation of any size and importance. *Lex gentium* declares that division of goods, including land, should be made; that the conditions of civilized life require a division; that such division is economical of the use of nature's gifts and fruitful of the greatest degree of peace and prosperity for the largest number.

St. Thomas by no means taught that division of goods is necessary in the very nature of things for upright conduct between man and man, or for correctness of morals, or for securing natural rights. For the *lex gentium* prescribing division would, in that case, be the law of nature itself, of immediate divine enactment, and the Angelic Doctor would have plainly said that division of goods is brought about *lege naturæ;* what he does say is that it is brought about *humano condicto* (2a, 2æ, quest. lxvi.)

The philosophers of past times understood by the *lex gentium*, or common law of nations, certain principles of equity and rules of expediency which were established by reason among mankind generally, and were observed by all, or nearly all, nations. The principles and rules are not simply and *per se* unchangeable, but are so by the prime necessities of civilization. The system of private ownership of land, which thus owes its origin to the highest form of human law, was not introduced as something

which is strictly essential to the preservation of life, nor is it a method of owning the soil which is absolutely necessary for correctness of morals. Yet it is extremely useful or expedient for human society, and its advantage is made sure by the experience of all the ages.

The principles maintained above are in accord with the Encyclical of Leo XIII. (*Quod Apostolici muneris*) and with the pastoral of Archbishop Corrigan. Both the Pope and the Archbishop declare that the right to own private property has the sanction of the natural law, as, indeed, might be said of any equitable human enactment, and is, therefore, just and inviolable. Whoever, then, would take what by this title belongs to another, against the owner's reasonable wish, would be guilty of the crime which is called robbery.

It was commonly taught by the most perfect reasoners of the past, from Aristotle down, embracing the consensus of the scholastic philosophers,* that the primitive division of land was thus made *ex jure gentium*, or from the common law of men and nations. But such law should not be confounded with the conventional *rule* of each separate nation according to which the land was actually allotted in particular parcels to particular individuals. The general conclusion reached commonly by nations, "The land should be divided, because this will be for the common welfare," is quite distinct from the particular mode of actually making the division between particular persons. These two species of law have different objects. The first is a genuine precept of the *lex gentium*, or common law of nations, possessing a distinctive character of permanence and a far greater dignity than the other. The second, being the rule each state makes for the division of land among its citizens, has the nature of a variable civil law. In proceeding to make the actual allotment of shares of land, the method of doing so had to be agreed on. Thus particular sites, quantity, boundaries, rules of inheritance, etc., had to be so regulated and determined as to secure an equitable

* Billuart (Dissert. iv. art. i.) sums up this teaching: "Juri naturali permittente, omnia sunt communia, Concedo; Juri naturali præcipiente, Nego. Communitas igitur rerum, tribuitur juri naturali, non quod jus naturale illam præcipiat, sed quia non jubet distinctionem possessionum, et permittit communitatem rerum: adeoque proprietas, seu possessionum distinctio non est contra jus naturale, sed juri naturali ut quid magis conveniens superadditum per adinventionem rationis humanæ. . . . Divisio rerum facta est . . . jure gentium, quatenus homines, dum, attenta corruptione naturæ, quæ est sui amans, alieni negligens, cupiditati et ambitioni serviens, videret gravia et plura incommoda sequi occasionaliter ex communitate bonorum, divisionem, non dico præceperunt, alioquin peccarent monachi, sed ut vitæ sociali et bonorum administrationi magis convenientem communi consensu formali vel tacito introduxerunt. Unde I. 1. Digest dicitur: *Ex hoc jure gentium discretas esse gentes, regna condita, dominia distincta, agris terminos positos.*"

share for each person. The rule agreeably to which this was done had the character and authority of just civil law, and it conferred on individuals their allotted shares with exclusive ownership. The share which each person thereby acquired was held by way of a vested right, which is inviolable. He had obtained a grant from the community, and the community was a competent authority to convey real ownership. To invade the right which thus began, or to take the land from its owners, on the plea that "the land should be owned in common or should be made public property," would be robbery, unless due compensation were made.

Neither occupancy nor "appropriation" can, *per se*, and standing alone, originate particular ownership of land. Particular ownership of land cannot originate wholly with the particular person claiming to own. If it could, the land must be positively and actually common to every one, *i.e.*, universally subject to appropriation by mere individual choice or will, like air or sunlight. Land never has been and never could be thus common.

Some writers have confounded the common law of nations with the unchangeable moral law of human reason. But this is an error. St. Thomas, on this point luminously supported by Suarez, distinctly opposes the confusing of these diverse rules of human action, and he clearly discriminates the true nature and the legitimate sphere of the one from the other. It is true he affirms that the common law of nations is derived from the invariable principles of natural justice by way of "conclusion." But what manner of conclusion is this? Not one from premises made up entirely of statements of natural right, but one from conditioned premises, as thus: *If* you desire that degree of civilization worthy of reasonable beings, then reason bids you divide your goods.

A low grade of civilization, as is notorious, is compatible with the common ownership and even common use of land. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are compatible with the state community of goods, as we see in the history of peoples in the tribal state. But when they pass out of that infantile condition of nationhood reason demands individual ownership as a condition of rational welfare in the natural order. A practical view of the question may be as follows: If you ask a farmer what claim he has to his farm he will perhaps say, I bought it from John Doe, and I hold his deed of it. How did he get it? It came down to him by inheritance from his great-grandfather, who was the first settler *and obtained the government patent.* And what right had the government to convey it? Well, somehow it is the original

owner of all the land in the country; anyway, my title is good *as long as I can trace it back to the government grant.* Such is the farmer's account of his right of ownership, and it is substantially that of every holder of real property in America. Each particular owner's title depends on the grant of the great "original and ultimate" owner—that is to say, the state or nation.

Now, both when the state itself conveys and when it authorizes and presides over the conveyance of land between private citizens, the entire and absolute property is vested by the grantor in the grantee. The common sense of mankind has ever recognized this action of the civil power as the highest form of contract. If I cannot hold the state either to specific fulfilment or to compensation for non-fulfilment in any case in which it has invited me to invest my means, the rights of man are to be guaranteed otherwise than by the state, which means chronic anarchy.

And as the state has general control all through, so is it responsible for private ownership all through. Do you dispute the farmer's deed from John Doe, or John Doe's inheritance, or his father's or his ancestor's original title? You will find yourself under the absolute control of the state, whose laws, founded on mere expediency, if you will, or antiquated traditions, and expounded by arbitrary rules of procedure in the courts, settle everything. The state has changed, you will find, the conditions necessary for a valid transfer from time to time, curtailing and enlarging by turns the very power of deeding and receiving property, and in some cases taking such power entirely away; limiting and widening at will the right of children to inherit, and in some cases altogether extinguishing it; even totally invalidating for ages all transfers, however solemnly made, if not written on a certain kind of paper or parchment, or if done on certain days of the year, or if not witnessed by one of its own officials —and all in the interest of equitable distribution and stable ownership. But you may say the farmer will show you his land bisected by a railroad, the home of his childhood seized and razed to the ground, paid for, indeed, but the amount of compensation fixed by a little party of his neighbors, assembled and presided over by a petty government official, the railroad getting his homestead, not by instrument signed by himself, but by one executed by a government official again—all in spite of the private owner's protest. Let him resist; the same government will again assemble his neighbors, with, if need be, arms in their hands, to imprison him. If he stands on his rights to the bitter end and fights for his domestic altar, they will put him to death

on his own hearth-stone. All this, you insist, is done by every civilized nation under the sun by virtue of that law of nature which St. Thomas tells us vests the title of the material goods of this world in the community—*communitas rerum attribuitur juri naturali.*

Granted. Granted, too, that such jurisdiction could be justified by no claim less than that of our state constitution, that the people possess the original and ultimate property in all lands "in their right of sovereignty." But the forms of law and the equitable compensation make good the state's admission that the entire and absolute property has been "vested in the owners," disturbed, even after compensation, only for the well-known, publicly-ascertained convenience of the whole commonwealth.

When a man asserts that his farm is his private property his words stand good against every private man; as against the community his claim is good, too, but only so far as the community has bound itself to him by public law. I have a good title to my land; but if the public declares through the organs of legitimate authority that it has need of it for a railroad, or a school house, or a pleasure-park, it asserts a title of its own paramount in this case to mine; there only remains to me a right of compensation. But that right is as sacred as any human right of the kind can be, public or private.

If I want to will all my land to my children the state says, No; your widow must have a life estate of one-third. If I am a French citizen, and wish to give my land situated in France all to my eldest son, the state says, I forbid it; you must give a share to each of the other children. In some of the United States, and in many other countries, I cannot give it or sell it to a foreigner, though he be my own father. Such legislation as this, universally enforced in every Christian commonwealth, and, in its broad lines, sanctioned by the church in all ages, can be based on nothing less than some sort of high proprietary right rooted in the law of nature, and enabling the sovereign authority to grant a title of real ownership which even itself cannot destroy without compensation.

Now comes the question, What will hinder the government from establishing communism—taking away all private ownership, and making of the goods of this life one indistinguishable mass? The answer, as already plainly outlined, is that communism is incompatible with the needs of civilization, unless practised voluntarily and in little communities. The division of property into separate portions, to be held by different citizens

under titles of guaranteed permanency, is a real necessity for civilized life. A stable possession of a portion of this world's goods, assured to the various citizens by a title sacred enough to be worthy the name of real ownership, a right to be lost only by due process of law and after fair compensation, is a requisite for a happy and prosperous state. St. Thomas assigns three reasons for this: Firstly, a man will develop the productiveness of what is his own better than that of the whole undivided community; secondly, the variety of men's capabilities calls for an apportionment of the different kinds of property to different kinds of men; thirdly, when each man has his own well-defined share he is bound to be content with it, and the general peace is thus better secured.

The division of property into private ownerships and the eminent domain of the state, when both are rightly understood, are social forces which work together for the greatest good of the largest number. The evils of communism, unless it be practised voluntarily and in small communities, are notorious. But, on the other hand, if there were no higher title to my land than the one I have myself, a species of particularism would arise hardly less fatal to human welfare than communism. If the state has no right to seize land for public convenience, then farewell to commerce, for who will make roads? farewell to the health of cities, for who can hinder men from covering every inch of ground with human habitations, leaving only a labyrinth of dark and filthy alleys? How provide room for pleasure-parks, land for schools and public institutions of every sort? If my title to my land is nature's *noli me tangere*, like my natural right to my children's training and their support, what is going to hinder me, if I am a millionaire, from gradually getting a "natural right" to immense areas of land by purchase, and so making myself absolute master of the multitudes of human beings who must live upon my bounty or perish? Where will be the remedy for such a state of things as Irish landlordism? Let us not exaggerate private right of property, and let us not, on the other hand, claim too much for the state; both state and citizen have rights of ownership. Let us not break down the state's eminent right, for we have in it a safeguard against the worst, and nowadays the only possible, communism—that of hopeless poverty of the masses. Let us not advocate a state of things in which the very few are granted the particularism of nearly all this world's favors, and the vast multitude of men forced to suffer the communism of all this world's miseries.

A MODERN CORYCIUS.

. . . Memini me . . .
Corycium vidisse senem, cui pauca relicti
Jugera ruris erant. . . .
Regum æquabat opes animis; seraque revertens
Nocte domum dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis.
—*Virgilii Georgicon* iv.

THERE is a river in one of our northern mid-continental States whose charms are a ceaseless temptation to the lover of out-door sports. It glides along like a great snake through a low country of alternating wood and prairie. The winter and spring rains cause it to swell to wide proportions, and during a great part of the year it spreads into shallow lakes and lagoons. This characteristic of the stream keeps back the march of civilization and preserves a wide swath of undisputed territory which is sacred to the wild things of the wood, the iridescent creatures of the water, and the far travellers of the air.*

I sat recently on the rear platform of a "Pullman" in company with an acquaintance, admiring the splendid natural barrier of the western bank of the Mississippi. He had been a great traveller, and had hunted in the mountains, traversed the deserts of Africa, and enjoyed the awful solitude of night in the waste places of the world. And he made a remark which impressed me by its truthfulness—that a man never really breathes the deep breath of existence in all purity, nor realizes the perfection of physical life and the melodious harmony of nature, until he has lived in the wild beyond the influences of civilization. Such a place is the territory of our river, and such are the indescribable rewards with which it repays the appreciative visitor. I had for a long time been acquainted with a portion of it, but at last resolved to know its whole length of wilderness, to follow it between the manifold contortions of its shores, from the lake where it rises to the place where its banks become high and its course well defined through a rich region devoted to agriculture.

In the month of October, with two companions and two boats, tent, guns, and all necessary articles of food and camp equipment, I started. It was that period of the year when the woods and

* The region referred to is that of the Kankakee River, which crosses Northern Indiana, keeps waste a large area, and, being traversed by many east and west railways, gives the traveller who judges and condemns by what he sees from car-windows a very poor idea of a very rich State.

waters blend most perfectly. The first frosts had come and removed the mosquitoes. The leaves were beginning to shade off from the deep green of summer into rich orange, purple, and carnation. The nights were cool and the air of the closed tent was kept pure and bracing—nights for perfect sleep after the day's wholesome labors at the oar or the excitement and healthful fatigue of hunting. From the wild places of the north geese and ducks were coming to usurp for a while the abode of the wood-duck and the woodcock.

We moved down the river in our flat-bottomed boats, pulling up by the bank at noon to cook our dinner on our coal-oil stove, and as evening approached going ashore to pitch our tent, cook our supper, and eat it with that relish and exuberance of spirits which are the privileges of such a life. Such were the details of a day not spent in threading the marsh in quest of ducks, where the wild rice, standing four or five feet above the water, concealed us from this swift-flying, keen-sighted denizen of the air, which is equally at home on the surface of the water.

But who can describe the beauty of those days when we glided down the glassy surface, peered through its transparent body upon the sandy bottom where a thousand shadows, reflected through the surface, danced with intermingled light? Then the solitude of the wooded marshes where there is no place for human foot to tread, where the trees stand thick in the oozy earth, and the wild vine and heavy underbrush forbid the eye to penetrate the haunt of the coon, the squirrel, the mink, and the musk-rat—how shall one paint the weird sweetness of such scenes?

For a week we loitered down the stream, now shrunk, after the dry heats of the summer, into the narrow limits of its real channel, until we reached a great dismal marsh and wooded loneliness through which the river passed, a two days' journey by boat. There was but one camping-place, which, by steady labor at the oar, we might reach on the evening of the first day. It was an island in the swamp, called "Grape Island," and we beached upon it towards sunset. We had been told we should find a log-cabin at this point; sure enough there it was—a human habitation in the heart of this strange region. There was no boat at the slip cut into the bank for a landing, but a little column of smoke rose from the mud-and-stick chimney, and we knew that the owner could not be far distant.

We landed our traps, and pitched our tent ten paces from the hut, on the opposite side of the path leading to it from the landing, and were busy getting ready for supper when a little old man

with a dog came hobbling up the path, passed our open tent-door unconcernedly, and, without even looking to see who had thus encroached upon his privacy, passed into the hut. We had noticed a string of ducks, seven in number, hanging at the end of the cabin nearest the river, which had evidently been killed in the morning, and, as we supposed, by the owner of the house, and we looked to see him come out and get them. But we waited in vain. Our potatoes were almost done, and our meat and coffee were impregnating the air with scents grateful to the hungry, when up the path came a second figure, a large man, loaded down with ducks and carrying a gun. He was a very different character from the one who had passed us with so much indifference, and in a moment we were in the full tide of conversation with him. He was a go-ahead, companionable, shrewd Yankee, of the rough-and-ready stamp—full of laughter and oaths and hearty good-nature, and bristling all over with mother-wit. "Now," I thought to myself, "we have cooked enough for five; I'll go in and invite the old man and this Yankee hail-fellow to supper, and we'll have a right jovial time." But the old man wouldn't come; he was much obliged, but he had had his supper and was going to cook some for his friend, the Yankee, whose name was George Allen, as we had learned without the employment of any extraordinary art in eliciting facts, and in less time than I am telling it. "But 'most every one calls me George," he added, "and lets the rest go." But we persuaded Allen to save the old man any extra trouble, seeing our supper was going a-begging, and he agreed to accept our invitation after an ante-prandial wash.

We had noticed near our tent the traces of fire which outlined the space once occupied by two houses. It had occurred to me also that the hut in which the old man lived seemed to cover less ground than formerly, and that its furniture was abnormally scanty, even for the wilderness. The old man himself roused my curiosity, and before George Allen turned up, with fresh face and hands, it had reached the effervescing point.

Nothing throws down the barriers to communicativeness so quickly as the informal hospitality of a board where hungry hunters sit them down; for in the temporary similarity of dress, of pursuits, of enjoyment, the identifying marks of social distinctions are almost erased, or sufficiently covered up to make the intercourse of men from the most diverse poles of life—provided that they are men and not priggish counterfeits of manhood—if not enjoyable, at least easy and friendly. So we soon found out

that thirty years ago George Allen and his wife Samantha had reached these parts, he with nothing but a "shillin'" in his pocket. Allen Dutcher—our old man of the log hut—was then living where we now found him. His brother was with him, and they hunted and trapped together until the brother went the way of all flesh. George Allen had used well his burly form, quick wit, and single shilling, and ten miles from where we sat he now owned a large farm, and had money out at interest. Strong, manly sons cared for his fields, while for his own part he did little more than keep his shrewd eye upon things, and occasionally take his gun and boat and come down to the region of Grape Island for a hunt.

Then he told us how old Dutcher had lived and trapped here alone, never marrying, but going on in his easy way, hospitable and kind to every passer-by, modest and unassuming, accumulating a few such traps, guns, tools, and household articles as were necessary to his manner of life, and even laying by in odd cracks and crannies of his log hut a dollar here and a dollar there, until only a few weeks back, by some accident, the fire which he had left in the stove when he went off to attend his traps somehow communicated itself to his double cabins, and everything was burned. It was not much, but a little is a great deal when thirty years have garnered it and it is all you have. The only things he saved were the clothes on his back, his boat, dog, and a few "out" traps. George Allen, who was not by any means a modest philanthropist, took pains to emphasize the crushing weight of this catastrophe, and to tell us that, as soon as he heard of it from the old hermit's own lips, he went about with the news among his neighbors. Many of them knew Dutcher, but even those who did not contributed to his needs in various ways. Then Allen came with his big sons, bearing what they had given and collected, and read to him the list of the names of those who had sent him necessaries. "At many a name," said George Allen, "he stopped me, and, with tears in his eyes, said, 'Why, I don't know that man.'" One gave clothing, and another a stove, others flour, coffee, and sugar, some money and various tools. Then the old man hewed him out logs for another house, and was now living in it.

The next morning at sunrise our little encampment was alive. My companions went out to hunt, for the ducks had been screaming over us all night, and we could hear the constant call of the drakes in the wild-rice marshes about us. The others were eager to go, none more so than our Yankee friend, who,

though twice the age of the oldest of us, had as much enthusiasm as the youngest. I preferred to remain in camp and cultivate the acquaintance of this living remnant of by-gone generations who had dropped aside from the march of "progress" and hid himself in the unfrequented wild. I found him easy of access, and wholly without curiosity as to ourselves. We had corn-meal, but neither milk nor soda to mix with it in making corn-bread. He had some of each and urged me to use them. So we mixed up the ingredients in their necessary proportions, filled two tin pans, and placed them in his stove to bake. When they were done I told him he must keep one, but he demurred. I insisted. He said he always paid for everything, had plenty, and did not need the corn-bread. But as his milk and soda and fire were invested, I simply obliged him to retain his half. This is a simple incident; but as a straw may show which way the wind blows, so it indicated the character of this old man. He was generous to self-abnegation, and, as George Allen told us and I believed, he would often give the half of the last he had to eat to stranger hunters coming his way hungry and unprovisioned, and would obstinately refuse all recompense.

I laid siege to him—a gentle siege, for I respected the delicacy of his nature, so strongly evidenced by his unobtrusive and open-handed hospitality. He told me many things of early days and of himself. Like all old people, he loved to talk of the remote past. He was a type of those characters who were known as "pioneers" in the first half of the century—men who were raised in the simplicity of a home cut out of the virgin forest; who loved nature with a sympathy which they felt but could not articulate; who were veritable reproductions of what the Latin poet called the *prisca gens mortalium.* As the flood of immigration flowed in from Europe and pushed across the continent, these men went ahead of it, as did the animals of the forest. They were simple and manly; they hated lies; they loved the truth; possibly they knew how to read; they were generous to a fault, for they had learned to be so from generous, prolific mother-earth herself. The catalogue of their wealth, material and moral, would not ramify into many details; they had an axe, a gun, and a spade, "a few strong instincts and a few plain rules." Had "Boswell" Jocelin, of Brakeland, come back to the site of St. Edmundsbury in the days of his resuscitator, Thomas Carlyle, after seven centuries of absence, he would probably have experienced much the same sentiments as would Allen Dutcher had he gone back to his

early home at Poughkeepsie after forty years spent near the great heart of nature, where her giant throbs were hourly felt and no clangor of the mart disturbed the music of her voice. Strange to say, the old man had no inclination to go back. In the solitude his disposition had kept its sweetness, and a contented spirit had not allowed his mind to chafe at coming infirmities or recent disasters. I have no doubt that he felt a sort of dread of those wonders "of the railway, of the steamship, of the thoughts which shake mankind," which he knew by hearsay only, and that he lived in the land of recollection, where he chased the deer, shot the bear, trapped the furred animals of the water, or sat in the lodge of the Indian and shared his rude repast.

The employments of Dutcher were very simple. He had a long, narrow canoe, of very light draught, which he pushed and guided with a single paddle. He went up and down the river for some seven miles every day in those seasons of the year when the fur of the water-animals had got its winter texture; and wherever his keen eye told him there was a crossing of the muskrat, mink, or coon, there he set a steel trap so dexterously as to oblige the visitant to cross and spring it. What know the wild creatures of fen and forest about these cruel devices?

He visited these traps every morning and brought home what they contained. The ceiling of his hut was hung with hides of the little animals drying on boards upon which they were stretched. In late years the subsistence he gained in this way had been scant indeed, for the game was becoming scarce, and, besides, interloping trappers, who ignored the unwritten but recognized law of the trappers' rights, had trenched seriously upon the old domain where he had lived so long alone and unmolested.

My companions returned in the evening well rewarded for the day's labors by a considerable load of plump ducks. We tried again to induce old Dutcher to share our hospitality, but he still declined, and we saw it was no use to urge him. The next morning we were astir early for our day's pull to the railway bridge, whence we intended to send our ducks home by express. Some things of which we had an unnecessarily large supply we placed in separate parcels and laid on Dutcher's table in his absence from the house. As this was the only way to get him to take them, we managed to engage his attention by asking him to help us at the landing, and while he was so occupied we carried into the hut such things as we could spare and which would be useful to him. As we were departing George Allen proposed to sell us some of his ducks to fill out an odd half-

dozen of our own. Those hanging at the end of the old man's hut were tied together with a green cord. Allen had killed them two days before, and as the weather was still warm, although the nights were frosty, they were not fit for shipping. We agreed upon the price of half a dozen and requested fresh ones. "Let me pick them out for you," said George Allen; "I will get you a good string." He lifted those of his selection in both hands, not taking them by the string, and transferred them from his boat to one of ours. We gave him the money. "You had better cover them," he said, "to keep off the sun." Suiting the action to the word, and with an apparently disinterested solicitude for our game, he drew one of our rubber coats over them.

We said good-by to the old hermit with that feeling which they experience who meet on ships in mid-ocean. I flattered myself that his feelings in our regard were of a similar character. Here we had met on the ocean of life by a mere accident, and the ports from whence we had come were so different, our objects so diverse, the world so wide, and shipwrecks so frequent that we should probably never meet again. Sooner or later we should all go down!

It was a beautiful day. The surface of the water was as smooth as the face of a French mirror. Indian-summer was upon us with all its glory of sound and scent and color. We were soon out of sight of the cabin. The river made a sudden turn around a cape high-grown with reeds and giant grass, and an instant later one would scarcely have dreamed of seeing a human habitation within ten miles. In the midst of this scene of dreamy beauty I began to think of our ducks. A suspicion flashed across my mind that possibly that Yankee had palmed off some of his wooden nutmegs upon us. "Marion," I said, "will you raise those coats and see what kind of a string the ducks at the top are tied with?" Back came the reply and a hearty laugh: "It is the green string." That meant that we had got the stale ducks. Wooden nutmegs, indeed! Fit to sell, but not fit to eat. We had only to throw them over and philosophize upon our own simplicity. As we glided away I could not forego the reflection that this incident illustrated more forcibly than was pleasant the wide difference between the simple honesty which is so large a constituent of true greatness, and the small meannesses so often practised by those who raise themselves to "respectability" and wealth. How magnificently Allen Dutcher, that failure measured by social and financial standards, stood out beside the "successful" George Allen!

Jos. W. Wilstach.

GALILEO GALILEI AND DR. McGLYNN.

DR. MCGLYNN and Henry George seem to take a special delight in comparing the case of the former with that of the famous astronomer, Galileo Galilei. Not long ago Mr. George, in his paper, the *Standard*, had a prophetic vision in which he saw his disciple crowned with future honors similar to those bestowed in our days by Young Italy upon the "far-famed victim of the Roman Inquisition." The *Standard* of June 25 published the following

"PROPHECY.

"There stands hard by the palace of the Holy Inquisition in Rome a statue which has been placed there since Rome became the capital of a united Italy. On it is this inscription: 'Galileo Galilei was imprisoned in the neighboring palace for having seen that the earth revolves around the sun.'

"In after-years, when the true-hearted American priest shall have rested from his labors, and what is now being done is history, there will arise by the spot where he shall be excommunicated such a statue and such an inscription. And days will come when happy little children, such as now die like flies in tenement-houses, shall be held up by their mothers to lay garlands upon it.—HENRY GEORGE."

How touching, how sublime!

A CURIOUS OVERSIGHT OF THE SEER.

But alas for the new hero if, upon his future memorial, his deeds will be immortalized in no better inscription than the above-mentioned! The seer in his rapture seems to have entirely overlooked how silly and comical an impression that inscription must necessarily make on those acquainted with the real history of the Italian philosopher. Galilei never was imprisoned, in the proper meaning of the word, in all his life; never did he see "that the earth revolves around the sun," nor has anybody after him been so favored. Who does not know that ordinary mortals, astronomers not excepted, perceive with their eyes only the change of the relative position of the stars and the earth, without being able directly to decide which of them really moves in space? That the earth moves and that the sun is stationary we gather as a conclusion by reasoning on various physical and astronomical phenomena, and not one of these arguments was known to Galilei. Finally, he was not sentenced on

the alleged nonsensical ground, but for his grave disobedience to his ecclesiastical superiors, receiving from the same superiors, both before and after his condemnation, marks of great distinction and unheard of exemptions from the rigor of the law.

GALILEI'S PROCESS OPEN TO EVERY ONE'S INSPECTION.

It seems that Dr. McGlynn and Henry George are altogether unacquainted with the important publications which, especially within the last twenty years, have thrown so much light upon the events of 1616 and 1633, and relegated so many charges against the Roman authorities to the region of fiction and calumny.

Ten years ago, independently of each other, two scholars published from the Vatican archives the complete authentic documents in the process of Galilei: the one was the French historian, Henry de l'Épinois, a Catholic; the other, Charles von Gebler, formerly an officer in the Austrian army, a Protestant. Épinois called his publication *Les Pièces du Procès de Galilée;* he is also the author of *Galilée, son Procès, sa Condamnation* (Paris, 1867), and of *La Question de Galilée, les Faits et leurs Conséquences* (Paris, 1878). Gebler entitled his work *Die Acten des Galileischen Processes*, a companion volume to his previous *Galileo Galilei und die Roemische Curie* (Stuttgart, 1876). In 1875 there appeared from the pen of the librarian of the Barberiniana at Rome, Santes Pieralisi, the valuable work, *Urbano VIII. e Galileo Galilei, Memorie storiche;* and in 1882 the learned Jesuit, Hartmann Grisar, professor of ecclesiastical history at the University of Innsbruck, issued his *Historico-Theological Researches* under the title *Galileistudien* (Pustet). From these and similar studies, together with Albèri's magnificent edition of *Galilei's Complete Works*, every intelligent inquirer is nowadays enabled to gain a pretty clear insight into Galilei's case, and, at least in the main points, to judge for himself.

OBJECT OF THIS PAPER.

From these sources, therefore, I will now produce such unquestionable and unmistakable facts as will sufficiently show every lover of truth and honesty how utterly unfounded and false are the charges lately renewed against Rome. The same facts will further indicate how little there is in the sad event of the seventeenth century that looks like a persecution of a great man by his ecclesiastical superiors, much less that might be employed as a palliative for a blinded priest's insubordination, ex-

cept through a most unwarranted misrepresentation imposed upon the ignorant. It is not, however, my intention to discuss the question of Galilei or to enter into theoretical considerations; I will only bring before the reader facts which speak for themselves, and limit myself to remarks that seem to be necessary for the understanding of the case.

Galilei's first visit to Rome after his appointment as philosopher of the Grand Duke of Tuscany took place in 1611, and everywhere he earned great praise and admiration on account of his observations with the telescope. He writes from Rome on April 22: "I have been favorably received by many of the cardinals and prelates, and by divers princes of this city; they were anxious to look at my discoveries, and all were satisfied. . . . This morning I have been to kiss the feet of His Holiness [Paul V.] I was introduced by His Excellency our Ambassador [Niccolini], who told me that I was extraordinarily favored, since His Holiness did not suffer me to say one word on my knees" (as ceremony would have required) (Albèri, vol. vi. p. 157 s.) Cardinal del Monte wrote to the Grand Duke of Tuscany on May 31: "Galilei gave great satisfaction; . . . he had such favorable circumstances for exhibiting his discoveries that all competent men and savants approved of them not only as undoubtedly true, but as also most wonderful; if we were still living in the ancient Roman republic, I am sure there would have been erected a statue on the Capitol to honor his surpassing merit" (Albèri, viii. 145).

BEGINNING OF THE TROUBLES.

In some papers on the sun-spots (1613) Galilei advocated for the first time the truth of the Copernican system. Seventy years before, the Catholic priest and scholar, Copernicus, had positively taught what we now know to be true, that in our solar system the sun is stationary, and that the earth revolves daily upon its axis and yearly around the sun. In consequence, however, of a false, anonymous preface to Copernicus' work by the Protestant Osiander, that doctrine was considered in the beginning of the seventeenth century almost universally, especially in Italy, as having been proposed, not as a true or at least probable system of the heavens, but merely as a working hypothesis or fiction for facilitating the calculations of astronomers. In fact, most of the scholars of that age, lay and cleric, held the Ptolemaic view, that the earth was the stationary centre of the world; and this same view they thought to be not only philo-

sophically true, but also expressly proposed by several texts of Holy Scripture. Hence when Galilei, in 1613, came out with his new manner of asserting the Copernican system, it was an inevitable consequence that a host of adversaries should thereby be aroused, and the main point at issue was the question whether or not the new doctrine was compatible with the well-known passages of Holy Scripture. Provoked by the attacks of his opponents, Galilei wrote a long essay on the relation of the Bible to natural philosophy, especially to the new astronomical theory (Albèri, ii. 26–64).

Thus the actual controversy was not a merely philosophical but also and chiefly an exegetical, a theological one, and consequently ecclesiastical superiors, the official guardians of the Word of God, could not close their eyes to the troubles and excitements that were daily increasing. When, therefore, the matter was brought before what might be called the supreme court of Rome, the tribunal of the General Inquisition, it was its right and its duty to inquire into the cause, and to apply, as far as possible, an efficacious remedy. Galilei was, of all, the least disposed to deny or doubt Rome's authority. In the above-mentioned dissertation he declares himself ready "to subscribe entirely to the judgment of wise divines; for," he says, "such particular disquisition not having been made by the ancient Fathers, the learned men of our age will be in a position to engage in it, and after having first become acquainted with the experiments, observations, reasons, and demonstrations of philosophers and astronomers on both sides of the question, they will be able to determine with very great certainty what divine inspiration will teach them" (Albèri, ii. 53). About a year before, February 16, 1614, Galilei had written on the same subject to Monsignor Dini: "Whatever resolution, please God, may be taken, as for myself I am in such a disposition that, rather than oppose my superiors and suffer what now seems to me credible and evident to turn to the ruin of my soul, *eruerem oculum ne me scandalizaret* [I would pluck out mine eye lest it scandalize me]" (Albèri, ii. 17). There occurs no reason to doubt the sincerity of these assurances.

In December, 1615, Galilei betook himself to Rome, without any summons, but simply of his own accord.

THE DECISIONS OF 1616.

At this period of Galilei's cause two things are well to be distinguished: first, the Copernican doctrine, advocated by Galilei; secondly, the works and person of Galilei himself. A whole year had elapsed since the first complaints had reached

the Roman tribunal. On February 23, 1616, the first Tuesday in Lent, a meeting of eleven consultors of the Inquisition, called Qualifiers, was held to decide on two propositions, one of which affirmed that the sun was the immovable centre of the world, and the second maintained the earth's motion. The committee rejected both propositions as philosophically false and theologically opposed to Holy Scripture (Épinois, *Pièces*, 39; Gebler, *Acten*, 47 s.; Grisar, 38). On Wednesday following the Qualifiers signed their decision before the assembled cardinals of the Inquisition, and on Thursday, at a meeting of the Cardinals Inquisitors before the pope, it was again brought forward and confirmed. A week later the Congregation of the Index issued a decree, dated March 5, 1616, in which several books were condemned either absolutely or with the restriction "*donec corrigantur*" (until they should be corrected); one of the latter was Copernicus' work, *De Revolutionibus Orbium Cœlestium*. It also proscribed all books that would teach the same doctrine of the earth's motion and the sun's stability—an opinion which was again declared to be contrary to Holy Scripture (text of the decree, Épinois, *Pièces*, 41 ss.; Gebler, *Acten*, 50; Grisar, 130).

Now, the aforesaid decisions, in declaring the Copernican system to be opposed to Holy Scripture, contained a mistake, as nowadays no one can or does deny; and this fact has often been urged as an irrefragable argument against the infallibility of the church. The objection, however, rests on a totally false supposition, for no Catholic ever ascribed infallibility to the Roman tribunals, but only to the definitions of universal councils and those of the pope speaking "*ex cathedra*"; the decisions of the Congregations of the Inquisition and of the Index were neither the one nor the other. (The grave theological questions connected with the present subject are very ably treated in Grisar's *Galileistudien*, part ii.) Still, notwithstanding this doctrinal error, the decree of the Congregation of the Index had the full force of a law to which all were bound to submit and conform, at least in speaking and writing, until in the course of time, by further investigations, the matter should have become clearer, and the legal precautions then deemed necessary would have fallen into abeyance

ORIGIN OF THE DOCTRINAL ERROR.

But how shall we account for the fact that such eminent and learned men as those composing the Congregations of the Inquisition and the Index fell into such an error? The answer is found in the peculiar circumstances of the time. It has been

already mentioned that the Copernican system was very generally considered merely as a useful fiction for practical purposes, and that the opposite view was actually adopted as the true and the only one in harmony with the utterances of Holy Scripture. Now, to abandon the customary literal meaning of the respective texts, and to say, for example, in speaking of the sun's standing still in Josue's miracle, that the inspired writers adapted their expressions to the ordinary language of mankind, just as common people and astronomers themselves constantly do even now, seemed to the theologians of an age that had witnessed so much fatal abuse of the Bible too dangerous an innovation to be admitted without absolute necessity.

Yet was there not just then a very urgent necessity? Did not the new discoveries made with the recently-constructed telescope prove which was the true system of the heavens? No, they did not. "The reasons," says the late Father Angelo Secchi, "which were adduced at that time were no real proofs. They were only certain analogies, and by no means excluded the possibility of the contrary. . . . None of the real proofs for the earth's rotation upon its axis were known at the time of Galilei. Nor were there direct (conclusive) arguments for the earth's moving around the sun." (Grisar, p. 30 s., gives the whole passage of the eminent astronomer.) Galilei himself confessed that he had not yet any strict demonstration such as Cardinal Bellarmin requested. He writes, "The system may be true," and he gives as a reason that it corresponded to the phenomena (Berti, *Copernico*, p. 130). But to the same phenomena corresponded also the Ptolemaic system in the shape in which it was put by the Danish astronomer Tycho de Brahe (1601).

Moreover, some of Galilei's arguments on which he insisted were entirely wrong, or even turned against him by astronomers of name, and there were many phenomena in nature apparently contrary to his theory which he was unable to explain. Difficulties of this kind induced Lord Bacon (1626) to reject the Copernican view altogether. In fine, science was so far from determining the question that even shortly before 1633, the year of Galilei's condemnation, several savants wrote against Copernicanism, as Fromond in Louvain, Morin in Paris, Berigard in Pisa, Bartolinus in Copenhagen, Scheiner in Rome.

Such being the case, is it strange that the Roman doctors and prelates, men conversant with all kinds of learning, were unwilling for the sake of the newly-advocated theory to surrender an explanation of Scriptural passages which they had always con-

sidered as the only one advanced by the ancient Fathers and as the only acceptable interpretation? (From a letter written to Galilei in 1624 we learn the following utterance of the Jesuit Grassi, then astronomer at the Roman College: "If a decisive argument for the motion [of the earth] were found, it would become necessary to interpret the Holy Scripture otherwise than has been done in those passages where it speaks of the stability of the earth or the motion of the heavens; and that *ex sententia Cardinalis Bellarmini.*"—Albèri, ix. 67.)

GALILEI'S PERSONAL TREATMENT IN 1616.

If the Copernican doctrine was so severely censured, much regard was shown to Galilei himself, who had great friends and admirers among the cardinals, such as Bellarmin, Del Monte, Bonzi, Bemerio, Orsini, Maffeo Barberini. Our astronomer was not subjected to any personal molestation; his books were not even put on the Index. On Friday, February 26, he was summoned to the residence of Cardinal Bellarmin, who admonished him kindly to give up the opinion that had been condemned. Galilei, however, would not listen; whereupon the commissary of the Inquisition, in the presence of a notary and witnesses, made known to him the injunction not to hold, or teach, or defend any longer, by word of mouth or in writing, the condemned doctrine, under the penalty of the Holy Office. "To this order the same Galilei submitted and promised to obey," says the register (Épinois, *Pièces*, 40; Gebler, *Acten*, 48; Grisar, 129).

Accordingly Galilei was not only bound by the general decree of March 5 to abstain from positively and absolutely asserting the Copernican system, but also, as Grisar (p. 40 ss.) conclusively proves against Gebler, by a special order communicated to him personally. By such restrictions, however, the astronomer was by no means forbidden to put forth and employ that system as a working hypothesis, "*ex suppositione*," nor to make further researches towards a philosophical solution of the great problem. Had he simply used this freedom, and at the same time in speaking and writing remained within the limits of the law by which he was bound, all further troubles would have been spared him.

Galilei remained about three months more in the Eternal City. He felt the decree indeed very keenly, and occasionally gave vent to his feelings, attributing his whole misfortune to the machinations of his enemies. Still he did not complain of his

ecclesiastical superiors, who continued to show him many signs of special good will. In a letter written to the Grand Duke of Tuscany on March 12 he says:

"Yesterday I have been to kiss the feet of His Holiness, with whom I spoke for three-quarters of an hour; we were walking together, and he showed me the greatest kindness. . . . I told His Holiness of the malignity of my persecutors and of some of their calumnies; he answered me that he knew perfectly well my integrity and sincerity of mind. Finally, when I showed some inquietude at the apprehension that I would always remain the object of persecution to their implacable malignity, he consoled me, saying I should be of good heart and tranquil, because I was in such esteem with His Holiness and the whole Congregation that my calumniators would not lightly get a hearing, and that as long as he lived I could rest secure. Before I left he told me many times that he was most ready to give me on all occasions substantial proofs of his good will and favor" (Albèri, vi. 234).

In the meantime false rumors against Galilei were spread in Venice and elsewhere to the effect that he had been suspected of irreligious tendencies; whereupon Cardinal Bellarmin most willingly gave him a certificate in refutation of all such slanders, stating only the general declaration prohibiting the Copernican doctrine (Grisar, 58).

GALILEI'S DISOBEDIENCE.

The decree of the Congregation soon became a disagreeable burden to Galilei. After having shown his dissatisfaction upon various occasions, there appeared in 1623 his *Saggiatore*, a work which was a covert vindication of Copernicanism, and on many pages contained nothing but sarcasm and scorn against the adherents of the Ptolemaic system and the old school (Gebler, *Galilei*, 129, 140). When Galilei's friend, Maffeo Barberini, ascended the pontifical throne as Urban VIII. (August, 1623) the *Saggiatore* was dedicated to him; notwithstanding this the work was very near being put on the Index. Since 1622 the indefatigable philosopher had been engaged on a larger work, which at last appeared in Florence in the spring of 1632 under the title, *Dialogues on the Two Chief Systems of the World.* It caused the greatest excitement everywhere, both among the followers and the opponents of Copernicus. It also induced the Inquisition to summon the author to Rome; for notwithstanding his assurances in the preface and in the conclusion that he intended to speak only hypothetically, the whole work was manifestly an absolute defence of the Copernican system, mingled throughout with bitter satire against its opponents. Even Gebler unhesitatingly

grants that Galilei positively acted against the orders received (Gebler, *Galilei*, 160 s., 168, 185).

The violation, therefore, of the decree of 1616 was the real cause of his being summoned to Rome, not the anger of Urban VIII., who is frequently said to have been ridiculed in the character of one of the interlocutors. That the latter interpretation, injurious both to the pope and to Galilei, is altogether untenable is clearly shown by Pieralisi (p. 354 ss.) The editors of *Galilei's Complete Works* most emphatically protest against such a charge in regard to the astronomer, who, they say, cherished great affection and sincere veneration for Urban VIII., and whose true interests required the pope to be favorably disposed (Albèri, ix. 271). Urban VIII. himself assured the French ambassador that he did not believe that his friend, whom he always had loved and favored so much, thought of offending him (Albèri, x. 159 s.; Grisar, 74).

ARRIVAL IN ROME.

After a slow journey in a grand-ducal litter the old and infirm scholar arrived in Rome, February 13, 1633, in good health ("*comparve con buona salute*"—Niccolini). He was not confined in one of the cells of the Holy Office, as the law would have required in his case;* but he was allowed to stop in the magnificent palace of the Ambassador Niccolini on the Pincian Hill, where he enjoyed not only the table but also the conversation of so noble a family, which was most kindly disposed towards him. It was only for twenty-two days, from April 12–30 and again from June 21–23, whilst the process was actually going on, that he was obliged to live in the Holy Office, where he was, moreover, favored with great privileges. He writes on April 16:

"It is owing, I believe, to my letter to Cardinal Barberino that they began to examine my case with the usual strict secrecy. During its continuance I must live retired, with, however, unusual freedom and conveniency, in three apartments belonging to those in which the fiscal of the Holy Office lives. I have free permission to walk through ample spaces. I am in good health, through the goodness of God and the exquisite care and kindness of the ambassador and his wife, who provide for me all possible comforts, even in superabundance" (Albèri, vii. 29).

Dungeon, cruelty, and mockery—all fictions of a certain class of writers and speakers who draw from no other sources than their imagination or romances, and who deem their wildest ex-

* "It is not known that others, though bishops, prelates, or persons of quality, immediately when arrived in Rome" were not closely confined—Niccolini; Albèri, ix. 440.

travagances sufficiently warranted through the boldness of their assertions. Gebler, who certainly cannot be suspected of being prejudiced in favor of Rome, says briefly but emphatically: "The Roman Curia made ostentatious endeavors to manifest for Galilei great regard and indulgence"; and again: "As to his material circumstances, the accused was granted privileges altogether unheard of in the history of the Inquisition" (Gebler, *Galilei*, 202, 261).

The first trial took place on April 12 before the general commissary of the Inquisition, Macolano, the fiscal as prosecutor, and in the presence of a notary. Galilei was kindly received ("*con dimostrazioni amorevoli*"—Niccolini). After the usual oath taken on the Gospel to speak the truth, he was questioned principally on his last work, the *Dialogues*. He concluded by saying that as to the publication of the work (notwithstanding the law and injunction of 1616) he had no scruple, "since in the said book the opinion of the motion of the earth and the stability of the sun is neither maintained nor defended; nay, in the said book I show the contrary of the said opinion of Copernicus, and that the arguments of Copernicus are invalid and not conclusive." Gebler remarks: "With this flatly untrue deposition the first trial closed" (Gebler, *Galilei*, 260).*

After this the book in question was once more examined as to the exterior fact whether the proscribed doctrine was positively asserted and defended or not. The result could not but be in the affirmative. In a regular session of the Cardinals Inquisitors on April 27 Macolano reported what had been done. Everything was approved of, and, furthermore, the course determined to be taken with regard to Galilei's denial of the fact already ascertained. Upon the proposal of Macolano it was agreed that the latter should speak to Galilei privately in a confidential manner ("*extrajudicialiter*"), and persuade him in his own interest sincerely to confess the fault committed. Macolano, a Dominican friar, was highly esteemed for his character and distinguished by his philosophical and theological acquirements, as well as by his remarkable knowledge of mathematics and architecture; he became afterwards cardinal. From a letter of his we learn that his amicable efforts with the accused succeeded perfectly, at least for the moment, and that Galilei asked only for some time to reflect on a suitable manner of making the juridical confession (Pieralisi, 197 s.)

The second examination was on the 30th of April (Épinois,

* The acts of the trial: Épinois, *Pièces*, 60–68; Gebler, *Acten*, 74–82.

Pièces, 68–70; Gebler, *Acten*, 82–85). After having taken the oath on the Gospel, Galilei said that lately in reading over his *Dialogues* he had found a mistake on his part: in several passages he treated the Copernican system in such a manner as to make a reader who was unacquainted with his interior sentiments believe that he proposed the reasons for it as conclusive; yet such an interpretation was entirely contrary to his real intention. This error he ascribed to his inadvertency and his vainglory, and a desire to show his acuteness in proposing even false reasons in a most plausible manner, applying to himself Cicero's saying: "*Avidior sum gloria quam satis sit*" ("I am more ambitious of glory than is proper"). Having signed the copy of his statement, he left the room, but immediately came back and added that, to confirm the fact that he did not now nor had ever believed in the condemned opinion, he was ready to write a most clear refutation of it if he were given time and opportunity.

This was the end of the second trial. After that Galilei was allowed to return to the palace of Niccolini, with such restrictions, however, of his intercourse as were necessary for one in his circumstances. On May 10 he entrusted to the Holy Office, as he had been invited to do, his plea of justification, which contained some explanations relative to the two "Imprimatur" which he had gotten in an unfair manner for his *Dialogues*. In the following five weeks nothing new was done, but the whole process from its very beginning in 1616 was revised.

After due consultation with their canonists and theologians a solemn session of the Cardinals Inquisitors was held before the pope, June 16, to determine the final proceedings in the case. The starting-point was the common persuasion that in regard to the real object of his work Galilei had not declared the whole truth, though he acknowledged the exterior fact of the transgression. The decision was as follows: "His Holiness decreed that Galileo Galilei should be questioned about his 'intention,' even under threat of torture, and if he were to maintain his former statement he should be obliged to free himself from the grave suspicion [of having held the proscribed opinion] in a plenary session of the Holy Office, and, moreover, be condemned to incarceration until further order of the S. Congregation; besides, he should be ordered not to treat any more in any way, in writing or in word, on the motion of the earth or the stability of the sun, or to the contrary, and the book composed by him with the title *Dialogo*, etc., should be prohibited. Furthermore,

copies of the sentence that was about to be passed should be sent to all the nuncios," etc.*

This whole programme of proceedings corresponds entirely to the juridical order of the Holy Office as laid down, *e.g.*, in the *Sacro Arsenale.*† The programme was faithfully carried out on June 21 and 22, 1633.

THE LAST TRIAL.‡

After the oath taken on the Gospel to tell the truth, Galilei was asked whether he had anything to say in his behalf; he answered, "I have nothing to say." Then he was asked whether he held or had held the opinion about the sun, etc., and how long. He said that before the decision of the Congregation of the Index and before the injunction laid upon him he had been indifferent and held both opinions as disputable; but since that decision he was entirely settled in his convictions and held the view of Ptolemæus as perfectly true and undoubted, just as he did even now. It was objected that, as the contrary was gathered from his book, he should freely speak the truth whether he held or had held that opinion. He replied that he had written the book only for discussion's sake, and had tried to show that no argument, either on the one side or the other, was conclusive. The commissary insisted that, from the reasons given for Copernicus' view, it appeared that he held the same opinion, at least when he wrote the book; wherefore, if he did not confess the truth, they would proceed to the proper juridical means. "I do not hold the opinion of Copernicus, nor did I since the order was made known to me that I should abandon it. For the rest, I am here in your hands." "He was told to tell the truth, else they would proceed to the torture—*alias devenietur ad torturam.*" "I am here to obey, and after the decision, as I have stated, I have not held that opinion." "Since nothing more could be obtained, he was, according to the decree, after having signed, sent back to his place." Signature: "I, Galileo Galilei, have deposed as above."

The place to which Galilei was sent back after the trial was neither a dungeon nor the torture-chamber, but the above-mentioned commodious apartments of the fiscal. But what about

* Épinois, *Pièces*, 92 s., with a photo-lithograph of the original; Gebler, *Acten*, 112; Grisar, 89, 131.

† See Grisar's interesting digression on the then universal use of the torture as a juridical means to find out the truth, pp. 90–94.

‡ The entire acts of the last trial, of Tuesday, June 21, are given by Épinois, *Pièces*, 93–94; Gebler, *Acten*, 112–114; and Grisar, 95–96.

the rack? Was the venerable, infirm scholar of seventy years not threatened with the rack? Yes, he was threatened, but that was all. He was neither tortured nor even shown the torture-chamber; he was merely threatened in word. Not only is there no mention made in the acts about the application of the torture, but, as Gebler says (*Gegenwart*, 1873, n. 25), it even "would have been a manifest violation of the papal decree," which ordered only "the menacing of it." This mere menacing, however, made the trial belong to those which were technically called "*examen rigorosum*," even though, as in this case, no further severity was added. Finally, certain persons were by law exempt from the actual torture; to these belonged men of old age, to whom the saying was applied, "*Metus torturæ est tortura*" ("Fear of the torture is a torture itself"). Galilei therefore was, according to general law and to the express order of the pope, not subjected except to the "verbal intimidation"—"*territio verbalis*"—and when even then he persevered in his denial the examination was closed.

The chapter of the torture is, of course, a large field for an excited imagination. Yet we have not to reckon with the products of imagination, but with what took place historically. As to Galilei's having been tortured, the editors of his *Complete Works* mention that for one hundred and fifty years nobody ever thought of it. Its impossibility they also conclude from the perfect state of health in which the old man two days later left the building of the Inquisition.*

GALILEI'S CONDEMNATION AND ABJURATION.

The closing act of the process took place on June 22, 1633, and, as was usual in such cases, in the Dominican monastery, S. Maria sopra Minerva, where the cardinals of the Inquisition, with the officials of the same tribunal, assembled, the pope, according to custom, not being present. First the long sentence was read in Italian, whilst Galilei, according to custom, remained standing with his head uncovered (text of the sentence in Italian and Latin, Grisar, 131–136).

The document contains a minute narration of all the proceedings since 1616, after which follows the formal condemnation. It declares and pronounces that, by what has been proved in the process and confessed by Galilei himself, he has become "strongly suspected by the Holy Office of heresy—namely, of having

* Albèri, ix. 465; see also the able and exact discussions, on this subject, of Grisar, pp. 96–103.

believed and maintained the false doctrine, opposed to Holy Scripture, that the sun, etc., and that an opinion, after having been declared and defined to be contrary to Holy Scripture may still be held and defended as probable." He will, however, be absolved from the censures incurred if he will have previously abjured and condemned sincerely the above errors and heresies, as well as all others contrary to the Roman Catholic Church. Finally, in order that his grave transgression may not remain altogether unpunished, and that both he and others may be made more cautious, his book of the *Dialogues* is to be prohibited by a public decree, himself condemned to formal imprisonment in the Holy Office for a time to be determined, and, as "a salutary penance," the recital of the Seven Penitential Psalms once a week for three years is enjoined him. At the end follow the signatures of the Cardinals Inquisitors.

The sentence being read, Galilei pronounced, whilst kneeling, the abjuration in Italian from a formula given him, which contained the substance of his transgression and the points just mentioned. Then the formula was signed by him: "I, Galileo Galilei, have abjured as above, with my own hand" (text in Italian and Latin, Grisar, 136 s.)

No particular "degrading" ceremony took place at the abjuration. That immediately after it Galilei rose, stamped indignantly on the floor, and muttered, "*Eppur si muove!*" ("It moves for all that!") is a story often repeated though long exploded. Galilei returned to his abode in the Holy Office.

GALILEI AFTER HIS CONDEMNATION.

On the very next day, Friday, the 23d of June, the pope allowed Galilei to retire to the palace of the Tuscan ambassador, Niccolini, and to consider this lovely spot, with its charming view, its magnificent gardens, and, above all, with the sympathy of its noble residents, "as the place of his confinement." *

A letter of Niccolini, dated June 26, tells us that he brought Galilei on Friday evening to his palace; he adds that he will intercede for further relief, that his friend be allowed to go to Siena to the house of the archbishop or to some monastery of that city. After a meeting of the Inquisition on June 30 the pope saw the ambassador personally and granted his request. Again Niccolini writes from Rome on July 10: "Signor Galilei

* This same Medici palace belongs now to the French Academy of Arts, whose sense of honor did not allow their walls to be disgraced by the foolish inscription with which Henry George is so delighted. It is this Medici palace near which the new monument stands and to which the inscription refers, not the palace of the Inquisition, as the editor of the *Standard* says.

started for Siena on Wednesday morning in very good health [*con assai buona salute*], and he writes us from Viterbo that he walked very briskly [*con un tempo freschissimo*] for four miles on foot" (Albèri, ix. 447). In the residence of his paternal friend, the Archbishop Piccolomini, Galilei continued his scientific researches with success. About five months later he was permitted to return to his own villa at Arcetri, near Florence, where he arrived in December, 1633. There he spent the rest of his life, one year in Florence excepted, engaged nearly all the time in scientific pursuits. Towards the end of 1637 the venerable old man lost his sight; notwithstanding this he issued in 1638, five years after his condemnation, his *Dialogues on the New Sciences*—a work which Galilei himself considered as the best he ever had written, and which made him the creator of modern Dynamics.

The unfortunate philosopher, though he always remained under the surveillance of the Inquisition, continued to be in favor and esteem at Rome, especially with the pope. The pension of one hundred scudi a year, which Urban VIII. had granted him at his request in 1630, was paid to him until his death. Galilei attended faithfully to his religious duties, on his death-bed he received the comfort of the holy sacraments, and the pope sent him his last paternal blessing. He died on January 8, 1642, at the age of nearly seventy-eight years.

Such was the case, such the misfortune, such the end of Galileo Galilei.

I return to the questions to answer which was the aim of this paper: Where is the persecution of the great Italian philosopher by the Roman authorities? What right has Dr. McGlynn to make such use of Galilei's name as he has made? If every individual man and every court of justice should be judged in the light of their time, according to the lawful legislation and customs of the age, nobody, looking at the facts we have been reviewing, can deny that Galilei, from the beginning to the end of his case, was dealt with by the Roman tribunals in a fair manner, and even with great indulgence. However deeply we regret his misfortune, we cannot, after all, attribute it to anybody but himself, to his impetuosity and lack of moderation, and to his disregard of the legal restrictions which were wisely and justly laid upon him in an age when purity of faith was considered the highest boon of human society and no precaution appeared too great to secure it unimpaired to the coming generations. And

if, at the same time, a theoretical error was committed by the Roman Congregations, and, as a matter of fact, Galilei was theoretically right, the mistake of the former, considering the development of knowledge then attained, was all but inevitable, and the convictions of the latter were still lacking a solid foundation, or, if they had any, he did not bring it out, nay, gainsaid it repeatedly in the most positive and solemn manner.

Taking, then, Galilei's case as it really is, according to authentic documents, and applying it to Dr. McGlynn's case, the only legitimate conclusion we can infer is this: Had Dr. McGlynn obeyed the authoritative summons to go to Rome he would have found there only kindness and good-will to do him justice; a theoretical mistake, as happened formerly, was not to be feared.

But the fatal step has been taken, the threatening consequences have become a reality, and what will be the end of the present trouble? I feel no vocation to prophesy; I demand, however, in the name of truth and honesty, that the misguided priest cease to shelter himself under the name of a famous man whose real history contains nothing to support so bad a cause.

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Woodstock, Md.

A CHAT ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

The summer season has been, as usual, the excuse for the printing of a large number of trifling books, which have been devoured on piazzas and sea-drummed sands in enormous quantities. None of the acknowledged masters in the art of telling stories added anything to this mass. Mr. Haggard's stupid novels, *Dawn* and *The Witch's Head*—floating on the swell of success made by the super-sensuous *She* and its imitation, *Allan Quatermain*—have divided the attention of the omnivorous reader with two delectable novels by a certain F. C. Philips.

If F. C. Philips be a woman, she is, in her literary manner, deserving of all the epithets that Louis Veuillot poured on the *femme-auteur*. In *The Dean and his Daughter* and *As in a Looking-Glass* she tries to make the vicious life of two vicious women attractive and pathetic. The heroine of the second novel has been divorced at least once; she has a particular friend named Jack; she cultivates the attention and drinks the champagne of several

other male friends; she lies about a woman in order to "marry" the man to whom that woman is engaged; this accomplished, she dies a tearful death by taking an overdose of chloral. And we are asked for sympathy! In *The Dean and his Daughter* we are shown how hard it is for a divorced woman to "marry" into a respectable class of English society. And again we are expected to weep because, in desperation, the heroine sells herself to a Russian prince. On this her father, the dean, in whose person the author travesties religion, writes: "Morganatic marriages, such as yours, are, in its wisdom, recognized by the Greek Church, a communion with which I have always been in the closest sympathy, looking forward, as I do, with earnest faith to the ultimate reconciliation of Christendom. The more closely we follow petrified dogma the further we wander from the light and the life and the truth." These words are supposed to come from a father to a daughter who has deliberately adopted a life of shame.

This F. C. Philips—whoever he or she may be—drags all high things to the level of slangy cynicism which is passed off for knowledge of the world and elegant carelessness. These novels would be dangerous if they were clever. All that touches the mind and does not lift it up drags it down; therefore wise directors will put F. C. Philips on their index of books not to be read.

A Modern Circe (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.) is a new novel by a prolific author calling herself The Duchess. It is a story of the breaking of the Sixth Commandment. The interesting person who is guilty dies, as usual, under the most pathetic circumstances. Such phrases as "wild, shuddering haste," "blazing, dry eyes," "strained smiles," and "fierce laughter" pepper the pages. The ladies draw themselves to their full height frequently, and the impression is given that in the best English society life consists of a series of abnormal contortions of face and body, and that foolish men and devilish women make up its world.

Mr. Julian Sturgis's *John Maidment* had much strength in it; but *Thraldom* (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) is less well executed. Mr. Sturgis suggests the methods by which Mr. Crawford's *Mr. Isaacs* succeeded; but he only suggests them. The principal characters are Sibyl Mervyn, the typical English girl; Tom Fane, her rustic English admirer; Gabriel de Courcy, a creole; his mother, who masquerades under an assumed name; and a tall negro woman. This last is an uncanny personage.

She is an Obeah-woman. She has a sharpened finger-nail, under which she carries some snake-poison.

"'What is Obeah?' De Courcy says, in answer to a question. 'It is a secret of the black man—a power which none but negroes can use, and only a few of them. It was learned and used in Africa when Europe was all ice. The Obeah will hang a bottle at your door, and you laugh as you find in it poison of a toad, and a spider, and a rusty nail, and such great matters; but you wither and pine for all your laughing. The Obeah-man drops harmless leaves into your cooking-pot, and you swell and die. My nurse is an Obeah-woman. You must come and see her at the cottage, all of you. She is a gigantic negress, stronger than two strong men; and she loves me, and never leaves me. Her mother was two hundred years old, and was chief of Obeah-men. Oh! yes, you must come and see my nurse and she will show you her finger-nail, sharp as a knife-point, and under it a drop of snake-poison.'"

This pleasant person is in league—a spiritistic league—with De Courcy's mother. De Courcy himself is under the influence of the strange power his mother possesses. He falls in love with Miss Mervyn, and the mother tries her influence with the girl. Tom Fane, a blundering but honest young Englishman, is also in love with Miss Mervyn. He becomes madly jealous of De Courcy, and the strange appearances which the African spiritists manage to give things drive him to frenzy. He haunts De Courcy's house. De Courcy, brought up in the blindest obedience to his mother, is an easy victim to her preternatural arts. But, shocked by her attempts to subjugate the girl, he rebels and begs his rival, Tom Fane, to save her. Tom does not know how. His father steps in, and De Courcy tells him that the effort to ensnare Miss Mervyn and to make her a tool of spiritism has awakened him to assert his will. "I believe in God at last," he says. Having given up all hope of marrying Sibyl, De Courcy and his mother go away.

"'How is he?' young Tom asks of his father, who has received a letter from De Courcy. 'Quite well and happier,' his father answers. 'His friend the priest has shown him, as he says, the true fount of consolation.'

"'I thought he'd get under the thumb of his papistical friend,' said young Tom Fane. 'He's bound to be under some thumb or other. Does he say anything about that woman?'

"'He says that his mother is better; that she can move about almost as well as ever. It seems that she, too, listens to his friend the priest. Gabriel says that it is his great hope that she will embrace the Roman Catholic faith.'"

Mr. Sturgis, in *Thraldom*, chose a subject which, strongly treated, might have been made to have an exceedingly impres-

sive effect. He does not try to explain the marvels wrought by De Courcy's mother and the negress. He states that they were wrought, and that they were the result of evil. His book is suggestive of the great and untilled field for the work of the novelist which O. A. Brownson opened by his *Spirit-Rapper*. Mr. Sturgis is logical in leaving the reformation and the consoling of the unrighteous mother and her victim in the hands of that church which alone has power to cope with the spirits of darkness.

Diane de Breteuil, by Hubert Jerningham, who wrote the record of a pedestrian tour in Brittany and a book of diplomatic reminiscences, is a story of Paris life under the last empire. Mr. Jerningham is a Catholic, and therefore his book is safe in the most important respect; there are no prurient suggestions such as seem to delight the two *femmes-auteurs* whom duty has compelled us to notice in the beginning of this article. But we doubt whether the story of Diane de Breteuil is worth telling in as many words as it occupies.

The hero of *Diane de Breteuil* goes into a shop in Paris for a *pâté* and a glass of wine. He is much struck by the appearance of a young lady who enters the place. She is attended by her governess. This young lady is Diane de Breteuil, the daughter of the Duc and Duchesse de Breteuil and the niece of the Comtesse de Chantalis. The hero, who is a young Englishman, is a visitor at the house of the comtesse, but he has never met Mademoiselle de Breteuil. He is naturally amazed when the young girl tells him that she wants to speak to him.

> "That a French girl, a lady, and evidently a high-born one, should, without exhibiting the slightest bashfulness, have deliberately requested a total stranger to come and speak to her was more than I could compass."

If the young lady had been other than French the hero's astonishment would have been great indeed; but the fact of a French girl's thus offending against social rules almost causes him to lose his wits. She tells him that as she is going to her first ball at the house of the Duchesse de la Rochemontant—Mr. Jerningham gives plenty of fine names—she wants him to dance the cotillon with her. Her parents have arranged a marriage for her with the rich Count de Maupert, whom she has just met, and she resolves to make a confidant and friend of the nice young man whose name she has heard as that of a visitor at her aunt's house. Mr. Jerningham evidently considers the position of Diane one that should make a strong call on the reader's sym-

pathy. One cannot, however, feel very acutely the difficulty of this tender violet who boldly accosts a stranger in a pastry-cook's shop and asks him to dance with her. The hero meets her in the house of the duchesse. As they take their chairs for the beginning of the cotillon she says:

"'I do hope you did not think I behaved indiscreetly this afternoon?'

"'Well, mademoiselle, as you ask the question, I will frankly tell you that I never admired indiscretion so much.'

"'Then you allow it was indiscreet.'

"'I thought it was very un-French-like.'

"'I am so glad you say so. A Frenchman would never have allowed I did wrong.'

"'Oh! but please remember I loved you for doing what you did.'

"'Do not love, but pity me for being compelled to do a wrong thing.'

"'Mademoiselle Diane,' I passionately exclaimed, "you must excuse my English blunt ways. I did not think anything you did wrong; I only was so surprised to find myself the fortunate recipient of so much confidence.'"

If Mademoiselle Breteuil had been an American our hero would have observed this indiscretion from a different point of view. Daisy Miller herself, whom all well-regulated English people abhor, could not have done worse than this. Mr. Jerningham knows his France; if we were not sure of this, it would be almost impossible to believe that a well-brought-up French girl ever said to her partner in the dance, after an hour's acquaintance:

"'The Count de Maupert—the friend of my parents, you know—contrived to dance with me during this figure of the cotillon, and told me he wished he were you.'

"'What did you answer?'

"'That I thought, on the contrary, it might be you wished you were him'" (*sic*).

The Count de Maupert being the young girl's affianced husband! Diane, in parting, gives the Englishman a little blue cotillon-favor, saying:

"'Wear it for your poor little friend's sake.'

"'Faveur inespérée,' I said.

"'Bleu d'alliance,' she replied.

"'Gage d'amour,' I added.

"'Si le bleu reste serein,' she remarked."

As *Diane de Breteuil* is strongly recommended by the London *Tablet*, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart in France are likely to read it and be astonished at Mr. Jerningham's temerity in even imagining that any convent-bred French girl could be guilty of

such outrageous flirtation. If French marriages of reason even occasionally force young girls to go out into the streets in search of male confidants, they are worse institutions than we thought they were. Diane, it seems, is determined to marry the young Englishman. And he is shocked by the possible consequences of a made marriage, which he sums up in this way:

"A horse for a dress, a cellar for a carriage, power to gamble for liberty of action, the means to swagger for the privilege of notoriety. What else could it mean? Sixty thousand francs a year in France is a large sum, but the union between that sum and its fellow produces a princely income in that thrifty land. To obtain this end a girl of sixteen was to be mated to a man of forty-two, so that his brougham might turn into a four-in-hand, with liberty to his wife of dressing at Laferrière's; his *vin ordinaire* into the choicest Bordeaux, with privilege to his wife of sporting the finest liveries in Paris; his five-francs whist into unlimited stakes at *baccarat* or *ecarté*, with permission to his wife to flirt *pour passer le temps* which her husband had to devote to play at his club; lastly, the boast of being the patron of the *demi-monde*, while his wife, insulted, disgusted, and jealous withal in her remainder of loyalty, would be allowed to throw to the winds all semblance of modesty and honor, to squander the remainder of their joint fortunes in imitation of her husband's recklessness, and thus earn the privilege of bringing about the climax prepared from the first day of their marriage by her 'selected' husband."

Whether a choice made by a girl of the first man in her set she happens to meet would turn out better is a matter for grave doubt. And between a marriage of convenience and Diane's method of getting the husband she liked, the former seems the more respectable and promising. The Count de Maupert fondly imagines that he is to be the husband of Diane, until the morning for the civil ceremony, which, in France, always precedes the religious ceremony. Then Diane refuses to marry the count, and the young Englishman steps in and proposes to be the happy man. The count and the Englishman fight a duel. Of course nobody is hurt much; one cannot help wondering how the devout Catholics in highly aristocratic stories of French life arrange their consciences to accept the duello as a necessity. Diane dies at the end of six years, and Count de Maupert and her husband meet at her grave.

"'All is forgiven beyond the grave,' whispered the elderly man.
"'But not forgotten,' replied the other.
"'The history of a life, my poor friend.'
"'Death in life, you mean.'
"'That was what I felt on that morning when you robbed me of a wife.'
"'That is what I feel as I kneel before her dear remains.'
"'Let us be friends.'"

Bellona's Husband, by Hudor Genone (J. B. Lippincott & Co.), is an amusing but not very carefully written narrative of a sojourn in the planet Mars.

Walter Besant, who has not ceased to write much and well since he lost his co-laborer, James Rice, tells a very pretty tale, *The Holy Rose* (Harper Bros.) It opens with the entrance into Toulon of the Republican army which was carrying terror through France in 1793. It is worthy of remark that in all the best modern literary work the Catholic Church—its traditions if not its teachings, its sacramentals if not its sacraments—has left a mark. Thackeray, bigoted as he appears sometimes, could not get rid of it, Tennyson acknowledges it, Longfellow and Hawthorne felt it, and George Eliot was haunted by it. Mr. Besant, one of the best of the current novelists, forms this story on a legend that a blessed rose, presented by one of the popes to a French lady of great virtue, was to be the means of saving her family from extinction. The Countess d'Eytragues escapes from the fury of the Revolutionists with her son and her husband's sister, a nun. They live in England, the nun retaining her conventual dress and spending her days among the poor. Little by little, as they are oppressed by poverty, the gems from the holy rose—which is really a golden rosebush—are sold. Raymond, the son, goes to France; the news comes home that he has been guillotined. By this time the rose, bit by bit, has been sold to save its owners from starvation. Suddenly the vicar of the parish restores the rose, he having bought it himself:

"It is one thing to restore to you the rose," said the vicar, "it is another to give you back the dead. Heaven alone can do that. Yet there was a legend, a tradition, a superstitious belief concerning this rose, was there not? The house should never want heirs so long as the rose remained in its possession. Why, it has never left your hands except to be, as we may say, repaired."

"Alas!" said madam, "the tradition has proved false. It was, I fear, a human and earthly tradition, not warranted by the blessing of the pope, which must have been intended for some other than the lady to whom he made the gift."

"Perhaps. Yet sometimes—nay. I know not—"

Then Raymond comes back, and his aunt, the nun, cries out: "It is the blessing of the holy rose." It was a bit of bad art on Mr. Besant's part not to make Raymond d'Eytragues, despite his English surroundings, retain his Catholic faith. However, the reader may cherish the hope that the blessing of the holy rose may not fail in the end to touch his heart.

Edna Lyall, the author of *Donavan*, has written a little book, *The Autobiography of a Slander* (New York: D. Appleton & Co.), which we can heartily praise, both for its conception and execution. The Slander tells its story in a clever and lively fashion. It starts in life in the house of a good-humored but gossiping woman. It flashes through several minds, and ends by ruining and murdering an innocent man. It is a thoughtful warning against the utterance of careless suspicions and causeless surmises. At the same time, it is a pleasant picture of some phases of English life. Miss Lyall does not preach, and those who resent a moral in a tale will endure it in this for the sake of the story.

Fedor Dostoïeffsky's *Prison Life in Siberia* (New York: Harper & Bros.) is translated by H. Sutherland Edwards. It is the description of the nearest thing to hell that can exist on earth. We are not so much impressed by the rigors of the punishment as we are by the horrible state of demoralization to which crime, not confinement, has brought the prisoners.

"The majority of the prisoners," says Dostoïeffsky, "were depraved and perverted, so that calumnies and scandal rained among them like hail. Our life was a constant hell, a perpetual damnation; but no one would have dared to raise a voice against the internal regulations of the prison or against established usages. Accordingly, willingly or unwillingly, they had to be submitted to. Certain indomitable characters yielded with difficulty, but they yielded all the same. Prisoners who, when at liberty, had gone beyond all measure, who, urged by their over-excited vanity, had committed frightful crimes unconsciously, as if in a delirium, and had been the terror of entire towns, were put down in a very short time by the system of our prison. The 'new man,' when he began to reconnoitre, soon found that he could astonish no one, and insensibly he submitted, took the general tone, and assumed a sort of personal dignity which almost every convict maintained, just as if the denomination of convict had been a title of honor. Not the least sign of shame or of repentance, but a kind of external submission which seemed to have been reasoned out as the line of conduct to be pursued."

The prison, as described, is bad enough, but Dostoïeffsky's sketches of the men who inhabited it cause the physical evils of the place to seem almost trifling. His remarks on the education of the convicts are singularly illogical:

"I must here observe that the convicts possessed a certain degree of instruction. Half of them, if not more, knew how to read and write. Where in Russia, in no matter what population, could two hundred and fifty men be found able to read and write? Later on I have heard people say, and conclude on the strength of these abuses, that education demoralizes the people. This is a mistake. Education has nothing whatever to do with

moral deterioration. It must be admitted, nevertheless, that it develops a resolute spirit among the people. But this is far from being a defect."

It is a defect, in this instance, which apparently led to crime. We may quote Dostoïeffsky's testimony against our neighbors who look on reading and writing as the basis of morality and good citizenship.

Miss Emma Louise Parry's *Life among the Germans* (Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.) is a striking evidence of how right a woman's instincts may be when her logic is all wrong. Miss Parry goes into ecstasy over Luther. She attributes all good things in the world to the revolt of Luther. In some unknown way she even manages to make Michael Angelo, Dante, Columbus, and Cervantes of the same ilk as Luther and Melanchthon. And yet, having told us how thankful the Germans ought to be for the Reformation, how accurate and scholarly his influence has made them, and how superior to American men their men are in many ways, her instinct of right wavers before this instance of the manner in which religion is taught in German public schools:

"The subject that morning was the Holy Ghost—the descent of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost. The Bible account was recited word for word, and then came the illustration. The teacher asked if there had been many instances in modern times of the descent of the same Spirit. Immediately the children responded, '*Siebenzig und ein und siebenzig!*' 'Yes,' she said, 'what else would have impelled our soldiers so upon the French? The Holy Ghost fell upon them, *und dann ging 's los*' ('then it went loose'")!

Miss Parry's teacher found the American language very odd. "I have just been looking over a book by Mr. Artemus Ward. The spelling seems more philosophical than that of the English, but it is a droll book." Miss Parry is a very orthodox Protestant, but on seeing the Sistine Madonna at Dresden she cannot forbear crying out with sad truth:

"We turn with so much zeal from all that savors of Romanism that, while banishing the worship of Mary, we have also banished the recognition of her mission, of her character; and yet what must have been the beauty and purity of soul of that one chosen by the Most High to become the Mother of the Saviour of the world!"

And yet the woman uttering this sincere and spontaneous regret and tribute applauds the Reformer whose followers spared no effort to dishonor that Virgin whom the Archangel declared should be "blessed among women"!

Maurice Francis Egan.

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Under this head we purpose for the future to give a variety of articles too brief, too informal, or too personal for the body of the magazine. For obvious reasons these communications will be, for the most part, unsigned.

HISTORY OF A CONVERSION.

It seems to me that in my case the "History of a Reversion" would be the better title. Born and brought up amongst intensely Protestant surroundings, and never hearing a word of sympathy or respect for Catholics or their religion, I yet cannot recall a moment in which I shared the aversion to either which those about me entertained. Far back in the dwindling perspective of my consciousness the first distinct picture that presents itself is the lighted altar of a Catholic church, whither I had been taken by a servant. Then comes a pendant to it in a little group gathered near the dining-room fire, to which one of my elders is about to consign a "charm" found in the room of a departing domestic, having previously pulled it to pieces and pointed with it a moral on the superstition and ignorance to which it bore testimony. It was probably a gospel or an *Agnus Dei*. These lie just on the hither side of the verge where memory begins to grow tenacious, and between them and the first book which I knew to be Catholic is a stretch of years into which were crowded some study and a good deal of desultory and unsupervised reading of many sorts. I know that there was on the family book-shelves a copy of Upham's *Life of Catharine Adorna*, the saint of Genoa, but I do not know that I ever tried to read it.

Tom Moore's *Captain Rock; or, The Adventures of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion*, fell into my hands just as I was passing out of childhood. It was bound up with his poems, which had given me much pleasure. I read it and *The Epicurean* also, and retain not the slightest recollection of either. I remember only the satisfaction which I felt on thus learning that not all Catholics were ignorant and uncultivated.

I may have been fourteen or fifteen then, and my years were twice as many before I personally knew any Catholics or read any other Catholic works. By that time I had begun to write myself. I had also drifted quite away from the evangelical church in which I had been brought up, but to which I had neither formally attached myself nor ever felt any inclination to do so. My associates were chiefly irreligious, and so was my reading, which took in the popular science and philosophy of the day as that was expressed in the *Westminster Review*, the works of Herbert Spencer, Strauss, Feuerbach, the authors of *Recent Inquiries in Theology*, and our own Unitarian and Transcendental writers. Sometimes, when a child, a "powerful" sermon had made me afraid of God, but now I had lost him too completely to fear him. Of those years what I recall with distinctness is the ever-deepening void in my soul, the yearning for what should fill it, and the despair of finding anywhere a perfect satisfaction. My mind, which by nature was simple and straightforward, had got entangled in a net of philosophic subjectivism, and the consequence was that God, if he existed, had receded into the realm of the unknowable. But in doing so he had left behind him nothing that I wanted.

About this time I met a painter, since dead, who had recently become a Catholic, and also a young girl who shortly after took the same step. The three of us talked now and again upon the subject of his religion, the refrain of his remarks always being the advice to see a priest and ask for instruction and baptism. I remember saying once in reply that this advice was folly. "How can I ask for baptism when I do not believe?" "You will go some day," was the reply; "and before he administers the sacrament the priest will ask you, 'What dost thou seek in baptism?' and the answer will be, 'Faith.' That is what you lack, and that is what you will get." I retorted that he evidently believed in magic, and our conversation dropped. But from that summer the thought of the Catholic Church as possibly the one sure haven where the soul might find peace was never absent from my mind. I do not remember that I ever deliberately prayed, but the desire of my heart for the Supreme Good, and its weariness of every substitute for it, grew daily into a deeper pain.

Perhaps two years later I went for the first time to see a priest. He was an American, a convert of many years' standing, and greatly my senior. I began by putting what he probably thought a singular question: "I have only a few days to remain in your city," I said to him; "can you make a Catholic of me in that time?" We had a long talk, the upshot of which was that he refused to undertake my case, on the ground that he could not discover in what I said any intelligible reason for my desiring baptism. "And yet," he added, "I perceive that you are an intelligent person. If on such motives as you adduce I should set you to learning your catechism and receive you, people would ask you why you took that step, and you could give no reasonable answer. I can only advise you to pray for more light. How can I baptize a person who will not even profess a real belief that God exists? who can only express a doubtful wish that he may do so?" I tried in a fitful way to follow the advice I got, but my prayers were mostly "of the silent sort"; for, in the sense in which I took him to mean it, formal prayer was not less unreasonable than he supposed my desire for baptism to be. I sometimes used, indeed, after reading *Le Récit d'une Sœur*, which had been sent me for review, to say, "O Jesus Christ! teach me the true faith," urged thereto not alone by my growing anxieties, but by the assurance the book contained that no one ever persisted in that prayer in vain.

Yet, two years later, when I was at last received by a priest whose mind was either wider or more enlightened, I had not advanced beyond the point where his predecessor left me. It is true that I had in the interval read much about the church. I had in particular read carefully Challoner's *Catholic Christian Instructed in the Faith of Christ*, and had found its dry statements of dogma as so much solid food given to a man dying of starvation induced by a diet of slops. I had said to myself that if I only could be sure that God existed I could also be sure that he had revealed himself, and I should know where to find him. But how to be sure! How to get out of my self, that narrow ring which contained all I absolutely knew or could know, but against which I was beating with disgust of all that it contained!

The only book that gave me any help at all at this point was Dr. Brownson's *Convert*, and it did so by throwing me back once more upon my common sense, and persuading me that subjectivism was a folly which, as I instinctively rejected it in every other act of mind or body, I might wisely throw to the winds in what concerned the yet profounder needs of my soul. I asked again, then, for baptism, and received it in 1870. at the church of the Paulists. Looking back, I now

recognize the last thoughts which preceded my reception of that sacrament as a temptation; but in those days, and in accordance with one of the most obvious corollaries from subjectivism, I knew not how to distinguish between a suggestion from the enemy of souls and the proper action of my own mind. I had made an appointment for that morning, and as I walked slowly up the long enclosure which then lay before the church, I thought that what I was about to do was a greater folly than any I had yet committed; that I had no faith and hardly any hope; that I was simply trying an experiment, partly out of curiosity and partly out of weariness; and that when I found out my blunder, as I surely would, to the shame of avowing it I should be obliged to add regret for the useless pain my present action was giving to every near friend I had in the world. I knew that, in spite of these suggestions, I was about to persevere until I reached the end I just then proposed to myself, but I fully admitted that I was selfish in so doing, and that real goodness of heart and natural affection would have induced me to refrain. But the hunger of my heart was too great then to admit of that manner of unselfishness. And as to the folly, and the certainty of finding that I was self-deluded, I promised myself that so surely as that day came when I found that I had juggled with my reason, and that this too was vanity, I would avow my mistake as openly as I had committed it. It was in this frame of mind that I knelt down and read aloud the creed of Pope Pius IV., and afterwards received conditional baptism. But as I left the church I became aware that my troubles were over. I was like one who, after falling through infinite depths, despairing of anything except the void, should suddenly find firm ground beneath his feet. I have never lost that certainty. I learned my religion afterward, and I know very well now why I am a Catholic. But as to why I became one I have still no reason or explanation to offer, except the one which pleases me above all others—the goodness of God. He hedged in all my ways; he turned to bitterness all that was not himself; but he never fully enlightened my mind until he had first made a captive of my will and brought it into subjection to his Son.

LIFE IS REAL.

Some magazine articles have recently appeared under the heading, "What is the Object of Life?" Now, there is no use asking such a question until you settle a deeper question, What constitutes life? The answer is, Life is constituted by reality: Life is Real.

Common-sense men and women may deem this a truism and its discussion idle. But there are many bright minds whose fundamental error is their view of life as unreal, as constituted in greater or less degree by unrealities. Kant, by his doctrine of the subjectivity of the categories of reason, made men believe that the very springs of life were fountains of the unreal. Fichte and Hegel made systems of philosophy in which the human *ego* stands the alone Real. Spencer teaches that the highest affirmations of reason are symbolical and unprovable, and the leaders of modern thought are Agnostics.

Thus, although the Real is much talked of, we find that the leaders of multitudes of men to-day are sunk in subjectivism, relegating the sovereign Reality to the Unknowable; that in science the only Real is the physical—*i.e.*, the material and animal; and that in religion, which is futile unless served by true science and sound philosophy, men are sceptical in conviction and weak in act, being doubtful of what true religion and enlightened reason hold to be the only Real. Are not these facts notorious? Is there any possibility of denying them?

The essential constituents of human life in the natural order are the objectivity of that environment by which sensation and motion are awakened, and towards which the life of our physical being tends; thus it is the object of the animal life of man to gratify the senses with their objects as met with in our natural environment. But man's animal nature is but given him to be ruled by his rational nature, which is essentially distinct from and superior to the animal, and which is constituted by his intelligence and his free will. The natural object of the rational life of man is the truth and joy to be found in created objects, but especially in the immaterial truth which he discovers by the processes of reason. There is real truth and real joy in created, finite objects, and from them, and especially from the spiritual phenomena of his own spiritual life, the soul of man discovers the existence of the Infinite Real, the Uncreated Truth, the Immortal Joy—God. As soon as known, God becomes the soul's object of life. For even at their purest and best the natural environments of man are not enough for him. They are real, but he has an aspiration for the sovereign Real and for its possession; created nature nowhere claims to be itself that sovereign Real. Life is not completely real when it has for its object the merely natural truth and joy.

"It may and ought to be the subject of our pride and boast that we possess another infinitely superior light within us, the light of reason, by which we perceive not only the exterior qualities of visible things, their color, their odor, their taste, but also their substance, their beauty, their harmony, and their mutual relations; by which we, moreover, know spiritual things, our immortal soul, truth, virtue, and justice, and finally God himself in the image of his creation." *

Hence man is granted a supernatural life. Supernatural life is the action upon the Infinite of the same intelligence and free will of man infused with an additional force which is divine—the Infinite Real granting to man's faculties a participation of its own nature. This is not contrary to reason; nay, it is in harmony with it. The natural reason of man is made in the image of the Divine Reason, and the divine quality by which in the supernatural life man is enabled to come into mental and spiritual union with the Infinite is therefore not in essential antagonism with him; it commands his acceptance and wins his approval.

Therefore the ultimate object of life is the Source of life, the sovereign and infinitely real being of God. Man as an animal, as a rational spirit, as a regenerated and divinely transformed spirit, draws his life from objectively real being, the fountain-head of whose being and life is God. God is all Reality. God is the sovereign Reality and sovereign Life, and is the object of all life. In him is Life, and the Life is the light of men.

The value of this fundamental doctrine of Reality is that, once it is understood, the soul begins to live for real objects. There is a theory of life, all too prevalent, which does not include reality, and hence men and women are superficial. When the elements of mental activity are set down as unknowable and the high principles of virtue declared unprovable, there is imminent danger of shallow thought and low motives of conduct.

But once persuaded that life is real, and thought becomes real, affection is real, feeling is real, science is real, religion is real, the deepest longings of the soul are directed to realities. Man is real, nature is real, God is real—be unalterably persuaded of this, and your life will no longer be superficial, but a great, powerful reality. A man must believe in the reality of the object before him or he never can pursue it as the object of life. *The secret cause of dishonesty in*

* *Glories of Divine Grace*, p. 57. Scheeben. Benziger Bros.

public life and frivolity in private personal conduct in the case of men and women of good natural qualities is their hesitation and uncertainty concerning the reality of the objects of their higher aspirations. One is easily tempted to be untrue to himself when he doubts the reality, and therefore the authority, of the facts of consciousness.

Hence Pope Leo does well to bid us daily pray that God may strengthen St. Michael the Archangel to drive to their own place the evil spirits breeding scepticism among us, whose name is The Unknowable. I. T. H.

SALVATION BY MAGIC.

One of the frequent and disingenuous artifices of controversy is the invention and use of some ingenious word or phrase in which a falsification of an opponent's position is crystallized. It is an adroit way of changing the issue and dispensing with argument. One example of this is the summary dismissal of a whole series of elaborate arguments proving the divine organization of the Catholic Church as the ordinary way of salvation, by affixing to it the epithet of "mechanical theory." Another is calling the same system "narrow ecclesiasticism." Instances might be multiplied from various fields of dispute. A recent case in point is the use of the opprobrious and utterly inapplicable term "salvation by magic" to the Catholic doctrine of sacramental grace. It occurs in an article in the *Forum* for June by Dr. Patton, entitled "Is Andover Romanizing?" "Their [*i.e.*, the Andover gentlemen's] ethical view of salvation would prevent them from accepting the Roman Catholic theory of sacramental grace, which they would probably call 'salvation by magic.'" Webster defines the word "magic" as follows: "The science or practice of evoking spirits or educing the occult powers of nature, and performing things wonderful by their aid; enchantment; sorcery; necromancy." The Rabbins ascribe the miracles of Jesus to magic, and the heathen Romans attributed the heroism of the Christian martyrs to the same cause. The Scribes and Pharisees who resisted our Blessed Lord imputed his wonderful works to collusion with demons, and the condemnation which he pronounced upon them is too well known to need repetition. It is equally applicable to any one who knowingly and wilfully refers the sacraments and their effects, which are operations of the Holy Spirit, to magic in the sense of sorcery, and to a lesser degree if the sense intended is less offensive. I cannot suppose that the Andover professors would use such language as Dr. Patton has employed to express the opinion which he presumes to be theirs on sacramental grace. It seems fair to infer that the phrase "salvation by magic" is one which Dr. Patton considers to be an apt description of the theory of sacramental grace, according to his own view. However, I do not fancy that he was using language with such a strictly logical intent and accurate precision that he can be accused of meaning to convey all that the literal sense of his words might signify. I think that the gist of his remark was a contrast between moral acts done by a person and moral effects received from outward, physical acts done by another person, in the order of grace and salvation. In theological language, the distinction is that which lies between *opus operantis* and *opus operatum*. "Magic" is most likely only a derisive epithet applied to what is supposed to be a futile perversion of emblems merely significant of grace into imaginary *media* for conveying the grace signified. Even so; such a flippant expression is a sneer not only against the modern Catholic Church, but against all ancient Christianity and the Fathers who unanimously taught the doctrine of sacramental grace, against all the Oriental Christians, and a considerable

portion of the Protestants in the Episcopalian and Lutheran denominations. Such sneering in the pages of a secular magazine is well fitted to make infidels laugh at Christianity.

The contrast between the "sacramental" and "ethical" elements in religion is utterly inept. The insinuation that in the Catholic Church ethical habits, acts, and conditions of justification and salvation are not of the highest moment, or, to use an expression similar to Dr. Patton's, that magic is a substitute for morals, is false, and can only be not disingenuous by being extremely mistaken. The insinuation is conveyed in the remark that "their ethical view of salvation would prevent them from accepting the Roman Catholic theory of sacramental grace."

The underlying notion at the bottom of the antipathy of sacramentarian Protestants to the doctrine of sacramental grace seems to be that it is incongruous to have physical means as instruments of spiritual effects of which God is the principal efficient cause. But, in the order of nature, the physical causes producing their effect in human generation are a *sine qua non* for the production of human life. The act of God, by an invariable concomitance and sequence, when the requisite physical conditions are placed, creates a spiritual soul to be the form of the body. By analogy the same is to be expected in regeneration. Our Blessed Lord, in working miracles and conferring graces, made use of outward, physical things and acts. There is, therefore, no incongruity between physical instruments and divine, spiritual effects. The only question is one of fact— whether, namely, Christ has instituted sacraments through which grace is conferred, and which are these sacraments? This question is not to be put aside by the use of flouting terms.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

OUR DIVINE SAVIOUR, AND OTHER DISCOURSES. By the Right Rev. J. C. Hedley, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport and Menevia. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

It would be difficult to speak too highly of these discourses. Treating the most attractive, the highest, and yet the most profound of themes, the solidity of Bishop Hedley's matter is fitly matched by the felicity and perfection of his style. Yet it is a style direct and simple, not in any way ornate, owing its charm partly to its lucidity, and partly to that elusive quality which we call unction, and which refuses definition, although so palpable that both by its presence and its absence it leaves its mark in the words of all who treat of the more intimate relations of man with his Maker.

A part only of this volume is entirely new to the reading public, the sections entitled "Who is Jesus Christ?" and "The Spirit of Faith; or, What must I do to Believe?" comprising ten discourses and occupying two-thirds of the present collection, having been published separately some years since. They are probably out of print, and the publishers have been well advised in reissuing them. We should be at a loss to name a book better adapted to be put into the hands of Protestants sincerely desirous to know precisely what is the Catholic doctrine concerning the Incarnation and the continual action of the Son of God in the world.

Bishop Hedley illustrates anew the saying that "Dogma is the mother of devotion." The spirit of his work is, above all, a vivid and tender love of Jesus Christ, based upon a constant and profound realization of who and what he is. In this respect his sermons recall the Epistles of St. Paul. As the Apostle cries out to the Galatians, "I live in the faith of the Son of God, *who loved me* and gave himself for me," so it is from the depths of a personal experience that Bishop Hedley's ever-recurring lament arises over the coldness, not merely of the world, but of those who call themselves Christians, toward their Redeemer:

"Real affection for Jesus Christ," he says, "is not common now, especially outside the Catholic Church. Indeed, I am not sure but that many non-Catholics would object to it on principle, as making religion too much an affair of sentiment. But the commandment is that we love God with our 'whole heart.' Some can give God their 'mind,' and even their 'strength,' but not their 'heart.' Yet if we have not given our heart we are either not his or very precariously his. Every one understands the difference between cold approval of a thing or person, and warm, enthusiastic affection. The difference is like that between the cold, wan sunlight of a December noonday hour and the burning, all-day long heat of July. When we devoutly and affectionately love, our love does not lie shut up in the depth of our spirit, but spreads over imagination and fancy, heart and nerve, through all the reaches of our being. We have pictures of Jesus in our thoughts, presenting themselves unsought for. His name raises a thousand associations, like the miniature of a dear departed face, or some relic which reminds us of youth, or home, or days of happiness long past. Religious emotion is not the essence of religion; religion lies deeper; but emotion and feeling make religion more thorough, more sure, and more easy. A man may be alive when his face is pale, his limbs cold and stiff, and his pulse almost gone; but he is safer and better when there is color in his cheeks and warmth through all his limbs. *But men and women seem to reserve all their tenderness now for one another—for child, or wife, or husband. They accept God, but hardly love him;* and so the Rationalists come and tell them God is not a person at all, but an abstract thing, a law, a principle. Against this fatal teaching God came in the flesh; God remains in the Eucharist. . . . *But there were few who found him at Bethlehem; and so there are few who truly find him in the Eucharist.*"

And again, in speaking of the genuine and profoundly natural craving which underlay and underlies idolatry:

"The task, therefore, of the Omnipotent, who had resolved to save us, was to attract men's faculties to himself in such a way as at once to extinguish idolatry and to force men to remember him. The work was done when God the Son became man and was called by the glorious name, Jesus. Nothing could have attracted men better than this. He stood before them—he stands before them—and he says: 'I am Jehovah; worship me! I am a man like yourselves; adore me, praise me, offer yourselves to me, pray to me, give your thanks and sorrow to me; for you need go no further: *I am the eternal God!*' And men and women, hearing about him, picturing him to themselves, falling in love, if I may use the expression, with his unspeakable attractiveness, have been drawn to worship him, to find his worship easy, nay, to spend their lives in his worship."

We hope the book may have the wide circulation and attentive study that it merits.

TOILERS' TRACTS. No. 1: THE PEOPLE'S RIGHT IN WEALTH, REDUCED TO ^{s} AND C^{ts}. By Edw. Gordon Clark, Monograph Publisher, 18 Washington Place, New York.

This is a pamphlet of fourteen octavo pages treating of land, money, tariff, taxation, and transportation—"five monopolies that have kidnapped the government of the United States," according to the writer. As to land, twice the area of New England has been granted from the public domain to railroad companies; and, besides this, there is twice as much land as the whole of Ireland in the hands of alien, absentee landlords. Such is Mr.

Clark's statement, and, allowing for exaggeration, it is accurate enough. That the West has benefited by the railroads thus aided is plain, and just as plain that the price paid for that benefit is prodigiously exorbitant. From the time that Attorney-General Black, under Buchanan's administration, began to literally unearth the California land-grabbers, until the recent revelations of Hon. Geo. W. Julian, surveyor-general of New Mexico, the evidence showing how the people have been robbed of the ownership of the soil by both corporations and individuals, and by the connivance of officials, has been unceasing and unanswerable.

As to money monopoly, the author holds the theory that money should be purely and strictly a medium of exchange, and hence should have no intrinsic value; that, in so far as its material substance is concerned, money should be worthless, and, in so far as its representative character is concerned, its value should be fixed by the law of the land, so far as the laws of trade will allow. Coin and private banks of issue he is therefore opposed to. As to transportation, he sums up the case in Mr. J. F. Hudson's interrogatory (*The Railways and the Republic*, Harpers): "Is the Republic going to rule the railways, or are the railways going to rule the Republic?" His views of taxation are free trade with foreigners, and the taxation of personal property as well as real as a means of revenue, assessments being up to actual values. Under this head we may summarize his peculiar economical theories.

He differs widely from Henry George, who affirms the rightfulness and the expediency of taxing only land-values. From among a group of cogent arguments against Georgian communism we select the following:

"'Our land value in this country,' says Mr. Clark, 'is not much more than one-quarter of all values (ten thousand seven hundred and fifty millions in forty-one thousand one hundred and ninety-five millions). Yet Mr. George would make this one-quarter of wealth bear all the public burdens of the other three-quarters in addition to its own. Every practical business man knows instinctively that such a tax *must be wrong*, though he may not be able to touch bottom in his objections. The fact is, it would be a huge monopoly of the manufacturer and wage-worker against the farmer. Still worse, it would not take out of individual riches, largely heaped up in mammoth accumulations of personal property, anything like the people's share in them. No; society has a common interest not only in the ground but in all property whatever, for the reason that all property is either the *raw bounty of nature*, or that *same bounty of nature modified by labor*. Individual labor can get no title to common property by merely taking it and improving it.'"

It will be seen, then, that, minimizing individual rights of ownership of property of all kinds whatsoever, Mr. Clark holds the community entitled to a universal rent-tax. Every class of property belongs to the community, he says, and the individual must pay for the use of it. How, and at what rate? By yearly instalments, each instalment being one-fiftieth of the total value. Why just one-fiftieth? Because fifty years is a close approximation to the average length of human life, the annual death-rate of civilized nations approximating twenty in a thousand.

"If the whole wealth of every generation is constantly reverting to the next on the average of fifty years, just one-fiftieth of all wealth is constantly reverting in one year. This one-fiftieth is two per cent. Is it not perfectly clear, therefore, that an annual tax of two per cent. on the *full value of all property*, collected by society and expended for the common good of society, would effect complete DEMOCRACY OF OWNERSHIP?" (Italics and capitals are the author's.)

This would produce in America, Mr. Clark calculates, a public fund of

a thousand millions of dollars annually, half of which would run the government, and the other half furnish a perpetually replenished fund for redistribution, making capital for the employment of honest industry, for public improvements, etc.

Mr. Clark argues against socialism. But he affirms the state's inability to vest a title of real ownership of land in particular persons; he minimizes personal rights of ownership in movable property till there is nothing left of them, and he advocates an annual public fund for redistribution equal to one per cent. of the total of all values, and such views are both communistic and socialistic. Yet his pamphlet is an instructive contribution to the current discussions of economics. We regret that a certain flippancy of style in treating grave topics will perhaps hinder him from receiving a just appreciation for his sincerity, and lead many to condemn his theories before understanding them. His system seems to us visionary and full of vagaries, taxing the actual man at a rate fixed for the average man, opening yet wider the door to the crowds of public officials, lessening and perhaps paralyzing the stimulus of spontaneous private effort by passing it under the toll-bar at every mile, lopping off the excrescences of particular ownerships only to swell out that of public ownership, placing a tax at a rate higher than ordinary war rates—all founded on principles vaguely comprehended at best, and, as here affirmed, of at least very suspicious ethical soundness.

THE FORTUNES OF WORDS: Letters to a Lady. By Federico Garlanda, Ph.D., author of *The Philosophy of Words*. New York: A. Lovell & Co.

Here, in a few concise but easily comprehensible words, is a readable work on philology. It is a book sure to be welcome to those students whose pursuits in other directions in this age of specialties in investigation give them little time to read the larger works. Such students owe a debt of gratitude to the learned author, who has so kindly spread before them the results of many years of hard work in the laboratory of comparative languages. This is a study which is progressing more and more. Every day brings forth new discoveries in the wonderful fields of both the dead and the living languages, which show to the thinking man an incontestable argument for the unity and common descent of the human race.

We do not attempt to criticise the book, but we call attention to one chapter for the benefit of that class of people who are fond of translating into English from languages which they but imperfectly understand. This is the chapter on Synonyms, which might be profitably studied by amateur translators before inflicting any more crude efforts on a long-suffering public.

How often has it been our lot to see errors and mistakes made in such books simply from want of due attention to the fine distinctions of meaning in synonymous terms! On this subject Mr. Garlanda says:

"You have often heard, I am sure, that, to speak exactly, language has no synonyms—that is to say, it has no two names for one and the same thing. . . . It is true in the main when we speak of languages that have received a certain development and degree of perfection."

Speaking of what he calls international synonyms, he says:

"If you look at the languages spoken by the civilized nations of Europe you will see that they have many terms in common, having changed them just enough to give them a native look. . . . When you want to translate the English word 'friend' into a foreign language, if

you turn to your dictionary you will find beside 'friend' the French '*ami*,' the German '*freund*,' the Italian '*amico*.' It would seem that these four words correspond exactly to each other, and are absolutely equivalent. In point of fact they are not."

We commend the book especially to readers who are not above trying to improve their English. Externally it suggests the hope that the day is not far distant when publishers will give us books decently bound as well as printed. Gilt, fine cloth, and fancy fly-leaves cannot make up for want of strength in the binding. We have in our possession a book bound and printed in 1483 far better done than many in New York in the nineteenth century.

THE NEW RACCOLTA; or, Collection of Prayers and Good Works to which the Sovereign Pontiffs have attached Holy Indulgences. Published in 1886 by order of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. Translation authorized and approved by the Sacred Congregation of Holy Indulgences. To which is added an Appendix containing Prayers for Mass and Vespers for Sundays. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham & Son.

The title of this work so fully explains it that nothing is needed in the way of comment on its contents. As the appendix gives it a use beyond that in strictness contemplated by a *Raccolta*, and fits it for an ordinary prayer-book, there seem no reasons, or only comparatively trifling ones, why Father Faber's wish concerning the use of indulgenced prayers only should not be realized by those who provide themselves with copies of it for their daily devotions. It is true that persons who are in the habit of reciting St. Thomas of Aquin's prayer after Communion, "I return thee thanks, O Eternal Father," will find it only in Latin in this new version of the *Raccolta;* that all account is omitted of those indulgences in order to gain which it is necessary to belong to confraternities or other pious unions, including those attached to the wearing of the brown scapular; and that the proof-reading leaves a good deal to be desired in the way of accuracy. But, with such exceptions, the collection is fairly complete, and the translations, which occasionally differ verbally from others with which one is more familiar, are vouched for as to fidelity by two professors of theology of Woodstock College.

THE CHRISTIAN ARMED, IN VERSE. By Rev. J. J. Haggard. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The author of *The Christian Armed* desires, as he writes in the preface of his little volume, "to give the attractiveness of verse to the leading truths, hoping that the persons who would not read them in any other form may do so in this." With such an excellent intention we find no fault, for beyond question the poetical clothing of the doctrines of religion lends much to a vivid appreciation of them. The verses of Keble and of Newman are evidence of this; the music of their lyres will charm many a generation hence. But poetry and rhyming are by no means identical, and however good an author's intention may be, it is not with that but with his work that his readers are chiefly concerned. If the writer of the book before us had a mind to put the catechism into metre he has succeeded, and indeed his ingenuity in this is praiseworthy; but if he meant to compose a poem the Muse, in our estimation, has played him false. We have searched in vain for evidence of her guiding spirit, and regretfully confess our disappointment at the failure of our effort.

THE REPUBLIC OF THE FUTURE; or, Socialism a Reality. By Anna Bowman Dodd, author of *Old Cathedral Days*, etc. New York: Cassell & Co.

It seems to us that the world is dreary enough and the miseries of life sufficiently apparent without the added woe of a prospectus of "A Socialistic Republic." Mrs. Dodd, however, attempts the prophetic rôle, and presents a view of this dear land of ours at the middle of the twenty-first century, when the theories of Mr. George shall have become completely realized. And what a dreadful view it is! We are grateful for the conviction that death will save us from such a resolution of the grand problem of "justice, liberty, equality, and fraternity." Imagine a nation of intellectual mediocrity where it is a crime to excel in anything, and where the aristocracy born of learning is detested and feared; where there is such a rigid equality that from cellar to garret one house is precisely like every other house, and each pair of pantaloons the counterpart of all the others; where women wear trousers and are in every other way on a footing with men; where there is no home life; where the children are reared in a government "kindergarten" without a mother's love or care; where even food is prescribed by a state official, and in the shape of pellets sent whirling into the socialist's alimentary canal through a government "culinary duct"; where the people are pining away from mental and physical inactivity; where there is no God, no religion, no object in life worth living for—conceive this, and you have an idea of the horrors of the "Republic of the Future" with its centralized government, as conceived of by Mrs. Anna Bowman Dodd.

CAPITAL AND LABOR. An Essay read before the Pastoral Conference of the first district of the Diocese of Fort Wayne, Ind., June 2, 1887, and printed by order of Rt. Rev. J. Dwenger, D.D. J. H. Oechtering, rector of St. Mary's Church, Fort Wayne, Ind. (For sale by Benziger Bros., New York and Cincinnati.)

This pamphlet is full of the big thoughts that bother men's brains nowadays. The author lays bare with a skilful hand the social sore-spots, and to each he applies the remedy. The style in which it is written is peculiarly strong and vigorous. We commend it to the careful perusal of those interested in these vital questions.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ELEMENTS OF ANALYTIC GEOMETRY. By Joseph Bayma, S.J. San Francisco: A. Waldteufel.

VINDICATION OF CATHOLIC DOCTRINE; or, What do Catholics Really Believe? By W. H. Anderdon, S.J. New York: J. Schaffer.

DE RELATIONE TRIPLICI SANCTI SPIRITUS AD SACRAM SCRIPTURAM. Auctore, Ottone Zardetti.

GILMAN'S HISTORICAL READERS: No. 1. The Discovery and Exploration of America. No. 2. The Colonization of America. No. 3. The Making of the American Nation. By Arthur Gilman, M.A. Chicago: The Interstate Publishing Co.

MAXIMS AND COUNSELS OF ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR. Translated from the French by Miss Anna T. Sadlier. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

MAN'S BIRTHRIGHT; or, The Higher Law of Property. By Edward H. G. Clark. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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LEO XIII. AND THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA.

THE 10th day of April, 1887, marks a new epoch in the history of the church in the United States. On that day our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., issued the Apostolic Brief giving solemn approval to the establishment of the Catholic University of America. He did it after months of careful examination of the question in all its bearings, with a deep sense of its importance, with a profound conviction of the great results that were to flow from it. By that act the hand of the Vicar of Christ laid in our Western world the foundations of an institution destined, he felt assured, to give to the life of the church in our country a new tone and a higher influence. Towards this consummation the action of the church in America has tended steadily and, as it were, instinctively from the beginning; for its realization noble souls, overwhelmed with pioneer toil, have sighed and prayed; to prepare the way for it eloquent voices have cried aloud, even when their echoes seemed lost in a wilderness; twenty-one years ago the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, treating of the all-important subject of Christian education, devoted a whole chapter to the question of the establishment of a Catholic university (titulus ix. cap. iii., *De Universitate Literarum Fundanda*), concluding with a prayer that God might hasten the day when it could be accomplished; finally, the Third Plenary Council, deeming that the time had come, appointed a committee to take practical measures towards beginning the great work. All this was but preparing the way; now the decisive, vivifying word of the Vicar of Christ has given the project shape and life, and laid in the bosom of the American church this latest and noblest offspring of her wondrous vitality. His word is ample security for its future.

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Every line of the papal brief bears evidence of the intensity of affectionate interest from which it springs. It is an interesting study to compare it with the briefs of approbation given to the other Catholic universities founded in recent times. They all manifest, indeed, the solicitude of the Chief Pastor for the promotion of Christian education and its advancement to the highest perfection. They all give earnest encouragement to the prosecution of the great design for which the papal approval has been asked. But they are all permissions for the carrying out of something which the minds of others have devised and which the energy of others is to execute. None of them tells of an enterprise which the Pope's own genius has inspired, and for whose accomplishment he yearns with truly paternal longings. One of them is even precautionary in its tone, guarding against possible encroachments of the new institution on previously existing diocesan rights. On the contrary, one feels in every word of the present brief that Leo XIII. is writing of a project that is the outgrowth of his own spirit, the inspiration of his own great mind. There is a warmth in his welcome to it, a persuasiveness in his praise of it, a craving in his prayer for its success, an appeal in his exhortation to its accomplishment, which tells that the great enterprise is as much his own as ours, and that his heart is set on its realization.

During several months preceding the date of the brief it was generally remarked in Rome how frequently the Pope spoke of America, and how invariably, whenever America was his theme, he dwelt upon the university that was about to be established there. Not only in the private audiences granted to Americans, and in the public receptions which he gave to the multitudes of our countrymen, both Catholic and Protestant, who crowded to thank him for the honors conferred on Cardinal Gibbons, but even on occasions having no special reference to our country, America and its university seemed to be the uppermost thought in his mind. The celebration of the ninth anniversary of his elevation to the papal throne was such an occasion. All the ecclesiastical dignitaries then in Rome were assembled in the Pope's magnificent private library hall to offer him their congratulations. The circle of cardinals, who sat nearest to the Holy Father, represented nearly every country but our own—for Cardinal Gibbons had not yet received his hat, and Roman etiquette would not have permitted his presence at such an assembly. The multitude of prelates who filled every corner of the hall spoke all the tongues of Pentecost, and many that did not then

exist. India, China, Armenia, Turkey, and Greece had their envoys there, as well as the nations of Western Christendom. With that admirable tact which he possesses in so eminent a degree, Leo XIII. kept up a conversation in which he managed to make all feel at home in his presence, and to give to every corner of the world proof of his remembrance and his interest. But finally the thought that lay at the bottom of his heart came forth, and the whole assemblage listened in wonder as the venerable Pontiff, no longer in conversational tones but as if inspired by his theme, spoke of the glories which America already reflected on the church of God, and of the hopes for the future that were stored up in her young energies. He dwelt on the benefits to the church's organization that were sure to accrue from the Third Plenary Council, and all could see that he was touching on a specially congenial and favorite thought as he told them of the great educational institution with which the church in America was going to crown the first century of her life, and the incalculable blessings to religion and to the country that were sure to flow from it.

In several other gatherings of a public and general character, and notably in the great assemblage of the cardinals on Easter Tuesday, it was the same. He would speak of the condition of things in other countries with the air of a father full of affection and full of anxious care; but when he turned to America, as he always did, he was like a prophet glorying in the vision of the better things to come.

In this estimate of America's future Leo XIII. agrees with many of the most distinguished modern thinkers in his own Italy and in other lands. He has known intimately and loved well two of Italy's foremost literary glories—Cesare Balbo and Cesare Cantù. Both were historians and philosophers, and both saw to what the hand of Providence is guiding the world. Whoever has roamed through the beautiful public gardens on the Pincian Hill, and passed lingeringly along those marvellous rows of marble busts which place before our wondering, admiring, almost envying gaze the great men of Italy's past, cannot but have been struck by the face of Cesare Balbo. It is so massive, so majestic, so tender and meditative and sad, that its look touches you to the heart. You see that those great, calm, deep, earnest eyes are gazing through the vista of human history, and through what has been and what is, foreseeing what is to be; and there is sadness in his look, because he sees that the glories of the future are not to belong to his beloved Italy. In his admirable work,

Meditazioni Storiche, he shows the hand of God guiding the destinies of the nations of all ages, and shows how the supremacy in culture and in influence has passed from the nations of antiquity to Italy, and from her to Spain, to France, to England.* Then in the conversion of the American colonies into a new nation he sees the opening up of "the law of history for the future." He laughs at the fears of old-time conservatism concerning the advance of democratic institutions. He hails every force at work to accomplish "that great and holy Christian work of lessening the differences between the conditions of men." † And he foretells that "the difference between the aristocracy and the democracy of intellectual and moral worth is the only one destined not to pass away." ‡

The bust of Cesare Cantù is not on the Pincian Hill, because Italy rejoices in having him still alive; but one day it will surely be there, amid that matchless galaxy of her illustrious sons. His *Universal History*, his *History of the Italian People*, and his *History of a Hundred Years* are works that will live always; and he has lately crowned them all with what will be the last great production of his genius, the *History of the Last Thirty Years*. In this work, after a sketch of the great crisis through which our country passed so safely in its civil war, he concludes thus: "May political science grow wise in the study of America's dangers and prosperity; and may the world, hitherto choked and checked by doubt, thence learn that man is really capable of self-government; that governments must be administered solely in view of the welfare of the governed; and that the best of all governments is that which not only does not hinder but encourages and aids the development of individual activity." §

Thus do these two great Italian historians and philosophers picture America's position and influence in the world's future; and there is no mind more fitted to appreciate the truth of the picture than that of Leo XIII.

In France, likewise, nearly every calm, clear-sighted mind, not buried in the tomb of the past nor wild with utopias of the future, looks to America for the solution of their social and political problems. They regard with admiration and envy a country where, as Cardinal Gibbons said in his inaugural discourse at Santa Maria in Trastevere, liberty reigns without license and authority rules without despotism; where church and state move on together in friendly joint endeavors for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the people; where the working-classes

* *Med.* 16, v. † *Med.* 18, ii. ‡ *Med.* 18, iii. § *Gli Ultimi Trent' Anni*, ch. xiv.

are considered not as children but as men, and look upon law and government not as their tyrants but as their protectors; where *humanity* is a word to be spoken not with fear but with affection, and where *the rights of man* do not mean a gory-locked spectre of revolution and anarchy, but the simple truth and the simple justice which are the natural basis of popular welfare. These things, which are so plain and familiar to us, are to them an intangible dream, and they gaze with yearning interest towards the blessed land where they are a reality, and recognize that there must lie the hopes of the future.

Few men are more eagle-eyed to see what is and what is to be than Cardinal Manning. One day last June he said to me: "I consider it beyond doubt that the next great development of human progress is to be in America." And many another prince of the church is frank to confess that "the Old World has many lessons to learn from the New."

Leo XIII. has the clearest mind in Europe. He scans the world not only with the watchful and loving look of its spiritual father, but also with the keen eye of a profound philosopher and an enlightened statesman. What Balbo and Cantù and so many others have seen is evident to him. He longs for the highest welfare of America, because he sees the influence she is to have on the welfare of mankind, and the world's welfare is the one desire of his heart. Not only the spiritual but also the temporal well-being of mankind is the constant subject of his thoughts and his prayers. I may be pardoned for mentioning the following striking illustration of this. All Catholics are familiar with the formula of prayers for the peace of the universal church recited, by order of the Pope, after every Low Mass. The Holy Father says these prayers after his daily Mass, just like every priest in the world. But he inserts a phrase indicative of the thought that is always with him. The ordinary form begs that "the Prince of the heavenly host may, by the divine power, cast down into hell the evil spirits who roam through the world seeking the ruin of souls." But Leo XIII. says, and with a thrilling pathos which none that has heard it can ever forget, "seeking *the injury of the human race* and the ruin of souls"—*ad nocendum humano generi animasque perdendas.* No prayer gushes from the Pope's heart more fervently than the prayer that America's future may never be blighted by the destructive theories that are blasting or threatening the social welfare of so many nations in Europe, but that her prosperity may be solid and her influence salutary by being based on the truth. Well he knows that the supremacy

of falsehood or fraud or force must be evanescent; that mere strength and energy alone can build no lasting fabric of human greatness; that truth and God must reign at last. The church of God must be for ever "the light of the world and the salt of the earth," the sure guide of the mind and the energies of mankind, the leader in the real progress of the nations.

Hence the earnestness with which he dwells, in the university brief, on the dangers to human society threatened by the incendiary torch of error; hence his "most glad welcome and hearty approval of a project prompted by a desire to promote the welfare of all and the interests of our illustrious republic"; hence his hope that the contemplated university will not only bestow on the church her ablest ministers, but also "give to the republic her best citizens." Leo XIII. manifests a more than ordinary interest in our Catholic University, and encourages the undertaking with an altogether exceptional earnestness because of his deep conviction that the church in America is to exercise a dominant influence in the world's future, and that this influence must rest on intellectual superiority. The young giant church of the Western world must now gird herself with the majesty befitting her providential vocation, and the establishment of the Catholic University is a giant stride towards its realization.

Hence, too, his strongly-expressed desire that the university should be no less thoroughly American than thoroughly Catholic. "I wish," he said, "that it should be founded by American means, and that it should be conducted by American brains; and if at first you have to call in the help of foreign talent in your faculties, it must be with the view of developing home intellect, of training professors who will gradually form indigenous faculties worthy of the name the university bears." When lately he was bidding adieu to a young American priest who had graduated with exceptional honor, he encouraged him to continue his studies in the hope of one day being "a professor in the great university to be established at Washington."

From all this it is easy to understand why the Holy Father has so warmly endorsed the action of the great majority of the bishops of the country in deciding that the university should be located at Washington. He is anxious that the beneficent action of the university should be exercised, as far as possible, on the whole church and the whole people of America; and he is convinced that from no other centre could it so well do this as from the national capital, the heart of the republic.

Here also we have the key to his absolutely requiring that

the university should for ever remain "under the authority and protection of all the bishops of the country," who are to administer it "through certain bishops selected for that purpose." He has expressed one reason for this in the brief itself: "in order that this noble institute may be happily established and conducted to ever-increasing prosperity"; another reason he has expressed in his audiences on the subject: "that the organization of the university may be like that which our Lord gave his church, hierarchical"; but a ruling reason in his mind is that thus the university will always be most sure to remain thoroughly American, thoroughly in sympathy with the spirit of the church in the whole country. He entirely agrees with the thought lately put so forcibly by Cardinal Manning: "Who can so well know the spirit and the needs of a people as the bishops of the country, who continually have their finger on the pulse of the people?" He knows that there is no body of men in America so devoted to their country's welfare, and so acquainted with their country's needs, as the bishops of America; with them, therefore, is the direction of the university to remain for ever. The talent and learning of all classes will be summoned to the great work; the religious orders, the secular clergy, the learned laity, will be invited to the professorial chairs, with no other distinction made or privilege given than that of their fitness to fill them with honor and usefulness; but the government of the university, like that of the church, is to be hierarchical, and thus its spirit and influence, as well as its government, will be as broad as our country.

The luminous mind of Leo XIII. clearly appreciates that no intellectual power can lead the age that is "behind the age." Hence his desire that our university should be up to the forefront of modern knowledge. Its foundations are to be firmly laid on the mountains of the learning of the past, on those eternal and unchanging principles of philosophic truth of which St. Thomas Aquinas is the chief exponent; but its pinnacles must touch the farthest reaches of modern investigation and discovery, and its walls enclose all the boundaries of modern thought. Its motto must be: "*Nihil humanum a me alienum puto.*" This desire the Pope has clearly expressed in the words of his brief. He also manifested it very plainly in a practical way. It happened that while the two bishops were in Rome whom the Board of Directors had commissioned to lay the business of the university before the Holy See, there was also in the Eternal City a distinguished professor of the University

of Louvain, whom the Holy Father had invited to come and discuss with him the best methods of meeting the intellectual needs of our age. He had chosen out this professor to be his counsellor on so important a matter because of what might be termed his advanced views in regard to the education needed in our day, because of his longing that St. Thomas should reign in the schools, not as the St. Thomas of the twelfth century, but, as the great doctor would assuredly himself desire it, as the St. Thomas of the nineteenth century. To this professor the Holy Father himself directed our two bishops, assuring them that they would find in him the ideas that should mould and guide our university. And certainly he was right. Our conferences with Professor, now Monsignor, Mercier will be an invaluable assistance in determining the course of studies of the university, so as to have them, as Leo XIII. so ardently wishes, fully adequate to the intellectual wants of the age we live in.

Such is the Catholic University of America in the mind of Leo XIII. He is intimately persuaded that such an institution, in which all the learning of the present will be firmly rooted in all the wisdom of the past, and illumined by the radiance of divine truth, and fostered and safeguarded and pointed to noblest ends by the spirit of religion, cannot fail to be, as he recently wrote to Cardinal Gibbons, "a great glory to the church of God and a great blessing to our country." Surely no one who reflects upon it can differ from him in this conviction. And surely no one to whom Providence has given, in any degree, power or means to aid it forward, will fail to lend a generous helping hand towards its realization. From a full heart the Holy Father bestows his benediction on all who co-operate in the great work; and assuredly no one who loves divine truth, who loves the church and the country, and loves the Pope, will stand back or hesitate.

In the establishment of universities the brief of apostolic approbation and encouragement is the first of several papal documents, issued as the work develops, culminating in the bull of canonical institution. They who have watched with friendly and prayerful interest the advance of the undertaking thus far will, we trust, follow with no less friendliness and helpfulness its further progress. No one will watch it with more solicitude and hopeful eagerness than Leo XIII. His brief is dated April 10, which was, this year, Easter Sunday. On that morning I had the happiness for the second time of assisting the Holy Father at the altar in the celebration of the Divine Mysteries.

Never shall I forget the utterly unaffected yet thrillingly dramatic solemnity of that celebration of the Adorable Sacrifice by the Vicar of Christ on that Easter morn. There was a special tenderness in his paternal look at the American bishop that morning, a special earnestness in his greeting. I did not then know why; but I saw the reason when I found that on that day he issued the apostolic *fiat* which was to put the seal of God on our great enterprise. He was praying that what his hand that day planted might prosper and grow into a tree which should give abundantly the fruit of the risen life to our New World. May his prayer be granted! May the blessing and the supplication of the Vicar of Christ insure the success of the Catholic University of America! The details of the plan will, please God, be treated in succeeding articles. JOHN J. KEANE.

A CASE OF NATIONALIZATION.

I.

DESTRUCTION AND DISPERSION.

THE schools and civilization of Ireland prior to the English supremacy have furnished historians with so much material that it is necessary, in order to lay the foundations of this article, only to direct the reader's attention to the pages of Montalembert, Ozanam, *Christian Schools and Scholars*, Lanigan, or any of the dozen others who have compiled the annals of Ireland during the period when western Continental Europe was dark.

But as all these are Catholic, it may be interesting to quote briefly from one who inherited anti-Catholic prejudices and whose social environment and political attachments did not predispose him to partisanship on the side of Ireland. In 1828 Christopher Anderson, a Scotchman, published a volume in Edinburgh dealing with the state of Ireland in respect of *Literature, Education, and Oral Instruction.* He asserted that perhaps not one in sixty of the population was then able to read, "and that only within these very few years." He estimated that only one in one hundred and fifty was under tuition. He approached the question of the relations of England and Ireland with a spirit of extreme devotion to the crown; he felt that in contemplating "the important interests of the United Kingdom,"

"the effectual improvement of Ireland is now the question of by far the greatest national importance." He acknowledged that "though always lying in the bosom of Great Britain, as if intended by nature for the most intimate and cordial connection, past ages have shown how possible it was for nations 'intersected by a narrow frith' to abhor each other."

Mr. Anderson sets out upon his investigation by examining the proof of early Irish culture furnished in the Gaelic manuscripts. "Many of these perished in the Danish invasions of the ninth and tenth centuries; and that singular species of policy which obtained for centuries after the Anglo-Norman invasion must account for the loss of many others." He enumerates the collections then authenticated—those in Trinity College, in the Bodleian Library, the Chandos collection, and others. He alludes to the unexplored treasures in the Royal Library at Copenhagen, the still larger hoard in the Royal Library at Paris, the Spanish collections, and the manuscripts in the Vatican. Of the first of these he mentions this incident: In the reign of Elizabeth the King of Denmark applied to England for proper persons who might translate the ancient Irish books in his possession; and an Irishman in London, then in prison, being approached on the subject, was ready to engage in the work. But upon a council being called a certain member, "who may be nameless," opposed the scheme, "lest it should be prejudicial to the English interest." Mr. Anderson admits that until the reign of James I. "it had been an object to discover every literary remain of the Old Irish with a view to its being destroyed or concealed." "We have been printing," he adds, "very properly, ancient and modern Greek in parallel columns, Turkish for the Turk, and struggling hard to decipher the hieroglyphics of Egypt"; but for the evidences of culture in ancient Ireland there has been only indifference or malice.

Anderson reviews the historical evidence of the existence and character of the early Irish schools, quoting Bede, Warton, Ware, Camden, Turner, Colgan, Muratori, Harris, Nicolson, Palmer's history of printing, and many other authorities, carrying his narrative from the time of St. Patrick down to that of Queen Elizabeth, who, to the delight of Anderson, provided in 1571, "at her own expense, a printing-press and a font of Irish types, in hope that God in mercy would raise up some to translate the New Testament into their mother-tongue." Elizabeth's anxiety and munificence were directed, it is clear, not to a restoration of learning among the people whose institutions had been

ruined by her policy and that of her predecessors, but to the perversion in them of their ancient faith. A Protestant catechism was printed with her types, perhaps—even of that Anderson is not sure; "but more than thirty years passed away before the next publication in which they were employed."

Nor was that publication calculated to revive literature or recover the wealth which war and spoliation had spared only to be hidden in secluded nooks or carried off to the Continent. Elizabeth's types were afterward exclusively devoted to proselyting purposes, and with no success. Even the indefatigable Bishop Bedell could accomplish nothing for the religion of which the pious queen was the spiritual head, and for forty years after his death, Anderson laments, "not one step was taken either in printing his manuscript of the Old Testament or reprinting the New"; but the fate of Elizabeth's types was assured. "Owing to the cupidity of one party into whose possession they had come they were secured by the Jesuits, and by them carried over to Douay for the express purpose of promoting their own views in Ireland through the medium of the Irish language." Anderson is frank to say that it was the party who sold them that was to be censured, and that thirty years later foreign productions were extant in Ireland "executed by means of these very materials." It was clearly not the idea of the Jesuit purchasers of the Gaelic types to let them lie useless. But during a period of one hundred and ten years these types had been in Ireland in the hands of well-paid servants of the crown, and the total product of them was four small books directed solely and vainly at the propagation of Elizabeth's creed.

Anderson names books in Irish printed during the same period and subsequently under the direction of the emigrant Irish scholars at the various college foundations laid by them on the Continent. Among these were grammars of the Gaelic language, dictionaries, and glossaries. The Catholic Gaels were bent on preserving and promoting the culture of the people as well as upon keeping alive the faith of "the mother," as the people themselves called the ancient creed.

Anderson devotes a chapter to the native schools. He finds that their fame was dearly cherished "as one remembers the singing of birds in spring which now sing no more." When Elizabeth reached the throne none of them remained. She founded Trinity College in the same sinister spirit and with the same ignoble motive which had animated her in sending Irish types to Dublin. The site is that of the dissolved monastery of

All-Hallows. The university foundation had been made by the Catholic archbishop in 1311 under a bull from Pope Clement V.; and, despite the continual conflicts between the invaders and the Irish, it managed to linger until the abolition of the cathedral establishment in the reign of Henry VIII. Meanwhile the Gaelic Catholic scholars, driven out of Ireland, established on the Continent many educational establishments, of which space may be taken to mention only a few: Salamanca, 1582; Alcala, 1590; Lisbon, 1595; Douay, 1596; Antwerp, 1600; Louvain, 1616; Rome, 1625; Prague, 1631; Toulouse, 1660; Paris, 1667.

II.

THE SPELLING-BOOK OUTLAWED.

The first attempt at the introduction of any general system of education in Ireland under the English government was begun in the reign of Henry VIII. Its purpose was proclaimed by "An Act for the English order, habit, and language." English was to be the exclusive language, the spiritual supremacy of Henry the chief religious dogma. With characteristic frugality he made no provision for paying the schoolmaster. The Anglican clergy were expected to get the necessary funds out of the people. These were the original parish schools. The instruction was limited to spelling and reading, with sometimes writing and arithmetic. Attendance was limited necessarily to those who could conform to their sectarian requirement. They never became general throughout the country, and even in the northern counties were patronized only by the one sect for whose expansion they were designed.

Elizabeth, realizing their failure, undertook another system to be known as diocesan free schools. The schoolmaster was to be "an Englishman or of English birth"; the acceptance of Elizabeth's supremacy in things spiritual was essential under the act creating them; and their existence never became known to any but the smallest fraction of the people. The entire nation remained Catholic. The Penal Code came in time to complete the ruin of their own educational establishments and make an outlaw of the spelling-book. Lecky sums up the effect of this Code upon the culture of Ireland:

"It required, indeed, four or five reigns to elaborate a system so ingeniously contrived to demoralize, to degrade, and to impoverish the people of Ireland. By this Code the Roman Catholics were excluded from the Parliament, from the magistracy, from the corporations, from the bench,

and from the bar. Schools were established to bring up their children as Protestants; and if they refused to avail of these they were deliberately consigned to hopeless ignorance, being excluded from the university, and debarred, under crushing penalties, from acting as schoolmasters, as ushers, or as private tutors, or from sending their children abroad to obtain the instruction they were refused at home."

Nine-tenths of an entire nation were thus compelled to accept illiteracy.

"Fifty years ago," writes the ever-dear Alexander M. Sullivan in *New Ireland*, "the schoolmaster was not abroad in Ireland. Indeed, in the previous century he had better not have been, if he wished to avoid conviction for felony under the 8th of Anne, cap. iii. sec. 16. In most of the rural parishes of Ireland not half a century ago the man who could read a newspaper or write a letter was a distinguished individual, a useful and important functionary. He wrote the letters for all the parish, and he read the replies for the neighbors who received them. . . . It was a calamity the evil effects of which will long outlive even the best efforts to retrieve them, that, at the period when in other countries, and especially in England and Scotland, popular education was being developed and extended into a public system, in Ireland the legislature of the day was passing statute after statute to prohibit and punish any acceptable education whatsoever, university, intermediate, or primary, for nine-tenths of the population. That is to say, the bulk of the population being Catholic, penal laws against Catholic schools—laws which made it felony for a Catholic to act as teacher, usher, or monitor, and civil death for a Catholic child to be taught by any such masters—were virtually a prohibition of education to the mass of the people. . . .

> "'Still crouching 'neath the sheltering hedge or stretched on mountain fern,
> The teacher and his pupils met, feloniously to learn.'

The spelling-book remained for nine-tenths of the Irish people an outlaw until little more than fifty years ago."

III.

NATIONALIZATION.

The present National school system was introduced in 1830. Catholic Emancipation had forced open the doors of Parliament as a direct result of the pressure of Irish agitation, and some measure of education had to be given to the people before the agitation could be expected to subside. It was no longer legally possible to make religion a ground for denying to the child the privileges implied in what the fathers had wrested for themselves. But in establishing the National schools a political object was substituted for a sectarian one. If the people had defied the government and kept the old faith in spite of penal laws, at least the new schools should influence them toward a forgive-

ness of the past and a cordial and perfect political contentment under the legislative Union by which the Irish fractional Parliament had been abolished in 1800 and the Irish representation transferred to London. If the new schools could not Protestantize, they should Anglicize. If they could not be aggressively anti-Catholic, they should be negatively anti-Irish. Indeed, so far as a shrewd selection of text-books, cautious choice of commissioners and chief officers, and the infusion of a distinct and energetic political sentiment could effect a result, they were to be positively English.

It was doubtless with scrupulous delicacy toward the religion of the great mass of the people that the first board was made to consist of two Catholics and five non-Catholics. From that time—to wit, in 1831—until now it has been the rule so to select the Catholics upon the board that the political sentiment should be overwhelmingly anti-National.

The second means toward this end was found in the text-books. Their plan, and indeed the preparation of them, were entrusted to an Englishman and a Protestant, Dr. Whately. How superbly he was fitted to equip, fire, and run the machine of Irish National education may be seen in a glance at a few of his frankly-avowed opinions. He was so thoroughly anti-Irish that he opposed the viceroyalty as showing Ireland too much distinction, and he condemned the poor-law as economically unsound. He opposed disestablishment of the Irish church, and likened its assailants to the African hunters of the elephant, who wish to kill him for his ivory and as much of his flesh as they can carry off; while the Radicals who sustained the Establishment he compared to the Asiatic elephant-hunters, who strive to catch and keep him for a drudge. In religion he was a stalwart and uncompromising bigot, and as irrepressible a fighter as Calvin or Cromwell. The Catholic Church he had described in a book as "a mystery of iniquity" and in other terms unfit for republication; for the language of controversy was very coarse and swarthy fifty years ago. The sacraments were moderately designated "superstitious charms"; the Mass and other ceremonies were "incantation"; and the practices of piety were altogether "a train of superstitious observances worthy of paganism itself." His were the hands which prepared some and supervised all of the text-books for the schools of a nation five-sixths of whom were Catholic; and he reached his highest pitch of zeal in the series of instructions entitled *Lessons of Christianity*, in which the religion of these five-sixths was odiously treated.

For ten years the Catholics were compelled to hold their children back while a vain attempt was made to open the eyes of the government to the infamy of the system and the brutality of its manipulation. During the same period the Presbyterians, whose convictions were also outraged from the outset, pressed their demands with like vigor, and in Ulster were perfectly successful. The Synod of Ulster became as supreme in the National schools of that province as Archbishop Whately continued to be throughout the three Catholic provinces.

He was despot of the books. He taught as much history as suited him, and among the remarkable evidences of his sincere and thoroughgoing anti-Irish feelings was his discrimination between rebellion against the crown in Scotland and a similar expression of political opinion in Ireland. In the former case the rebels were patriots; in the latter they were felons. This is a bit of his geography: "On the east of Ireland is England, where the queen lives; many people who live in Ireland were born in England, and we speak the same language and are called one nation." By some inexplicable accident Campbell's "Downfall of Poland" and Scott's "Love of Country" had managed to steal into one of the reading-books. He directed that they be expunged, but this inspiring ditty was retained:

"I thank the goodness and the grace
That on my birth have smiled,
And made me in these Christian days
A happy English child."

For twenty years this prelate maintained his dictatorship; and when at length, unable longer to resist the pressure of public opinion, the majority of the National Commissioners consented to the removal of the most flagrant of his teachings of bigotry, he resigned rather than submit to their decision.

With the departure of the veteran proselytizer the schools ceased to be aggressively anti-Catholic, but they continued to be anti-national. Gradually a few specimen poems breathing the national spirit in a subdued, retrospective, or hopeless fashion found admission into the Readers. The grim and dogmatic figure of Whately sits in them, however, to this hour. He was a ready writer on all subjects, and never doubtful of the accuracy of his judgment concerning actual facts, or the clearness of his vision about the future. Here is a fine example, taken verbatim out of the Fifth Book, a recent edition of it:

"How useful water is for commerce! The sea seems to keep different countries separate, but, for the purpose of commerce, it rather brings them

together. If there were only land between this country and America we should have no cotton, for the carriage of it would cost more than it is worth. Think how many horses would be wanted to draw such a load as comes in one ship; and then they must eat and rest while they were (*sic*) travelling. But the winds are the horses which carry the ship along, and they cost us nothing but to spread a sail. Then, too, the ship moves easily, because it floats on the water instead of dragging on the ground like a wagon."

This mild suggestion of a change in the commercial world is timidly hidden in a foot-note:

"Since the invention of railways the superiority in cheapness of water over land-carriage, which is dwelt on in the text, is considerably lessened."

A "Short Study on the Statistics of Cotton," showing how much is carried in steam bottoms and how much is now manufactured in America, would be a very desirable substitute for this antiquated misinformation. In this allusion to the Orient the doctor inadvertently told the story of Irish agriculture, but he seems not to have perceived it:

"There are some countries which were formerly very productive and populous, but which now, under the tyrannical government of the Turks or other such people, have become almost deserts. In former times Barbary produced silk, but now most of the mulberry-trees (on whose leaves the silk-worms are fed) are decayed, and no one thinks of planting fresh trees, because he has no security that he shall be allowed to enjoy the produce."

And in this he unwittingly sums up the story of Ireland's want of manufactures, her capital, made by the labor of the people on the land, being sent out in annual streams to England:

". . . In countries that are ill-provided with capital, though the inhabitants are few in number, and all of them are forced to labor for the necessaries of life, they are worse fed, clothed, and lodged than even the poorest are in a richer country, though that be much more thickly peopled, and though many of the inhabitants of it are not obliged to labor with their hands at all."

When the philosophic prelate discusses "taxes" he becomes deliciously but unconsciously satirical:

"*The office of a government is to afford protection*—that is, to secure the persons and property of the people from violence and fraud. For this purpose it provides ships of war and bodies of soldiers to guard against foreign enemies and against pirates, bands of robbers, or rebels; and also provides watchmen, constables, and other officers to apprehend criminals; judges and courts of justice for trials, and prisons for confining offenders; and, in short, everything that is necessary for the peace and security of the people. . . .

"Many governments have made a bad use of this power, and have forced their subjects to pay much more than the reasonable expenses of protecting and governing the country. In some countries, and in this among others, the people are secured against this kind of ill-usage by choosing their own governors—that is, the members of Parliament, without whom no laws can be made or taxes laid on."

At the time he wrote this three-fourths of the taxes of Ireland went to paying off the national debt of Great Britain, and to the payment of the hordes of soldiery and armed police who bayoneted the island down for the use of the landlords. But the archbishop was of opinion that a national debt is a national blessing. He is emphatic and persuasive about the investment of Irish savings in the "national" debt. So earnest is he in his anxiety that this shall be the rule, so far as the National schools can make one, that he pictures the proportion of the Irish taxes paid on account of the national debt as the most beneficent part of the national blessing.

There may be incredulous people in America who doubt that rent is paid for sea-weed. Here is the orthodox landlord doctrine laid down by Whately and still in the Fifth Book of the National schools:

". . . There are on some parts of the coast rocks which are bare only at low water and are covered by the sea at every tide. On these there grows naturally a kind of sea-weed called kali, or kelp, which is regularly cut and carried away to be dried and burned for the sake of the ashes,* used in making soap and glass. These rocks are let by the owners of them to those who make a trade of gathering this kelp for sale. Now, you see by this that rent cannot depend on the land's producing food for man, or on the expenses laid out in bringing it into cultivation; for there is rent paid for these rocks, though they produce no food, and though they never have been or can be cultivated."

The prelate was necessarily opposed to a reduction of rents, and had no hesitation in prophesying that calamitous consequences would ensue if the rights of the landlords were interfered with. It is true that the land-courts have actually overridden Dr. Whately, and that the result he foretold has not taken place. On the contrary, under the operation of the new land-laws more land is cultivated by farmers and less by landlords than formerly. Nevertheless the National Commissioners permit this false doctrine to be taught to this day:

". . . If you were to make a law for lowering rents, so that the land should still remain the property of those to whom it now belongs, but that they should not be allowed to receive more than so much an acre for it,

* He omits to mention that it is frequently used for food in famine times.

the only effect of this would be that the landlord would no longer let his land to a farmer, but would take it into his own hands and employ a bailiff to look after it for him."

Passing from political economy to politics, the archbishop expounds the British constitution in a manner worthy an Englishman, and with total blindness about its all but uninterrupted suspension in Ireland. The chapters remain unaltered by the present Board of Commissioners. In view of the latest coercion act, it is worth while to reproduce Archbishop Whately's description of what the law ought to be in Ireland, but is not:

"As the fate of the prisoner entirely depends on the men who compose the jury, justice requires that he should have a share in the choice of them, and this he has through the right which the law allows him of challenging or objecting to such of them as he may think objectionable. . . . Moreover, the law allows the prisoner, in cases of felony, to challenge twenty jurors peremptorily—that is to say, without showing any cause. When at length the jury is formed, and they have taken an oath to judge according to the evidence brought before them, the indictment is opened and the prosecutor produces the proofs of his accusations. The witnesses must deliver their evidence in the presence of the prisoner, who is at liberty to question them and to produce witnesses on his own behalf. He is allowed to have counsel to assist him not only in discussions on the law of the case, but also in the investigation of the fact itself. . . . The jury then retire until they have agreed to a verdict. In England and Ireland they must be unanimous, but in Scotland the opinion of the majority constitutes the verdict.

"As the main object of trial by jury is to guard accused persons against all decision from men invested with official authority, it is a rule that the opinion of the judge is only to have as much weight as the jurymen themselves choose to give it. They can judge entirely for themselves on all points connected with the trial. . . . For further prevention of abuses it is an invariable usage that the trial be public."

The American who fancies that Ireland enjoys the same constitution and laws as England should compare this with the provisions for the suspension of trial by jury in Ireland as prescribed in the eighty and more coercion acts of the present century; while the secret-inquisition article in the newest coercion law presents a complete commentary on the archbishop's statement of the principle of publicity in jury trials.

Although the advance of Irish opinion in the schools compelled the commissioners to drop the peculiar "history" taught by Archbishop Whately, no history has been put into the schools; and the extraordinary anomaly is presented of a national school-system, extending from the elementary instruction up to universities, without any text-book containing an account of the nations

to whom the schools belong and who pay the taxes expended in their support. Irish children may learn from their teachers the story of Egypt, of Assyria, of Greece and Asia Minor, the dynasties before the Ptolemies, and the names of the kings buried in the pyramids. They may study the wars of Rome, the incoming of the Northmen upon Italy, the decline and fall of many empires, the causes of insurrection in France, the revolutions of two centuries on the Continent. But of their own country, with its hoar and noble antiquity, its well-authenticated parliaments, its poetry, its ancient song, its military science, its confederations, its struggle against a powerful invader until force and numbers overcame patriotism and valor—of all this nothing! Nothing of its ancient schools which sent scholars to England to lay many a foundation, and to the courts and colleges of the Continent to instruct princes and adorn the chairs of universities. Nothing of the aid Ireland gave to the arts of design and decoration; nothing of her manuscripts in great libraries, of her sons' renown in states' councils and upon the battle-fields of other nations. Nothing of her long and sublime struggle for purity and freedom of conscience, of the penal laws, of the confiscations, the massacres, the migrations, the enforced illiteracy; nothing of the millions sacrificed to hunger and driven forth to all lands beyond the seas; nothing of the victory of conscience, of the slowly-conquered parliamentary rights; of the use of gibbet and felon-ship and South Pacific penal colony to quench her national spirit, which would not be quenched. How complete, how abject the confession that the crown dare not entrust the children of Ireland with the story of English misrule!

But in spite of Archbishop Whately, in spite of the anti-national character of the Board of Commissioners, without a history of their country among the text-books, the people of Ireland have nationalized the National schools. The idea of recovery of the legislative independence, which it was the dearest object of Whately to extinguish by means of the schools as snuffers, has gained decade after decade and year after year, until it is now admitted that the National schools are nurseries of it. The body of the teachers is solidly national except in a small part of Ulster. National songs are sung in the schools, national poems are recited in them; the subjects of essays and orations are national; the school atmosphere is thoroughly saturated with the pride and resolution of nationalism. A grave and disastrous omission was made in the Victorian Jubilee Coercion Act when an article was not inserted for the suppression of the National schools.

They are as obnoxious to Toryism as the National League. They will make a new generation of "bad subjects and worse rebels" should the "government" succeed in stamping out the generation now adult. Some of the most skilful of the Nationalist members of Parliament have been taken out of the ranks of the teachers, and the party has made the interests of the schools and the teachers a subject of constant and earnest solicitude.

How the people have moved in and taken possession of the schools can be seen in a glance at the enrolment by decades since their foundation:

Year.	Number of Schools.	Number of Pupils.
1831.....	789	107,042
1841.....	2,337	281,849
1851.....	4,704	520,401
1861.....	5,830	803,364
1871.....	6,914	972,906
1881.....	7,648	1,066,259

The significance of these figures is not fully apparent until the decline of population by decades is taken in connection with them.

What is true of elementary instruction is true of the highest. It has been nationalizing in spite of Elizabeth's statute founding Dublin University, in spite of the deep anti-national design hid in the constitution of the queen's colleges, and most conspicuously in spite of the alleged "bribe" in the endowment of Maynooth.

S. B. Gorman.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART—COLLECTION OF CYPRIOTE SCULPTURE.

IT sometimes happens to a German university professor that when the semester is closed and the lectures are over he has not reached his subject. The introduction has swallowed up all his time. Thus it may be with this article, and probably no subject offers so valid an excuse for introductory considerations which may occupy more space than the apparent subject-matter. It is, in fact, absolutely necessary to consider the growth of modern studies in archæology, their importance, and their present condition. From no other standpoint can the collection of Cypriote sculpture be systematically or successfully approached.

I.

Many and various things may be said of the nineteenth century by those which come after it, but, on the whole, perhaps nothing more important will be said than this: that it was the first to found universal history as a possible science distinct from chronicles. In the enormous literature which has grown up on the history of art and on archæological topics we have in reality the development and the exercise of a new historic method—the only one which can boast of doing justice to the past. It ought to be a fundamental principle of history to devote an equal amount of attention to an equal amount of time. It is not a scientific method which devotes three volumes out of four to the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. of the Greek republics, one volume to all the centuries which went before the fifth, and none to all which came after the fourth. But this is the natural method of written history, which does not start from an archæologic standpoint. Chronicles devote themselves naturally to the periods of wars, of revolutions, of disturbance. Histories based on chronicles must elaborate these methods of descriptions. Chronicles devote an infinity of space to the revolution which overthrew the Roman Republic. The peaceful prosperity of the empire offers little material for "history." Literary history tends by its own nature to be unjust, unequal, subversive of elementary historical morality. It glorifies war at the ex-

pense of peace, revolution at the expense of stability, the process more than the results, not so much from disposition as from necessity. The essential history of the United States today relates to the statistics of its political economy, not to the debates in Congress; to its manners and customs, not to the details of its presidential elections; to the quality of its culture, not to the details of its diplomatic relations. This is history as archæology understands the subject.

By archæology we understand the study of history as taught by its own relics. These tell us something of the time before Homer as well as of that which came after him. These lead us to notice the sixth and seventh centuries B.C. of Greek history as no less interesting than the fifth. These reveal the existence of Alexandrian Greek states on the Indus of which even the literary mention has perished. These teach us to find a Roman civilization in every country of the Mediterranean rather than to dwell on the scandals of an imperial court. History, as taught by literary methods alone, resembles a conception of geology which should make it consist in the study of earthquakes. When it was said, "Happy the nation which has no history," it was such history of the earthquake sort which was in view.

Archæology, as matter for reading alone, is doubtless a tedious study; but its value lies in the objects of which it treats. These objects appeal directly to the imagination, and it is from the imagination that all vivid conceptions of the past must be drawn and on it that they must depend. Coins reveal the prosperity of hundreds of Greek cities which the history of Athens would lead us to forget. Sculptured reliefs have demonstrated the existence of a Hittite empire not even suspected from the brief literary mentions of this tribe. Bricks and their impressed stamps have detailed the history of the Roman legions and their camps; and as for the middle ages, our very conception of them is to-day dependent on the remaining fragments of their art and on the monuments of their architecture.

Consider the subject of history as dependent on literary chronicles. We have first to discount the disappearance and destruction of those which have been written—as far as antiquity is concerned, an enormous quantity. But beyond this consideration lies another: individual predisposition and individual opportunities have controlled their character. Since the world began authors have written about what interested them. Their choice of a subject, and their manner of treating it have

been controlled by individual predisposition. Hence gaps, omissions, and inequalities of historic record which only those can realize who have approached the subject from another side. It is true that literature proper, the drama, poetry, polemical and scientific writings, supplement or surpass the importance of intentional records; but here again the same element of individual chance is in question. Periods distinguished by an absence of literary activity disappear from view, and in a purely historic sense these are as important as any other. Finally, men of letters have always formed an aristocracy of a somewhat limited and narrow character. Their lives are not practical, their occupation isolates them from society, and they are notoriously distinguished by an absence of the quality which makes successful statesmen and successful politicians—the sense for the needs and character of the masses.

If we compare the results obtained by archæologic observation it will appear how much more closely they approach the essence of history. Buildings, considered as to use, construction, and ornamentation, are a key to the character of the people which erected them. The quality and history of a religion are revealed by its temples. The geometrical and mathematical knowledge of a people and its engineering science are also revealed by the construction of its architecture. Fragments of stuffs and tissues, glass, pottery, tools, and objects in metals, show the quality of a civilization. Habits, manners and customs, poverty or prosperity, agricultural, civic, or nomadic life, are all implied in the character of the relics which have outlived them. Pictorial and sculptured decorations are an infallible clue to character for those who have learned the alphabet of their peculiar language.

It is true that destruction and disappearance have been the manifold and general fate of such relics of the past, but the very wilfulness of the chance which has preserved one here or there has an element of logic wanting in a written record. We are absolutely sure, at least, that no element of human prejudice has contributed to the result, and the fragmentary nature of the evidence produces a more startling conviction than volumes of written testimony. The discovery of a single pane of window-glass at Pompeii was made on the same day which witnessed the publication of a voluminous work written to prove that the ancients did not enjoy this luxury. The author died of the mortification. It is true that the evidence of this one pane of glass has since been variously supplemented, but no additional evi-

dence was needed. One skull, having a tooth with a gold filling, has been discovered in an Italian tomb of the sixth century B.C. The practice of dental surgery in antiquity does not need any additional evidence, and for Italy, at least, this may be the only case of demonstration. The writer does not remember the discovery of more than two glass lenses, one at Cyrene, one in Egypt (an Assyrian instance in rock crystal), but these will be sufficient if no more are found.

Archæology is curiously like geology in the width of the conclusions which may be drawn from a single fact, and the stimulating quality of the study is correspondingly great. One new specimen proves, for natural history, the existence of a new species. One coin demonstrates the existence of an unmentioned Bactrian state. The negative evidence offered by archæologic finds is also of considerable force. The extent of Roman commerce with India, and the absence of direct Roman commerce with China, are very fairly argued from the considerable quantity of Roman coins found in India, and the total absence, thus far, of any such specimens from China. As for the question of frauds and counterfeits, now becoming one of considerable importance, this should promote, not scepticism, but confidence in the value of archæology. Hypocrisy is the tribute which error pays to truth as well as vice to virtue. Counterfeit money does not tempt us to abolish the practice of coinage or to overthrow our banking system. Some vague suspicions about the genuine quality of the Cypriote statues could never have arisen if their peculiar historical import had been considered. The sculptor who could forge the connecting links which unite Greek art with the Oriental and Egyptian would be more than human, not less, indeed, than divine.

II.

To these general reflections on the relations of archæology to history we may now add some special remarks on the relation of Greek sculpture, not only to history in general, but also to the development of the taste and literature of the nineteenth century. The topic of Cypriote sculpture is one which concerns the rise of the Greek art. Only to one previously interested in Greek art will its novel bearings be apparent. It was the absence of such an interest in this country which threw the Cypriote sculpture into disrepute. It is the rise of this interest which will rehabilitate it and restore it to public appreciation.

Modern civilization rose in Italy, and rose there in a peculiar

way. Italian patriotism, Italian prejudice, colored the taste of Europe from the beginning of the fifteenth century to the middle of the eighteenth century. At that point of time Italian learning rose superior to itself. Roman cardinals and Roman popes placed on its proper pedestal the erudition and simple humility of the Prussian Winckelmann, rated his genius, made possible his labors, and thus inaugurated the tastes and studies of the nineteenth century.

As regards Greek art, consider the position of Europe when the unknown beggar-student entered Rome in the year 1756 as the pensioner of a Saxon elector and a Jesuit priest.* Greek territories were unknown to European scholars, and excavations had never been attempted in them. The first publications of the Athenian monuments were made after Winckelmann's Roman career had begun. During the latter part of his life a tour in which he was to share was projected by men of learning in Rome, for the purpose of studying the Greek temples of southern Italy. It was not known at this time that there were no Greek temples in southern Italy, excepting those at Pæstum, already visited by tourists; that the ruins of the other Greek-Italian colonies had disappeared. If explorations in southern Italy were thus backward, it may be readily seen how little was known of the Greek ruins of Sicily, Greece, and Asia Minor.

Museums of statuary were unknown in northern Europe. Neither the collections of London, Paris, nor Munich existed then, and casts were equally unknown. It is in dispute whether Lessing had ever seen even a cast of the Laocoön when he wrote his famous essay. In Italy itself Rome was the only centre of ancient statuary studies. The Florence collection scarcely existed; the treasures of the Medici villa in Rome were subsequently to be transported there. The Naples Museum was also in embryo. The pieces of the Farnese collection, subsequently taken to Naples, were still in the court of the Farnese palace. Excavations in Pompeii and Herculaneum had just been undertaken, but the results were still unpublished and unseen. In Rome the ancient statuary had been so far collected and studied from the standpoint of the Renaissance and of almost exclusive interest in Latin literature and Roman art. Italian patriotism

* Winckelmann was sent to Rome on a pension of two hundred thalers (or dollars) a year. The sum came through the Saxon elector, but one-half of it was contributed by the elector's Jesuit confessor and without the knowledge of Winckelmann. This, at least, is the account of Justi's *Leben Winckelmann's*.

and predilections had swamped and overslaughed the little aristocracy of Greek students which had been founded and inspired by Greek refugees of the fifteenth century. The works of ancient art were universally interpreted on the presumption that they were native, as regards subject and art, to the soil on which they had been found. Local interest collected and local interest explained them. Roman mythology and Roman history were the sources from which the interpretations were drawn.

Against this method Winckelmann was armed by a literary intuition in which he stood almost absolutely alone in Europe. This intuition had kept him in beggary and reduced him to starvation as long as he remained in Germany. In the home of Roman enthusiasms and Roman prejudice this intuition made him the creator of the *History of Art*, the first and greatest ever written. This intuition taught him the superiority of Greek literature to the Latin, the precedence of Greek civilization in time as regards the imperial Roman, and the necessary relation of Roman art to Greek as being that of copy to original. He did not make the mistake of publishing his principles at the start. He only made known their results. Each winter he made it his business to re-read in bulk the Greek authors already so well known to him. As he came in contact in detail with the erroneous interpretations based on the prejudice of a Roman origin for "Roman" art, he suggested—in detail—new ones from the fruits of his Greek reading. In each individual case the justice of the new individual interpretation was admitted. At the end of thirteen years' stay in Rome the study of antiquity had been revolutionized. To distinguish between Greek and Roman art was to create the conception of a Greek art; for this conception had never clearly existed before in any distinct separation from the original Roman productions. To the latter belonged in reality only the Roman portraits and a few historical reliefs. Everything else was proven to be Greek in its subject and in its style.

In his *History of Art* Winckelmann announced certain principles of criticism new for that time in art, but which appealed instantly to the well-bred society of Rome and of Europe. The theatrical, extravagant, and sentimental attitudes and expressions which could not be affected in society were noted by Winckelmann as being in equally bad taste in sculpture. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had seen nothing in sculp-

ture but this sentimental extravagance. With a word the style of Canova and Thorwaldsen rose to contrast with the style of Bernini. Antiquities had been cultivated from feelings of local Roman patriotism, not because ancient statues had been considered superior to modern. So far only works of the Greek decadence had found admiration—the Belvidere Apollo, the Laocoön, the Dying Gladiator, the Medici Venus, etc. Winckelmann pointed out within the limits of Greek art the correspondence of various styles with various stages of its history. But to point out these distinctions was to show that the centuries of original Greek art did not boast of pre-eminence because of technical dexterity or startling effects, but because they were simpler, purer in feeling, and more noble in expression. The work of art was to be judged by its idea rather than by its workmanship, by its form rather than by its action, by its dignity, simplicity, and repose rather than by striking and startling expression.

Winckelmann's immediate influence was to raise the authors of Greek literature to their due standing; for if the Roman art appeared to be a copy of the Greek, the same must hold of the Latin literature. From his time dates the critical study of Greek literature. Before Winckelmann the University of Göttingen was the only one in Germany which boasted a Greek professorship. He had been the first to introduce this study in an ordinary German school. England and France had been scarcely better off since the brief period of active Greek studies in the sixteenth century. For the general ascendency, at this time, of Latin studies over those of Greek, Macaulay's essay on Addison is the best English authority. On this head Justi's *Life of Winckelmann* contains the most elaborate citations and illustrations.

Thus under Winckelmann's influence was developed the period of Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller in Germany, of Wordsworth and Byron in England. The Greek classicism of France is somewhat obscured by the tumult of the Revolution, but the architecture of the Madeleine, the paintings of David, and the music of Cherubini, above all the ladies' dress of the style of the Directory, are patent illustrations of its existence. As for Italy, the style of modern sculpture dating from Canova and from Thorwaldsen's residence in Rome is only one of many illustrations of the Greek revival. The very existence of the independent state of modern Greece since 1829 is owing to the sentimental enthusiasm for Greek antiquity which possessed even the diplomatists of Europe. Other Christian populations, no less deserving of in-

dependence from the Turks, have waited till lately, or still wait, for a similar interference in their behalf.

III.

The tardiness of systematic studies of Greek art, Greek history, and Greek literature, as compared with the interest in Latin studies and Roman antiquities, is most forcibly illustrated by the English acquisition of the Elgin marbles. These treasures of the British Museum, the only works of the school of Phidias in existence, were transported to London in 1801. Lord Elgin, the English ambassador to Constantinople, infected by the enthusiasms of the Continent of Europe, had procured from the Turks permission to remove these sculptures of the Athenian Parthenon. But he had so far anticipated the bulk of his countrymen in perception of the qualities of Greek art that the British government refused, during fifteen years, to pay the costs of transportation. For fifteen years the Elgin marbles were kept in sheds under lock and key. During fifteen years only one Englishman, the painter Benjamin Robert Haydon, was heard to assert the artistic qualities of these sculptures. The English critic who set the taste of the time, Payne Knight, pronounced the gable's statues to be inferior Roman art of the period of Hadrian. It was not till 1816, when the Italian Canova visited England, was consulted about the acquisition, and gave his verdict in favor of Phidias, that the English government consented to make the purchase.

In rehearsing these facts it has been my purpose to make prominent by them another, which must also precede a consideration of the Cypriote sculpture. We have seen that the critical knowledge of Greek history, Greek literature, and Greek art is a conquest of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. With regard to the ancient Oriental nations, the Assyrians and Chaldeans, and with regard to Egypt, the later part of our own century holds the position which the later part of the eighteenth century held to the Greeks.

Winckelmann's great *History of Art* is well known to be absolutely worthless as regards the sections for Egypt and Assyria, and even the earlier stages of Greek art were supposed by him to be Etruscan. For the origins of Greek art Winckelmann's history is worthless. Ottfried Müller, whose *Handbook of Greek Archæology* represents a considerably later stage in the study of Greek antiquities, and who is generally admitted to be the father of science in this direction, after Winckelmann, is no less out of

date, although his book was published as late as 1830. It was not till after 1840 that excavations were begun in the Tigris-Euphrates valley. The labors of Botta, Layard, Place, and Loftus are all subsequent to this time. The deciphering of the Assyrian and Chaldæan cuneiform inscriptions is still the most difficult and arduous branch of human study, and it will long continue to be so. The Egyptian hieroglyphics have only been successfully deciphered in detail since about the time of Layard's excavations. Although the study of Egyptian antiquities is much farther advanced than the study of Assyrian and Chaldæan remains, the relation of Egyptian antiquities to those of Greece is much less clear. The site of the famous Greek colony of Naukratis in the Nile Delta was not ascertained till 1885, and the clue to Egyptian influences on the Greeks is best indicated by the excavations here.

It is evident that the study of the relations between Greece and Assyria, and of the relations between Greece and Egypt, is one which can only be pursued after some systematic and critical knowledge of Assyria and of Egypt has been obtained. There is a certain logical connection between the order of discoveries and the natural order of study, but the connecting links of Cypriote Greek art have still to receive their full appreciation.

With the kind consent of the editor I will pursue this subject in a subsequent paper. This one has reached its limit without reaching its subject.

AT TWENTY-ONE.

"Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy;
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy.

. . . . . .

At length the Man perceives it die away
And fade into the light of common day."

—*Intimations of Immortality.*

So, then, if Wordsworth's song be true—
And if he knew not, who may know it?—
The common day has dawned for you
That comes at last to sage and poet.

The clouds of glory torn and spent,
The heavenly light behind them faded,
The man must pitch his moving tent
In lands by sin and sorrow shaded.

Believe it not, O friend of mine!
The psalm of life rings truer, clearer;
The glow, the beauty is divine,
And every step but brings it nearer.

Keep for thy star, as still of old,
The love that makes of mankind brothers,
And hold within that heart of gold,
So harsh for self, so kind for others.

The blindest soul must flash with light
At passing marvels' regal splendor;
Be thine the eyes to read aright
Earth's daily lessons, glad and tender.

Be thine the holier sense that heeds
The hidden harmonies of duty,
And finds, to fill life's daily needs,
God's constant spring of love and beauty.

So Heaven shall lie about thy way,
Not all unknown—as 'mid the blisses
Of childhood's glad, unconscious day,
Whose loftiest sky is smiles and kisses—

But pure, serene, transfusing all
The toil of earth with something finer,
Till from the ore the dross shall fall,
And virgin gold reward the miner.

Oh! not *behind* the heavenly shore!
The psalm of life rings truer, clearer;
The joy, the glory is before,
And each strong step but brings it nearer.

MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

FREE NIGHT-SHELTER AND BREAD IN PARIS.

THE privations to which our Divine Redeemer was subjected, for our sake, at his birth, when his blessed Mother "laid him in a manger" "because there was no room for them in the inn," nor, as it seems, in any other human habitation in Bethlehem, were also suffered by him for us in another, continued form during the years of his ministry upon earth. He told the scribe who had declared a determination to follow him whithersoever he went: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air nests, but the Son of man *hath not where to lay his head.*" * This suffering, the only one of which he has deigned to tell us himself, should lead us to reflect how hard it is for human beings to bear, and move us to great compassion for those who have to undergo it. How dreadful it must be for a man to find himself alone, penniless and friendless, in a large city as evening is coming on, nowhere to go to, and with the prospect of having to pace the streets through a long, weary night! How much more dreadful for a lone woman or a mother with children! And yet this is happening to deserving persons almost daily in the large cities of Europe and the United States.

The great progress attained in our day in material prosperity and productive industry has its dark side. It necessitates the existence of very numerous bodies of work-people and employees, of one kind or another, entirely dependent upon constant daily employment for a mere livelihood. Such of these as find themselves out of work, and consequently out of means, are exposed to the peculiar destitution above described, which follows also upon other vicissitudes to which the poor are subject. One of the terrible consequences of continued want of shelter is that even honest wanderers become filthy, their clothes tattered and dirty, and their poverty repulsive. Here, then, is plainly a large field for practical Christian charitable work. There is also an important ultimate object to be gained besides that of administering relief. The masses in Europe, and particularly in France, that have become estranged from the church and her teachings, may be brought back to them by seeing and experiencing benefactions of the charity which religion inspires, promotes, and directs. For in a certain respect the na-

* Matthew viii. 20.

ture of man shows itself to be very much the same everywhere, with civilized Christians as with their unconverted, uncivilized fellow-men. Efforts to spread the faith among either are likely to be successful when accompanied by disinterested services toward their material welfare and saving them and their children from misery and suffering. For them it is a most potent argument and a ready way to their hearts.

It would be a mistake to suppose the charity which is the subject of this paper to be of modern origin.* Its beginning can be traced back to the *Xenodochium* of the primitive church, which sought to put in practice the precept of "pursuing hospitality" inculcated by St. Paul.† Coming down to later times, we find the night-refuges of Santa Galla at Rome, and of St. Julian at Lille, dating back from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Hospitaller nuns, under the rule of St. Augustine, founded in 1171 in Paris the hospital of St. Anastase et St. Gervais, which took in homeless men and gave them supper and lodging for three consecutive nights, "in order that," as is stated in the chronicles, "they may find employment or a position of some sort." As many as two hundred could be accommodated. The following inscription could be read on the façade of the building before it was taken down under a decree of government in 1813:

"The hospital of St. Anastasius, called St. Gervaise, in which poor strangers passing through this city of Paris are taken in to lodge and rest for three nights. Charitable persons can assist to support it by contributing their alms."

Nuns of the same rule founded also in Paris in 1188 the hospital of St. Catherine, at first known as of the poor of St. Opportune, and were called Les Catherinettes. They bound themselves by a special vow, besides attending to the burial of unclaimed corpses at the Morgue and of prisoners dying in prison, to harbor for three days poor homeless women, for whose use they had sixty-nine beds, and who were fed at the same table with the sisters. Both institutions were closed in the early part of the first French Republic.

According to the eloquent account given by Adelaide A. Procter of the establishment of the first Catholic Night-Refuge for the Homeless Poor at the back of 14 Finsbury Square, Protes-

* The facts given in this paper have been obtained from *Rapports sur les travaux de l'Œuvre de l'Hospitalité de Nuit* for the years 1879–85; *L'Hospitalité de Nuit—La Société Philanthropique*, forming part of a series of articles under the head of "La Charité Privée à Paris," contributed by Maxime Du Camp to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for 1883–84; *Bulletins de l'Œuvre de la Bouchée de Pain et des Asiles de Nuit*, Paris.

† Romans xii. 13.

tant ones were in existence in London as far back as 1860, and had consequently preceded the first institution of the kind in France, which was opened at Marseilles on Christmas day, 1872, under the name of Œuvre Hospitalière. The good work which it did during the six years following demonstrated that Paris must be in need of just such institutions, and a beginning was made in June, 1878, under the very appropriate name of l'Œuvre de l'Hospitalité de Nuit. The Paris society, which is lay in its character and strictly Catholic and religious in its spirit, declares the object of its work to be:

"1. To provide for homeless persons, irrespective of *age, nationality, or religious belief, a free and temporary* night-shelter. 2. To relieve, as far as may be possible, their most urgent needs."

It is entirely supported by voluntary contributions, which have so far flowed in abundantly in large and small sums, the latter as low even as one franc, contributed in one instance by a sick priest. Gifts in kind, such as bedding, wearing-apparel, and the like, have also been numerous. The name of the donor of 200 francs ($40) for the establishment of one bed is set up at its head or otherwise conspicuously recorded in a dormitory. A donor of 5,000 francs ($1,000), or a subscriber for a continuous annual payment of 500 francs ($100), enjoys the title of Founder of the institution, and those that give 500 francs are enrolled among its Benefactors. On the 11th April, 1882, the institution was by governmental decree recognized to be of public utility. This recognition, besides elevating it greatly in public estimation, confers upon it the right of taking legacies and bequests, and gives generally powers similar to those which under English law follow upon incorporation.

The board of twenty-six managers, all men of good social standing, is presided over by the Baron de Livois, who is assisted by three vice-presidents. A Mass is celebrated annually, in the month of March, for the benefit of all the members of the society. A general meeting is held once a year.

The society has at present three refuges for men only in operation, and has experienced considerable difficulty in securing suitable buildings therefor. The first house was opened at No. 59 Rue de Tocqueville, and is the business headquarters of the work. The second was started at No. 14 Boulevard de Vaugirard by the generous gift of 20,000 francs ($4,000) from the late M. Beaudenom de Lamaze, and later on by another of 100,000 francs ($20,000), and has been named after him Maison de

Lamaze. By his will he left it 112,000 francs ($22,400), which legacy was not opposed by his heirs, although they might have done so successfully. The third house was opened at 13 Rue de Laghouat in what was formerly a livery establishment. During the severe winter months of 1879–80 the editors of the *Figaro* opened a temporary night-refuge at No. 81 Boulevard Voltaire, which was closed on the 10th May following. At night a lamp with a blue shade, so as to give a bright blue light, is hung over the door of each house, in order to make the place easy to find.

A description of the internal arrangements of the Maison Lamaze will serve for the other two. It contains four dormitories, equipped at the end of the year of its opening with 157 beds and 30 military camp-beds. The latter are intended for lodgers not clean enough in their habits or otherwise to be allowed to use the former. There are also a wash-room, an office, a clothes-room, a sitting-room with a book-case supplied with books; a room for the dressing, when needed, of wounds or hurts, and another for the disinfecting of bed-clothes during the day and of garments at night; also a habitation for the superintendent, and rooms for his assistant overseers. A supply is also kept on hand of such medicines as are likely to be needed in cases of slight temporary ailments; and medical services, when required, are also afforded by certain charitable physicians who attend gratuitously. The sitting-rooms in the three houses have been respectively named after St. Joseph, the patron of workmen; St. Vincent of Paul, the great apostle of charity; and St. Benedict Labré, the obscure pilgrim, who in Rome often sought the night's rest afforded there to the destitute poor. Over the entrance to the clothes-room of the Maison de Lamaze are the following lines, which in olden times were inscribed on the arch over the portal of a convent of the hospitaler order of St. Mathurin, at present the Hôtel de Cluny:

Faites pour Dieu, bonnes personnes,
A cet hôpital vos aumônes
D'argent, de lits, de couvertures,
Pour héberger les créatures
Qui viennent Hôpital quérir,
En aidant à les soutenir,
Et prierons Dieu, que soyez mis
*Dans le ciel, avec vos amis.**

* For God's sake, good souls, give to this hospital your alms in money, beds, or blankets, for harboring and helping towards the support of the creatures who seek hospital care, and we shall pray to God that you may find a place in heaven with your friends.

The three houses can together nightly accommodate 450 men, and are each under the special supervision of one of the vice-presidents.

The regulations of the refuges, which are read aloud every night to the assembled lodgers, are as follows: Each applicant for admission is required to give at the office all needed information about himself, religious belief excepted, which is carefully entered in a book. No one can be harbored for longer than three consecutive nights, in which Saturday night does not count. After having been admitted the lodger receives a tag numbered with the number of the bed assigned to him, and he is required to hang it at the head of the bed before turning in. Men who are troubled with vermin—and the percentage of these is pretty large—are required to undress in the disinfecting-room and leave their clothes to be disinfected, and are there supplied for the night with a long cotton night-shirt.* Foot-baths of warm water in winter are provided for such as are weary and footsore from much walking, and for all others who desire them. Nobody is allowed to leave the premises before the next morning. Bed-time is at 9.30, and before retiring night prayers, consisting of only an Our Father and Hail Mary, are recited from a platform, either by the vice-president or the superintendent, for the benefit of the assembled company before him. Every one, no matter what his religious belief may be, is expected, while these short prayers are being said, to keep silent, have his head uncovered, and either kneel or stand. Many respond, and all behave in a proper manner. Frequently, before prayer-time, the vice-president in charge, or one of the managers, each in turn attends and addresses a few heartfelt, consolatory words to the recipients of the charity. Smoking, improper conversations or books, and political discussions are strictly forbidden. Decency in dressing and undressing, and moral behavior throughout, are obligatory. Any lodger who is found to have fouled his bed is deprived of it. Misbehavior or violation of the rules is punished by expulsion, and the expelled offender can never be readmitted. All needed facilities are afforded for writing letters to relatives and friends, which are stamped and mailed by the house free of charge. The hour for rising is at five or six, according to the season of the year; half an hour is allowed for dressing and

* In 1885, 22,311 out of 56,590 lodgers duly attended to leaving their clothes in the disinfecting-room; 3,959, who should have done likewise, neglected to conform to the regulation, and in consequence the beds occupied by them had to be put through the purifying process. These offenders were deprived of their beds and sent to sleep in bunks on bottoms of hard boards.

washing face and hands, which last each one *must* do; and then, after making up his bed, sweeping the floor around it, and assisting, if asked, toward keeping the premises clean and tidy, be off to look for work. Men in need of clothing and shoes are assisted as far as the stock on hand of new or second-hand articles, charitably contributed to the vestiary, will allow. A half-pound chunk of bread is given to those who are hungry, and they get it immediately after admission. Other food relief is afforded during the day-time to such as are looking for work, in the shape of bread-tickets or tickets for soup, meat, and vegetables, which are available at certain depots, called *fourneaux*, established in Paris by the Society of St. Vincent of Paul and the Société Philanthropique. In 1885 the Œuvre distributed 75,459 rations of bread and 14,641 of these tickets. The superintendents have so far been selected from army captains on the retired list; their assistants, who are also old retired soldiers, sleep in the dormitories to keep order and enforce observance of the rules. On Easter Sunday and Christmas a collation is given to the lodgers happening to be then in the house, in order to mark the holy season by a little proper rejoicing. The charitable work done by the Œuvre during the seven years ending 31st December, 1885, and about six months of 1878, may be summarized in the following figures:

	SHELTER FOR ONE NIGHT.	LODGERS.	RATION TICKETS FOR BREAD OR MEAT.
part of 1878	14,305	2,874	
1879	54,885	19,412	28,191
1880	84,120	26,555	
1881	78,006	27,950	25,312
1882	104,672	32,406	33,023
1883	101,482	37,041	
1884	133,215	50,430	91,136
1885	150,878	56,590	90,100
	721,563	253,258	

The average *per capita* of night-shelter afforded is stated to have been in 1879 2.8, and in 1880 3.16 nights. In an aggregate of 109,197 poor sheltered up to the end of 1885, not a single offence against discipline or morality had been complained of.

Fully one-half of the men lodged in 1885 got the regulation half-pound of bread, and their respective nationalities were as follows:

49,109 Frenchmen,	11 Asiatics.
7,348 Europeans,	55 *Americans*,
65 Africans,	2 from Oceanica.

And they were far from being mere tramps. Much the greater part were laboring men of all kinds out of work and without means, and classified under eleven distinct general kinds of regular labor. There were besides 3,761 commercial employees (a poorly paid class which has great difficulty in finding employment), 170 classified as artists, 355 belonged to the liberal professions, 778 were pedlars or men earning a livelihood in the streets, 118 were seamen, and 1,950 *followed no business.* The assistance thus afforded has obviated the necessity, otherwise unavoidable, of many arrests for vagrancy. There have been edifying instances of honesty, and numerous ones of gratitude in particular, on the part of the poor men who have been thus relieved.

The accounts of receipts and expenditures of the Œuvre are kept very clearly and accurately, and show for 1885 total receipts from all sources, 87,694.25 francs ($17,538 85); aggregate of regular expenses, 59,782.65 francs ($11,956 53); extraordinary expenses, 11,013.75 francs ($2,202 75).

The appreciative interest in the Œuvre taken by all the public, and in general by the press, has been great and very encouraging, not in Paris alone but even throughout France. People of wealth and high social positions, titled men and women, have given very liberally. Jews, particularly the wealthy ones, have also done a good share. The celebrated painter, Ernest Meissonier, upon the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his artistic life, got up in 1884 an exhibition of his paintings, which produced 34,267.35 francs net ($6,853 47), of which amount he gave four-fifths to the Œuvre and one-fifth for the benefit of the poor of Poissy, where he resides during part of the year. A conscientious workman, whose labor on six days of the week amply sufficed for his support, but who was compelled to work on Sundays, satisfied his conscience by handing what he earned on the day of rest to the charity. For four years, inclusive of 1885, the Holy Father has formally sent his blessing not alone to the dispensers but also to the recipients of the blessings of the Refuge, and by brief dated 22d March, 1882, conferred indulgences upon the former. His Eminence Cardinal di Rende, late nuncio to Paris, presided at the general meeting held in 1885. In 1882 thirty bishops of France sent in their felicitations and expressions of encouragement.

The example set by Paris has been followed by other cities of France and of the Continent; Geneva, however, being an exception, for its night-refuge for men, women, and children dates from 1876. In 1880, through the efforts of the Swiss consul, a

refuge was opened in Lyons containing 54 beds; in 1881 one in Moscow having 660 beds for men and 120 for women; in Rouen at the close of 1882, through the zealous efforts of a priest there and the patronage of his Eminence Cardinal de Bonnechose, one has been established in what was formerly the Chapel des Saints Anges, under the title of Hospitalité Catholique de Rouen. Clermont-Ferrand, Aix, and Cette have respectively enriched themselves by the establishment of one, and Toulouse, Bordeaux, Havre, Boulogne, and St. Quentin were contemplating in 1885 to follow suit. A very well equipped one for men and women was opened in Milan in November, 1884. One was founded in Lisbon in 1881 by His Majesty Dom Luis I. under a name signifying "The Work of Night Harboring."

The night-shelter afforded by the Catherinettes for so many centuries in Paris to poor women only, of which mention has been already made, has now become the work of the Société Philanthropique, which was founded in that city in 1780, "at a time when sensitive hearts, imbued with the doctrines of J. J. Rousseau, were aiming to establish on earth a universal motherhood." After having found out by experience that the indiscriminate giving of alms in money, though ever so well meant, was not productive of good results, the society concluded to restrict its relief to six classes of poverty only: 1. Destitute persons eighty years old and over; 2. Persons born blind; 3. Poor women about to be confined with their sixth legitimate child; 4. Poor widows or widowers having six legitimate children to support; 5. Poor parents burdened with a family of nine children; 6. Crippled workmen. Louis XVI. took the society under his protection and contributed to it a monthly allowance of five hundred livres. The Revolution swept away both the monarch and the association. The latter, however, was revived in the year viii. of the French Republic, through the instrumentality of "Citizens" Pastoret and Mathieu de Montmorency, and has endured to the present day, and celebrated in due course its centennial anniversary. After having accomplished a great deal of varied relief for the working-classes and the poor of Paris, it turned its attention towards providing night-refuges and finding employment for poor women, and on 20th May, 1879, opened one at No. 253 Rue St. Jacques, in an old, dilapidated, but very spacious hired building. At night a red light is hung over the door to direct seekers to the place. The institution, which is under lay management, a female superintendent and assistants, harbors homeless women and their children, when they have any,

for three nights only, and gives them a meal, consisting of bread and a bowl of good soup, before going to bed. The hospitality had, of course, to be extended also to children, whom mothers could not be told to leave outside; so that cradles have had to be provided as well as beds. But boys from five to twelve years old are sent to the night-refuge for men. The house, which is not far from the Hospice de la Maternité and other hospitals, has had many destitute convalescent applicants from these places; and other women who stop with midwives provided by public charity, and who have to leave on the thirteenth day after confinement, when they are hardly strong enough to bear fatigue, are much benefited by three nights' stay in the house. Admission is from seven to nine, and is applied for at an office. Applicants, after having given needed information about themselves, which is entered in a book, are taken into a private room and inspected by female assistants with sharp and practised eyes, to ascertain if they are troubled with vermin on their persons. In that case they are assigned to special beds which are disinfected every day. They next go to the waiting-room, where they listen to some short instructions from the superintendent and a few words of encouragement from the manager in charge. And then the bowls of soup are brought in, and after they have emptied them, usually with the eagerness indicative of hunger, they go off to bed. Such as have children place them in cradles by their bedside, and not a few are observed to kneel down in prayer before turning in. In the morning after rising every occupant is expected to take a shower-bath and to make herself as clean as she can with the facilities afforded; after which she gets breakfast in the shape of a second bowl of soup, and must then be off to look for work. Ragged subjects are provided with garments from the clothes-room, which is supplied by offerings of clothing, second-hand and new, from charitable persons. The society, in view of the aggregate of what it has done, has been recognized by government, on the 27th September, 1839, as being of public utility. After the night-refuge had been in operation a little while a M. Émile Thomas, a benevolent man, dropped in one day, was much pleased with what he saw, and gave ten francs. Shortly afterwards he died, and by his will left 200,000 francs ($40,000) to the society, to be applied to the particular work which had impressed him so favorably. In consequence the house was named after him Maison Émile Thomas. Then a lady, Mme. Camille Favre, made a donation of 120,000 francs ($24,000) for the extension of the charity. These munificent gifts enabled the society

to open two other night-refuges—one in the Rue Labat and the other in the Rue de Crimée. Each one of the three is under the special care and inspection of one of the board of managers. At the house in the Rue Labat medical advice can be had free of charge three times a week; and to the house in the Rue de Crimée, which has been named Maison Camille Favre, there has been attached a free dispensary for children, under the charge of the Sisters of Notre Dame du Calvaire, where medical advice and medicines can be had three times a week. A refuge was also opened in 1879, by another society, where destitute women can lodge and be employed for three months, waiting for employment elsewhere. They are charged 70 centimes (14 cents) per day for their board and lodging, and are credited by what their work has brought, and they get the difference, if any, when they leave.

The statistics for 1883 show that in an aggregate of 5,595 females harbored in that year there were 27 teachers, of whom two taught music; 7 *dames de compagnie* (lady-companions), 52 shop-girls, 1,532 servants of all work, 487 cooks, 560 chambermaids, 256 charwomen, 1,543 workwomen, 254 laundresses, 716 women living by day's work, and 86 avowing no regular business. A touching incident happened one night. Quite late, long after the hour of closing, repeated rings were heard, and when the door was opened a neatly-dressed, pretty young girl rushed in exclaiming, "O save me! save me!" She was a teacher employed in a boarding-school in the environs of Paris, where she earned only her board and lodging. The principal of the school, in order to save the expense of her board during a vacation of one week, required her to spend that time elsewhere. Not knowing where to go, she came to Paris with only twelve francs ($2 40) in her pocket, and put up at a small hotel in the Quartier Latin. It was during the carnival season, and some students, who had seen her come in and had noticed that she was pretty and alone, so alarmed her with their behavior and their attempts to penetrate into her room, that she ran down into the street and applied for protection to a policeman, who pointed out to her the red lantern of the Maison Émile Thomas and told her to go there. She did, and spent her week's vacation under its roof.

The sights at the dispensary for children attached to the Maison Camille Favre are often very saddening. A large proportion of the pathological cases brought there are of children afflicted with scrofula or the rickets, or otherwise in a low, weak physical condition, and in a great number of cases the doctor's

inquiries elicit the fact that the weak, rickety, suffering child was brought up, not on the breast, as nature has provided, but with the bottle, and was fed with soup and nourishing food too soon. All that is possible is done for them, under medical direction, by the sisters, of whom the children become very fond. They are bathed often, and the strengthening treatment otherwise succeeds in many instances.

It would seem, for obvious reasons, a pity to miss giving here some interesting particulars of what has been done in Madrid and in Rome for the charity which is the subject of this paper.

The association of La Santa Hermandad del Refugio y Piedad (The Holy Brotherhood of Refuge and of Piety) was founded in 1615, under the patronage of the Immaculate Conception, by a religious, Father Bernardino de Antequera, assisted by two pious laymen. In 1701 Philip V., grandson of Louis XIV. of France, conferred upon the society the patronage and administration of the church and hospital of San Antonio de los Alemanes (St. Anthony of the Germans). Besides affording to the destitute of both sexes a night's lodging and an evening meal, consisting of one pound of white bread and two eggs, the brotherhood conveys sick and insane persons to the hospitals of Madrid and of the provinces, visits at their homes infirm persons, convalescents, and women in confinement, gathers up foundlings and sends them to the hospital of La Inclusa, provides nurses when wanted for orphans and poor children, and pays for sick persons who need to go to a watering-place the expense of their journey and stay there. The aggregate cost of this "fresh-air fund," of which 667 persons in 1885 got the benefit, amounted to 37,500 francs ($7,500).

In former times the members of the brotherhood did their work personally, each in his turn. They went through the streets of Madrid at the evening Angelus, ringing a bell to summon the poor destitute, and themselves bore in sedan chairs, decorated with paintings of the Immaculate Conception and St. Michael, infirm and wounded subjects to the hospitals. They wore on their necks a metal crucifix, which they offered to be kissed by the dying. The charity is directed by a superior council, which apportions the work among three subdivisions of service.

In 1885 they took in and fed 7,484 persons. Each child, no matter how young, gets a full ration, which is handed to its mother. A priest and a manager seated at a table receive the applicants and interrogate them about needed particulars in

regard to themselves, addressing them always as *hermano, hermana* (brother, sister), and are so addressed in reply. The admitted lodgers are then led into the general hall; the men are placed on one side and the women on the other, and both eat the food which has been given them. After the meal a short prayer is said by the brother on duty, and each guest of charity goes to the dormitory assigned.

The oldest night-refuge in Rome is the hospital of Santa Galla in via Montanara, which was rebuilt in 1725, and which contains 100 beds. It takes in poor workmen and indigent strangers who have no home to go to, and gives them a comfortable bed, but neither food nor clothing. Their stay, however, is not limited. Female applicants are sheltered in an adjoining building under the charge of religious of their sex. Both come in at the evening Angelus and leave in the morning after assisting at Mass.

The hospital of the Holy Conception and St. Louis of Gongaza, on the *piazza* Santa Maria Maggiore, was opened December 8, 1731, and approved by Clement XII. by a brief dated August 30, 1732. It takes in women only, under very wise regulations which there is not space to repeat here.

Duke Salviali was led by a visit which he made to the Paris institutions to found, in 1880, the Circolo San Pietro in the Trastevere, consisting of a dormitory containing 75 beds, the use of which for one night costs only two cents to each male occupant, who is not restricted to any number of times.

The city has near the Coliseum a large hall provided with bundles of straw spread along the sides, which is open to any one who chooses to avail himself of that primitive form of hospitality.

A short account of a kindred charitable association founded in Paris in 1885 by M. A. Bourreif, under lay management and called Œuvre de la Bouchée de Pain et des Asiles de Nuit (Society for Supplying a Mouthful of Bread and a Night's Refuge), would seem to be a proper complement of what has been narrated about the Œuvre de l'Hospitalité de Nuit in that city. The association proclaims as its motto, *Il ne faut pas que l'on meure de faim ou de froid dans Paris;* but so far they have not progressed beyond satisfying hunger. Their plan is to open places in which poor persons, employees and workmen out of work, can once a day, in the evening, get a slice of bread, and besides, if they appear to need it from exhaustion, a ration of soup. These places are to be used for harboring the indigent at night. Their ultimate success in

combining the two purposes seems doubtful. They propose to divide Paris into eight sections and open one of these places at a central point in each. At the close of 1885 they had opened four, and there was an excess of expenditures over receipts amounting to 10,644.65 francs ($2,128 93), which the founder made good out of his own pocket. The charity is administered in this wise: The place is divided by an open-work movable partition into two parts, a waiting-room and a distributing-room, which latter is equipped with benches on all its sides, a table on which to cut the bread, shelves for holding the supply of loaves, another table in the middle of the room covered with an oil-cloth and set with glasses, fresh water, and a pail to rinse the glasses in. The bread is cut by a female attendant in about half-pound slices, and, after a sufficient number of the expectant recipients have been seated, she goes round and serves each with his or her slice, which must be eaten on the premises. This lasts until the supply of bread is exhausted. The refectories are open at nine A.M. in winter and eight in summer.

The society also sells bread at baker's prices; every purchaser to the amount of twelve cents receives a metal token for one cent, which are redeemed at their full value when presented in quantities of not less than sixty tokens.

The minimum annual subscription is twelve francs ($2 50). There certainly is no evidence in the printed documents before us that the association works at all in a religious spirit or rests to any extent on a religious basis. If this omission be intentional it is to be regretted. Even from a utilitarian point of view religion is too valuable a help to charity to be wisely ignored.

L. B. BINSSE.

JOHN VAN ALSTYNE'S FACTORY.

IV.

ROUND ABOUT THE CORNERS.

DOWN the mill road and beyond the dam, Zipporah Colton's advent and the glimpse of her that had been afforded to the denizens of that quarter had already caused more comment than elsewhere in the village. The winter school, presided over by the future senior of Yale of whom Lucy Cadwallader had written, had closed late in April, and after that the usual summer term was dispensed with on account of the scourge of diphtheria which passed through the village, entirely devastating some households and demanding tribute from nearly all. It had not come as a swift epidemic, but as an intermittent pest, and for two months now there had not been a single case. The disease reaped a larger harvest in the new quarter than elsewhere, but that, the Milton Corners doctor said, was not owing to any unhealthiness in the locality, but only to the more abundant food it found. Probably the verdict was a just one, for throughout the village there were not many mothers whose sore hearts would have allowed them to echo Mrs. Mesick's sentiment concerning the lessened numbers of the school. But hers was one of those portals which the destroying angel had passed over. Her baby was still in his cradle, and the small Mary Jane flourished in healthy and serene stolidity.

The little settlement below the dam was, in fact, the only part of the Milton Centre community where there existed any real anxiety concerning the personality of the new teacher. The people down there had found the last instructor objectionable in a variety of ways, and before the end of his reign a number of the elder children were withdrawn. Therefore when Francie Popinot and Davie Murray came tearing down the road that Saturday afternoon with the announcement, "Teacher's come! We seen her gittin' out at Mesick's. She's only a girl!" anxious curiosity rose on tiptoe; and as the girl in question came down in the early twilight past the factory and beyond the last house, it peered at her from nearly every door and window.

The last house, a moderately large one, setting well back from the road, was that occupied by the manager, Paul Murray, his

father, who was in failing health, his sister Mary Anne, who was his housekeeper, and a pair of twins, David and Fanny, the sole juvenile survivors of a more numerous flock with which the elder Murray had been blessed. He had been a widower for nine years now, his wife having died within a month of her last confinement, and since then David Murray had aged very fast. At the time of her death he was still living in New York, where he was born and had remained until within the last four years. Then Paul, whose training, paid for by a relative, had been thorough in both the theoretical and practical branches of mechanics, and who had attracted the favorable attention of John Van Alstyne by one of those circumstances which we call accidental, had been given the charge of the factory at Milton Centre on terms which made it possible for him to assemble them all about him under one roof. One of the elder girls had since married and gone back to New York, and the second son, John, for whom every available pair of hands in the family had striven for years, had been ordained the previous June.

They were all good children, David Murray said; not one of them had ever given him a real heartache. For Paul he had an honest, parental admiration, and when he kissed John's consecrated hands after his first Mass his reverence for the priestly office was touched with an unwontedly keen emotion by his fatherly love. He would have said that he knew no difference between them in his affection; but while he was saying it his eyes, falling on Mary Anne, would have unconsciously belied his scrupulous tongue, and shown where, above all, he had garnered up his bereaved heart.

Mary Anne was in the kitchen at the back, washing up the tea things, with Fanny for assistant, when Davie put his tow head in at the door to announce that "teacher's comin' down the road with a man—guess it's her father." Fanny dropped her towel and pursued her twin to the front gate, where she hid behind a currant-bush to peep out more shyly; and Mary Anne set down the tray of teacups and saucers she was about to carry to the cupboard, and went into the adjoining room, where her father was sitting by the window. From behind his tall armchair she could see and not be seen, and, though not curious, she was anxious. If it were possible conscientiously to entrust the children to the stranger she desired to do so. Her own school-days had been brought to an early close by the exigencies of a large and poor family, of which the mother was in feeble health; and her ambition for Fanny was that of keeping her at home as long

as possible before parting with her, even for a convent training. The family income was no longer depleted by the steady outgo demanded by John's education; but, if that leak had been stopped, the sources hitherto supplied by the labor of her father and her sister were now closed, and their savings had been heavily drawn upon by the sickness and death, not merely of their own little ones, but those of their less fortunately situated neighbors. And Paul, though her junior, was twenty-six, and ought to be considering his own future. So thought his sister, who considered every one except herself, and, walking the treadmill of her daily duties with a quiet heart, no longer sought any outlook for herself but in the direction of the heavens. In truth, she had never sought one elsewhere, but there had been a time when the road which was to conduct her thither had seemed to her a different one, and she had been obliged to learn the lesson of resignation.

"Did you notice the people who just passed, papa?" she asked in her gentle voice when Mr. Colton and his daughter, both of whom had paused at the gate to speak to Davie, had gone by. The old man's eyes were turned in that direction, but she knew by long experience that they often saw little of what went on before them.

"Yes," he answered; "I heard what Davie was saying, and looked out on purpose."

"And what do you think?"

"I thought it a good face—young and open and cheerful. I suppose that is all we can ask. Isn't it a good sign that her father should have brought her? I liked his looks, too. You'll take the children to school on Monday, won't you? Then you'll be able to judge a little for yourself."

"If only I knew a little more," sighed Mary Anne, "I would open a class here in the next room. But everybody would laugh, and indeed I know very well that I can't spell as I ought to, nor write a decent hand. But the children are all coming in for their catechism three times a week, and Father Seetin thinks that is as much as can be done. He says we must trust Providence for the rest until his own hands are stronger."

"And Providence never fails us when we have done all we can ourselves," rejoined her father. "How do you like the idea of having to take the young lady into the house?"

"I don't know," said Mary Anne doubtfully. "Of course it is nothing like what it would have been last winter, when Louisa and the children were all here, but I think it a very poor way of arranging. How are they going to manage when it comes to

the families up in the tenements, where there is no more room than they need themselves?"

"Hasn't Paul told you? Some of the men came to him about it, and I think it was settled that when her turn comes down here we are to let her have the chamber where Louisa slept, and they are all to contribute their share toward the expense."

"O dear! we may have her half the time at that rate. When was that? Of course Paul hadn't seen her."

"Thursday, I think. I wouldn't worry about it if I were you. It may be the best thing that ever happened to her."

While this conversation was going on within-doors Mr. Colton was saying to his daughter, as they passed up the road, that her field of fruitful opportunity for good doubtless lay chiefly in this region.

"Here," he added, "their ignorance is not simply of book-learning, for Mrs. Mesick says they are mostly Irish Catholics. You must do what you can to wean them from their superstitions, my dear, and try to enlighten them about the better way."

Zip made no answer for a moment.

"I don't think that would be very fair," she said at last. "Suppose you had been obliged to give all of us over to a Catholic teacher. Would you have liked her to try to enlighten us?"

"That would have been a very different thing."

"I don't see how. At any rate, I wouldn't undertake it. I am engaged to teach them how to read and write and cipher, and I won't attempt to meddle with what they think about such things as those. Besides, how could I? I don't know yet what I think myself."

Zip's courage was rising to the point of complete frankness under the influence of her pleasure at the new sense of freedom and the reverse current of displeasure with which she contemplated a sojourn with Mrs. Mesick. For a while the latter feeling had nearly neutralized the other, but the reaction was beginning to set in. Interrogated now on any subject, and if she spoke at all her words would have had the force of unpremeditated candor. But Mr. Colton only sighed and did not pursue the topic.

Father and daughter, with the little Mary Jane between them, were standing by the front gate the next morning, about half an hour before the time when Mr. Mesick had agreed to bring up the farm-wagon to carry them and his wife to church at the Corners, when a troop of people, ranging from children to mid-

dle age, came up the road, arrayed in their Sunday best and generally carrying prayer-books.

"Them's the hands!" exclaimed the little girl before Mr. Colton could ask a question. "There's a lot of 'em goes over to church on Sundays."

Mrs. Mesick, who was at the front door with the baby, enlarged further on this fact.

"Rain or shine or snow," she said, "it don't seem to make no great difference. They leave the children to home when it is *too* bad, but the rest of 'em go splashing through the mud or up to their knees in snow when Sunday comes, as if they thought they *must*. I never see the beat of it in *my* life. As for that Mary Anne Murray, she tramps over every single morning of her life an' back before her breakfast. What they want to have church on week-days for is more than I can see."

"Yes," said Mr. Colton, "I have often wished that we who have more light used what we have as faithfully as they do. I have had a good many papists to work for me, off and on, and I have always noticed that they do not 'neglect to assemble themselves together' for worship nearly as often as we, who have been taught better."

"That's Paul Murray, the manager," remarked Mrs. Mesick some minutes later. They were all ready for a start now, and were awaiting the wagon, which was just issuing from the barn.

"Since the dipthery time old John Van Alstyne, who's as full of kinks as a fleece o' wool, has taken to sendin' his big carryall down the road and drivin' the old folks and the feeble ones in to the Corners on Sundays. He never darkens a church-door himself, though they never could have kept a preacher here at all if it hadn't bin for him, an' why he should take so much pains for them down there beats me! He sets a sight by Murray, though. That's him in front drivin', an' that's his father, an' old Popinot, an' old Mis' Murphy, an' I dunno who all behind. They say Mary Anne goes over bright an' early Sundays too, an' stays home afterward to cook dinner for her folks. It was part o' *my* bringin' up that a cold dinner was good enough for Sundays, an' I 'xpect to stick to it."

The carryall, which had been some distance off when this explanation began, was now whirling round the corner, and the broad-shouldered, fair young man who held the reins uttered a cheery good-morning to the group in answer to that with which Mrs. Mesick greeted him.

"He's a sight for sore eyes," remarked that matron, "let him

be what else he may. When the children were dyin' round here in 'most every house I dunno what lots o' folks would 'a' done without him an' his sister to fetch the doctor an' help nurse. They buried two o' their own the very first of all."

"His children?" asked Zipporah.

"Land sakes! *he* han't no children; he's a regular old bach. He's got a brother a priest. He was down here last month, an' I saw him passin' now an' then with Paul; but he was no touch to him for looks. Pile right in now. We sha'n't get there much before the bell's done ringin', for these horses are tired and won't go like that team o' John Van Alstyne's."

At Milton Corners Lucy Cadwallader claimed her friends, and the Mesicks returned without them, the squire promising to drive Zip over before school-time the following morning. They adjourned, therefore, to the great white house on a hill commanding the village, where Dr. Peter Cadwallader, familiarly known as squire, combined the passive functions of sleeping partner in the largest mill in the place with the active ones of the village physician. He was growing old and had now a younger assistant in his profession, but it still engrossed much of his time. Bella and Lucy captured Zip after dinner and retired into the grounds with her; and while Mrs. Cadwallader dozed in the parlor, the squire and Mr. Colton, who had not very much in common, sat out on the front piazza in straw arm-chairs, the former enjoying a cigar, and the latter, who had no small vices, looking on and listening. Not that Mr. Colton was entirely silent, but his contribution to their dialogue, elicited by the frank, American inquisitiveness of his host concerning his idea in placing Zipporah in such a position, had occurred before the point where this chronicle is concerned to take it up.

"Well, that's all right," said the squire rather dryly, knocking the ash from his cigar against one of the posts of the piazza. "I asked because I heard something of the sort from Lucy, and it struck me as rather curious. My notion about girls, especially pretty young things like yours, is that they are best off in their father's house until they quit it for a husband's—supposing, of course, that there is no actual need for them to earn their living. Otherwise I think they don't do much but interfere with those who do need what they get. I go as far as that in political economy and the right distribution of wealth and opportunity, and there I stop."

"Don't you think every one ought to use the powers God gave them?" asked Mr. Colton, slightly nettled.

"Certainly I do," said the squire; "I was only firing off my mouth a little at hazard. It is not my affair to criticise your views, since they don't in any wise interfere with mine. Did you meet John Van Alstyne over at the Centre?"

"No; I see he has a very handsome property there, what with his factory and his house and grounds."

"Now, there's a man," said the squire, "with whose notions and his ways of carrying them out I do most emphatically quarrel, on the ground that they seriously interfere with me and many other men. What you saw there at the Centre is no circumstance compared to the real bulk of his property. What he has got soaked away in government bonds would buy up all that a dozen times over. He was fairly rich always, for he has owned all the land about the mill time out of mind; but his son, who died two years after the war, speculated heavily in stocks that depreciated and ruined him. The old man risked everything and took them off his hands, in hopes to relieve his mind, but it was too late for that. The market went up again the very week that Bill died, and some of his shares touched the highest notch they ever reached, and Van Alstyne caught it on the turn, sold out every cent's worth of fancy stocks he had, and put the proceeds in government securities. He had been threatening for years to build a factory, and would neither sell nor let a foot of the land most available for the purpose, though he had been approached by me and others again and again."

"Why not?"

"Don't ask me why not where he is concerned. I gave up that conundrum long ago. Well, he built his mill and got it fairly running just as there came a commercial pressure which made all of us here, as well as manufacturers all over the country, cut down wages when we did not run on half-time or shut up altogether. As for him, he kept on full hours, full hands, the same rate of pay as ever, and when we began to grumble because our hands hadn't sense to see that we couldn't do the same, we might as well have talked to a stone. We had the devil's own row with some of the employees here."

"What is his object? Is he running his mill as a charity?"

"That's what it amounts to, or did in that special case. It was confoundedly rough on us. If he wanted to keep his hands through the hard times he might have made it a charity out and out. Everybody knew he could afford it, and it would have been less invidious with regard to other capitalists. There he goes now, driving a load of youngsters down to catechism at St. Michael's."

"Is he a Catholic? It isn't a Catholic name."

"Catholic?" Squire Cadwallader threw himself back in his chair and laughed. "There has never been any more Christianity of any shape in him than there is in my dog. He hasn't darkened a church-door in years to my certain knowledge, though his mother was as straight an old Calvinist as ever breathed. If he didn't ruffle up my feathers so where trade is concerned, I would own to having a sneaking admiration for him even yet. It wouldn't pay me to imitate his candor in all directions, but he is certainly the freest from pretence on his own part, and the readiest to wink at other people's pretences, of any man I know. In fact, until he began to tread on my corns about business he was the man I liked best and respected most. Well, such is life. Pity you don't smoke, Mr. Colton. You cut yourself off from a world of enjoyment," concluded the squire, biting off the end of his second post-prandial Havana.

V.

MARY ANNE.

"GOOD-MORNING, Van Alstyne," said Squire Cadwallader as he drew rein on the triangular patch of greensward before the school-house. "I hope I haven't kept Miss Colton too long behindhand. I had to stop on the road and palaver once or twice."

There was a group of children on the green, clustered about the short, wiry, keen-faced, dark man with snowy hair who approached the carriage at this greeting and offered his hand to help Zip descend.

"Not at all, squire," he answered, smiling at Zip the while; "it wants five minutes of nine yet."

Zip jumped down, said good-by to her conductor, who remarked that either he or one of his daughters would drive in for her the next Friday afternoon, and then waited for Mr. Van Alstyne to unlock the school-house door and install her.

"It isn't very palatial," the old man said, turning the key and throwing open a door which led into a narrow and not very long room, bare of everything but a pile of brush, some split wood, and a bench on which stood a large wooden pail, painted blue, with a dipper hanging from a nail above it. There were hooks driven into the walls on every side, whose purpose was manifest when the children entered and appropriated them for hats and sun-bonnets. The walls were of unpainted boards, as was the floor, but the ceiling was plastered and whitewashed.

From this entry, which ran the whole depth of the building, a side-door led into the school-room proper, which was lighted by four windows. Between the two in front stood a table, upon the tiniest and lowest of rostrums, and behind it an ample arm-chair, unpainted, but darkened, polished, and made mellow in its tones by age. On the table was an inkstand, a blank-book with marbled covers, a box of chalk, another of pens, a small bell, a penholder, and a Bible. A blackboard was let into the wall near the table; behind some desks on the other side was a map of the world, and near the back windows on the same wall another map of the United States. There was also a stove, badly in need of blacking, nearly in the centre of the room.

"You are the biggest, Francie Popinot," said Mr. Van Alstyne, stopping in the entry. "Suppose you run down to the spring and fill this pail. You go along with him, Davie, and see that he don't spill it. Where is Fanny? Coming with Sissy, eh? Well, that's all right. And you, Nick Murphy, take the inkstand over to the store and get it filled. The rest of you may run out of doors again until Miss Colton rings her bell. Trot along now—make yourselves scarce."

He turned as the last child disappeared, and bent on Zipporah a look of scrutiny, softened by what she had already decided to be a very engaging smile. The old man had a Napoleonic contour, aquiline but not too prominently so, and dark, piercing eyes overhung by shaggy white eyebrows. She returned his smile; he held out his hand for the second time, and they felt themselves friends.

"Well, now," he said, "this is your kingdom for the next three months, and it is yet to be seen how you will govern it. I am going to give you a few hints, and then I shall leave you to your own discretion. There is mighty little intelligent interest taken in the school, as I must say to my own shame, though I have no one to send to it. You will have a visit from the county commissioners before your time is up, but otherwise there won't be a soul to interfere with you unless you say or do something to stir up the religious prejudices of the people. Up to three years ago, when the families of some of the factory-hands began to settle about here, I give you my word there were no prejudices of the sort. You were expected to read a chapter of the Bible to the children every morning, but if it suited you to select Old or New Testament genealogies day in and day out, there was no one to say you nay. But when these Irish and Canadian children arrived one of the preachers at the church here took to

coming in and lecturing them, and in the end it made so much bad blood that I was obliged to put a flea in his ear. I don't know as you know it, young lady, but I pretty nearly run the church here, and on some subjects, chiefly connected with supply and demand, I am entitled to speak 'as one having authority.'"

"And the school, too?" asked Zip.

"No," he answered, smiling; "I pay my quota there and that is all. I believe in letting people provide their own necessaries; they appreciate them more justly. I keep my benefits, when I have any to bestow, for their luxuries. Well, now, I don't think I have much more to say. I don't know your views, but I advise you to keep them to yourself in school-hours, whatever they may be. The youngster who was here last winter went too far in the direction of airing his contempt for old ideas of all sorts, and my hands are a little afraid of new-comers in consequence. It has always been customary to begin school with reading a little out of this book"—laying his hand on the Bible—"and I talked over the matter yesterday with their priest. His people won't make any fuss on that account, though he would be glad if you would restrict your selections to the New Testament, and the praying to a recitation of the Our Father. Will that suit you?"

These remarks took Zipporah Colton greatly by surprise.

"Why, it is nothing to me," she said. "As far as I am concerned I would read a chapter or let it alone, recite the prayer or not recite it, just as the people here desire."

A brilliant idea struck her.

"Why shouldn't I give them a couple of minutes or so when school opens every morning, require perfect silence, and tell them that each one may recite what prayer he chooses, but not aloud."

"Capital!" said Mr. Van Alstyne; "nobody need quarrel with that arrangement. Well, now, I will leave you to your own devices. By the way, I am afraid you can't be very comfortably situated just at present, but, as I told you, I don't interfere much with the arrangements made about the school. There are no young people at my house, but my daughter-in-law is staying with me just now, and I will bring her over after school; and besides spending your week with us in due course, we shall hope to see you as often as you feel like coming. I have a piano and some books, if you like reading. I'm afraid you won't find any very congenial young friends hereabouts—unless," he added, looking out of the window, "you have the very good taste to

cultivate Miss Murray. There she is outside with her little sister. Good-morning."

Zipporah turned as he went out, and saw him stop to speak with a very slight, almost fragile young woman in black, who held a little girl by the hand, and whose face was averted from her view. Mr. Van Alstyne's, however, was plainly visible, as he had not merely uncovered but held his hat in his hand while talking with her. Zip noticed that, and also that the expression which she had thought kindly and benevolent when bent upon herself had now an added touch of deference which struck her as almost reverential.

"How very much he thinks of her!" she reflected as she hung up her hat, and then, after a moment of nervous trepidation, rang her bell.

The children came trooping in at once—a characteristic group, including such genuine scions of the Eastern States bucolic American as Billy Crandall, 'Mandy Pulver, and Mary Jane Mesick; Irish-Americans like the Murrays, the Murphys, and Tim Hickey; the Canadians, Francie Popinot and Phonny Leconte; and even two small negresses, as black and woolly-haired as though they had been born in Africa. There was a little squabbling over the best desks, which the boys evidently rated more or less highly according to their remoteness from the teacher, and the girls in the reverse order; and while this preliminary commotion was settling itself Mary Anne Murray entered, the shy Fanny still clinging to her hand. But, shy as was the eleven-year-old little girl, her elder sister was hardly less so. Zip Colton also felt embarrassed, and after a hasty mutual glance both of them dropped their eyes.

Whoever has seen a copy or an engraving from that painting of Catherine of Siena in which the saint, draped in St. Dominic's white wool, is on her knees in her cell, a skull beside her, the divine office lying open close at hand, her eyes fixed upon a crucifix suspended from the wall, may form a perfect mental image of the appearance of Mary Anne Murray. It might have been almost exactly reproduced from her as model by a skilful artist who had never seen it. In her own family group she was unique, for, though several of them were dark-eyed and dusky-haired, the rest were fair and large, like their dead mother, and she alone possessed the delicate oval contour of face, the straight nose, the sensitive lips and nostrils, which secured her claim to beauty even before one forgot them in the soft, wistful, far-aspiring look which made her eyes like shrines wherein burned a half-veiled,

sacred fire. Looking at her, Zip Colton thought she comprehended the expression in old John Van Alstyne's face as he stood uncovered before her; she herself felt self-rebuked for a thousand pettinesses hitherto unthought of; her down-dropped eyes were but the outward sign of an interior self upon its knees. In all her life the girl had experienced no such sentiment of mingled reverence and compunction.

"I have brought my little sister Fanny," Mary Anne said presently in a soft, shy voice; "her twin, David, come on before with the other boys, but Fanny is rather timid. I hope they will both be very good, though Davie is inclined to be boisterous sometimes."

"I am sure they will both be very good indeed," Zip replied almost as shyly. And then, as Mary Anne seemed to have nothing more to offer in the way of remark or introduction, Zip followed her into the entry and to the door, conscious of an unwillingness to lose sight of her and a longing to hear her speak again. So a prisoner might feel into whose dungeon had suddenly pierced a ray of sunlight which flickered across his darkness and then vanished. She put out her hand, which Mary Anne took into one roughened and made hard by the manual labor which had fallen to her share as the virtual feminine head of a large and poor household almost from her childhood.

"May I come and see you?" said Zip—"before my time comes to stay at your house, I mean?"

"Surely," answered Mary Anne, her thin, dark cheeks slightly flushing, and her first smile adding an assurance of welcome to the brief response.

"I am afraid teaching is a more serious matter than I had been thinking it," added Zip tentatively. She longed to hear some expression of opinion. But Mary Anne vouchsafed none, or none of the sort that the other girl almost involuntarily expected from her.

"The children are very young," was all she said, "at least those who are here to-day. There are some older ones, but most of them will not begin school until the winter term. I don't think any of them are very far advanced."

Then she said good-by, and Zip, after watching until her quick steps had carried her out of sight beyond the turn in the dusty road, re-entered the school-room and began her work, feeling herself unaccountably abashed in view of it. Without being fully aware of it, the girl had a great fund of that most evanescent charm of youth, the capacity for enthusiasm, and it had

just been stirred to the emotional point by the first perfect exemplar she had seen of the beauty of holiness.

VI.

BOARDING AROUND.

"MARY JANE'S goin' to take a piece along to-day," announced Mrs. Mesick next morning at breakfast. "*I'm* goin' to wash, an' I can't have anybody more 'n I can help clutterin' 'round under my heels at noon-time."

As this remark seemed to be addressed to Zipporah, Mr. Mesick having already left the table, she lifted her eyes from a rather disgusted contemplation of the muddy coffee at the bottom of her cup. Mrs. Mesick had a small tin pail on the table beside her plate, and was in the act of thinly buttering a thick slice of the heavy bread which her guest found so unpalatable. She cut it in halves, laid a pickled cucumber between them, and deposited the whole in the bottom of the pail; then she looked at Zipporah. The girl had been taking a survey of the premises early that morning, and had lingered for some little time beside the pig-sty, making her first acquaintance with porcine infancy without being greatly charmed by it.

"Goodness!" thought that observant young person, "her eyes are just like those of that old mother-pig. What did you say, Mrs. Mesick?"

"I say Mary Jane's goin' to take a bite along to school. Sh'd think you'd like to, too. It can't be very nice trampin' up an' down the road four times a day."

"Oh! I like it," said Zip; "it isn't very far, and I get very tired, and like a run in the air between the sessions."

"Humph! Mary Jane, you go an' fetch me that apple-pie that's cut out o' the buttery. Well, it an't so convenient to *have* you come to-day, Miss Colton. I'll be in the suds all the mornin', an' was thinkin' I'd give Mesick an' me a cold bite at twelve o'clock. You can come if you *like*, but I shouldn't think it'd be worth your while. I'd better put a hard egg an' some bread an' butter an' a slice o' pie in for you along with Mary Jane's. It'd be all you'd git if you walked up."

"All right," said Zipporah, rising and going up-stairs. Her very healthy young appetite was even now not half-appeased by her first acquaintance with the farm breakfast-table, and it rebelled loudly against the promised substitute for dinner. Mrs. Mesick sold pretty nearly all the eggs she did not leave her

setting hens, and skimmed all her milk to feed her churn. As she further shared the very general inability of New York State farmwives to make light or sweet bread, their universal tendency to saleratus biscuits and half-baked pastry, and their habit of alternating their solid food, as a rule, between corned beef, cured pork, and salted codfish, her table was anything but inviting. Taken by itself it more than half-explained her husband's gauntness, her own flat-chested meagreness, and the pasty, unwholesome faces of their children.

"Whatever am I going to do?" sighed Zip, sitting down on her trunk and surveying, not the cheerless room, but the still more disagreeable prospect which stretched out before her mental vision. "I shall starve at this rate. I wonder if they *all* live like this? I am as hungry as a bear now; and this is only Tuesday. Three days and a half before I get back to Lucy's and civilized cooking! Oh! I shall be picked up dead by the roadside before that time."

But this was a too melancholy foreboding. By Friday evening Zip had nothing worse to complain of than her first fit of indigestion, though that was severe enough to make Squire Cadwallader mutter divers imprecations on the stupidity of all concerned. He had taken a great fancy to the girl's bright face and pretty ways, and when he drove her into Milton Centre the next Monday morning he freed his mind on the subject to Mr. Van Alstyne. At noon the old man came over to the school to broach to Zipporah a project he had been revolving for some days. But she had just gone home with Fanny Murray, and, learning that fact from some of the children who had brought their dinners, he concluded to defer further action for the present.

"A week there won't hurt her," he reflected, "and as Miss Murray has probably timed it to come just now on account of her brother's absence, I won't interfere. But after that I will take her home with me and arrange the matter with the others."

A plan not unlike that which John Van Alstyne was considering had also been floating for some time in Mrs. Mesick's calculating brain.

"She's no great hand to eat," that good woman had remarked on Sunday to her husband; "she just picks at things, an' her keep don't cost much. Besides, they come in for her from Cadwallader's every Friday, 't seems, an' have her stayin' there till Monday morning, an' that'll be so much clear gain to whoever boards her. The best thing 'd be to call a meetin' o' the school

committee an' settle to have her stay here right along, an' let everybody pay in their share to us. She'd think 't was better, too—'t stands to reason a girl can't like scootin' 'round so from one house to another. I'd go right 'round now, if I was you, an' notify 'em of a business meetin'."

"Plenty o' time to-morrow. I got to go out as far as Crandall's with a load o' grist, an' I can let most of 'em know as I go along. There won't be any trouble about it, I reckon. You just send word to her by Mary Jane in the morning that it's goin' to be that way, an' I'll fix it afterward."

Davie and Fanny Murray stood at the further edge of a narrow strip of woodland which lay just beyond the village when Squire Cadwallader drove up the next morning, and Davie, who, though a good boy enough, was not afflicted with overpowering shyness, snapped his fingers and set up a shout to attract attention. The squire drew up to listen.

"Teacher! teacher!" began the boy, "Sissy said we was to ask you to please come home with us to-day noon; but Mary Jane Mesick says you an't a-goin' to board with anybody but them, an' that you've got to go back with her this afternoon. She brought your dinner in her pail. You won't, will you? We got a chicken for dinner at our house."

"O dear!" said Zip, looking at the squire. "What *am* I going to do? I felt sure Mrs. Mesick was thinking of that on Friday morning."

"If you take my advice," said the squire, "you'll go and help eat that chicken. The chances are, it had its neck wrung this morning, and that it will be as tough as a gad, but the intention is worth something. Whose children are those? Murray's, eh? Well, you can't avoid bettering yourself whatever change you make. Mrs. Mesick is the worst skinflint in the lot."

"Will you, teacher?" sung out Davie from the road.

"Yes," said Zip, "and thank you very much for coming out so far to tell me."

The carriage went on again.

"Dear me!" said the girl, "what a relief that prospect would be, if I had not the fear of the other house looming up before me in the afternoon!"

"If I were you," returned the squire, "I wouldn't pay any attention to what little Mesick may say about it, but wait for a formal notification. If you find yourself comfortable at the other place, stay there for the present. Miss Murray is a very much better than ordinary girl, as I had occasion to find out when the

sickness was here in the spring. What her housekeeping may be like I can't say, but if it resembles her nursing it ought to be perfect of its kind. Well, good-morning. I will come and get your report of yourself again next Friday."

Zipporah had essayed twice within the course of the preceding week to cultivate Mary Anne Murray's acquaintance, but without result. She had found her absent on the occasion of her first call, and occupied the second time with a class in catechism which it did not seem to occur to her to dismiss, as her visitor had rather expected her to do. That had nettled Zip a little, and she determined to make no other efforts until these should have been responded to. But her spirits rose nevertheless at the prospect of seeing in the privacy of family life the girl who had so greatly attracted her. The expression of Mary Anne's face was so youthful that Zip had concluded that they must be about the same age, and she hoped they might became friends and intimates. She had always had a great many confidences with her brother Tom; not so many, and those of a different kind, with her sister Mattie; but she suspected that even if she could get into words all she thought and felt on various matters, both of them might laugh at her. She had no intention of ever trying it, and would, in fact, have been a good deal at a loss to enumerate those special matters which she thought incommunicable. But "I am sure I could tell that girl any thing," had been almost the first formula in which her admiration for Mary Anne had expressed itself.

On trial, though, it did not seem so easy to confide in Mary Anne Murray. So many avenues by which Zip ordinarily essayed to reach the goal of friendship proved to be no-thoroughfares that she was baffled. In the first place, Mary Anne appeared to have no sense of humor. Zip had made them laugh so heartily over at the squire's when she recited the history of her week in Mrs. Mesick's company that, although she instinctively avoided, before the Murrays, the criticisms of a more personal kind which she had not scrupled to repeat there, she thought she might recount how Mrs. Mesick, on finding a picture of Shakspere pushed inside one of her blank-books, had asked if he were an acquaintance, and, on being told that he died some years before Zip's birth, answered that she remembered now, but thought this might be one of his sons. Mr. Murray smiled at this anecdote, but Zip stumbled over it as she looked at Mary Anne's listening but otherwise unresponsive face.

"I don't believe she knows any better, either," reflected the

girl, aghast. When they were alone together the first evening, Mr. Murray and the children having gone to bed early, and Mary Anne bending over a basket piled high with mending and stockings to darn, Zip, who brought her thimble and begged to help, plunged into the subject of her favorite novels. It was so easy to tell what one thought and felt one's self, and to get at what other girls thought, by discussing the heroes and heroines one liked best. Alas! Mary Anne knew nothing of Jane Eyre and Rochester; she had never heard of Ethel Newcome or Laura Pendennis; she had no opinion as to whether Maggie Tulliver were or were not foolishly heroic in rejecting Stephen; her ignorance was complete of Dinah Morris and Ruth, of Heathcliffe and Paul Emmanuel, of the Heir of Redclyffe, and even of Ellen Montgomery and Elfleda Ringgan.

Had she never read a story, then? Oh! yes. Mary Anne smiled slightly at that question. She did not read them often; in fact she never read much, because she had had the care of all the house since she was fifteen, and there used to be a great deal to do—more than there was now, when there were so few of them and Paul earned so much money. But it was not easy to get good help; the girls all preferred to work in the mill, and you couldn't blame them for that. When they went up-stairs she would show Miss Colton the story she liked best; it was about the martyrs, and Cardinal Wiseman wrote it. But generally she did not care much for reading. Paul had a great many books, but he kept them in his office at the mill. Paul had gone to New York and elsewhere for Mr. Van Alstyne, and might be away a week or more. Mr. Van Alstyne had the key of the office. They were mostly books about mechanical things, she believed, and then there were his music books. He had a great many of those, and as soon as they got a little more beforehand with the world he meant to buy Fanny a piano.

"Is he musical?" asked Zip, with a surprise she hardly knew how to account for.

"Oh! yes. Paul loves music more than anything else, unless it is machinery. But there were so many of us until lately, and we have had so much sickness, that my father fell into debt, and we only began to work out of it when Paul came here. And since then Paul undertook to send John to Rome to study."

After a little Zip essayed another topic.

"Do you like living in the country?" she asked, folding up the much-mended pair of Davie's socks to which she had contributed one more darn.

"Not much. Don't take another pair, Miss Colton. You are very kind, but I am afraid you will tire your eyes." Mary Anne looked up at the clock, which marked the quarter to nine. "Wouldn't you like to go up to your room?"

"Are you coming?"

"Not yet; I have several things to do."

"Then I will stay too, if you will let me. All last week I went to bed before nine. I couldn't help myself, for Mrs. Mesick never seemed to have more than an inch of candle to spare me when she blew the candle out down-stairs. Why don't you like the country? I have never been out of town much before, but I think that on the road beyond here, where the woods begin, it is lovely. And your house and garden are so pleasant I should think you would like it."

"I would like it better at the Corners," said Mary Anne, beginning to put away her work; "the church is so far away from here."

"The church?" asked Zip, surprised.

"We always lived so close to one before. And it is so comfortable to be able to run in and make a visit whenever one has a minute to spare."

"Well, you have a good many neighbors just about here; but then, of course, you don't care to visit much with the hands."

"I didn't mean that. Oh! yes; why shouldn't I visit the hands? I don't have much time for that sort of visiting."

Zip doubled and tried a new tack.

"What is the book about that you are going to lend me? Couldn't you tell me the story of it?"

"Oh! I couldn't. It is about the martyrs, and there is a slave girl in it who is very good."

Mary Anne got up and lighted a small lamp.

"When you go up to your room," she said, "I will get it for you. I've got bread to set, and then I am going up too."

"Can't I stay until you are ready!"

Mary Anne looked distressed, and Zip noticed it.

"Oh! never mind," she said, a little huffed; "I don't want to be in your way."

"Oh! it isn't that," said Mary Anne hastily. "To-morrow night, if you like, I shall be very pleased. But—" she stopped again, so evidently embarrassed that Zip suddenly felt her vexation evaporate and a desire to reassure the other girl succeed it. And that, it was plain, could only be accomplished in one way.

She followed her to the exquisitely neat chamber above the room where they had been sitting; and Mary Anne, setting the lamp down on a table beside the small iron bedstead, went out again, returning presently with a well-thumbed copy of *Fabiola*. Then they bade each other good-night, and directly afterward Zipporah, who had opened her window as soon as Mary Anne left her, thought she heard the house-door at the back open and close very softly, and then quick steps in the gravel at the side. An inquisitive impulse seized her, and she looked out into the dark road. A slight figure, carrying a lighted lantern, turned the corner of the house and tripped away in the direction of the factory.

"Where can she be going at this hour?" wondered Zipporah. She watched and waited for ten minutes or more, and then began to turn over the pages, which the first glance had shown her to be interesting. She soon forgot Mary Anne in them, and when she heard the same quiet opening and shutting of the lower door, she found that nearly an hour had elapsed since Mary Anne went up the road.

Zipporah awaked the next morning very early, before it was yet light, and lay still a few moments trying to collect her thoughts, confused at first by her new surroundings. Then she slipped out of bed, and, throwing a shawl around her, went to the open window and looked out. Her room faced the east, and it was just growing gray on the horizon. Her watch, which she could barely see in the dim morning twilight, told her that it wanted a quarter to five. At the same instant came a light tap at her door, and, going thither, she found Mary Anne fully dressed and with a candle in her hand.

"I heard you move about," explained her young hostess, "and I was afraid you might be ill, so I came to see before going out."

"Oh! no; but I always wake early in a new place. Are you going for a walk? May I come? I was just wishing for some one to go with me. In all my life I never saw the sun rise."

"Can you be ready very soon?" said Mary Anne doubtfully. "I am going a great way, and cannot wait very long."

"I will be down by five, if that will do," returned Zip, beginning her toilet as the other girl closed the door behind her.

"I wonder if she is going to church?" she reflected, as she twisted the thick rope of her hair, and suddenly recalled what she had heard Mrs. Mesick say a week before. "She is an early Christian, at all events, if these are the hours she keeps. I have

a great notion to go with her, unless she objects. I wonder where she went last night. If she were different I would ask her, but there is a wall of reserve about her that I don't see any way to break through. I wish she were not quite so—so smooth. She is like an egg."

Zip smiled over that fancy, which was a nearer approximation to literal truth than she supposed. All the glory of this daughter of the King was so thoroughly within that not only did she herself suspect nothing of it, but as a rule those about her had never been much more discerning. For the most part they lived in her atmosphere without fully recognizing from what source its charity proceeded. It needed strangers, like Mr. Van Alstyne or the squire, to appreciate an unselfishness so entire as to be unconscious. As to Zipporah Colton, she had seen too little of her and under too favorable surroundings to have been struck with that characteristic. It was the beauty of Mary Anne's face and eyes which fascinated her, the purity like that of a lily which seemed to enfold her, and which abashed as much as it attracted the younger girl.

They started up the road together, talking a little at first, but soon relapsing into silence. When they reached the school-house Mary Anne paused a minute.

"Perhaps you'd better not come any further, Miss Colton," she said. "It will soon be light, but you will not like to come back alone through the woods. There is never any one there so early, but—"

"Are you going to church?" asked Zip, and, as Mary Anne signified a rather surprised assent, "Mrs. Mesick told me you walked to the Corners every morning for that. Can't I go along? I would like to. I have never been in one of your churches."

"Surely. But we must hurry. I have been going rather slow on your account, fearing to tire you; but now we must make haste. The Mass begins at a quarter to six."

"I never knew," said Zip as they quickened their pace, "that you had service every day. Is that so everywhere?"

"Oh! yes; in New York, where there were five priests attached to our church, there were five Masses every morning. That made it very easy for me. I could go either before or after breakfast. But at Milton Corners there is only Father Seetin, and so I am obliged to start very early."

Apparently Mary Anne had found her tongue. Zip had heard no speech so long from her before, for, though she had extracted

various items of information the previous night, it had been by dint of repeated questions. She tried another turn of the tap, with no other motive in view than that of making Mary Anne talk, on whatever subject.

"I don't know what the Mass is, but I can't see why there should be so many in one day at one church. I should think one would be enough."

"I can't explain," said Mary Anne; "there is really only one, and that is being said continually. All over the world there is never any minute when it is not being offered on some altar."

"Are you obliged to go every day?"

"Oh! no; I go because I like to."

They were both silent for a little, and then Zip began again:

"Do you know, I can't understand anybody—any young person, I mean—really *liking* to go to church. I am afraid I shall shock you very much, but I hate to go, and I think Sunday—at least I did think so until I came away from home—the very dismalest day of the week. Over at Squire Cadwallader's it is better. They don't go to the same sort of church, and they go only once a day. How anybody can enjoy sermons I can't understand."

"I love sermons," said Mary Anne, "but I hardly ever hear one any more. Father and the rest go over to the High Mass on Sundays, and I stay at home usually and get dinner for them. If Paul does not come back before Monday, perhaps I shall go too next Sunday."

"You are a professor, then?" said poor Zip, in a half-hopeless effort to fathom such a peculiar state of mind.

"A professor?" echoed Mary Anne in an equally bewildered tone.

"Yes; you have been converted, I mean. I came very near trying to be the week before I came here, but I was very much excited at the time, and afterwards I was very glad I didn't."

"I am afraid I don't understand," said Mary Anne, and then followed another silence. Then Zip tried again.

"I began to read the book you lent me, and I like it very much. I think there must have been something fine about being a Christian in those days, when all the world was against you, and you ran the risk of being tortured and killed for your faith. But now it is all the other way. You aren't supposed to be half-respectable until you have joined the church—that is, by some

folks. I know others who think a great many church-members only pretend to believe for the *sake* of respectability. Squire Cadwallader said as much to me when we were driving in last Monday morning."

"I can't say," returned Mary Anne. "I have hardly known any except Catholics. There was one girl who used to work at the shop with Louisa before we came here, but she was a Jewess. And after she began visiting at our house she asked for instruction and was baptized. I was her godmother. *She* suffered enough, and I never heard what became of her. She was nearly of age, but her parents sent her back to Germany and they were very angry with us. But it was not our fault. She kept coming, and asking questions of papa, and borrowing books, and by and by she wished to be baptized. What could anybody do?"

"Then you have never known any Protestants?"

"Unless Mr. Van Alstyne is one. But he never goes to church, he says; though Fanny told me he did go in to catechism when he drove them all over the Sunday before school began. He is very good; he does everything for his hands, especially if any of them are sick or feeble."

"Well," said Zip, "I have never known any Catholics before, except that generally the girl in the kitchen would be one. I have taught two or three of them to read and write. But I never heard much about them, except now and then a stray sermon about—well, what they call your superstitions. I beg your pardon, you know; that is not my word. I should like very much to know more about them."

"Very well; I will give you a catechism. I am not very good about explaining things. That is the church just beyond the bridge. Father Seetin would be the person to ask, if you really wish to understand."

As what Zip really wished to understand was Mary Anne Murray, so as to comprehend the curious fascination exercised over her by a girl so simple, so uneducated, so little acquainted with the things in which she herself was interested, this suggestion found no favor in her eyes, and the conversation again languished.

LEWIS R. DORSAY.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DISTURBANCE OF THE SOCIAL EQUILIBRIUM.

"As, therefore, in the case of these two men, so in two families, in two nations, in two kingdoms, this test of tranquillity [the practice of civic and religious virtue] holds good; and if we apply it vigilantly and without prejudice, we shall quite easily see where the mere show of happiness dwells and where real felicity" (*City of God*, book iv. chap. 3).*

IN casting a glance through the material universe we behold on all sides evidences of the most wondrous harmony, which some philosophers, as Pythagoras, have likened to the symphony of musical numbers, the "music of the spheres." And this is what one should have expected to find. The cosmos, nature, is the production of God, who is essential order and harmony, the norm of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good, disposing and arranging all things in measure, weight, and number. The stamp of design everywhere betokens the Designer and reveals the symmetry of his plan. The laws of nature are admirably adapted to accomplish the purposes for which they are destined. Only occasionally, as a consequence of the rebellion of man in Paradise, confusion occurs, some of the forces of nature transcending their circuits and contending with one another in fierce elemental strife. But soon the law of equilibrium asserts its sway, acting as a supreme law to which, happily, all other laws are subservient, and order reigns again.

Thus physicists, when treating of electricity, tell us that this agent is really but one fluid, or, more exactly, one continuity of a subtile matter in vibration, though working in two different currents, positive and negative, which they scientifically indicate by the "plus" and the "minus" sign respectively. Ordinarily the currents work in harmony, the one even readily attracting the other. But it may happen that one "stream" or current accumulates more power than the law of equilibrium tolerates; antagonism is the result, culminating in a violent and possibly destructive explosion, whereby the equilibrium is regained. So we observe at times that little clouds are gathering along the horizon. They gradually become larger and more irregular in form, and grow wrathfully menacing as they advance. They are surcharged with electricity, and, coming in contact with other,

* . . . Ut ergo in his duobus hominibus, ita in duabus familiis, ita in duobus populis, ita in duobus regnis, regula sequitur æquitatis: qua vigilanter adhibita, si nostra intentio corrigatur, facillime videbimus ubi habitet vanitas, et ubi felicitas.

even minor, electric forces, wreak their pent-up fury in the various phenomena of storms and tempests with all their dread accompaniments and consequences, the price paid for the restoration of the equilibrium. In the moral order, also, the social atmosphere is similarly disturbed. The unbalanced motors producing the disturbance must likewise be adjusted, whether by administrative tact or by popular violence it is for civil rulers to determine, for the equilibrium must be preserved in society. Society has its laws—laws which may not be contravened heedlessly; the social equilibrium can be as little disturbed with impunity as the reign of nature's laws, else there will arise the fearful Nemesis, like Samson, to crush the very disturbers beneath the pillars of the social fabric.

Would to God that men would study these social laws as they study the laws of nature; that they would study human history with the same diligence with which they apply themselves to natural history! It would profit as much if not more for themselves and for society.

Society, like electricity, is moving in two streams or currents which terminate in two poles, the one positive, the other negative; as in electricity, they are essentially the same; they work in two different ways, yet so that *they attract each other without absorbing each other.* These two virtually opposite poles are, technically, *Individualism*, or the mode, the condition of individuality; and *Socialism*, or the busy domain of the social estate. To the wilful or unconscious ignoring and suppressing of the respective rights of these two modes of man's existence and action must be traced the violent disorders threatening to rend the body politic; and to show this is our present object. It is plain that we are *not* employing the terms *individualism* and *socialism* in their now quite general and odious signification.

Man, as such, or in himself, is primarily an isolated agent; by his nature and destiny, however, he is also an associate factor. He is an individual being first, a social being afterwards: *Prius est esse quam esse taliter.* God in his essence is the highest individual, and man is similar to him in this respect, having been created according to the image and likeness of God. As such he was introduced into Paradise, to exercise his individual rights, to "have dominion over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and the beasts, and the whole earth, and every creeping creature that moveth upon the earth."* "And the

* Gen. i. 26.

Lord God having formed out of the ground all the beasts of the earth, and all the fowls of the air, brought them to Adam to see what he would call them; for whatsoever Adam called any living creature, the same is its name. And Adam called all the beasts by their names, and all the fowls of the air, and all the cattle of the field; but for Adam there was not found a helper like himself."* "And the Lord God said: It is not good for man to be alone: let us make him a help like unto himself."† It is not good that man be alone; his very nature and helpless condition make him necessarily a social being. In this, also, is he the very image of God, whose divine social life in the reciprocal relation of the three divine Persons is imitated in the essential constitution of human social life, in the mutual relation of father, mother, and child in the family. And the bond of the one as for the other, as well for the divine as for the human social relation, is love—"for God is charity,"‡ and therefore "let us love one another, for God is charity."§

As an individual, man is sacredly handed over to society, which is the sum or aggregate of individuals; he is a social unit. Taking the individuality of man, which has its root in the soul especially, as something positive, man cannot yet be regarded, under this aspect, as a social element. Although as naturally fitted for society as his soul is conditioned to inhabit his body, yet to him society is, as it were, an opposite, a negative pole. In society, it must be allowed, he still preserves as an individual his own distinctive sphere, reserving intact all his inborn rights, save those rights necessarily and directly claimed and needed by civil and ecclesiastical society; for then he is reckoned a member of the divinely-ordained states of both the secular and the spiritual order. For the welfare of society the individual at times has to restrain, repress, restrict his individuality. If he bears himself toward society in an attitude of distrustful egotism; if he enters it only to be perpetually vindicating his unlimited individuality and stubbornly upholds his broadest individual rights, he will prove a very unsocial, an antisocial being, and be treated as an unmitigated nuisance. Nevertheless, although society may demand a certain degree of self-abnegation from every individual composing it, yet it may not impair, much less annihilate, the individual integrity. Society, also, finds its negative pole in the individual, and in its turn it is bound to restrain, repress, and restrict its exactions in the pres-

* Gen. ii. 19, 20. † Gen. ii. 18. ‡ 1 St. John iv. 16. § 1 St. John iv. 7.

ence of the inalienable rights of the individual. Man is not in all things responsible to society; he is accountable in all things only to God, his Maker, thus retaining his inherent, innate, spiritual individuality.

One by one men come into this world; one by one—not to exclude certain entailed responsibilities for the many—they must work out their salvation, no matter in what social complications; one by one they quit for ever this passing scene; one by one they appear before the rigorous tribunal of the Most High to give an account of their individual actions. "The individual is the first and simplest element of society. If the individual is not well constituted, if he is ill-understood and ill-appreciated, there will always be an obstacle to the progress of real civilization."* And nevertheless man, for all that, must consider himself as a social being also. As a social being he must moderate and incline his own individuality for the benefit of society, if he, as by divine appointment a member of society, adheres to it positively, willingly, sincerely, as his nature demands of him.

We perceive, then, that there are two seemingly divergent streams or currents in humanity. It is perhaps this idea which made somebody say that man is at the same time the most social and unsocial of beings. In animals we discern the social element predominant, because they have no soul as a free, individual agency; they are born socialists, adapted for the preservation of the kind or *genus*, be it even at the cost of the *individuum*. In man, however, both currents, the individual and the social, assert and must assert themselves with equal force. But they should be brought together and united in harmony. Man, though an individual, must yield himself to be a social factor; and society must ever recognize and respect man's individuality. Such treatment is *human*, and becoming to the nature of man as such; whilst the exclusion of the individual in favor of the social element is becoming to brutes, and accordingly characterized by the word "*brutal*." The excess either of the one or of the other is to the detriment of both man and society. Individualism, excluding the social side of man, will produce *barbarism*. There individuality, with its pregnant, ever self-assertive sense of private liberty, is in notable preponderance, but to the damage of society, which thereby receives not its due recognition. Social life is torn and distracted by continual strifes

* Balmes, *Protestantism compared with Catholicity*, chap. xxi.

fomented and carried on in families, in tribes, in nations. Guizot, in speaking of the barbarian nations at the time of the migration of the peoples, makes the following remarks:

"Do you not see him (the barbarian), in his impetuous ferocity, indulge without limits his habits of violence, wandering, plundering, massacring? He confides in his strong arm and activity of foot, and led by a heart full of fire and courage, by an imagination excited by the view of so many different countries and by the hazards of so many travels and combats, he rashly undertakes all enterprises, scouts all subjection, throws off all restraint, and delights in the dangers of fresh struggles and adventures. Do you not find here the mysterious individuality, the feeling of personal independence, in all its philosophical reality and all the truth which is assigned to it by history? This brutal individuality, this fierce feeling of independence, which was not reconcilable with the well-being as with the true dignity of the individual, contained a principle of eternal war and a continually wandering mode of life, and must necessarily produce the degradation of man and the complete dissolution of society." *

For an American it is scarcely necessary to look back to ancient history in order to substantiate this truth. He need only read the history of our aborigines—for a part of which we can almost vouch as eye-witnesses—and he will find the words of Guizot true to the last detail. We all know how hard a task it ever has been for our government to bring into civilized modes of life those independent Indian tribes. The reason is because they are too much possessed by individuality, "which throws off all restraint and scouts all subjection"; because they evince little of that other quality, social pliability, which is so necessary to man, even for his individual welfare, and which is required by the fact that man is a social being. The solvent effects of unrestrained, exaggerated individualism may be further seen in the capricious selfishness so often visible in the family and in the social relations, in the obstinate and greedy self-interestedness in the public walks of life, and through the pride of private judgment in the religious world: the individual has degenerated into the egotist. "Man is not alone in the world, nor is he born to live alone. Besides what he is in himself, he is a part of the great scheme of the universe. Besides the destiny which belongs to him in the vast plan of creation, he is raised, by the bounty of his Maker, to another sphere above all earthly thoughts." †

On the other hand, the social estate, by practically ignor-

* *Histoire générale sur la Civilisation en Europe*, leçon 2.

† Balmes, *Protestantism compared with Catholicity*, chap. xxi.

ing the dignity of the individual, would sometimes build up the most centralized of tyrannies, engulfing, or rather entombing, man's dearest rights relating to both time and eternity, and would inaugurate such a condition of affairs in society at large as Edmund Burke once accused a certain tyranny of attempting: "Individuality is left out of their scheme of government. The state is all in all." The excess of "individualism," bad as it is, will not occasion more disturbance in the social equilibrium than the excess of "socialism" or the domineering of the multitude or the prince in the social estate by a degrading absorption of man's personality. The two have their respective orbits, and within these they should move; otherwise *extrema se tangunt*, and there will inevitably ensue violent repulsion and irreconcilable antagonism. To change the metaphor, let the ship freighted with man's destinies be cautiously steered between the Scylla of an arrogant individualism and the Charybdis of an all-absorbing socialism. The just line of demarcation must be observed.

> "*Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines,*
> *Supra quos vel infra, recta stare nequunt.*"

Or, as another saying gives the idea of Horace more briefly:

> "*In medio veritas et virtus.*"

We remind our readers that the word "socialism," as employed here, means not only those systems that now commonly pass under the name of Socialism. It reaches farther, and denotes the systematic and persistent tendency of the managers of the present social organism to transgress the lines of the individual's sphere and his individual rights, and by a ruthless invasion to trespass upon them. This socialism in the wider sense, which ascribes all rights and functions to the community, often under the specious guise of an obtrusive and officious paternalism, and makes the individual a mere cipher, a waif, now floating and anon submerged entirely in society, tends to become well-nigh universal in our times. It is, indeed, one manifestation of the so-called "modern thought," according to which man is wholly for the state, an ignoble puppet, to be manipulated at the whim of the adepts in astute and imperious statecraft. It is not only a republic that may be infected with radical socialism in its worst forms. A monarchy also may contain the inchoate elements, the hidden but fruitful seeds, of the wildest socialism. The crude principles of a raving socialism will lurk, however unbiddingly, beneath a crowned head that acts

according to the famous dictum, "*l'État c'est moi*"—an expression that at once connotes the very essence of tyranny, and betrays woful ignorance of the origin and end of civil government. Any tyrant acting in the name of the omnipotent state and suppressing the rights of the individual, is the abettor, nay, the twin-brother, of your ranting socialist in heart and in fact. Take away this absolutist head, and let the community itself seize and hold the reins, and you will have a complete communistic state with all its tyranny, all its persecution and proscription of the individual. "The revolutions in which for some centuries the different nations of Europe have been successively involved have brought within the reach of the least intelligent that social law so frequently realized—viz., that anarchy leads to despotism, *and that despotism begets anarchy.*" *

Whilst ancient history, picturing the cast-iron governments of paganism, proves this, the history of modern times and countries, of France especially, cruelly verifies it. The socialism of Louis XIV. brought on the socialism of '89 and '93 and the "Reign of Terror." Hardly had the monarchical head disappeared than the communistic state stood forth erect, not like a child, but like a full-grown man—a civic Minerva leaping all-equipped from the brain of a tyrannic Jove. The socialism of the Sans-Culottes was born long before, reared and fostered by the "Grand Monarque" trespassing on the rights of individuals.† This is the key to the solution of what are often political riddles in the social and political world; this is the reason why even a monarchy may all of a sudden logically assume the Gorgon form of a socialistic republic: once more *extrema se tangunt.* This is also the explanation why in some European countries radical socialism is spreading so rapidly. For the czar, Bismarck, and the Piedmontese usurpers are socialists in either sense of the term; and so are all virtual autocrats who seek to divert the stream of individualism into the resistless currents of what has become a very maelstrom in the social estate. This is shown by excessive

* Balmes, *Protestantism compared with Catholicity*, chap. lxiii.

† We are well aware, and we would have our readers bear in mind, that other causes besides the absolutism of the *régime* combined to prepare the way for that ruthless social upheaval known as the French Revolution. There were the apostasies of the sixteenth century, which congenially led to the baldest rationalism in the logical French mind; there were also the luxury and licentiousness prevalent at the French court and largely tainting the French nobility, which, by bad example and intolerable exactions, demoralized and chafed into burning discontent the other classes of society in France, and, sadly enough, incited them to exchange a vauntedly irresponsible despot for a professedly conscienceless rabble. Our argument deals with a governmental cause, in stating which as an underlying principle of revolt we can hardly be said to exaggerate.

militarism, visible in exhausting conscriptions to maintain vast standing armies; by unlimited taxation, remorselessly grinding down whole populations for the furtherance of the "ideas" of state managers apparently responsible to themselves alone; and by the merciless spirit of coercion brazenly brought to bear upon the already outraged people and upon their natural and constitutional representatives, whether in legislative or in legitimate popular assemblies.

But all this must end disastrously and in the same way as when in electricity one current accumulates all the "plus" at the cost of the "minus" in the opposite current. There are then little clouds hovering on the political horizon; they will become greater and more formidable; their tension grows more and more strained, threatening soon to snap some social bond; the aerial friction in the moral world, now grown unbearable, quickens ignition; a collision follows, and the abused and oppressed individuals, exasperated, driven to desperation, precipitate themselves upon the "socialistic" monarch as well as upon the "socialistic" dictator or demagogue. A vindictive reaction has set in, the crushed individuals revolting. Chronic uprisings and the tornado-like sweep of revolutions are the consequence of the fatuity of this one-sided impolicy, this criminal blundering. The Bourbons found it out, but so did Robespierre! The anarchist killed the despot; a hydra-headed despot slew the anarchist. Consult here the latest chapter of history—Russia with its hideous "Nihilism." *The social equilibrium was disturbed!* As there are laws of nature, so there are laws of society known by philosophy and history, and these are executed, followed up with inexorable logic, till the law of all laws, equilibrium, reigns again.

O poor being called man! the crown of the visible creation, the king of the earth and the image of God, art thou, then, condemned by an irresistible, irresponsible force to be tossed about in the ocean of social life like a noble ship having lost its proud masts? art thou doomed to suffer the torments of a Tantalus, willing to quench thy innate thirst for individual liberty, which as a phantom ever recedes and eludes thy grasp when thou art near to reach it? art thou cruelly destined to perform the vain and laborious task of a Sisyphus, rolling up the huge burden of thy individuality from the valley of despotism towards the mountain of liberty, and, having gained its summit, to be hurled down again, on the other side, into the abyss of mobbish socialistic tyranny? art thou reduced, like the prodigal son, to envy

the very herds feeding around thee in voluptuous contentedness and growing fat in their animal socialism? Is not this indestructible sense of individuality and individual liberty perhaps a demon lurking in thy breast like a serpent in the flowers, or perhaps a raging Fury pursuing thee incessantly through all the ages?

No; again, no! It is not a fiend but a good angel, ever reminding man of his own dignity—"*Agnosce, Christiane, dignitatem tuam!*" It is a divine spark lit and set deep down in the breast of the human individuum by the most independent Individuum, God himself, at the moment he "breathed into his face the breath of life, and man became a living soul"; it is a divine fire enkindled within the bosom of man by divine love—a fire whose holy flame, glowing on the altar of the heart which aspires after God and a free fatherland, must be jealously guarded with sleepless vigilance, that it may never pale, much less be extinguished. Woe to him who intrudes into its sacred precinct and, Prometheus-like, tries to steal the sense of personal freedom from man's heart! Dire vengeance, quick and sure, will follow his retreating steps. But oh! it is a fire, this sense of individuality, that if regulated will prove beneficial, like the material fire, which is a good servant; but if uncontrolled and free in its voracious fury, agitated and augmented by unscrupulous demagogues, it is a bad master, and it will set in a blaze the whole social fabric and prove a blighting curse rather than a fruitful blessing.

Now, is man in society to be thus haplessly and helplessly fated to sway ever and anon between these racking extremes? Is there nothing, on the one hand, so to balance the individual that he may be an acknowledged organic, integral member of society; and, on the other, so to shape social life, to influence the temper and bearing of the community, that the individual may not lose his characteristics and his rights, his dignity and his self-respect? Is there not some law or measure of equity, to use the words of St. Augustine, by which men rightly minded may, after careful examination, be easily able to discover where, amongst peoples or kingdoms, individual and social happiness—true concord—dwelleth, and where only the hollow sham of a false and deceptive tranquillity? There ought to be such a determining rule or test; reason demands it. There *is* such a law; God has ordained it. God is the author of society as well as of nature; wherefore, society also calls for a law or rule of equity by which its relations with the individual may be regulated and its acci-

dental conflicts composed, just as nature has its law of equilibrium pacifying and settling the divergent or contrary agencies occasionally developed. For God, being order itself, must have provided a rule of order in each sphere of the moral and physical universe.

Yes, happily, there exists such a rule of equity in *his* Law, in *his* Commandments. The Decalogue, emanating from the highest authority—from God himself—is the unerring balance that is to maintain the social equilibrium, apportioning to the individual what belongs to the individual, and to society what belongs to society. The Decalogue concerns and guards the individual and his rights *first* and foremost. The Ten Commandments proceed from God, the Individuum *par excellence*. "The Lord God is one God" who speaks. They are directly addressed to the individual. "I am the Lord *thy* God; *thou* shalt not have strange gods before me. *Thou* shalt not take the name of the Lord *thy* God in vain; *thou* shalt not kill; *thou* shalt not commit adultery," etc.

Thou—every command directly affects the individual. They are especially for the benefit of the individual, for his temporal and eternal welfare.

There, in these Ten Commandments, the *Divine Individuum* is protected in the first three precepts, the *human individual* in the following seven.

Somewhat different from these divine commands are human laws, even when every way worthy of the name of laws. They issue from *the community*, through some legislature, parliament, congress, or through some representative of the community—an autocratic monarch, for instance. They are, moreover, addressed directly to the community, and only indirectly is the individual affected and reached by them. They are mainly for the benefit of the community. As St. Thomas says: "Everything is for its end, and it must be in proportion to its end. Now, the end of (human) law is the common good; therefore it is necessary that human laws be adjusted to the common welfare. Now, the common welfare is amongst many; therefore (human) law has to take into view many things—persons, occupations, and times."* And to be righteous and beneficial these laws must be based upon, and be in conformity with, God's law. But wherever we have merely human laws, or, better said, human enactments, with the entire or partial exclusion of the laws and the

* St. Thomas, *Summa Theol.*, i. 2, quæst. xcvi. art. i.

commandments of God, there most naturally shall we find that the individual is painfully dwarfed, that his sphere is notably abridged, that his rights are minimized, that his noble claims and prerogatives are either unceremoniously silenced by those "drest in a little brief authority," or at once brutally sacrificed to the Moloch of state, society, community. There is already the reign of despotic socialism, and consequently the beginning of radical socialism. There the social equilibrium has been disturbed.

We would emphasize all of these statements, as they point, we think, to a right understanding of the history of ancient and modern times, as well as to a clear notion of our age in its two-fold socialistic spirit. They afford an inkling, at least, of how for centuries the world has been drifting, nay, rushing, headlong toward the seething abyss of a most promiscuous socialism, into whose vortex homage to God and respect for man have alike been gradually disappearing.

Of a truth, the individual and individual rights were long ago near being strangled or smothered by slighting the divine order, and even by attempting to do away with God and God's Commandments; and this not only by the undisguised efforts of Red Communes, but also by the artful manœuvres—sometimes Machiavelian, sometimes high-handed—of those wearing the crown and wielding the sceptre; by those, too, who professed themselves Christians! All were borne along on the tide of "modern thought," which perversely runs thus: "God counts for nothing; society or the state is everything; the individual amounts to little"! But the blasphemy has been avenged, and further vengeance will be meted out, even in time, from the Divine Individuum and from human individuals with their violated rights crying, as they have cried, to Heaven. Need we marvel that there are frowns in the social sky, that ominous mutterings are heard below the social horizon, that terrifying quakes are felt beneath the groundwork of the social edifice?

WILLIBALD HACKNER.

THE FALL OF THE LEAVES.

(*From the French of Millevoye.*)

ALL silent was the nightingale;
Fair Autumn, with a graceful hand,
Stole from the trees that shade our land
The leaves, to carpet hill and dale.

A sick man wander'd 'midst that scene;
It imaged to his dying eyes
The hopes that fade like summer skies,
The sweet spring days that once have been.

"Farewell, dear woods," he cried—"farewell!
In each seared leaf that falls I see
Another moment gone for me;
How many more I cannot tell.

"The fatal oracles foretold
My doom: 'Once more the leaves shall turn
From tender green to brown, or burn
Like sunset with a ruddy gold;

"'Then, as thou liest, above thy head,
Their branches trembling in the breeze,
Will rise th' eternal cypress-trees:
Thou wilt be numbered with the dead!

"'Like vine-branch shalt thou fade away,
Or flower that bloometh in the spring;
A fair, a perishable thing,
None can thy fleeting moments stay.'

"And so I die; like cruel blight
The wind has touched me with his breath:
I feel the bitterness of death
Upon my weary soul to-night.

"Farewell, farewell, then, radiant skies!
Fall gently down, ye autumn leaves,
Cover the grave: my mother grieves;
Oh! hide it from her weeping eyes.

"But if that other comes alone
At eventide to pray and weep,
O leaves! then rouse me from my sleep;
'Twill ease my soul to see my own."

He died; they laid him down to rest.
Alas! alas! she never came.
Forgotten is his tomb and name,
The leaves lie golden on his breast.

Only the shepherd-boy's light tread,
As homeward, at the close of day,
He passes slowly on his way,
Shall e'er disturb the quiet dead.

Legislative Library Ontario.

DR. BROWNSON AND CATHOLICITY.

(*Conclusion.*)

THE one who reaches Catholicity by the philosophical road, as Brownson did, by no means pretends that the problem of human destiny can be solved by mere force of reason: Catholicity is not rationalism. Nor does he pretend that the product of reason's action, the knowledge of human immortality and liberty and of the being of God, place man apart from or above the universal action of God upon all souls by means of a visible society and external ordinances: Catholicity is well named; it is universal. But he knows that when a man is persuaded of a truth philosophically he is not called upon by his intelligence or his conscience to base it upon historical evidence; it is enough that he has one source of certitude in its favor. It may be a truth first known only by revelation, but if the human intelligence is capable of receiving it in revelation it must have some element of kinship to the truths of pure reason. As in the order of nature men are like unto God, so is there a likeness between the truth of God naturally known and that known only by revelation.

As there is an appetite in the human heart which not all the treasures, honors, joys of nature can satisfy, so there is a void in the mind which all the truth within reach of the unaided natural faculties leaves unfilled. When a man without guile is brought face to face with truth he spontaneously desires union with it.

Appetite proves the existence of food, and the food affirms itself by satisfying the appetite.

Where there is question of a principle there is a class of minds which must study the part a principle has played in history, and is mainly influenced for or against it from its effect on former generations of men. This class follows the historical road. Another class is so profoundly moved by the truths of revelation as soon as known, assimilates them so readily and perfectly, becomes so absorbed and lost in them, that the history of revelation is not of primary importance; it is only necessary in order to establish necessary facts, such as the divine institution of an external society and of other external aids. But with this philosophical class of minds the truth stands sponsor for itself and is its own best witness. The impression produced by revelation here and now upon the soul without guile is one of the best probable proofs to that soul of the historical claims of the society to which God entrusted it. "The Church Accredits Itself" was the title of one of the most powerful articles Dr. Brownson ever wrote for this magazine.

Both the historical and the philosophical processes are necessary, but each is more so to one class of minds than to another. To the philosophical mind, once scepticism is gone and life is real, the supreme fact of life is the need of more truth than unaided reason can know. The more this need is felt, and the more clearly the deficiencies of natural reason are known, the better capable one is to appreciate the truths of revelation which can alone supply these deficiencies. In such a state of mind you are in a condition to establish revealed truth in a certain sense *à priori*, and the method *à posteriori* is then outranked. The philosopher outranks the historian. In minds of a speculative turn the historian is never considered of primary importance. The principles which his facts illustrate are furnished him by human reason in philosophy and by the divine reason in revelation. The historical mind has never been considered in the world of thought as sovereign. The philosopher is broad enough to study all ways leading to the full truth and joy of life, whether logical or traditional; but he knows that the study of principles is higher than that of facts.

Let me be understood. Brownson never dreamed that one could become a Catholic explicitly unless persuaded of the divine institution of the church as an external organism, and that is an historical fact; so no man becomes a Catholic without the historical argument settled. The conversion to Catholicity, no

matter how brought about, involves the historical argument settled in favor of the church; no man can intelligently become a Catholic without examining and deciding the historical question. But back of this is the consideration that the truths the church teaches are necessarily in harmony with my reason—nay, that they alone solve the problems of reason satisfactorily and answer fully to the wants of the heart. To some minds the truths standing alone compel assent; that is to say, the truths standing alone and considered in themselves demand the submission of my reason. Among these truths thus imperative, not the least is the need of the very church herself, viewed in her action on men and nations, viewed quite apart from the historical and Scriptural proof of her establishment by Christ. Once the mind is lifted above subjectivism and is face to face with the truth, union with the church is only a question of time and of fidelity to conscience.

Controversial writing has almost entirely followed the historical and biblical method, and wisely, for it dealt mainly with those who knew Christ and accepted the Scriptures—with Protestants. But what if a man knows not Christ except as a purely human personage, and ranks Scripture little higher than pagan mythological fables? To adjust itself to this class of minds controversy must be philosophical. We must begin with the facts of consciousness and fix their value, proving as well their worth as noting their deficiency; and so go on to the evidences of what human destiny is and how it can be realized.

Even with intelligent Protestants much can be gained by going far back into the realm of pure, natural truth, for the bulk of them are to a greater or less degree infected with scepticism. The world is tired of what appears to many as the monotonous pounding of the historical argument and the discussion of texts. It is a sound method of argumentation, but to many it has become wearisome, and to multitudes it is not *ad rem* in the present stage of their difficulties. The average inquirer of to-day answers such appeals by saying something like this: "The church? I have no use for it. You seem to make out a case historically, but I have neither leisure nor learning enough to study it all out; and, anyway, where's the need of a church, or of inspired books, or of a Redeemer?" The answer is, You cannot solve the great problems of human destiny—problems which cannot be avoided—without accepting the mission of Christ and availing yourself of the aid of the Catholic Church. That was the result of Brownson's long struggle.

When, in 1843, I first read in the catechism of the Council of Trent the doctrine of the communion of saints, it went right home. It alone was to me a heavier weight on the Catholic side of the scales than the best historical argument which could be presented. I was ripe for the historical argument on account of it. When the historical argument came it poured its evidences into my mind without the least resistance. The body made alive by such truths ought to be of divine life and its origin traceable to a divine establishment: it ought to be the true church. The certainty of the distinctively Catholic doctrine of the union of God and men made the institution of the church by Christ exceedingly probable.

Dr. Brownson's view of the necessity of supernatural and revealed religion, established by philosophical arguments, is fully in accord with Catholic principles (*Convert*, p. 304):

"I was far enough from being free from grievous errors, and as yet had not once thought of seeking the old church; but it is clear that I had made some progress and had embraced, without ceasing to exercise my reason freely or failing in my pledge to myself of being faithful to my own rational nature, the great principles and facts which placed me on the route to the Catholic Church. I found I could reasonably accept the ideas of Providence, special as well as general, supernatural inspiration, supernatural revelation, and Christianity as an authoritative religion, and must do so or be false alike to history and my hopes of progress. I felt, as I had felt from my boyhood, that I *had need of an authoritative religion, and that a religion which does not and cannot speak with divine authority is simply no religion at all.*"

Here is a statement in which the philosophical argument predominates, including the historical in order to make the argument complete.

I have said that by force of reason alone we could not hope to arrive at a satisfactory solution of all our difficulties. But the force of reason did this much for us: it landed us on our feet as natural men. We got human nature, however defective, in its proper and normal place. The place of man in the order of existence is in the knowledge and enjoyment of the truth. For sincerity and earnestness it was absolutely necessary to make out the objective truth of our metaphysical principles and the objective reality of what caused our religious impressions. When persuaded that in every human act there is an objective element, life became real. The conclusion that life is real made it a calamity to be in error, a misfortune to be even seeking the truth; the absence of truth or any necessary part of it made life unreal; the possession of the truth and the whole truth became

a necessity. This is nature; but who can tell how much in Dr. Brownson's case his native honesty was supplied with power and light by that special and more than natural assistance from on high which we call the grace of God? The grace of God is working in all minds to lead them to the truth and to Christ and his religion.

Nature, we found, is not enough. It is good as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. It was necessary to have it to start with. Natural reason, as far as it goes, is true, and all that there is of it is good. But it is not all; there is not enough of it, and it does not go far enough. We started, then, with nothing but nature, yet instinctively feeling that the knowledge of Christianity in some shape was needed. We wished to believe in Christianity as a revealed religion. I was more anxious to do so than Dr. Brownson. He had a sort of a wish for a new light, and I was bent on justifying the old light, if it could be done, and at bottom he was glad of this. When we had finally thrown overboard Kant and all his subjective and sceptical progeny as treacherous pilots, we looked for Christ. We may be said to have been looking favorably for arguments on the side of Christianity. At that time nature and human nature was all that was known to us, but it was truly known. And we knew too much not to be aware that the best that could be said of natural truth was that it is proximate to supernatural or revealed truth. The natural light of reason discovered reason's own shortcomings. Nor do I in the least doubt that at that time the grace of God was stimulating our mental activity and directing it.

The following extract reveals Brownson's aspiration for the complete knowledge and enjoyment of the supernatural. After relating how he became convinced that there is an objective element in every thought, he describes his struggle for union or communion with God (*Convert*, p. 311 et seq.):

"My doing so [believing in a supernatural order] was justified also by the view which I then took and still take of the inspiration of the human race. I held that the race lives by immediate communion with God, therefore inspired by him, and hence in its normal state aspires to him. Man lives by immediate communion with God as his object, and therefore the objective element of his life is divine, and through this objective element his life is the life of God. Man thus in his natural life even partakes of God, and this partaking of God I called inspiration. I did not mean by this that the race is supernaturally inspired; I only meant what the Scriptures say (book of Job), that 'there is a spirit in men, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding'; or, in other words, that man is intelligent, is a rational existence, only by virtue of the immediate presence of

God, simultaneously the creator, the object, and the light of his reason. . . . God gives understanding not only in the sense that he creates the faculty, but also in the sense that he is its object. In being the object of the intellect he is also that of the will, and affirms himself both as the true and the good, as alike the object of knowledge and of love. Hence it is we understand and love, know and aspire. This affirming himself as the true and the good in natural reason is natural inspiration and the cause of the universal aspiration of the race to God as the infinitely true and supremely good. In this inspiration and this aspiration of the race I detect the dignity and authority of the race. In it I find the worth and legitimacy of reason, and vindicate my right to take the reason of the race as a legitimate ground of belief. The reason of the race may be safely followed because it is the inspiration of the Almighty, who can neither deceive nor be deceived."

From this lofty view of the dignity of human reason Brownson passes on to the need of the supernatural (p. 314):

"The race has always recognized in some form supernatural communion with God, and held that it is only by virtue of this supernatural communion—that is, a communion in a higher sense than that by which we are rendered capable of knowing and loving in the natural order—that the race is elevated and set forward in its career of progress. Then to believe in the reality of this communion, in the fact of this supernatural aid or assistance, is not an irrational belief or a belief on an inadequate authority The race has always believed that men are elevated and set forward by supernatural assistance obtained through the agency of specially inspired individuals, or what I call providential men. Wherever you find man you find him with some sort of religion; and all religions, the lowest and most corrupt as well as the highest and purest, recognize a supernatural element in human life, and claim each for itself the assent of mankind on the ground of being the channel or medium through which it is attained or flows into the natural and supernaturalizes human action. This is the essential, the vital principle of all the religions which ever are or ever have been. Take this away and you leave nothing to which the common sense of mankind does or can give the name of religion. As the supernatural element may flow in without violence or injury to the natural, what reason have you to assert that this common belief of mankind is false or unreasonable? For you, who concede no authoritative religion, propounded and interpreted by an authoritative church, what higher authority is or can there be for believing anything than the reason of the race? It is your highest reason after the immediate and express word of God, and not to believe it without a higher reason for discrediting it is not to follow reason but to reject reason."

From the foregoing the reader may see why we could not accept Protestantism as the true form of revealed religion. We had been moving on the lines of Catholic truth outside the visible communion of the church; for the Catholic holds the objective element of every mental act; he holds to reason's authentic witness in its own sphere, and to the need of revelation to enlarge that sphere sufficiently to satisfy its own imperative

demands. We were unconscious of this parallel of our own stumbling progress with the plain road of Catholic truth. But by the time we were persuaded of the necessity of revelation we had long since concluded that it was not embodied in any form of Protestantism. "Take up the Bible, and the revealed word of God is in your possession," is the theory of Protestantism. "Yes, in material possession perhaps; but I want the meaning of it," said Brownson, "and I cannot interpret the supernatural word of God by natural reason, and supernaturally inspired reason I am not aware of personally possessing." Such is a summary of one of Brownson's most powerful arguments, published in after-years in his *Review*, "Church against No Church." If he held with a death-grip to reason's competency, he gladly admitted that its scope was limited to the natural. As an historical witness the Bible stood first, and located as to place, time, form, and outward marks the public organism which humanity assumed when the grace of regeneration gave it a supernatural life The Bible in that organism's custody stood first as a witness of the revealed truth or of supernatural religion. Reason was competent to study and decide the historical question, and so, by means of Scripture as an historical document, to discover the true church. But the doctrines, ordinances, and discipline written about in the book were, as a matter of fact, known to the Christian body before the New Testament existed; and its writers were members of an already completely-formed society, and their inspired writings were public property, to be used primarily for the whole body, never for individuals as against the community.

The private interpretation of Scripture was in revealed religion but the counterpart of the subjective heresy of Kant and his school in philosophy; and, indeed, Kant but made a philosophical theory of the prime error of Protestantism. Brownson had said that the subjectivism and scepticism of the age was a far greater obstacle to the truth than the particular errors into which it had fallen. The subjective dispositions or state of mind of the age made all the convictions of reason weak; it was not so much their errors as their habit of mind which kept men from the truth. This had been brought about by Protestantism and its theory of the individual's competency for independent, private decision on points of revealed religion. Protestantism is the ego posits itself applied to religious problems. It was assuming that the individual consciousness instead of the concrete and objective revelation of God is the criterion of truth—an error leading to scepticism in revealed religion as much as in

philosophy. This was shifting the criterion of revealed truth from God's external authority in the church to the subjective personal disposition of the individual, or his race-traits or the tendencies of the age in which he lived. It was the habit of mind induced by Protestantism that made it possible for such philosophers as Kant, Fichte, and Hegel to have vogue. This Brownson and I well knew, and we were not going to emerge from philosophical subjectivism to plunge into religious subjectivism by joining Protestantism.

It will be seen from the following extract how distasteful to his mind must have been the unreality of Protestant methods. He had come into possession of that fundamental Catholic truth of the transmission of the divine life to man, or rather the assuming of the human life by the divine through the Incarnation. And this was not by means of subjective sensations alone, or by any fictitious or "forensic justification." It was realized and perfected, as far as any such union could possibly be on earth, in Holy Communion (*Convert*, p. 330):

"Whatever emphasis may be laid on the death of Christ, it is evident from the Scriptures that his death is referred to only as the completion and crown of his life. He came into the world that we might have life, to beget in us life, a new, a higher, a diviner life. That he redeems the world by infusing life into our life through communion with himself is the belief of Christendom. As the Father hath life in himself, and as the Son lives by the Father, so his disciples live by him. . . . As the Father hath life in himself, so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself. The Son, by his supernatural or miraculous communion with the Father, lives a divine-human life; so the apostles and disciples by communion with the Son lived the same life, and through him became one in life with the Father and with one another, and were elevated above their natural life and set forward in the career of progress. Here, I said, is the Christian doctrine of Holy Communion or Eucharista. The whole mystery of the Christian religion has been supposed to turn around the mystery of Holy Communion, and in this communion the Scriptures teach and the church has always held that man really receives the flesh and blood of our Lord. 'Except ye eat my flesh and drink my blood ye shall have no life in you.' The flesh profiteth nothing, and the church never teaches that we must eat the flesh or drink the blood of Christ in a gross carnal sense, as we eat meat bought in the shambles. What is meant is that we really receive and have incorporated into our life the divine-human life of our Lord."

From this doctrine of union and communion the obvious result is organic life embracing God and man in the divine-human life of Christ; organic because real life, for life without an organism is a contradiction in terms. Organic life embracing human elements, uniting God and man in a real, concrete union, is

utterly inconsistent with the Protestant view of an invisible, bodiless, merely spiritual, and hence unhuman church (*Convert*, p. 333):

"This divine-human life is one and identical in all who receive it, for it is a real life, really lived, not merely desired by the heart or assented to as a doctrine by the reason. It enters really into the life of individuals as the life of their life. All life is organic, and consequently all who live this life are moulded or formed into one body, living one and the same life, the life of Christ, and therefore rightly termed his body, the church, as the Scriptures expressly teach. Hence I have the church, not as an association, an organization, or mere aggregation of individuals, but as an organism, one and catholic—one because its life is one, and catholic because it includes all who live the life, of whatever age or nation, and because all men in every age or nation may by communion live it. The life of Christ is not only life but the principle of life, and, operating in the body, assimilates individuals as the human body assimilates the particles of food eaten. It is, then, no sham, no illusion, but the real body of Christ, a real living organism, and in some sense a continuation of the Incarnation. . . . Hence the authority of the church, and the reasonableness and obligation of individuals and of all men to submit to her, to believe what she teaches and to do what she commands. . . . In the same way I explained all the Christian dogmas I was acquainted with, and found that, do what I would, I must admit that the great current of Christian life had flowed and still flowed down through the Catholic Church."

He thus proves the authority of the church from the doctrine of communion, he proves the doctrine of communion from the need of the supernatural to satisfy man's nature: this is a philosophical argument for the Catholic Church.

The solid, concrete, objective truth in revealed religion is the Catholic Church. But neither Dr. Brownson nor I was at first aware that by getting sound philosophy our base had become shifted to the Catholic standpoint of revealed religion. Others saw it sooner than we did; for instance, Mr. Seabury, the Episcopal minister of New York, who, as stated in a previous article of this series, foretold Brownson's conversion.

As a practical matter of fact both Brownson and I knew Protestantism and all non-Catholic forms of religion in America well. He had been a member of the Presbyterian Church for a couple of years, and had even started to study for its ministry; he had regularly ministered to Unitarian and Universalist societies, and had preached Transcendentalism from the lecture rostrum and written it up in his *Review*. He knew Calvinism and Transcendentalism and radical socialism by the study and experience of the best part of his life. In these most typical sects of all un-Catholic religion he had been a leader and had earned his

bread as their public servant. The Episcopal Church then, as now, tolerated everything. It is the micro-cosmos of all non-Catholicism. Between Calvinism and Transcendentalism lies Methodism; but in our time it had no stated intellectual basis. It was founded totally on emotional "conversion," with the notorious exclusion of the intellect. So that, all things considered, no man could be better informed of what he was about than Brownson when he turned his back on Protestantism. As for myself, I had never been a member of any denomination of any kind, and, when received into the Catholic Church by Cardinal McCloskey early in the year 1844, the creed I recited was my first adhesion to any form of religion. I had no heresy to renounce, for I never had embraced any. Not having had personal and experimental knowledge of the Protestant denominations, I investigated them all, going from one of them to another —Episcopal, Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, and all—conferring with their ministers, reading their books. It was a dreary business, but I did it. I knew Transcendentalism well and had been a radical socialist; all was found to be as stated above. Brownson's ripe experience and my own thoroughly earnest investigation tallied perfectly. Indeed, the more you examine the Protestant sects in the light of first principles the more they are found to weaken human certitude, interfere with reason's native knowledge of God and his attributes, and perplex the free working of the laws of human thought. Protestantism is no religion for a philosopher unless he is a pessimist—if you can call such a being a philosopher—and adopts Calvinism.

Against Calvinism we had a particular grudge. Among the truths I had gained in company with Brownson was that the affections of the heart are guides to truth as certain as the logic of the understanding—that is, when the heart is pure. But according to Calvinism the human heart is never pure, and, with all its affections, is totally depraved.

Brownson never claimed for the results of his long search after religion in the realm of philosophy that they are an adequate expression of Catholicity in its totality. They lacked, they made no pretence to include, the historical evidence, which they simply prepared the mind to receive; and they were otherwise defective. All this he admits, but says (*Convert*, p. 337):

"But it [my search] removed, and removed philosophically, all my objections to the more obscure and more offensive dogmas of the Catholic Church, and showed me how she could operate in accordance with nature, the elevation of nature, and blend the divine redeeming and saving life in

with the human, and make them in the Christian one life. It did not give me the Catholic dogmas, nor even the Catholic Church in her deeper significance, but it did prepare me, by the grace of God, to receive them."

In this his modesty causes him to underrate, in my opinion, the value of his views; but the words which follow, and which I italicize, indicate more truly the worth of philosophy as a guide to supernatural religion:

"*My philosophy had answered all my objections to the Catholic system, if I may so speak, and had supplied me with all the principles which that system presupposes, and which proves that it harmonizes with the dictates of reason and the demands of nature.*"

The possibility, the practicability of the whole Catholic system is the main question with many souls outside the church. Prove that Catholic authority is conducive to the progress of human nature to a higher life, to a godlike life, and is a means to that end, and you will have no further difficulty with many non-Catholics. The philosophical road is a road across lots to a multitude of souls, and they are of more than ordinary excellence. When you start with an intelligent man who thinks the church all that is base, slavish, odious, vile, and demoralizing, it is far better tactics to show him that this or that particular doctrine, taken in itself, is reasonable, and is productive of a noble and elevated character, than to endeavor to force him by logical processes to admit the historical fact and the Scriptural foundation of the authority of a church which everything in him revolts against. Many an earnest seeker will be led as Brownson was led (*Convert*, p. 354):

"I found myself with my starting-point led by an inimical logic to assert the Catholic Church as the true church or living body of Christ. . . . It did not bring me into the Catholic Church, but it did bring me to the recognition of those great principles which, taken in connection with the unquestioned historical facts in the case, required me either to renounce my reason or go farther and accept the church and her doctrines in her own sense, not merely in the sense in which I had asserted them in my philosophy."

The effect of ordinary controversy on a mind not well prepared is thus described (*Convert*, p. 356):

"One or two modern Catholic controversial works had fallen in my way and I had attempted to read them, but they did not impress me favorably. They were written, as I thought, in a dry, feeble, and unattractive style, and abounded with terms and locutions which were to me totally unintelligible. Their authors seemed to me ignorant of the ideas and wants of the non-Catholic world, engrossed with obsolete questions, and wanting in broad and comprehensive views. Their method of argument struck me

as mere special pleading, turning on mere technicalities and verbal distinctions, evading the real spirit of the questions debated, and puzzling rather than convincing the reason of their opponents. They struck me as cunning, as subtile, as adroit disputants, not as great, broad, or open-hearted men, who win at once your confidence in their intelligence and sincerity, and in the truth and honesty of their cause. And, in point of fact, Catholic controversialists are generally regarded by Protestants very much in the light I regarded them—that is, of lawyers speaking from their brief. This, however, it is only fair to say, is not the fault of the Catholic party."

I refer to the first article of this series (The Catholic World, April, 1887) for my reasons and Brownson's own reasons why, after his conversion, he ought to have turned his attention at once to the philosophical preparation of minds for Catholic truth. If Dr. Brownson's reasons for becoming a Catholic were put into a formula it would be this: He found that he could not solve the problems of human destiny in harmony with reason without the aid of Catholic teaching and discipline. But this applied only after he had settled the philosophical question of the objective reality of the facts of consciousness. These two branches of philosophical controversy were the providential theses of his life. By means of them he could have cleared away passion, prejudice, ignorance in the minds of his fellow-countrymen, especially in New England, and brought them to a decision in a multitude of cases as correct and as inevitable as his own.

What Dr. Brownson was best able to do he was not called on to do enough of—*i.e.*, to describe and develop and solve *subjective* difficulties; instead of that he was employed mainly in expounding the external marks of the true church. This could have been done well by others. He should, in my opinion, have set to work to unravel the peculiar entanglements and minister to the moods and difficulties of the New-Englander of our day. No man was so well and peculiarly fitted as Brownson to diagnose and prescribe for the mental diseases of his time. As a philosopher he stands pre-eminent among Americans, Emerson being his only rival. Emerson will be always read by those whose dominant tendency is to literature, but as a philosopher his following will be confined to a sect of Transcendentalists insignificant in numbers and in influence. Brownson will never lose his grasp of the leading minds of the great church of his choice, and all thinking men of other faiths will study his writings, some for philosophic instruction, others—and not a few—for his exposition of the fundamental principles of American political institutions. Read *The Convert;* there you see the outline of the whole conduct of Dr. Brownson from youth to old age. Read

it, reread it, and study it, and you will see that a mind led as his was should have gone into old-fashioned controversy with much reluctance.

If he had made it his life-task to refute the errors which he had successively embraced and abandoned, if he had taken up and developed those truths which had led himself into the fold of the Catholic Church, how many might have followed him! I do not mean to say that he did not do much good. Such a man would do good wherever placed. But if he did the good that Bishop John pointed out to him, he left undone, or nearly undone, the work which his providential mission called him to do, and which is still left to be done.

And here let me answer a pertinent question: What native trait of Dr. Brownson marks him off from other men? I answer, Love of truth, devotion to principle. Oh! how many hours did he spend agonizing for the truth! How coolly he touches on it in *The Convert!* How lightly he passes over the great conflicts of his soul! God is now rewarding him for that noble honesty of mind, manly fidelity to reason in his struggle for the truth, that sincere humility in his adhesion to it. What Alban Butler says of St. Justin, philosopher and martyr, is true of Brownson: his predominant passion was love of truth. This was all his glory and all his trouble; all his quarrels, friendships, aversions, perplexities, triumphs, labors—all to be traced to love of truth. His earnestness was rewarded by possession of it in a supreme degree. Yet not as he has it now, in the light of glory, in the beatific vision of God, but he seemed to struggle after that very fulness of truth with a reverent but eager haste, gladly discussing the questions—and they are deep ones—left unsolved by faith. He accepted the truth with calm and ever-unbroken certitude, yet not in the quiescence of stupidity. Catholicity but accentuated the more that vigorous and frank manliness which was native to him; such a quality, in one always hot on the scent of truth, new truth, more truth, clearer truth, is sufficient to explain minor inconsistencies in Dr. Brownson's writings, and a warmth of expression such as even canonized saints of like temperament have often indulged in—St. Jerome, for instance.

He was received into the church and baptized in October, 1844. It is not my purpose to picture the friend and guide of my youthful struggles in his farewell to error and his true-hearted dedication of himself, his genius, and his entire prospects in life to Catholic truth. A firm adherent of Reason, bold and outright in her defence, he remained to the end, and was

only the better Catholic for so being. But those who knew him all through, as I did most intimately, saw that he was also a favored child of supernatural grace, his piety simple, practical, and not without a flavor of devotional sentiment all the more admirable because the adornment of an intelligence so gifted by nature and so enlightened by unremitting and toilsome study.

It may seem a vanity in me to conclude with the following words from his *Review*, vol. iii., third series, 1855, page 209. They are found in a book-notice of *Questions of the Soul.* I know that his error in his estimate both of himself and the present writer is palpable and his praise extravagant. He was the master, I the disciple. God alone knows how much I am indebted to him. To the channels of thought opened to me by Dr. Brownson I owed, more than to anything else, my conversion to the Catholic faith. But at my time of life I must be indulged in recalling the affection of so true a heart and so great a soul:

"How often, when neither of us knew or believed in the glorious old Catholic Church, have we talked together by our own fireside on the great questions discussed in the volume before us, and stimulated each other's endeavors after truth and goodness! His modesty and docility made us in those times regard us as his teacher as well as his senior, but in truth we were the scholar. It was in these free communings, where each opened his mind and heart to the other, that we both were led, the grace of God aiding, to feel the need of the church, and that we talked, if we may so say, without intending or foreseeing it, each other into the belief and love of Catholicity. Each, perhaps, was of service to the other, but he aided us more than we him. . . . These personal recollections are most dear to us, and we hope the author's modesty will not be offended at the homage which our heart cannot withhold. We loved him then as a younger brother, and happy are we to reverence him now as a father. Years have passed away since those times when we were both groping our way from the darkness in which we had been bred to the light of God's truth, and many changes have come over us both, but always will the recollection of our intercourse be fresh in our heart."

Heartily, deeply did I ever reciprocate Dr. Brownson's affection, and the long and eventful years have but strengthened more and more my love for him and my admiration for his genius—convictions and emotions which have drawn from me in these articles my feeble attempt to estimate his providential mission and to introduce my countrymen to the study of his works.

I. T. Hecker.

THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS AND A COW.

I.

THE autumn haze lay upon the ridges and through the hollows of Beauharnois County, and across the bosom of the broad lakes into which the St. Lawrence widens after leaving the Thousand Isles, before its mighty current is broken and churned in the rapids of Lachine. In snug spots, protected from winter winds from the north and east, were solid farm-houses with high gables, and, close to them, substantial barns with grotesque weather-vanes aloft. Red apples smiled amid the green leaves of the orchards decking the hillsides. One might have fancied himself in Normandy as he gazed upon this pleasant display of thrift and comfort, so many suggestions of that old land were to be seen, even to the style of cider-press that stood at each farmstead. Down by the bank of the river the village of St. Eustache clustered about the little church whose tinned roof and belfry and gilded cross glistened under the sunlight in Christian rivalry with a similar roof, belfry, and cross on the opposite bank.

Between Beauharnois and the opposite county, Soulanges, there was no lack of contention as to many subjects. They of Soulanges were mostly of Breton stock; these of Beauharnois were Norman; but both spoke more or less the same quaint dialect of French, and both were united in the same Catholic faith. The young people of Soulanges were noted for their black hair, white skin, and deep, almost violet, blue eyes; those of Beauharnois for their ruddy complexion, reddish-brown hair, and hazel eyes. There were many intermarriages between the two counties, but it was noticed that in these marriages the bridegrooms were more often from Soulanges than from Beauharnois. For though there was more work in Beauharnois, and therefore more well-to-do young men, than in Soulanges, where there was more mirth, yet the young Bretons somehow had a sort of enterprise in this matter and a taking way which were wanting in the rather staid young Normans of Beauharnois.

Gabriel Laframboise was one of the most comfortable farmers of Beauharnois. His land had been in his family for more than a century, and had been managed with the proverbial care of his race. It was his boast that he always ate well, drank well, slept

well, paid his debts promptly, never intentionally did harm to a well-intentioned neighbor, and was loyal in thought, word, and deed to the teachings of the Catholic Church. Perhaps his only weakness was that, being a thoroughly good man, he was proud of being good. It would, however, have been much worse had he been proud of being bad. He was a widower with one child, a daughter of eighteen, who had only a few weeks before returned from the convent boarding-school in Montreal, where she had been trained in all those spiritual and domestic virtues which constitute the character of the true Christian woman. Gabriel was even prouder of his daughter than he was of himself, and there was at least one person who thought he had reason to be, without any disparagement to Gabriel, and that was a young man of Soulanges, the only child of a widow.

This young man, Jean Poissonier, was turned twenty-four, the deserved pet of his mother, admired by the young men of his parish, and the inheritor at his mother's death of the sole ownership of a very good farm with a mortgage on it. Gabriel Laframboise, belonging to the canny side of the St. Lawrence, did not like mortgages, and he had given Jean to understand that fact; but Gabriel's daughter, Heloise, who did not understand mortgages and therefore did not trouble herself about them, liked Jean, and no doubt she had let Jean know most of her likes and dislikes, for the two had been acquainted through their families since childhood. Not that Gabriel had any objections whatever to Jean. Quite the contrary. He preferred him to any young man he had met, but, at the same time, he preferred that if there were to be a family alliance all mortgages should first of all be taken up and wiped out.

Gabriel had just come up from the field where he had been with his men cutting corn. He was sitting on the lowest of the short flight of steps that led from a garden-plot to the gallery extending along the front of his house. He was in his shirt-sleeves and was drawing hard at a briar-wood pipe, his clean, smooth-shaven cheeks forming deep dimples at each pull. He was in thought. At the other end of the stoop, a step higher up, sat Jean, a tall figure when standing, having a well-moulded face, a broad but not high forehead, a square chin, high cheek-bones, and a pair of eyes set far apart and as brilliant as they were black. Jean, with his clasped hands resting on his knees, was inclined forwards towards Gabriel.

Gabriel took his pipe from his mouth, shook out the ashes, and, tapping the bowl on the palm of his hand, put it slowly into

his vest-pocket. "*Voyons, mon garçon,*" said he, turning towards the other and assuring himself by a searching glance that no one was on the gallery or at any of the windows. "You know, Jean, that Heloise is a good match. She is such a girl as her mother was at her age. Besides, she is very prudent, and I don't think she cares for any one in this world but her father."

The young man's countenance grew sad for the moment.

"Of course," Gabriel went on, "she will perhaps marry some day, after I am dead and gone; though that, please God, will not be for many a year yet."

The young man's eyebrows rose into lofty arches and a deeper shade passed across his face.

"Nevertheless, if Heloise *should* at any time think it best to arrange for her establishment, I would be reasonable enough to consider the matter."

Jean's lips parted perceptibly, and an air of peaceful repose smoothed out the furrows of care in his forehead.

"*Mais*—" he began.

"*Attends,*" persisted Gabriel. "As for your proposition, Jean, you see there are so many chances. Your father and I used to dispute about some things, for he was occasionally very stubborn. But he was an excellent man, and I mourned him very much—God be merciful to his soul!—and I have always been friendly to Perpétue. Is she well?"

"My mother is very well," answered Jean, "and she bade me give her compliments to Heloise."

"That is good," the older man said, "and I will take good care that Heloise gets them. But now to your matter. How long do you intend to remain among the Yankees?"

"Not more than three years at the most, and probably not nearly that long; and then when I come back—"

"*Sacré bleu,* my boy, but that is a long while; and then who can tell what might happen in three years!"

"But you said that Heloise would not think of leaving you for many years," Jean replied with a badly-concealed tone of triumph.

"*Ah, ça;* she might not; but then my Heloise is a woman, and who shall say what a woman may not do?"

The younger man seemed not at all disturbed at this.

"You think you can earn more in that time there than you could here, and besides clear off the mortgage?"

"I know I can," Jean answered.

"Oh! you are young, and the young birds all think they can

fly, and some of them break their wings and their heads when they make the attempt."

"But if they didn't make the attempt they would never learn to fly," argued Jean with all the vigorous optimism of youth.

"Well, well," said Gabriel, "I'll make no promise. We can talk it over when you come back—that is, if you do come back, and I hope you will. For you are a good young man, and have been a good son and Christian, I believe. Of course, if Heloise should make other dispositions in the meantime, you need not be astonished."

But Jean wore a look of composure which implied a strong confidence that Heloise would make no other dispositions, and that if she did he would indeed be greatly astonished. He raised his head at this moment, and, looking above and beyond his companion, his black eyes opened wide and smiled with delight. He rose to his feet and doffed his foxskin-cap with an untaught grace of motion and manner such as might have aroused envy in any society gallant.

The older man turned his head and saw a handsome young girl approaching by a path that led from the fields behind the house. In Gabriel and the young girl were the same traits of feature, the same complexion, the same frank yet firm expression of eyes and mouth, the same general manner, although, of course, all these were softer in the young girl than in the man. A single glance would have discovered that these two were father and daughter.

"*Viens donc, ma petite,*" said the father. "Here is Jean Poissonier come to bid us good-by. He is really going to turn Yankee."

Heloise bowed politely to Jean and took her stand beside her father. She uttered not a word for the moment, but her eyes spoke to the young man what seemed to be a discourse full of affection, of regret at the necessity of his going, and of encouragement—a discourse which, though evidently it escaped Gabriel's notice, was well understood and received.

"My mother commanded me to give her compliments to you," Jean said with some stiffness, from feeling constrained, by Gabriel's presence and the circumstances of his departure, to address her as *you* rather than as *thou*, as he would much have preferred to do.

"And how is the good Perpétue, Jean?" Heloise inquired; but without waiting for a reply, "Papa and I will go over very

often to see her when you are away, for I know she will miss you very much and be dreadfully lonely, poor woman! Just to think! not to see you for three years, if ever again!" And the tears came to the charming girl's eyes as she began to realize how sad a thing Jean's absence would be for his mother.

"Yes," said Jean, "the dear mother will miss me, I am sure. But no one else will care because I am gone."

"Say not so, Jean," protested Gabriel; "every one of your acquaintances and friends will miss you."

"Yes, indeed, papa. Jean has a great many very warm friends," added Heloise, with an earnestness that implied to Jean that she was one of those warm friends.

"*Bien*," said Gabriel, who had risen to his feet, "I must go and look to the work in the field. Now good-by, *mon brave garçon*." And he seized Jean's hand in his. It was an honest grasp. "May the Lord protect you wherever you go, and bring you back safe and prosperous to your mother and your friends!"

"Good by, Jean," said Heloise in her turn, taking his hand. "We shall all pray for you. I want you to do me the favor of accepting this chaplet, so that you also may pray for your friends." And she handed Jean a small rosary of plain black beads, but having a finely-modelled gold crucifix attached. It was a prize which Heloise had once received at school.

Jean put the rosary around his neck. "*Adieu, mes bons amis*," he said, and the next minute was on his way to the river-bank.

"*Adieu, adieu!*" was shouted after him, and then Gabriel returned to the field.

Heloise, who had meanwhile mounted the steps, went to the end of the gallery towards the river and stood looking after Jean, who for a moment disappeared, concealed by some straggling elder-bushes. As he emerged into view he waved his cap toward the house. How proud and brave he felt then! For what did he see? Heloise was kissing her hand towards him! He sprang into his dug-out canoe, seized the paddle, and shot as truly and almost as swiftly as an arrow across the clear waters of the St. Lawrence.

He looked back from time to time, and Heloise was still there at the corner of the gallery. When he was about half-way over he set his cap on the broad end of the paddle and raised it high above. The sun had set, but in spite of the deepening twilight he could still descry Heloise. He made two or three vigorous strokes more, and when he looked back again the shadow of the western hills had fallen across his view.

II.

The wind still swayed the branches in the woods about Spottsylvania Court-House on the morning of May 12, 1864, and the storm of the early night had left an uncomfortable chill in the air. The whole country-side seemed wrapped in slumberous peace, except that here and there was the sharp chirrup of the early birds fluttering from their nests. Through the gloom that settles down before the opening of day a few stars were faintly glimmering in the sombre sky. The pungent fragrance of sweet clover and pennyroyal and the aromatic odors of the pine-groves pervaded a silence that was almost oppressive.

Yet fully two hundred thousand men, who from the first shock, a few days before in the jungles of the Wilderness, had been contending in one of the fiercest strifes known to the annals of war, were somewhere in this region. At this hour before dawn there was, however, no sign or sound of human life.

All at once, from beside a rail fence, a figure arose. In the obscurity of the moment it would have been difficult to make out clearly the features of the man, but he was an infantry soldier in the trappings of his trade, and his musket rested against the fence. He stood erect, and, throwing out his arms, stretched himself to the utmost, ending with a deliberate shudder as he became conscious of the chilly atmosphere.

He peered out towards the front, and there descried, dimly relieved against the sky, a long ridge, apparently not a quarter of a mile distant. From that direction his ear now caught the whinny of a horse and the rattle of harness.

"P'isener, what's the matter wid ye that you're not ashleep?" was muttered from a roll of blankets that lay on the ground beside the man who was stretching himself.

"Oh!" spoke a voice from another roll of blankets close to the fence, "the Poisoner's afeard his three hundred dollars an' a cow won't be no use to him if one o' them Rebs puts a ball through him before he can git back to Canady."

The man thus called "The Poisoner" turned towards the spot whence the voices issued, and as his eyes roamed further on he could vaguely make out rows of recumbent figures enveloped in blankets. He gave no answer either to the question or the taunt. Indeed, he would not have had time to do so, for there was a sudden stir among these hitherto motionless rows that absorbed all further attention. A party of horsemen coming up out of the shadow moved at a trot along the now standing ranks

of men, who were hurriedly adjusting their belts and closing into serried lines.

"Don't mind what thim b'ys say to ye, P'isener," said the man who had spoken first, as he held up his musket between the sky and himself to examine its lock. "Sure if ye had that cow wid ye now, the poor baste 'ud be dead before the day's over, wid more lead than beef in her."

A stern voice, scarcely above a whisper, admonished the speaker: "'Sh! McGonigle! Shut that potato-trap of yours!"

"Indeed an' I will, leftenant, for the divil a Reb 'ud shtay where he is if he knew that I was comin' wid all o' Hancock's corps beside or behind me!"

"Forward!" was passed in whispered command along the lines.

"The Poisoner," McGonigle, and the thousands of others, forming densely-massed lines, silently began to move towards the ridge.

To the left a whitish-gray tinge appeared in the sky, fading out into a wan light that threw a part of the ridge into more distinct relief, but above two or three stars were blinking weakly, like sleepy outpost sentinels after a night on watch. Except for the rustling of belts and the swish of many feet in the wiry grass, there was not a sound from the onward-going lines. Every soldier had slipped his cartridge-box around to the front and buttoned its open flap to the breast of his blouse. But no officer had unsheathed his sword; each grasped a cocked pistol in hand.

How quiet it all was! As the lines pushed on with a rapid swinging step, a covey of partridges darted up and were gone into the dusk, while off beyond the ridge a pack of hounds set up a dismal bay.

The tramping massed lines were approaching nearer and nearer to the ridge, and more and more distinctly loomed up the grim shapes of heavy earthworks crowning it. The front of the advancing lines had met an obstacle, an abattis of fallen pines, and they were tearing their clothes into ribbons and frightfully lacerating and gashing their bodies as they struggled on and up amid the interlaced and sharpened branches. Nevertheless there was no other sound than the crackling of the twigs as the lines pressed forward through the abattis; behind them, as far as the eye could penetrate the darkness, thousands were coming on in equally compact and silent array.

Only a few yards of interval remained, and the gray light fell

on the earthwork, which seemed to bend back to the right and left into the pine woods.

The black mass of this bastioned angle stood up with stern front as if to forbid approach. The muzzles of many cannon protruded, but no sentinel walked his beat in measured pace on those commanding ramparts. Could it be that the Confederates had been beguiled into evacuating this strong position by the rumor that the Union army was in full retreat on Fredericksburg?

Oho! What was that? A head rises from behind the parapet; then another, and another, and another, and a sheet of red flame glances like a streak of lightning from one end to the other of the ridge. Silence is at an end. Ay, and from now out for eight days and nights there is the unceasing roar and din of battle. For this is "the Horseshoe," that salient angle of the Confederate entrenchments where the Union and Confederate armies are to contend with a bloody stroke and reprisal for both sides such as was not seen before or after during the four years of the fratricidal strife.

"Hurrah!" From thousands of Federal throats the battle cheer went up, answered by the shrill whoops of the Confederate thousands reinforcing their lines at the breastworks in order to avert impending defeat. The very firmament resounded with the din and clang of war. The stars and stripes, flaunting in the fresh morning breeze, were mounting the hill, where the light of breaking day discovered the Federal lines, massed one behind the other, climbing, crawling, leaping their way through the entwined and springy branches of the abattis.

Already one Union ensign was planted on the parapet at the salient, but only for an instant. A gray-jacketed artillerist smote the color-bearer with his sponge-staff, and colors and color-bearer plunged backwards amid the crowding throng of Federals. "Hurrah!" the stars and stripes were once more on the parapet and the Federals were pouring over and passing on beyond. Did war ever witness braver fight than was fought on this acre or two at Spottsylvania?

The sun had risen at last, but, through the chalky-white smoke of battle, his orb hung in the eastern sky like a globe of bronze. The interior of the angle was already a place of carnage and ruin. The dead and wounded, stained with powder, dust, and gore, strewed the deep trenches or were prone and helpless among the stocks and wheels of overturned cannon and caissons, while in and out, back and forth, the combatants, amid the ap-

palling uproar of musketry and artillery, the whiz and whir and screech of bullet, shell, and shrapnel, charged and countercharged, in lines, in irregular masses, or in huddled groups.

The line of earthworks at the angle taken by the Second Corps at dawn had of course been constructed to face against a Union and not against a Confederate attack. But the Union soldiers found in the trenches a plenty of shovels and spades, and, in the intervals available, made what alterations were necessary to reverse the works. These earthworks, powerful as they proved to be, were, however, merely an advanced line of the Confederate system. Half a mile further on rose a still loftier ridge, and it was back to that position that the Confederates who escaped capture, wounds, or death in the surprise had retreated. Between the salient works and that ridge the ground was deeply undulating, with clumps of tall pine and oak timber interspersed.

The attack of the Second Corps had been made by four divisions, two drawn out in a continuous line of massed brigades, the other two following after, each forming a single line. But the broken surface of the ground crossed over during the darkness that enshrouded everything at the moment of the surprise; the abattis that covered the face of the ascent to the salient; the clambering over the parapet, and the *mêlée* there and within the works, had destroyed every semblance of organization. Yet if there was no longer organization there was no lack of good order. It was quickly perceived that of itself the capture of the salient would be productive of no lasting result unless the position further on also were carried. To understand this it needed not that one should be a general, and, indeed, there was scarcely a private there who did not understand it. But it did need some central authority to unify the efforts of these brave men. Hancock, disabled by the breaking out of his old Gettysburg wound, was in an ambulance somewhere at the rear. All the division generals but one had been struck down by sunrise. As for the brigadiers and subordinates, they could only see to the men of their immediate neighborhood. The Second Corps, therefore, without either orders or direction, in a dense line three and four files deep, made up for the most part merely of fragments and individuals of its various regiments, brigades, and divisions, yet shoulder to shoulder, almost as if every one were in his proper place, once again sent forth its wild cheer and with colors fluttering moved forward again.

A hundred Confederate cannon had galloped into battery

on the lofty ridge where Lee was now assembling his entire army for the crisis that he saw close at hand. The intervening space was rent and seamed by the furious blast of missiles blowing across. But the open spaces were not more deadly than the groves, where tall trees, cut through by the flying shot as if by a woodman's axe, were tottering and falling, and many a man lay crushed beneath the ponderous trunks.

O war! What is there fuller of the sublime?—when the destiny of nations and the liberties of millions of human beings are decided amid indescribable elation of mind, when the heavens peal and the earth reverberates with the thunder of battle, when thousands of husky throats send up and return the fierce challenge, when grimy, sweating, hungry, thirsty, yet self-denying, determined, heroic men, bleeding and sore with wounds, yet keeping their ranks, go on to the very muzzle of the blazing cannon and take inspiration for their courage by a glance at a piece of silk on a pole! There is butchery, there is horror of many kinds. True. But death is not a misfortune to those who are prepared. Condemn war as we may—and none will condemn it more sincerely than those who have stood face to face with it in the *pêle-mêle* of great battles—it is in war that, next to the lives of the saints, we see best the sublimity of self sacrifice.

But it was in vain. One corps, decimated, weary, and short of ammunition, cannot take by assault a second line of works from a whole army of fresh men. Heavy lines of gray and butternut were now moving down from the lofty ridge, and the Second Corps fell slowly back.

Among the broken, retiring troops was a knot of a dozen clustered about a flag which one of their number constantly waved at the foe in proud defiance. Step by step they gave way, each of the group trailing his musket after him, sometimes loading and stopping to fire at the pursuing force and then going on again. They were the small but glorious remnant of a battalion of three hundred that an hour or so before had clambered up through the abattis into the salient. They would with difficulty have been recognized by former friends, so blackened were their countenances by powder, and so bleared their eyes by the smoke and flare of battle. Almost every one of them had at least one wound; several were bareheaded, and the garments of all hung in tatters from their forms.

"Ho! Yanks! What's your hurry? I don't reckon you uns 'll arn your three hundred dollars an' a cow that-a-way!"

one of the gray jackets who were coming on almost at a run shouted in mockery of the bounties that late in the war were paid to the Union soldiers.

"That's meant for you, P'isener," said McGonigle, one of the group, to a man alongside, whose face was streaming with blood from a bullet-wound above the eyebrow. "The divil a cint o' bounty I ever got or was promised me."

"The Poisoner," who had just reloaded his weapon, turned about, aimed, pulled trigger, and the man who had uttered the taunt fell headlong to the ground. "I fire no more," he said after this shot. "Sixty time I fire dees morning, and ze shouldaire ees 'mos' broke." And drawing his bayonet from its sheath, he fixed it on his piece. "Eef zey come *too* close I give zem ze b'yonet."

The words were scarcely spoken when a white cloud enwrapped the group, and the swelling clangor of an exploding shell was followed by the strident whir of the flying metal. When the smoke of the shell cleared away not a Federal able to stand on his feet was beyond the works, except prisoners in the hands of the Confederates, and the gray-clad masses, with swaying battle-flags and triumphant yells, were surging down.

Hours passed. The sun rose to the meridian and declined to the west, and still the war raged in and around the salient. The dead, Union and Confederate, lay everywhere in heaps, and the wounded, Union and Confederate, lay amid the dead and died contorted with pain, or else, with many an effort, dragged their hurt bodies along the ground towards their friends who were still able to fight. Fresh brigades on each side replaced brigades, divisions divisions, and corps corps, until almost every command in either army had paid its tribute to death in this contracted space of the now most sacred soil in Virginia.

III.

"Well, Poissonier, I am afraid you'll have to go a good while yet without the 'three hundred dollars and a cow' that some of our veterans who enlisted before bounties were thought of have been plaguing you substitutes about." The speaker was a Federal colonel, and he reclined in a common farm-wagon on a heap of straw. One of his legs, which had been badly shattered, was done up in a rough splint. He was a small man, with a spare but well-knit figure, and a countenance that beamed both with humor and determination. His companion, the

only other occupant of the wagon, was Jean Poissonier, who was sitting beside him, his back bolstered up against a sack of oats. His left arm was shut up between two boards swathed in a coarse bandage.

The wagon was one of sixty or seventy, of every shape and style, each being filled, as was this particular one, with Federal wounded. This wagon-train was now halting in a deep ravine leading to the Pamunkey River. Lower down the ravine at the river's edge a great throng in blue uniforms were slowly entering the ford in turn and passing over to the other side. They were entirely unarmed, and the extremity either of melancholy or of defiance expressed in their bearing made it plain that they were not only vanquished but prisoners.

On a knoll to the right of the ravine the shining brass guns of a Confederate battery were trained upon the captives, and the cannoneers stood out against the blue sky, as rigid as statues, with sponge-staffs ready to serve and lanyards in hand. To the left, where the high ground extended towards the oak-woods in the east, the rear of a battle-line of Confederate cavalry was visible, its yellow guidons flapping gaily in the breeze and the horses swishing their tails and stamping with impatience. Close to both sides of the wagon-train and surrounding the prisoners at the ford were mounted guards in the Confederate butternut and gray.

"Vell, Colonel Troy," said Poissonier in response to the colonel's remark, "eef only I could get 'ome to Canada, even vizout ze tree 'undred dollar an' ze cow, I regard me one 'appy man."

"There is very little prospect of your going to Canada very soon," said the other. "It looks more as though we were to pass a good part of our lives yet down in the 'sunny South.' There is certainly no chance of escape for us between here and Richmond. What do you think, Sam?" This question was addressed to the negro driver, who sat on the near horse of the team, holding a single check line. His black and shiny face was in amusing contrast to the light drab and frowsy homespun suit he wore.

"I dunno, sah, 'bout dat," the negro replied, taking care that none of the guards was close enough to overhear what was said. "Dem Confeds am mighty smart now, an' ye doan kotch dem asleep. Leastwise dey doan often git done kotch to sleep like up da de oder day at Spottsylvania Cou't-House." The negro while talking was looking up at the battery to the right. There

was a sudden commotion there. The rigid cannoneers were bending their backs and swinging some of their guns around so as to point almost exactly across his head. His black face took on an almost yellow cast and the great pupils of his eyes dilated with fear.

On account of his wound Colonel Troy could barely raise his shoulders and head enough to see the driver in his saddle. The negro's manner perplexed him.

"What's the matter, Sam?" he asked.

"Lo'd a marsy! What's dis yer pore black man gwine to do? Fo' de Lo'd, ef dey an't gwine to shoot dem cannons right ober yer!"

Poissonier had been dozing most of the day in spite of the hard jolting of the springless wagon, but now the halt and the soothing influences of the balmy air, the gentle afternoon breeze, and all the delightful manifestations of outdoor nature in fair weather combined to favor peaceful sleep.

The excited utterances of the negro and the colonel's curiosity to know the cause stirred him just in time to observe a cannoneer, at one of the guns whose aim had been changed, pull the lanyard. The smoke shot straight out from the muzzle and then rose up into the air, and the same second a noise like a concert of all discordant sounds passed above the wagon. The driver heard and fled; and not he alone but all the drivers had disappeared. Poissonier tried to ascertain what the shell that had just passed by was aimed at, but the ground to the left was too high for him to see more than the rear of the Confederate cavalry line, which now began to divide into squadrons preparatory to some manœuvre. From far away came the notes of a bugle.

"Poissonier! they're coming! they're coming!" exclaimed the colonel.

"Who comin'?" the Canadian asked.

"Our friends, the Yankees, of course," was the answer. "That bugle-call you just heard was from the force that that confounded battery is firing at." At this moment another shell from the battery passed through the upper air like a demoralizing blast. "That call means 'Forward! trot!' Now listen!" Four or five ascending bugle notes came nearer and clearer than the first. "That is 'Trot out!' which means 'go faster.'"

Down at the river the guards were huddling the throng of prisoners into a compact column. But the wagon-guards had completely disappeared. They certainly had not fled in dismay,

for they were veterans, seasoned to service of this sort. Their presence elsewhere was probably deemed to be of more use than in guarding the possession of a lot of Yankee wounded.

"Thank God! Do you hear that?" exclaimed the colonel, as the notes of the bugle were again heard, but this time ringing out in a rapid quaver of ascending trills. "That is 'Charge!' Pray, Poissonier, pray to God for our cause, and, if he wills it, for your escape and mine. I know that you Catholics, when you are decent fellows at all, are great at prayer."

The Confederate battery had ceased firing for some minutes, but now it limbered up and descended the slope towards the ford, its jolting guns and caissons toppling as though they would upset but for the cannoneers, who, running alongside, placed their shoulders now and again to the frame timbers to steady them. Off to the left the carbines were fiercely rattling, and the Union cheer was plainly to be heard, gaining in volume as it approached. It was the fight of the brave against the brave. Custer's troopers had fully their match in the dashing Virginian horsemen that were drawn up on the plain.

The Confederate bugles in turn were sounding the charge, and in a minute the hard soil of the plain resounded beneath the galloping tread of horses' hoofs, and the heavens re-echoed the battle-cries of these American centaurs.

There was confusion at the ford. The Confederate battery, in its endeavor to reach the hither bank, had plunged in amidst the wading mass of Union prisoners and checked their progress towards Richmond. The prisoners who had not yet entered the ford acted as if in doubt. What should they do? Their guards had, momentarily at least, abandoned them. The enterprising spirits decided at once. They broke away, and after them pressed the entire throng, up the ravine and past their wounded comrades in the wagons.

From the moment that Poissonier had satisfied himself that the guards were really gone he determined to escape, and, if at all possible, to contrive the colonel's escape as well. Except for his broken arm and a few scratches in his side, he felt himself to be nearly as sound as ever. In fact, the surgeon in charge would have turned him out of the wagon that day and made him march afoot, only that there was no other wounded man needing his place in the wagon, and the colonel had begged hard as a favor that he might be allowed to remain.

"Go, Poissonier; now is your chance!" the colonel said. "Don't bother with me. 'The man who hesitates is lost.'"

"Yes, I go," the Canadian answered, "but I tek you wiz me." And he very nimbly bounded over the side of the wagon and ran around to the tail-board, which he unlocked and opened. The colonel protested, but to no purpose.

Here and there along the train crippled men were leaping or crawling out of the wagons and were hobbling away up the ravine in the hope of being able to get behind the flank of the Union cavalry force, which was now steadily pressing back the Confederates, and thus to secure their safety. The dread of the Southern prison-camps stimulated the poor fellows to efforts such as, under ordinary circumstances, their bruised bodies could not have supported. Occasionally one of them had the aid of an unwounded prisoner who had escaped from the crowd at the ford.

One of these latter, hatless and bare-footed, with no garments indeed but a woollen shirt and a patched and ragged pair of trousers of yellowish brown jean, came running up the ravine in breathless haste, keeping close to the right of the wagons in order to be sheltered from the showers of overshot Union bullets. In his swift course he reached the wagon where Poissonier was endeavoring with his one arm to slide Colonel Troy from the wagon to the ground.

"Whirra! whirra! By the piper that played before Moses! but is that you, P'isener?" he exclaimed, as he stood for an instant amazed and delighted to find his comrade here. "Many's the prayer I've said for ye, for I knew ye were alive and sore! Why don't ye come on, P'isener?" he said. "An' don't mind plundherin' th' ould wagon."

"Vill you 'elp me tek 'im out, McGonigle?"

"Oh! it's a wounded man ye have there, is it?" McGonigle said. "Sure ye have a bad arm. Let me take the man." And he gently pushed the Canadian aside. Colonel Troy had fainted from the pain of the movement, but now opened his eyes. "Well, well! may I never—but it's the colonel himself!" McGonigle muttered as he bent over to look at the face.

Colonel Troy revived a little. "Boys," he said, "I am everlastingly obliged to you both. But you'd better leave me here and take your own chance while you have it."

"No, no. We two can tek you vizout great trouble."

In the meantime McGonigle had backed up to the wagon, and then, stooping, grasped both the colonel's arms about his neck, and, former hotel porter as he was, would have borne off the colonel with no more ado than if he had been a huge Sara-

toga trunk. But the Canadian insisted on supporting the colonel's legs, so as to avoid any further injury. The little cortége made its way up the ravine amid the crowd of fugitive Union prisoners.

During this time the Confederate battery had gone through the ford and taken up a position on the opposite side of the river, whence it opened a galling fire on the eager Union force, thus enabling the Confederates to withdraw slowly, squadron by squadron, into the mouth of the ravine and then across the Pamunkey, the Confederates abandoning in the operation all the wagons and the Union wounded—a loss which did not grieve them very much, it is to be presumed.

Colonel Troy was carried to a deep nook, where the foliage of a dozen scrub-oaks afforded a grateful shade for the pale, weary fellows who came momentarily limping or crawling in to throw themselves exhausted on the thick grass. The rattle of carbines and the roar of cannon still went on, but the few stray missiles that flew in this direction passed far above the heads of these forlorn men.

He was laid in a comfortable spot, his head pillowed on a mossy knob. He half-closed his eyes, in blissful relief after the exertion he had gone through, and extended his hands to Poissonier and McGonigle. "Boys," he said, "if the Lord is good to us—and I know he will be, for I have heard both of you saying that you have prayed for his help—I'll remember you two when we get safely out of this. Here, take my canteen and help yourselves. The Confederate surgeon, who was very kind to Poissonier and me," he explained to McGonigle, "filled it for me not more than an hour ago."

"I'm thankful to you, colonel," McGonigle said, "but I never tasted the crature in my life, an' if ever I begin it's not till I'm safe an' sound out o' this blessed war; and, considherin' the close calls I've had in the last three weeks, there's but little chance that I'll ever come out of it alive and well."

Poissonier had sat down beside the colonel, overcome, in his weakened condition, by the efforts of the last half-hour.

"Take a sup, P'isener," said McGonigle, as he uncorked the colonel's canteen and placed the nozzle to the Canadian's mouth. The draught favorably stimulated the man, and McGonigle, assured of this, left the two wounded men to themselves and climbed to the brow of the hill to reconnoitre. Across the river he could see the puffs of smoke from the Confede-

rate battery, and above the edge of the woods directly to his front other puffs of smoke, almost spherical in form, where the shells thrown from that battery successively exploded.

"Our cavalry's back in thim woods," McGonigle instantly reasoned, "an' it's there I'll go an' tell the b'ys there's a lot of our wounded in here that ought to be tuk away an' attinded to." The day was drawing to its close, and McGonigle perceived that unless the Union cavalry force could at once be informed they would most likely retire from the field, satisfied with having routed the Confederates and released a few prisoners, and thus would leave the wounded in the sheltered nook to die for want of care.

The smoke of the Confederate guns and of their bursting shells now began to emit a fiery glare as dusk descended upon woods and fields. There was no time to lose, and McGonigle set forth across the open plain where shortly before the Confederate horse had stood in line. It was fully a half-mile of exposed ground that lay between him and the wood. He realized the danger, for he was a man of great natural intelligence, and his three years of active campaigning had taught him how much in war death and life depend on the configuration of the ground. He was bound to be a mark for the Confederate guns, which would not overlook him, a solitary figure in the broad open stretch he would have to pass; and he was equally bound to be an object of suspicion to the Unionists on account of the direction of his approach, and all the more so because of the strange appearance presented by his attire. But he was accustomed to face danger. He made the sign of the cross, and muttering "The will o' God be done," he left the rest to Heaven.

Poissonier, somewhat restored, ascended with great difficulty the slope of the nook, curious as to what had become of McGonigle. Twilight had darkened into early night, but far away he thought he could descry a figure making with great speed towards the woods. The dun sky was streaked with the blazing trails of the shells shooting hither and thither across the river, ending in flashes of fire at either end. In the distant shadow the figure was shut out from view.

While Poissonier, in his solicitude for McGonigle, was straining his sight in vain, there was suddenly a discharge of carbines in that direction, and a streak of fire and a couple of bullets whistled past and struck the trees near him. The next second

all was quiet at that point of the woods, and deep night had settled down.

IV.

A mantle of snow glistening with silvery frost in the moonlight was spread out over Beauharnois, over the ice-bound St. Lawrence and its lakes, and across over Soulanges. Sleigh-bells were jingling along the high-road from St. Eustache, and around the barn of Gabriel Laframboise a dozen vehicles were gathered; the horses, wrapped in buffalo-robes, pawed the hard snow and neighed with intense enjoyment of the invigorating air. From every window of the house the light streamed out through the frosted panes, and the shrill tones of fiddles which were counting rapid time for merry feet. A number of great mastiffs and Newfoundland dogs, excited alternately by the scraping of the fiddles and the jangle of the bells on the horses' necks, were capering between the house and the barn, adding their own gruff bellowing to the pleasant discord.

Inside were many of the solid *habitans*, young and old, of Beauharnois, and not a few who had driven across in sleighs over the firm surface of the St. Lawrence lakes from Soulanges. In the front room, in a corner beside the wide hearth, where a great back-log threw out a cheerful glow, M. le Curé of St. Eustache was cracking jokes and passing compliments with as fine old farmers and farmers' wives as one might wish to see, while the back rooms were occupied by the younger folk, who were in several sets winding through the mazes of a quadrille.

All the guests had been regaled in the large room which served both as kitchen and *salle à manger* with ample refreshments, fluid as well as solid. The quadrille closed temporarily, and, the partners having gravely saluted one another, the fiddlers descended from their perch up on the main staircase and went back to the cook to replenish their strength for renewed melodious labor.

"*Bien, mes enfants,*" said M. le Curé, stepping into the hall, tapping his snuff-box lid after a very generous pinch, and raising his voice so as to reach the guests dispersed through the various rooms, "it seems to me we ought now to invite *M. le nouveau marié* to recount to us the most important at least of his adventures while fighting for our good neighbors the Yankees."

"*C'est bien ça, M. le Curé.* By all means. Let us have the bridegroom's story from his own mouth," broke forth on all sides, and the company came trooping into the front room to enjoy the promised recital. In the midst of this hubbub Gabriel Laframboise came in from the kitchen, pushing before him the happy bridegroom and reluctant historian.

"*Assieds-toi là*, Jean; that's your place," Gabriel said, making him be seated beside the bride, Heloise Laframboise, whose pretty face was flushed at the many congratulations she had been receiving for the last two hours. On her right sat Jean's mother, the widow Perpétue Poissonier, rejoicing in her son's safe home-coming and in his most desirable marriage to Heloise.

"*Faites donc attention, s'il vous plait, mes enfants,*" said M. le Curé, raising one of his plump, white hands as a signal for attention, and at the same time offering to Jean Poissonier his open snuff-box, that he might therein find a stimulus to eloquence, as was always his own custom when he began a discourse. Every noise was hushed. Even the children, who had been frisking in and out among the rooms, ceased their chatter, and the little toddlers, who were beginning to be overcome with drowsiness, left their mothers, and, with wide-opened eyes, pressed forward until they stood in a staring row before the returned hero of many battles.

"M. le Curé *et mes amis*," said Jean, bowing respectfully to the kind-faced old priest and to the audience seated or standing before him, "I cannot tell you how thankful I am to God for the many goodnesses he has shown to me"—and he stole a soft look at Heloise, which that young woman instantly understood to mean that she was a very great goodness to him. "I shall not attempt to describe any of the great battles I have been in, because in the first place they have all been described in our Canadian papers until you must be weary of hearing about them, and because, in the next place, if I were to attempt to do so I should probably fall into the mistake of many old soldiers and begin to talk as if I myself and my immediate comrades had done all the fighting that it was worth while to talk about. Therefore I'll merely relate my final adventures and how I left the army."

While Jean paused for breath after this prelude, the curé sent his snuff-box down the line of honor, Jean helping himself out of it as it passed him. Seats were drawn more closely up, and opportunity was taken by the guests for a general fit of coughing,

as was their custom on Sundays and holydays of obligation when the curé was about to begin a sermon.

"I was wounded at the 'Horseshoe,' in the battle of Spottsylvania, last summer," Jean resumed, "while striving, along with a handful of survivors of my regiment, to save our standard, and all of us who were not killed there and then were taken prisoners, but not until one of our number had tossed the standard clear over into the ranks of our line of battle, where it was safe from further danger of capture."

"Jean, who was it tossed the standard?" asked a youngster who was sitting on his mother's lap in the front row of listeners.

"I tossed it," Jean answered, scarcely pleased at the interruption, though he smiled at the little fellow's interest in the narrative, "for I happened at the moment to have it in charge, having picked it up when the former ensign was shot down. Well, as soon as we were taken by the host of Confederates who crowded in around us, we were hurried to the rear of the Confederate line; and of course we needed no urging, for it would not have been pleasant to be killed or wounded by random bullets while we were prisoners. To make a long story short, several days after the battle we were on our way South to prison when we were rescued by a force of Union cavalry that came upon us by chance. But even then the escape of us prisoners who were wounded would not have been successfully effected except for the aid of a very brave and generous soldier who was with me at the 'Horseshoe' and fell into the enemy's hands when I did. His name was McGonigle—"

"What a funny name!" exclaimed the same little listener who had interrupted before. "McGonig—" and he gulped helplessly at the final syllable.

"Giggle," added Jean, disposed to help the little fellow, and with some conceit in his own mastery of English, and of Irish-English, acquired during a year's service in the Union army. "Anyhow, this McGonigle, in spite of his hard name, was a splendid fellow, and, fearing that we who were wounded and had escaped to an out-of-the-way place might be overlooked, he went all alone into the fire between the advancing and retiring lines; but as he had been forced by one of the Confederate guards to exchange clothes with him, he was mistaken by our cavalry for one of the enemy, and so got his death-wound. But even then his first and last thought was of others, and he contrived to make those who had shot him understand his mis-

sion. McGonigle died to save us, and we were saved. Our colonel later on had McGonigle's body sent on to New York and buried in Calvary Cemetery, and had a monument set up over his grave recording his many brave acts, and especially this final one."

"I have heard some one say," remarked Gabriel Laframboise, "that these Irish, although they are very headstrong, are always risking themselves for others. They must be a people with a good heart."

"Why, then, if they are so brave a people," an old Soulanges farmer with marked Breton features inquired, "do not they free themselves from these English *égoistes?*"

"Don't you see," Laframboise explained philosophically, "it is because they do not strive with so much skill for themselves as they do for others."

"In the good Lord's time, *mes amis*," the curé interposed, "these Irish shall be most splendidly rewarded on this earth, as well as in heaven, for having kept the faith and done more good than harm to their fellow-men. But let us hear the rest of the story, Jean," he said, offering the veteran a fresh pinch.

"With McGonigle's death the real story ends," said Jean. "Colonel Troy, the commander of my regiment, and the other wounded, including myself, were sent back to hospital in Washington and carefully nursed. Colonel Troy, who seemed to think himself under great obligations to me—though I do not see why he should—got my discharge for me as soon as I had completely recovered, and attended to collecting all my bounty for me, which amounted to a respectable sum, as I had enlisted in Jersey City, where the largest bounties were paid.

"On the day of my discharge I also received a thick envelope from him containing, among other things, this letter." And Jean drew from his pocket a letter, which he read, and translated into French:

"Mr. Jean Poissonier,

"*Late private 75th New Jersey Infantry.*

"My dear Sir:

"To the bravery and devotion of yourself and McGonigle—whose death I do not lament, for it was too glorious—I owe my life. What the country owes to you both, and to men of your stamp, is beyond calculation; my only fear is that it will not be as mindful and grateful in the days of prosperity as it seems inclined to be now in its days of trouble.

"You are not a citizen, and, as I know from your frank confidences, do not intend to become one; you are loyal to your own sturdy French-Cana-

dian land. But you have been loyal to the stars and stripes also while you served under them, and, in spite of the taunt often hurled at you, in common with the general horde of substitutes, that you were only fighting for 'Three Hundred Dollars and a Cow,' I know that you always fought as well as the best of us, and that you fought for *home and love*, even though that home and love were in Canada, and not in the United States. I beg of you therefore, as a great favor to me, to accept, as a very slight attempt to acknowledge the obligation under which I shall always hold myself to you, the enclosed greenbacks, which represent the 'Three Hundred Dollars,' and the little trifle I have had made at Tiffany's, which represents the 'Cow'—a trifle that perhaps *some one*, who I know is anxiously awaiting your return, may not disdain, when she understands that it is a somewhat humorous memento of the truth, valor, and love of the man to whom she has wisely given her heart.

"For ever your friend,

"RICHARD TROY,

"*Colonel commanding 75th New Jersey Infantry.*"

When Jean had finished the translation of the letter, some parts of which he rendered awkwardly enough, he removed from his shirt-front the ornament that was glittering there and bestowed it with great enjoyment on Heloise. The ornament excited the greatest admiration from all the assembled company, and deservedly. The skilful artificer, who had fashioned it according to Colonel Troy's ideas, had made a beautiful cow in frosted gold, its gentle face turned to the side, and its two eyes, of white flawless diamonds, shining like stars.

This wedding of Jean Poissonier and Heloise Laframboise was the greatest event of the year in the county of Beauharnois, and even far north, beyond the borders of Soulanges, the return of the bridegroom from Yankeeland with a gift to his bride of three hundred dollars and a cow was for many months the subject of great discussion and of much fantastic amplification.

T. F. GALWEY.

AN AMERICAN HERMIT.

ABOUT ten miles from the little village of Mandeville, on the shores of Lake Ponchartrain, and something less than four times that distance from the Crescent City, the traveller through the Louisiana lowlands comes upon the parish of St. Tammany, a district which comprises some of the most sterile land in the Pelican State, the soil being sandy and thin, covered in places, nevertheless, with a luxuriant growth of grass that furnishes good pasturage for cattle. In the southern section of the parish lies Bayou Lacombe, a scattered settlement of some three or four hundred souls, and the way thither from Mandeville runs through an unbroken forest of pine-trees, while it is so seldom travelled that one looks in vain for wheel-tracks or other signs to guide his course. The trees along the roadside, if the wood-path deserves the name of a road, are blazed for the benefit of strangers, and were it not for those primitive sign-posts a person unacquainted with the way would fare badly in attempting to reach the bayou.

Something more than half a mile from the settlement, and more densely hidden than it in the pine-woods, there formerly stood, in a little clearing, a diminutive chapel, capable of accommodating about forty worshippers, and divided into two sections, one of which served as a church, while the other did duty as a parsonage for the Rev. Adrien Rouquette, poet-missionary to the Choctaws, and author of *La Thebaïde en Amérique* and other works. Besides this little chapel, which was never rebuilt after its destruction some twenty years ago by fire, Père Rouquette had three other churches, all smaller than this one, and all, like it, hidden in woody recesses, for the reason, as he once explained, that if the chapels were on the roadside, where passers-by could see them, the Indians, who were their chief frequenters, would not approach them, so reluctant are they to appear in the sight of white men or strangers.

Into this solitude, remote from the outer world and civilization; into this region of lakes and islets and forests, to be alone with God and nature, and to preach the truths and maxims of the Gospel to the aborigines of the place, Adrien Rouquette, scion of one of the most distinguished creole families of Louisiana, licentiate of the Royal College of Nantes, and the possessor of

talents which had even then won him fame and renown in the highest literary circles of Paris, retired a few years after his ordination to the priesthood on January 8, 1846, and there, for nearly forty years, and until advancing age compelled him to return to New Orleans, his life was spent among the Indians whom he loved, and one of whom he became by assuming the name of *Chahta-Ima*, Choctaw-like—a title which his swarthy parishioners themselves first bestowed upon him.

Alluding in one of his works to this seclusion of himself from the world, Father Rouquette hints at the motives which doubtless influenced his choice of life when he says: "In that flowery and sunny month (May) I at last retired to Bayou Lacombe—my Thebaid, the land of my mother and my boyhood's land, my shelter and my nook. I fled from the dusty and tumultuous city, there to roam and muse, amidst balmy shrubs and odoriferous plants, in the lonely, ever-green, and harmonious groves of aged oaks, dark cedars, and lofty pines; and there it was, during the lingering hours of the twilight, while the mystic and mellowing hues of the sky were blending into slow-coming darkness—there it was that I felt the mysterious working of a poetical rapture and was visited by the mild and swaying messenger." Unquestionably the primary object Abbé Rouquette had in view in retiring to Bayou Lacombe was to labor for the sanctification of his beloved Indians; but it is also true that his early life, which was largely spent in hunting and fishing, together with his poetic nature, which loved solitude and found "pleasure in the pathless woods," had much to do in determining his later career; and, while he always faithfully responded to every calling of his sacred profession when dwelling in the wilderness, it was there that he was inspired to sing his sweetest songs, and there, too, that he found the time to produce what is perhaps his best work, *La Thebaïde en Amérique*, a defence of the solitary and contemplative life, so admirably written that the late Dr. J. V. Huntington, in criticising it, said: "It would enamour any fervent soul, and almost any poetic one, of solitude and the eremitic life."

Prior to entering the priesthood young Rouquette had published in Paris, in 1841, a volume of French verses entitled *Les Savannes*, of which Barthélemy said that he recognized in it "an abundant facility and a lofty religious philosophy." Saint-Beuve and Lamartine had also spoken very favorably of the book, and the author was admitted to be a true poet by the sternest critics of the French capital. The woods and the flowers were his best

themes, and few poets, indeed, have ever drawn loftier or holier inspiration from such subjects. Witness the following lesson from "The Wild Lily and the Passion-Flower," which he learned and wrote at Bayou Lacombe in September, 1848:

"Sweet flower of light,
The queen of solitude,
The image bright
Of grace-born maidenhood!

"Thou risest tall
'Mid struggling weeds that droop:
Thy lieges all,
They humbly bow and stoop.

"Dark-colored flower,
How solemn, awful, sad!
I feel thy power,
O King in purple clad!

"With head recline,
Thou art the emblem dear
Of woes divine—
The flower I most revere!

"The lily white,
The purple passion-flower,
Mount Thabor bright,
The gloomy Olive-bower.

"Such is our life—
Alternate joys and woes,
Short peace, long strife,
Few friends and many foes!

"My friend, away
All wailings here below;
The royal way
To realms above is woe!

"To suffer much
Has been the fate of saints;
Our fate is such—
Away, away all plaints!"

Another insight into the inner life of the poet-missionary is given in his introduction to his great prose work, *La Thebaïde*, which he dedicates "to you, sensitive and delicate natures, superior and intuitive organizations, dreamy and melancholic characters, profound and sealed hearts, whose mystery of love and intelligence God alone penetrates; it is to you who cannot sympathize and place yourselves in unison with a society cold and

prosaic, egotistic and hard; you who aspire with ardor to repose and isolation, who feel the need of dwelling within yourselves, and of nourishing yourselves in secret with your mysterious tears; you whom God created to live a tranquil and contemplative life, a life of prayer and study, and who seek in vain in the world the spiritual aliment, the dew of light, the celestial atmosphere you require in your mystical and virginal exaltation; you who are like those inaccessible flowers, immaculate daughters of the snow, that demand the subtile air of the highest mountains, and which cannot grow and unfold with all their brilliancy but in an atmosphere where the mephitic vapors of earth and the exhalations of marshes do not arrive till they have been purified by an ethereal fluid." Unconsciously perhaps, but none the less faithfully, in thus describing the persons to whom he addresses his book the Abbé Rouquette delineated his own singular and sensitive nature, which one of his friends well characterized as that of a poet springing out of a thoughtful childhood into a holy priesthood, and of a priest rising, purified by his sanctity, into an inspired poet.

Life in his Louisiana Thebaid was, in the main, pleasant for Father Rouquette. "I always fare well at Bayou Lacombe," he once told an admirer who penetrated his solitude. "The people all know me, and they send me the best of everything, all ready and cooked. There is one good lady here who makes bread especially for me. Then I never want for an abundance of eggs, fried fish, and fowl, with berries and fruit in their season. My coffee I provide myself. It is my one luxury, the one thing I cannot do without. I make it four times a day." It will be seen that our Louisiana hermit was not as rigorous in his mode of life as were St. Anthony and his disciples in their Thebaid, but it should be remembered that he made no profession of a vocation to heroic asceticism, and that he sought solitude mainly for its own charms and the companionship it afforded him with his beloved Indians.

His days were not without their trials and hardships, however; neither was his life devoid of acts of self-denial and mortification. For many years, and until old age made it incumbent upon him to seek greater comfort and ease, his bed was one of boards and its covering a pair of well-worn blankets. Once when a friend remonstrated with him on this matter, saying that as he belonged to no order such mortification was not necessary, the good father replied: "That is true; but I have been forty years a priest, and during that time I have known no better bed than

this. Many times I have not had as good. It is simply my choice."

During the civil war, and more especially during the siege of New Orleans, the inhabitants of Bayou Lacombe suffered many privations and losses. The Indian village was destroyed; the crops and the cattle were frequently stolen, and the owners were often shot at for attempting to defend their property. These outrages were for the most part the deeds of desperadoes who belonged to neither the Northern nor the Southern army, and who pillaged wherever plunder was to be found. "Many a time," said Père Rouquette, in speaking of his Indians, "did they come running to the 'Nook'"—by which name he called his Bayou Lacombe residence—"with blood streaming from their wounds, and looked to me for consolation. They could not understand what it all meant, nor could I make them understand. Many died of hunger, many were killed, and many more went away and never returned." The missionary suffered, too, almost as badly as his flock. When New Orleans capitulated he was literally starving in his retreat. His Indians were unable to aid him, for all their possessions had been stolen from them and they were wholly destitute. At last Father Rouquette, who, despite the fact that he was a Louisianian by birth, had remained true to the Union, appealed for assistance to Admiral Farragut, whose acquaintance he had formed on one of the visits he made to the North while yet a layman, and the result of the appeal was that a gunboat was sent to bring him to New Orleans, where generous hands amply provided for his needs and those of his swarthy fellow-sufferers.

But neither want nor hardships, nor advancing years nor entreaty, availed to keep Abbé Rouquette away from Bayou Lacombe and his Indians for any length of time. The close of the civil war found him back again among the pine-trees, the wild flowers, and his forest flock, and there he remained year in and year out, with the exception of brief visits which he occasionally paid to New Orleans, where a room was always kept apart for his use in the archbishop's house. To a friend who visited him at the Bayou a few years ago the aged missionary said: "I am not as strong as I once was. I am seventy-two years old now, and I stay more in the city than formerly; but my Indians know where the archbishop's palace is, and they always go to see me when they and I are in the city." Since 1879, in which year he published a lengthy French poem in praise of Catherine Tegahkwita, the saint of Caughnawaga, only

occasional pieces from his pen appeared in print. A year or two ago the editor of *Le Propagateur Catholique*, of New Orleans, asked the venerable writer for an article on the Rosary, and obtained the following reply: "Alas! as the ancient bard Ossian has said, 'old age is sad'; it has lost its expansiveness; it is unfruitful; it invents nothing new, but it repeats itself. Instead of an article I send you a sermon on the Rosary preached by me more than thirty years ago, in my age of strength and enthusiasm. It will have the same interest now as then, I think, for nothing in our divine religion changes or ceases to have an actual interest: all in her is ever ancient and ever new; all is young with an unfailing youth; she was, she is, and she always will be the same. In the midst of the perpetual and stormy changes which heap around her the wreck and ruins of so much greatness and glory departed for ever, she stands and rules, as the tiara above all diadems"—language whose grace and poetic beauty prove that, even on the threshold of that better and brighter world he has since entered, the poet-priest of the woods was not forgetful of the charms and peace with which religion had invested his lonely but lovely life in this.

WILLIAM D. KELLY.

A CHAT ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THERE is a great difference between Sir John Lubbock and Vernon Lee. But they both occupy secular pulpits, from which they preach in many words and in a strictly modern way. Both like to hear themselves talk. They are both philosophers without any philosophy of their own. The great difference is that Sir John Lubbock is a Philistine, and Miss Vernon Lee is what, in the old-fashioned parlance of a few years ago, would be called an æsthete.

Sir John Lubbock, a naturalist and member of Parliament, sees life as a good, solid thing, while Miss Vernon Lee has "yearnings." And yet, for purposes of real nutriment or consolation, their new books are very much alike. *The Pleasures of Life* (New York: D. Appleton & Co.), by Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P., F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D., is a series of speeches delivered at the opening meetings of various schools and colleges. In form they might be well imitated by "commencement" orators.

They are written in good, sound English, without rhetorical spasms. In matter they are optimistic and comfortable. A man who had no great trouble, whose chair was well cushioned, whose feet were well slippered, whose grate was glowing, and who had just a half-hour to spare after a remarkably good dinner, might read Sir John's essays and get further contentment from them; but for the afflicted, the poor suffering from the winter wind and the fear of the morrow, and the bearers of great sorrow, these essays are quite useless. Sir John Lubbock borrows his central idea from Epictetus: "If a man is unhappy, this must be his own fault; for God made all men to be happy." From this Sir John Lubbock argues that happiness is a duty. But a man cannot be happy by simply saying, "I will be happy." He may be resigned, if he be a Christian, or he may be cheerful by force of will; but he cannot be happy if his best friend is lying dead next-door or if his family is on the verge of impoverishment in spite of his industry. God made man to be happy with him for ever. In this world there is not for the Christian any of the happiness which Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius—twin-gods of Sir John Lubbock's—teach that the wise must enjoy. Epictetus probably lived for himself and enjoyed whatever touch of sunlight he could find, without troubling himself much about anything else for the time. And Marcus Aurelius may preach as he will, but a man who fell so far below his preaching in his actions must have felt the pangs of a guilty conscience, unless his happiness was entirely animal.

The most curious thing in *The Pleasures of Life* is the absence of ideas not quoted. Sir John Lubbock tells us how easy certain sages said happiness is, and gives us to understand that he agrees with them. This shows that Sir John has either never suffered real sorrow or that he adopts an artificial attitude as a teacher of mankind. His quotations prove that he has read the "hundred books" he recommends, but nothing more. If a man, after having read those famous books, remain as incapable of giving consolation to his kind or to himself as the author of *The Pleasures of Life* seems to be, he had better confine himself to one—the New Testament.

"The Blessing of Friends," though overladen with quotations, appropriate and inappropriate, has some individual flavor and good thought in it. He even dares to differ with Emerson.

"Still," he says, "I do not quite understand Emerson's idea that 'men descend to meet.' In another place, indeed, he qualifies the statement, and says: 'Almost all people descend to meet.' Even so, I should ven-

ture to question it, especially considering the context. 'All association,' he adds, 'must be a compromise, and, what is worse, the very flower and aroma of the flower of each of the beautiful natures disappears as they approach each other.'"

In support of Emerson we may quote the saying of Thomas à Kempis that he has never been much among men without feeling less of a man. Sir John writes some true words, which need to be emphasized, on the choice of friends:

"Some seem to make a man a friend, or try to do so, because he lives near, because he is in the same business, travels on the same line of railway, or for some other trivial reason. There cannot be a greater mistake."

The famous address on "The Choice of Books," which set most people who could read but never had read to scribbling their advice as to books that ought to be read, is contained in this volume. This list was written for the students of the London Workingmen's College. It began with the Bible (cheek by jowl with Marcus Aurelius's *Meditations*), included the Koran, Lucretius, and Smiles's *Self-Help*, and ended with Scott's novels. In justice to the orator we may conclude that the two latter were his favorites, and the rest—absurd as recommended to men of limited leisure and little previous knowledge of letters—were added because he was told they ought to be read. Some good points are made in the essay on "Education":

"Our great mistake in education is, as it seems to me," he says, "the worship of book-learning—the confusion of instruction and education. We strain the memory instead of cultivating the mind. The children in our elementary schools are wearied by the mechanical act of writing and the interminable intricacies of spelling; they are oppressed by columns of dates, by lists of kings and places, which convey no definite idea to their minds and have no near relation to their daily wants and occupations; while in our [English] public schools the same unfortunate results are produced by the weary monotony of Latin and Greek grammar. The important thing is not so much that every child should be taught as that every child should be given the wish to learn."

Vernon Lee's *Juvenilia: Being a series of Essays on Sundry Æsthetical Questions* (London: T. Fisher Unwin) is probably the kind of book that our own Miss Augusta Evans might have written, if, in the days when young ladies raved about *St. Elmo*, "culture" and "æstheticism" were fashionable; only Miss Evans would not have posed as an Agnostic. Both Miss Vernon Lee's Agnosticism and her æstheticism are palpably artificial. She has a rush of ideas to the head; and one idea frequently crushes the other in its haste to escape. She looks down the ages, and from the height of her Agnostic pulpit discovers great

things for an impatient world. Her one characteristic is to pump up verbal enthusiasm on obscure and sometimes worthless subjects. To adopt a forcible metaphor borrowed from Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly in describing a modern æsthetic tendency, she "looks for rusty nails in barnyard rubbish and spends a life in burnishing them." Her essays are written to enlighten a youth named Carlo, who personifies, no doubt, the young public. On this unhappy being she pours an endless flood of fine-sound ing words. Carlo probably has sense enough to know that his teacher is a *poseuse*, and not even an accomplished one. Her affectation of pretending to believe that real greatness of mind and pure and true love and strength for the work of life are to be found in Agnosticism and the keeping of men in a "renaissance state of soul," is too palpable for any modern youth to accept as genuine. She strives after the unusual. Of course she has a *cultus* for Botticelli. Of course Baudelaire and Villon and other poets, having much nastiness in their works, and therefore dear to what is left of the "æsthetic" school, float through her pages. In order to be unusual she sneers at Shakspere and incenses Goethe and Schiller. Her reasons for this show how shallow this teacher's thought and reading are. They are as absurd as those which induced Voltaire to call Hamlet "a drunken savage":

> "I do not believe," she says, "that Hamlet, such as Shakspere wrote him (as distinguished from Hamlet such as we read him), is as realistically conceived, as realistically carried out, as Schiller's Don Carlos, much less as Goethe's Tasso; nor are Romeo and Juliet realized like Faust and Gretchen, Egmont and Clärchen, Max and Thekla."

This "I" that demolishes the edifices of centuries, that blows Christianity aside more in sorrow than anger, that analyzes what it is ignorant of, is thoroughly typical of the spirit which, in order to assume to be learned, avoids the great highways and searches in alleys and corners for bric-à-brac that it at once demands the world shall enshrine.

While young people of this generation who have just learned to read follow sympathetically the adventures of Glaucus and Nydia, and delight in *The Caxtons*, the creator of these charming myths is made the subject of an unpleasant book, supposed to be founded on the letters of his wife, Lady Bulwer, which destroys some illusions in regard to Lord Lytton's honest belief in the Good, the Beautiful, and the True. After all, "his worst he kept, his best he gave," and such revelations ought not to be

encouraged. His son, the present Lord Lytton—who must be in an unenviable state of mind to have to choose between his mother's statement that his father was a brute, or the other view that his mother was a shrew with a tendency to "exaggeration"—has translated from the German Karl Erdmann Edler's *Baldine and other Stories* (New York: Harper & Bros.) Carlyle, according to Lord Lytton, over-praised some German novelists—*Dii Minores*—and neglected others. Lord Lytton, in introducing Edler, intends to repair this injustice. His preface is admirably written, and is remarkable for one quality unusual in modern literature—sincere enthusiasm. He honestly believes that Edler is an exquisite writer of idyls that are intensely individual and original, and he says so in a short essay full of intimate knowledge of Germany and German literature.

"Baldine," the first of the three stories in the book, opens in a forest. Baldine is an orphan left by her grandfather in the care of an old deaf woman. The child plays alone and in silence; she learns to throw aside for ever all things that disappoint her once. Her doll, her ball, and the doctor, who cannot save her grandfather from death, are cast away with hatred and distrust. But she still trusts in One:

"The ants, the snails, the butterflies, and all the dumb creatures are sometimes glad and sometimes sorry; and they all have fine threads on their heads, with which they speak without a word, as Zenz speaks with her fingers. Baldine knows all this quite well.

"But at home she knows One who is also dumb, but never glad, always sorry. That is our Lord God, who hangs upon the cross in the corner of the room, high above the table. The cross is of black wood, and fastened to it is the white God. He cannot even speak with his fingers, for both hands are nailed to the cross. The drops of blood run down over his forehead and breast, from his hands and feet. His face is very pale and mournful; one cannot look at him without weeping.

"Once Baldine climbed upon a chair and thence on to the table to look at him closely; but, when quite near, he looked even still more mournful. Then Baldine leaned her cheek against his bleeding arm, as at other times she used to lean it against the grandfather's coat-sleeve, and wept. She stroked the pale, worn cheeks, and said through her sobs:

"'Poor God! be not so sad, dear God!'

"But he remained still as sad as ever and did not smile, as her grandfather always did when she stroked his sleeve. Then she grew angry at the nails which hurt his hands and feet; and she tore and tugged at them till her cheeks were glowing, her curls all tumbled, and her little fingers bleeding. The grandfather before his death once found her in this condition."

Baldine grows up and goes to live at the miller's. She sits

on Sundays and prays near the "dead-planks" on which her grandfather and the old woman, her friend, were laid. Church and church-yard are so far away that it is almost impossible to reach them through the snow-laden mountain-paths. The bodies of the dead are laid on planks until carried to their resting-place. The villagers cannot go often to the church-yard, so the "dead-planks" are put against beech-trees in the forest as remembrances that the dead need prayers:

"The poor souls, say the folk of the forest, suffer in purgatory just so long as upon earth their dead-planks stand; but the planks of the rich last longest, for the paint upon them retards the progress of their decay."

Baldine becomes known as the beauty of the village, and her voice develops remarkably. Some Italians come to the forest to work. Among them are Toniello and Beppo. Beppo admires Baldine, and, being bad at heart, hates Toniello, whom Baldine promises to marry, though he knows no German and she no Italian. All is arranged for the marriage, when Toniello is brought home dying through Beppo's plotting.

Baldine prays frantically before the crucifix for the life of Toniello. But the priest begins the prayers for the dying.

"Toniello was dead.

"Once again that dreadful cry!

"And then, after a silence which no one dared to break, Baldine rose, with tearless eyes and a bitter, disdainful smile upon her lips. All the melancholy softness of her features was turned into the hardness of frozen ice.

"She deliberately lifted the crucifix high above her head and dashed it against the wall, from which the broken wood flew splintered in all directions."

Baldine has been disappointed by God, therefore she no longer believes in God. This is a strange and horrible climax. So far the story has been told with the quaintness and simplicity of Hans Christian Andersen, though at times Edler has the bad taste to interject some sophisticated remark showing himself superior to the villagers he writes about. But now comes an anti-climax scarcely justifying Lord Lytton's praise of him. Baldine becomes a famous opera-singer. Toniello's foster-brother, a count, offers to marry her. The count is a devout Catholic; Baldine tells him she has no belief and that she does not love him. They marry, however A child is born, but she does not change. One day the angel of death threatens the child. Then follows fearful suspense. At last the child is declared out of danger. Then Baldine says to the count:

"'I love you, Gaetano! I love you very dearly and deeply, only I did not know it.'

"And then her hand glides again caressingly across his arm.

"'Go now,' she murmurs, 'to our child, Gaetano! Embrace for me the good Dottore Corri, as well as the other physician. I will follow you, but let me linger here a moment. I wish first to pray, Gaetano—to pray to your God!'

"He looses his embrace and goes to the rescued child.

"Above the *prie-dieu* hangs the dumb God upon the cross, mute and sad.

"The sunbeam falls upon the stooping face of the dumb God and on the upturned forehead of the woman, whose hands are stretched out to him in prayer. The blood-drops on the brow of the divine image glow like kingly rubies, and the tear-drops falling from the woman's eyes shine pure as orient pearls in the beam that has kindled both.

"And around those two silent figures the dawn grows slowly brighter."

This is temporarily satisfactory as an ending. But what if Baldine should suffer another affliction and feel that God had again disappointed her? Would she break her new crucifix? Religion introduced into stories for dramatic effect is generally a mistake. Neither religion nor the story is helped by it. Lord Lytton's literary instinct is true in the choosing of "Baldine" as an unusually well-written story. Edler's artistic treatment of his theme in a small space might serve as a model for some of the lumbering, expansive English novelists. "Notre Dame des Flots" is a very sad story of the sufferings of a wife who, even in death, was denied the love of the daughter for whom she had struggled and suffered. But there is no bitterness in it. And in these stories, as well as in the slighter sketch, "A Journey to the Grossglöckner," the elevating influence of the Catholic faith and the supremacy of virtue over vice are ungrudgingly admitted—more, perhaps, as facts which a true artist must express than with extraordinary sympathy with them.

Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's *The Gates Between* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) will hardly have the popularity of her *Gates Ajar*, by which it has no doubt been suggested. It is the record of a man's existence after death. Dr. Esmerald Thorne marries, late in life, an excellent woman. He is a very busy and irritable man. He became "uncontrollably angry" at times, without thinking that he had "no more right to do so than to get drunk." Dr. Thorne enters his house one night in an unusually bad humor. The prelude to the "taking off" which left him "between the gates," in a very uncomfortable and unsatisfactory position, is this speech:

"'I am due at the hospital in twenty-five minutes,' I went on excitedly.

'Chirugeon is behaving like Apollyon. If I'm not there to handle him nobody will. The whole staff are afraid of him—everybody but me. We sha'n't get the new ward built these two years if he carries the day to-night. I've got a consultation at Decker's—the old lady is dying. Chowder? I wish you'd had a good, clear soup. I don't feel as if I could touch chowder. I hope you have some roast beef better than the last. You mustn't let Parsnip cheat you. Quail? There's no nourishment in a quail for a man in my state. The gas leaks. Can't you have it attended to? Hurry up the coffee! I must swallow it and go. I've got more than ten men could do.'"

By way of an excuse for this irritation we are told that Dr. Thorne had that day lost ten thousand dollars, that his boots were wet, and that his child was teething. To add fuel to the flame, his wife behaves with exasperating humility. Dr. Thorne leaves her, declaring that he ought not to have married at all, or married a woman with a little wifely spirit. Then he goes away, half turning back with a touch of remorse; but his horse is restless, and he dashes off. The horse runs away with him; he is thrown out of his carriage and killed. But, nevertheless, he tells his story. After the accident "a young priest passed by, saying an Ave with moving lips and unworldly eyes." The late doctor, who, during his mad career in the carriage, has run into a landau occupied by a lady and a child, asks whether they have been injured. "'Nay,' he said, gazing at me with a luminous look—'nay, I see nothing.' After an instant's hesitation the priest made the sign of the cross both upon himself and me, and then stretched his hands in blessing over me, and silently went his way. I thought this very kind of him, and I bowed as we parted, saying aloud, 'Thank you, father'; for my heart was touched, despite myself, at the manner of the young devotee."

Dr. Thorne had been somewhat of a materialist in life, consequently he is made to hover among the money-getters. But gradually he gets into better company. He meets a devout soul, one of his former patients, who is happy in this intermediate state, while he is tormented and miserable; but this soul had faith, and he had not. After a time he enters a community of spirits who wait with the utmost joy for the coming of the Lord of love, and the doctor is joined by his little boy, who has died on earth. The doctor, when this shining Presence comes, does not see it. He has been blind on earth, and he is blind still. The little child hears the spirits in probation singing the song of faith. "'I cannot sing that pretty song,' said the boy sadly. 'There is nobody to teach me. Father, I wish you *were* a learned man.' Now this smote me to the heart, so that I would even have

lifted my voice and sought to join the chant for the child's sake and to comfort him; but when I would have done so, behold I could not lift my soul; it resisted me like a weight too heavy for my lips, for in this land song never rises higher than the soul."

At last the sceptic cries out, "Thou great God, if there be a God, reveal thyself unto my immortal soul, if I have a soul immortal." His wife joins him, and the united family praise Almighty God between the gates of earth and heaven.

There are incongruities in this book, some theatricalities of style; but it is a very pathetic book and a very womanly book. No Catholic can see this attempt to probe the secrets of "probation" without a sigh and an earnest prayer that the writer's groping after truth may be fully answered in this world.

Mr. Arthur Peterson's *Songs of New Sweden* (Philadelphia: E. Stanley Hart & Co.) is a book of exquisite poetry, whose inspiration is drawn from American scenery and American suggestion. Mr. Peterson makes the settlement of the banks of the Delaware by the Swedes the theme of the most important of his poems. The ballad of Blackbeard the Pirate has the swing and motion of the sea. In some of the poems, perhaps the earlier work of Mr. Peterson, there are some technical roughnesses which mark the difference in growth in the work of this original and delightful poet. It is interesting to note how the older poet, the father of the author of the *Songs of New Sweden*, avoids the little faults of sound in "The Modern Job," where the temptation to forget the sound in the sense must have been very great. Mr. Arthur Peterson's *Songs of New Sweden* have in them true and spontaneous human feeling and a freshness and force which fill the receptive mind with the illusions of romance and youth. This is decidedly refreshing among the *blasé* and affectedly cynical verses of young poets.

Hallo, My Fancy, by Charles Henry Lüders and S. D. S., Jr. (Philadelphia: David McKay), has merit, but it is tiresome. A dinner which consisted of alternate courses of meringues and macaroons, with a dash of American champagne, would become tiresome and cloying. And a whole book of trifles has, mentally, much the same effect. In Mr. Lüders's case, whose poem, "A Boutonnière," is the best thing in the volume, there is no doubt something solid beneath the pretty froth. To him one may apply the description given by Miss Edgeworth in one of her novels—a description afterwards used by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe—of a certain character who was froth on the top but good sweet-

meat underneath. "S. D. S." has a talent for rhyme and rhythm, a good ear and great facility; and that, on the evidence of his work in this book, is the best that can be said of him. Mr. Lüders would have done well to have left most of his pleasant *nebulæ* in the pages of *Puck* and *Life*, and making "A Boutonnière" or "Unafraid," in which a strong thought is vigorously put, the stepping stones, arisen to the higher things of which he is capable. We quote "Unafraid" as a proof of the correctness of this criticism:

> "A child, in some far heathen isle,
> Murdered to win a false god's smile,
> Laughed as the strangler's cord was laid
> About its throat; and, unafraid,
> Caught at the crimson loop of death
> That straightway chilled its joyous breath;
> So the fool wantons, nor may check
> The harlot's clasp about his neck."

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

HOW A RITUALIST BECAME A CATHOLIC.

To one born a Catholic a Ritualist is a specimen of the *genus homo* altogether outside the pale of his understanding, and, generally, of his interest. A good, honest, uncompromising Protestant can at once and without difficulty be classified and defined as such; a Greek schismatic *is* a Greek schismatic; but a Ritualist, to use a somewhat vulgar but expressive proverb, is "neither flesh, fowl, nor good red-herring." The name of Protestant is an insult to his dignity; a Romanist he is not. What is he? According to his *own* definition he is an Anglo-Catholic, a member of the *third and purest* branch of the universal church; according to that of his enemies, Catholic and Protestant, he is a Protestant masquerading as a Catholic. Masquerading is perhaps a harsh word, for many, very many, Ritualists are most sincere, earnest men; but the word will suit our present purpose.

A Ritualist, be it remembered, differs *toto cœlo* from an old-fashioned High-Churchman, and among themselves every individual "priest" and layman differs from the others. They had their origin in the famous Oxford movement, but have in the last twenty-five years adopted very generally doctrines and practices which would make Dr. Pusey turn in his grave did he know of them. One word in their favor, and then this introduction may come to an end: they have, by means of their "ornate services," accustomed the Protestant Englishman, of all men the most bigoted, to ritual, and very advanced ritual, and have been the guide of many wandering, restless souls into the one fold of the Catholic Church.

The subject of the present sketch was born a member of an extremely Protes-

tant and Evangelical family. Up to the age of eighteen he was influenced by *no* High-Church surroundings, but kept most strictly to the very lowest of Low churches, with a Presbyterian and an Independent chapel as the only permissible alternative. Being of an imaginative, poetic, and intensely impressionable disposition, his whole soul revolted against the bare, cold, unadorned ritual of the Evangelical school. On several occasions, while supposed to be attending worship at the Presbyterian chapel on the "Sabbath" evening, he was present, by stealth, at Vespers and Benediction at the oratory of the Sacred Heart in B——, his native town, or attending "choral evensong" at the High Church of St. Peter. The old proverb about stolen pleasures was amply fulfilled, though apart from the lights, music, and vestments, the services in both cases were more or less "in an unknown tongue" to him. In the following year, 1879, he was sent to school in Rhenish Prussia, where the taste for Catholic ritual acquired by stealth in B—— was further developed by frequent attendance at High Mass and solemn Vespers. The whole bent of his mind led him to extreme reverence, to such an extent, in fact, that he was taken by the peasants for a most devout Catholic. All this time, however, he was utterly and entirely ignorant of all Catholic, and even of all High Anglican, teaching. His own mind, guided doubtless by the Spirit of God, led him to some vague, mystic comprehension of the mystery of the Real Presence, for even in a Scotch Episcopal chapel during his summer holidays he made a humble obeisance every time he passed the altar, as he already termed it.

In 1880 he was sent, much against the grain, to an extreme Low-Church college or seminary in London to prepare for the ministry of the Gospel. Here, however, he was fortunate enough to find two kindred spirits who, like himself, revolted against the narrow bigotry and the cold, bare, unadorned services of the Puritan school. These two men, now clergymen in the Anglican communion, taught him the first rudiments of dogmatic theology, that part at least which the High Anglicans have inherited from the Catholic Church. In company with his friends he visited, in secret, such churches as St. Alban's, Holborn; St. Faith's, Stoke Newington, and others, where he heard "advanced" dogmatic sermons such as might literally have been preached from Catholic pulpits. In the summer of the same year he went to the Highlands of Scotland, where he was thrown continually into the society of two High-Church clergymen. Following their advice, he procured and studied carefully Sadler's *Church Doctrine*—a book which then and for some years after fully satisfied his mind as conclusive. He thus became, in the fullest sense of the word, a Ritualist, accepting a large measure of Catholic truth, but stopping short of "Roman" doctrines.

In the autumn of 1881 he was again in B——, his health having failed through over-study in the close air of London. He then for the first time, moved by some undefined impulse, went to see a Catholic priest, Father W——, S J., who was then in charge of the oratory at B——. The conversation was long and interesting, though he was too earnest and confirmed a Ritualist to derive from it any immediate benefit. One remark of Father W——'s did, however, remain in his mind, and to it he attributes, in a great measure, his ultimate conversion. It was: "With your knowledge of Catholic truth, you cannot possibly be saved unless you become a Catholic." In December, 1881, he went to Australia and Tasmania, being absent ten months, and being employed as a "lay reader" in the Anglican communion. His duty was to conduct service and to preach in an outlying mission chapel. The preparation of his sermons led, as a matter of course, to the closer

study of theology; but having, unfortunately, no better guide than Sadler, he only became confirmed in his erroneous opinions. The bias of his own mind led him, however, to hold doctrines the most extreme which could possibly be held while remaining an Anglican. The first and most important of these was, naturally, a firm, earnest belief in the Real Presence, and, in addition, a great devotion to the crucifix. On returning to England in October, 1882, he was sent, to complete his theological studies, to a High-Church college this time, in a Wiltshire country town. Here Sadler again formed the standard of dogmatic theology; but frequent, fasting communions, Compline every evening, Sext every Saturday, and the example of fellow-students made him, if possible, a more extreme Ritualist than ever.

In April, 1884, his health again failing through over-study, he was sent to M——, in Canada. The end, though he did not know or even suspect it, was now drawing near, when all his wanderings in barren pastures were to end in the fold of the one true church. So long as he remained in M—— under the influence of a very earnest "extreme" Ritualist, with services after his own heart, he was perfectly satisfied with the claims of the Anglican communion to be a *branch* of the Catholic Church. When, however, circumstances took him to O——, where the High Church was only "moderate," where disputes, bickerings, and scandals vexed the church, he began to grow restless and dissatisfied, and to look longingly and wearily at the perfect unity and discipline of the "Latin" church. Human influences and the terrible strength of old association deterred him yet a while longer from taking the decisive step. At length, in the summer of 1885, he paid a long visit to a devout Catholic family living near M——. Here he was surrounded by unseen Catholic influences, which drew him nearer and nearer to the truth. He remained none the less a consistent Anglican to the last, always attending the services of his own church, and never going to Mass or even joining in the family's prayers. A chance conversation with a French priest once more startled him with a fresh difficulty. Setting aside altogether the question of the validity of Anglican orders, Father D—— referred him to the universal concensus of the Fathers, "*Ubi Petrus ibi ecclesia*," adding, "Even if your Anglican orders *are* valid, you are none the less schismatics."

The struggle was long, fierce, and bitter. On one side were peace, rest, and infallible truth; on the other old association, the ties of family and friendship, traditional sentiment, and human affection. But the end was very near at last. Returning to M—— in September, he was desired by Mr. W——d, his Anglican "director," to prepare for confession by a retreat of three days. Kneeling humbly before a crucifix, he began in all seriousness and devotion to prepare for the solemn "sacramental confession," praying most earnestly to the Spirit of Truth to guide him "into all truth." All the old difficulties came back in greater force than ever, and, almost in despair, he sought an interview with a Jesuit, Father K——. He, too, avoiding all discussion of the validity of Anglican orders, raised a fresh difficulty, the question of "jurisdiction"—a question familiar to the inquirer after truth from the study of dogmatic theology. He referred the matter in all honesty to Mr. W——d. The answer was that it was "too long a question to go into now," but, added Mr. W——d, "if a man begins to doubt his salvation in the Church of England, the sooner he leaves it the better"—good, sound advice, surely, coming from a Ritualistic "priest" to an anxious, doubting penitent. Needless to say that the subject (and writer) of this paper followed it at once, He put himself under Father K——'s instruction, and ten days later, September

28, 1885, had the unspeakable happiness of receiving the "one baptism" of the "one faith" of the "one Lord."

A. M. D. G. et in memoriam Diei xxviii Sept. MDCCCLXXXV.

Scripsit CATHOLICUS MINIMUS.

BELLPORT, LONG ISLAND, September, 1887.

THORNTON'S CONVERSION.

Thornton was a slave, bred up on the Jefferson estates in Virginia, who about forty years ago came into possession of Bishop Reynolds, of Charleston. He was an intelligent man, knew how to read, and he was a capable, diligent servant, thoroughly honest and trustworthy. He was a religious man and a preacher among the Baptists. His curiosity was immediately excited about the Catholic religion, and he used to talk with the clergymen at the cathedral whenever he could get the chance. His Bible and hymn-book had got rather mixed up in his memory, and he sometimes quoted verses of hymns for Scriptural texts. Once he told me of a sermon he had preached on the text "Thou art Peter." "You see, I said that Peter was just like a rock, his faith was so strong. And the Lord said he would build his church on Peter's faith." He used to hang around the sacristy and listen to sermons through the doors, which of course, in South Carolina, were usually left open. Once when a celebrated preacher of that day was giving a retreat, and Thornton was listening to a sermon, the preacher inadvertently made a slip and spoke of Adam as having gone to Abraham's bosom when he died. Thornton thought he had caught infallibility in a mistake, and with suppressed glee went to find the bishop.

"Massa," said he, "who died first—Adam or Abraham?"

"Why, Adam, of course. What makes you ask that question?"

"Why, massa, the preacher said just now that Adam when he die go to Abraham's bosom. How he do that when Adam die first?"

Thornton kept on thinking and studying out the church as well as he was able. After some time he preached a sermon to his colored Baptist brethren, in which he told them that there was no religion in shouting and kicking the benches, and exhorted them to amend their lives. Whereupon he was expelled from the brotherhood and went no more among them. Soon after I left Charleston, and saw it no more for ten years. When I went there again to give a mission the old cathedral, the bishop, and Thornton were gone. I was informed that he had been instructed and received into the church, had lived for several years a devout Catholic, and had happily departed this life. Thornton was another Onesimus.

A DECENT FUNERAL.

Carriages! carriages! Mind not the purse.
Sixty fine carriages after the hearse!
"Decency pays," quoth the devil with glee.
"Ten go for that: pride sends fifty for me."

ALFRED YOUNG.

THE CHURCH AND THE SECULAR PRESS.

One of the signs of the times is the increasing attention given by the secular press to Catholic topics. A few years ago an occasional paragraph in an obscure

corner of the daily paper sufficed to give all the information on important Catholic affairs that the public was supposed to care for. To-day a Sunday-school picnic or an ordinary society meeting attracts more attention. It was only when the pencil of Nast or some pen of equal malice caricatured us that we were raised into greater prominence. But times have changed mightily since the war. To-day we have, if anything, too much prominence. An item of Catholic news, whether real or imaginary, is eagerly caught up, enlarged upon, and given the place of prominence in every paper in the land. The leading journals of the country are not complete without their Roman telegrams and their Catholic locals. The magazines discuss Catholic topics, and, as a rule, in the most impartial spirit, if not always in a satisfactory manner. Anything to wound Catholic feeling is being more and more carefully excluded, and an effort to attract Catholic readers seems to be made on every hand and in every department of literature. There is, of course, much room for improvement yet. There is not unfrequently a remarkable ignorance displayed in treating church questions or religious affairs, and some of the editorials on Catholic matters are ridiculous and absurd. But the progress already made is an encouraging augury for the future.

Now I come to my point. It is that here we have a glorious opportunity and that we should cultivate this newly-opened field. Our clergy and laity should take hold and make themselves felt in the secular press—some, in the case of laymen, by adopting journalism as a profession, as indeed many have already done; but all of us should be ready on proper occasions by a communication, even by a little item of Catholic news, to show what the true religion is. Prejudice against a Catholic because he is a Catholic has so nearly died out that it does not affect the acceptance of an article if it has the requisite literary merit. This fact should encourage beginners, and should lead to the production of a number of contributions of value from Catholics. It is not contemplated, of course, that the articles will be always what is technically known as "Catholic," but, without any direct religious allusions, they can breathe a Catholic spirit and serve to inculcate Catholic ideas. *Ben-Hur* was never intended as a devotional work, nor is the author a Catholic. Yet I fancy few have read it without feeling genuine devotion to our Lord arise in their hearts. I know of a young man who, after reading Wallace's grand description of the Crucifixion, was so moved by it that he prepared, by true sorrow for his sins, to receive the sacraments, which he had neglected for several years, and to amend a wicked life. A great deal of good can be done by Catholic writers in the secular press. What they write will be read by thousands who could never be persuaded to read a "Catholic" book or periodical.

And now for another point. Every encouragement should be given on public occasions to reporters of the secular press to get reliable information. This is something often neglected by Catholics. How can you blame an unfortunate reporter for an erroneous or ridiculous account of things, when the truth is he could find no one to give him the information he sought after, and was forced to rely on his own observation and imperfect knowledge for the material from which to write his report? We might as well realize the fact that this is an age of *news* papers, and that newspapers live by publishing, so far as possible, *all* the news. Of course it is to be regretted that so many disgusting things find their way into print, but this is no reason why we should not apply even the weak antidote of a little good reading. Some trifling piece of Catholic news is often as difficult to get (I make this statement from experience) as the secrets of a cabinet minister; and the mystery which surrounds the building of a new church or a parish school is as profound as that

which shrouded "the Iron Mask." All this results in foolish rumors and embarrassing stories which could easily have been avoided if all secrecy not positively necessary had been laid aside. A reporter is sent out to get a certain piece of information. He comes to you, a priest perhaps, one who can easily tell him all he wants to know without interfering in the slightest degree with your rights or your plans; but you prefer to lecture him on the evils of bad newspapers, you abuse his profession for always prying into other people's business, and you rather unceremoniously close the door on the one man in the world who can do you and the church the most harm. Your uncomplimentary remarks were not what he was sent after, nor does the editor care for your private opinion of the press. He wants certain information and he expects the reporter to get it. If it cannot be gotten from proper sources it will have to be manufactured.

The secular press has faults, and grave ones. But enmity to our religion and inaccessibility to the Catholic truth-teller are no longer to be charged against it.

John F. Carrère.

Northwestern Chronicle Office, St. Paul, Minn.

The Prison Mirror. Vol. i. No. 3. Price, 5 cts. Stillwater, Minn., Wednesday, August 24, 1885.—This is the first newspaper of its kind that is owned, edited, and published by the prisoners of a penitentiary we have ever seen or heard of, and our first impression is that it is the very latest advance in the line of Christian charity. What, indeed, can show that we look upon our prisoners as brethren so much as this recognition of their right to a journal that will enable them to communicate with not only each other but with the world at large? They are our brothers, weaker than ourselves perhaps, perhaps simply less shrewd or fortunate in escaping that "whipping" which the poet says would be dealt out to all of us if we got our "deserts." As the spirit of democracy advances, that of Christianity seems to find freer and fuller expression, and we carry the principle of the Ayrshire poet, "A man's a man for a' that," to a degree reached only by the holiest in other times.

An amusing illustration of this is found in the writer's experience in a village renowned among the summer resorts of the United States. He was strolling about one evening companionless and observant, when his attention was attracted by a man standing inside a wicket that opened on the high-road. "I'll find out something about this place," thought he, and addressed the solitary visible inhabitant:

"Good-evening."

"Good-evening, sir."

"Small place this."

"Yes. It's not a very large place."

"You live here?"

"Well, no. I'm staying here awhile."

"What large building is that over there?"

"That? Oh! that's the court-house. You know this is the county seat."

"Ah, indeed! Is the prison here, too?"

"Yes. This is the prison right here."

"Indeed! Why, it doesn't look much like a prison."

"No."

"Many in it?"

"No. There's only one just now."

"I don't notice any bolts or bars."

"Oh! no. The sheriff can easily take care of the few he has without much trouble. He's easy with them when he knows they won't run away, but if he has a cantankerous or mean fellow, why he'll lock 'em up inside."

"Do you—do you work here?"

"I? No. I'm the prisoner now."

The astonishment of the writer may be imagined. The blood rose to his face as he felt the extreme ridiculousness of the situation, and thought of the eyes and may be ears that were perhaps intent on his behavior and conversation during his interview with "one of the citizens," as he had thought. Delicacy, however, made him carry the interview to a natural close, and he asked what had brought his companion to this pass.

"Oh! I was accused of stealing a pedlar's pack. But they *didn't prove it against me*. I expect to get out of this when the case comes up in three weeks and four days." A robust man appears at the door of the cottage: "Jake! come get your supper."

"That's the sheriff now. So, 'long!"

"Good-night!" And a very singular experience came to an end.

There is nothing wrong in the spirit that induces us to treat the erring as our brethren, weak indeed, but yet brethren; and no danger in it, provided we sympathize and even fraternize with them in a way such as may not harm ourselves—that is, not to allow bad habits or loose conversation on their part, and to firmly but gently insist, as we would with a child or an invalid, on their taking the remedies, disciplinary or other, prescribed for their case.

"But for the grace of God, there goes John Bunyan!" said the famous author of *Pilgrim's Progress* when he saw a poor, dissipated wretch passing along in the hands of the police. He knew himself and felt that whatever wrong another man did he also might do, and only God's friendly aid prevented.

St. Vincent de Paul, the apostle of love, knew the prisoner. How did he treat him? Look at that most fascinating of pictures which represents the jail-blacksmith riveting on the holy priest's leg the ball and chain that have just been cut from the foot of a convict, in whose place, while he goes to visit his sick wife, the prison chaplain remains a voluntary hostage. O charity! O love of our brother, likened unto that of the Son of God, who had himself riveted to the cross for the sake of us his adopted brothers!

But we were going to notice the new journal.

It is published weekly at the penitentiary, Stillwater, Minnesota; costs five cents a copy or one dollar a year; and is owned, edited, written, and printed by prisoners, fifteen of whom formed the original company and advanced, from the wages allowed them for extra work with good conduct, two hundred dollars to start it—a sum which has already been repaid them out of the profits. It publishes information about the prison, much of which is interesting to the general public, and very little of which they had the means of ascertaining before. "Only those who for some heedless act have been taken aside to lead lives of a dreary and monotonous existence," says a contemporary, "can realize what a great light and comfort this new departure will be to the unfortunate. All the proceeds, after the original advance is paid back, will go toward increasing the library, and in thus opening the way to enlighten the minds of those shut out of the world. Warden Stordock has touched the key-note of true prison reform and shown himself a genuine and intelligent philanthropist." While the chaplains preach and practise

charity, the warden carries out their doctrine and extends its working to the levelling up of the poor unfortunates that have hitherto considered themselves in the light of pariahs and hopeless outcasts, who could never again expect to be treated as men.

Looking through the columns of the number before us, we find on the first page the salutatory of the new editor, very modest and gentlemanly, in which he disclaims any special endowment for the work, but consoles himself and reassures his readers with the reflection that there are capable writers within the walls on whose co-operation he and they can depend. The previous editor's time had expired with the last issue, and not even his affection for this his intellectual bantling was sufficient to cause him to prolong his stay at Stillwater!

On the same page we find such paragraphs as these:

"Thirty-five millions of dollars were taken in over the bars of saloons in Chicago alone last year."

"Four things come not back: The spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity."

"'My notion of a prison is that all the means possible to make men cheerful and happy will make them better, and should be applied so far as practicable. . . . Not all the good are outside and the other kind inside'" (Hon. W. R. Marshall).

The second page gives incidentally the information that the well or ill-known Younger brothers are among the stockholders of the concern—Cole Younger being printer's devil; also that an invitation had been extended to President Cleveland to visit this "retired community," and regret expressed therein that said invitation could not be conveyed by a committee. Evidently even the *Prison Mirror* has its funny editor.

The third page contains a number of "locals" telling of the visits of the inspector and of private citizens; of new subscribers; of donations to the reading-room (or rather the library, for each one's cell is his reading-room from 6 to 8.30 in the evening); asking for "a full-grown, double-decked Webster's Unabridged" (the legal standard out here), to be paid for in advertising; telling of the movements of the Protestant and Catholic chaplains; giving details of various incidents occurring in the jail; insisting on library regulations, etc. Among the news items is this, which must have given some slight gratification to the inmates: "The mayor and nineteen of the city council were arrested at Wilkesbarre, Pa., for neglecting sanitary provisions for the health of the city. The arrest was caused by indignant citizens." The following prayer is also found in these columns:

"O God, who sparest when we deserve punishment, and in thy wrath rememberest mercy, we humbly beseech of thy goodness to comfort and succor all those who are under reproach and misery in the house of bondage. Correct them not in thine anger, neither chasten them in thy sore displeasure. Give them a right understanding of themselves, and of thy threats and promises, that they may neither cast away their confidence in thee nor place it anywhere but in thee. Relieve the distressed, protect the innocent, and awaken the guilty; and forasmuch as thou alone bringest light out of darkness and good out of evil, grant that the pains and punishments which these thy servants endure through their bodily confinement may tend to setting their souls free from the chains of sin, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen. 'For I acknowledge my fault, and my sin is ever before me.'"

The fourth page, as well as the others, contains advertisements of merchants and others who think that it will pay them, or wish to show their good will and encourage the enterprise of the convicts. These latter spent their free time in making and polishing walking-sticks, boxes, etc., as well as in reading and writ-

ing. If a man has literary ability, surely here's the place for its development, as the examples of Cervantes and Bunyan both assure us. The writer remembers having once asked an educated gentleman, who was in prison on a two years' sentence for a crime resulting from drink, how he liked his life there. "Father," he replied, "I thank God for being delivered from the occasion of sin; and, for the rest, I never made the spiritual exercises so well as I am making them here. The Lord has dealt kindly with me, and I feel even happy, thanks be to God!"

We have written this under the influence of our first impression at the sight of the *Prison Mirror*. We hope that with due control it may succeed not only in raising the tone of the prison and giving hope and manliness to its inmates, but may interest the public in the internal management of these institutions. How few there are that ever bother their heads about how their brethren are getting on inside the penitentiary! They pay their taxes grumblingly and think their duty done. Is it really done? Do we fulfil the work of mercy that consists in visiting the sick and the prisoner, by handing him over to politicians and their followers, never ourselves inquiring how these do their duty? A newspaper such as this will do much to remedy our neglect (newspapers are now our ordinary, almost exclusive, means of information), and by enlightening us and exciting our interest form a sound public opinion that will react on the management of the jails and hold their officers to just and Christian conduct in their weighty charge.

We feel that many will not be so favorably affected; that some will slight, some condemn, this novelty in journalism; but it seems to us something worthy of encouragement, under proper censorship, of course (a thing that were true of the press universally), for it will tend to make our poor, weak brethren feel that they are still recognized as men, not considered as dogs; and we hold it to be a sound principle that the best way to make a man what you would have him to be is to treat him as if the makings of it at least were in him.

Edwd. Gordon Clark:

Sir: I was much interested in your articles quoted in the *Freeman's Journal* of August 20 and 27, for reasons that will appear.

Mr. George is not opposed by the average citizen for holding that the rich should share with the poor, but for the practical socialism that, in a style so beautiful, so specious, and yet so shadowy, he seems to inculcate. *Seems*, for indeed it is very hard to get to the bottom of these economic questions, and no doubt very much of the debate is what the Greeks call *logomachia*.

Now, as to your scheme of scientific taxation, your putting the percentage of tax at two per cent. struck me, because our approved writers on morals generally teach that the well-to-do should give in alms annually about that amount of their net income—that is, of what remains over and above their living expenses. Nay, some theologians hold that the twentieth, or even the tenth, part of a man's surplus should be given to the needy. And the reason why they limit the amount to these percentages is that so much would suffice to provide for the ordinary needs of the poor; but, of course, if there were greater needs requiring more help, this would become obligatory, because we must love our neighbor as ourselves (see Gury's *Moral Theology*, on Alms-giving, No. 228, etc.) Hence in time of war, pestilence, and famine the amount of the aid extended rises proportionately.

Our authors do not derive the right of society to tax the individual for the support of the poor from the ownership of "wealth" inherent in society, but from the natural law of brotherly love. But if a man does not fulfil this duty, of

course society can force him, and the poor-law rates are therefore just, though they do not exist where the spirit of love alone is sufficient to make men do their duty.

The difference between people generally and Mr. George *appears* to be that he wants organized society to take in hand the business of helping the needy and regulating men's lives according to reason and religion; whereas the rest of us fear corruption, tyranny, in fact "socialism" and slavery, if such authority and functions be allowed to the professional politicians, who almost always form "the state"; and we think it better to trust to the individual, at least to the extent of leaving to his enlightened discretion and brotherly love the care of his weaker brethren, with the precaution, however, that the extreme needs of the poor, the sick, and the wayward shall not be left to the abandonment that would ensue in our complicated social condition if there were no organized systematic provision for them.

In countries and times where religion and love flourished, and all were united in one church organization, the state had not the same need, nor, therefore, the same obligation, of establishing and maintaining schools, almshouses, and hospitals; and even now private individuals and associations relieve the state of much of its duty. See, for instance, the vast and numerous institutions of education and general benevolence, in all parts of the country, conducted and supported by private persons, or churches, or other societies. And indeed, perhaps, as a rule they do their work better than the public ones. Else why do the needy prefer them? And why does the State of New York, for instance, consider it better to subsidize the Children's Aid Society, the Catholic Protectory, etc., rather than establish public asylums instead?

Hoping that Mr. George and every other man will receive a patient hearing, and, instead of abuse, be met and convinced, if possible by argument, or convicted of error, as you meet him and as you strive to convince him, and that this agitation will be productive of at least the good result of actively discussing and clearing up the obscurities of social questions, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

EDWARD MCSWEENY.

ST. THOMAS'S SEMINARY, ST. PAUL, MINN., Sept., 1887.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MAN'S BIRTHRIGHT; or, The Higher Law of Property. By Edward G. Clark. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Our present civilization," says the author of this brilliant little book (p. 63), "imagines that it has outgrown feudalism, and that Cervantes laughed the last dying breath out of its body. It is a great mistake." That there is solid ground for this statement all who know how men live and die about us are willing to admit. There is not fair play between the rich and the poor. Men earn more than they are paid. Some men are paid what other men earn. With all our freedom, the big hand in law-making does not belong to the honest citizen, is not hardened with toil, nor is it clean from the stain of bribery. Men who should be free are subjects of other men, and of that unhuman person, creature of the law, called the corporation; they are slaves and they should be free men. It is no answer to say that men are better off than they were in former times; or that

their servitude is not the worst form of slavery; or that they have only themselves to blame; or that their masters were once slaves themselves; or even that there are multitudes who are not slaves. It stands true as day to all who know factory life, railroad life, stock-jobbing life, political life, that between the rich and the poor there is not fair play; that many men earn more than they are paid; that many providential gifts of Heaven, especially the public lands in the far West, are distributed with gross injustice. The feebler, the more ignorant and more necessitous members of society are not fairly dealt by.

So that Mr. Clark is right in saying that the root of feudalism—that is, the power of one man to say that another is "his man"—is still alive in the soil of modern society. But what is his remedy? We have in the October number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, in a notice of another of the author's publications, sketched his scheme. It is founded upon what seems to us a communistic (in the false sense) view of property. The state, as he teaches, owns everything—meaning by the state the whole community or organized society—and can demand and should demand the exercise of proprietary rights over everything, including all real and personal property of whatsoever kind. Do you affirm that labor, for example, creates personal right of property? Mr. Clark answers that as labor obtains its material to work on from nature's gift, which is the inalienable birth-right of the undivided mass of humanity, labor is bound in justice to pay rent. This is certainly a principle of communism. It is not, indeed, the common use of the sources of wealth, but it is the common ownership of them and common sharing of their income.

To this communism Mr. Clark joins a form of Socialism. What is Socialism? As far as economics are concerned, it may be defined as the distribution of wealth by public authority in contradistinction to its distribution by men acting in their private relations to each other. Now, Mr. Clark would gradually redistribute the totality of the wealth of the whole people every fifty years by means of state officials. This he proposes to do by an annual rent-tax of two per cent. on *all values*. "A yearly tax of two per cent. on all assets is the precise collection due mankind by virtue of their birthright in the common estate of material existence." And again he affirms this to be "the Natural Rent under the higher law of property, due mankind yearly for the use of their estate from the individual sub-owners holding special distributions of it" (p. 17). As to the redistribution of the proceeds of the rent-tax, it would first be made to pay the expenses of the government, and the balance be spent by the public authorities for the "people of the nation," to provide "fresh air, pure water, comfortable habitations, cheap, wholesome food and clothing, facilities of travel and communication, and the fundamental means of education and progress" (p. 111); and if the reader can think of anything in the civil and material life of man not included under these heads he can do more than the present writer.

Mr. Clark's errors are patent. He is mistaken in supposing that the community is barred by the law of nature from conveying and securing a real and absolute ownership to individuals of a share in the "bounties of nature." The state can make a man a private owner and yet maintain its own "original and ultimate property," as the constitution of this State affirms. He is in error in supposing that nature grants the common owner-

ship to the multitude, never to be broken. The natural law does not divide property; but man tends to the civilized state, and civilization requires division of material wealth not alone for use but for ownership. He is palpably in error in supposing that the state can steadily redistribute all wealth without making the individual citizen "its man," reproducing the worst form of feudalism and turning humanity's footsteps back towards the state of vassalage.

There are evils in society and there are remedies in public law. But Mr. Clark knows the evils better than the remedies.

IS THERE SALVATION AFTER DEATH? A Treatise on the Gospel in the Intermediate State. By E. D. Morris, D.D., LL.D., Lane Theological Seminary. New York: Armstrong & Son.

Dr. Morris answers this question in the negative. The best and most satisfactory part of the book is that part of chapter iv. which treats of moral government and probation. There are many other good things in it, and glimmers of truth here and there beyond the author's professed system of theology. Probably he would call this Calvinism, but it is a very mild and mitigated form of it, not far different from the doctrine of the Augustinian school. There are very important parts of the controversy which are but superficially treated. The author thinks that he makes Scripture his only rule, but he actually seeks for some common standard of orthodoxy in the creeds and confessions of ancient and modern times by which to interpret the Scriptures. This common orthodoxy being rather hazy and undefinable, there is a hesitation and uncertainty about many things which are really necessary to a satisfactory settlement of the controversy. The author is right in considering the progressive orthodoxy as irreconcilable with the common theology of all preceding schools of so-called Protestant orthodoxy. It is revolutionary, and, although at present timid and tentative, it must issue in a much bolder and more thorough attempt to reconstruct the theology of the Congregational denomination.

Dr. Morris writes in a very pure and clear style, and in an excellent spirit of earnestness and courtesy. Many of his pages we have read with pleasure and all with interest; and although we do not think his argument exhaustive and conclusive, yet we look upon it as a contribution to the discussion of some momentous questions which is worthy of respectful attention.

IRISH SCHOLARS OF THE PENAL DAYS: GLIMPSES OF THEIR LABORS ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE. By Rev. Wm. P. Treacy. New York and Cincinnati: F. Pustet & Co.

The author explains in the preface how he came to write this very entertaining book. While he "was a student at Louvain he spent a great part of his recreation time in gathering up historical points connected with the history of the Irish students and schools of the penal days [in that city]. He had then no idea of writing a book on the subject. He merely wished for some information for his own private satisfaction. It was a real pleasure for him to learn how many of his dear countrymen in evil times rose and shone in 'the land of the stranger.' It was with no little enthusiasm that he entered the chapel of St. Anthony's convent, where Ward, Colgan, Fleming, O'Cleary, Conry, and Mooney were wont to pray

for the island of their love. With uncovered head he entered the ruins of the Irish Dominican House on Mont-César. Great, too, was his joy when he discovered the site of the Pastoral College—that college which for so many years had been the asylum of the brave secular priests of Ireland." Nor was he influenced and instructed alone by the places in which the exiled Irish scholars had lived; he consulted rare volumes and documents in which their services to religion and science, and their characteristics as men and Christians, were commemorated. This medium-sized book is the summary and methodical arrangement of the large mass of notes thus collected.

The pilgrimage of this patriotic antiquary enables us to judge of the literary achievements of Irishmen during the first two centuries after the Reformation in nearly every university or other centre of learning in Europe. He finds names of distinguished scholars of his race not only at Louvain, but Antwerp, Lisle, Douay, Bordeaux, Rouen, St. Omer, Salamanca, Alcala, Coimbra, Prague, to say nothing of such great schools as those of Rome and Paris. He laments, and most justly, that the memories of these distinguished men have been for the most part permitted to slip away into the shadows of the unrecorded past, whilst their countrymen whose trade was war have been almost over-zealously lauded. Wreaths of heroic verse have been strewn over the soldier's martial bier and his blood-stained sword hung high in history's reliquary, whilst the tranquil student, who studied and taught the divine mysteries or who helped mankind to a wider empire of scientific knowledge, has been forgotten.

But "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War's," and Father Treacy has done well to tell of those peaceful Irish exiles who were as great lovers of their native land as their brethren on the field of battle, and whose heroism was at least not less worthy of chronicle.

ST. THOMAS MANUAL; or, Devotion of the Six Sundays in honor of the Angel of the Schools, St. Thomas of Aquin. From the German of Fr. Henry Joseph Pflugbeil, O.P. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

To those many choice young souls whom God has set apart for the sanctuary there are several happy years in store of study of the sacred sciences; and that involves securing a good working knowledge of St. Thomas. They will find few even of the very greatest doctors of the church so satisfactory in the solution of the great problems discussed. But if they suppose that mere industrious application of the mind will make them theologians or philosophers, there is no one who would deny them more emphatically than the Angel of the Schools himself. A devout life, a practical love of God, an application to the knowledge and practice of ascetic and mystical theology, is the very first requisite for an intelligent preparation for the priesthood. Would that all seminarians were fully persuaded of this fundamental truth!

This little manual, though adapted to the use of all classes who love St. Thomas, is, in a special manner, a *vade mecum* for students aspiring to the priesthood. It contains a full assortment of excellent devotions for daily use as well as special seasons, such as retreats. If we had charge of ecclesiastical students we should certainly see that each one had a copy, and should exhort them all to make constant use of it.

SERMONS, MORAL AND DOGMATIC, ON THE FIFTEEN MYSTERIES OF THE HOLY ROSARY. By the Rev. Math. Jos. Frings. Translated by J. R. Robinson. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

These instructions on the mysteries of the Rosary are calculated to assist pastors of souls in explaining and propagating one of the most useful and popular of Catholic devotions. Each mystery is made the subject of a separate discourse, the whole series being connected in such a way that each one borrows from the others, making altogether a pretty full treatment of those truths of religion which are the intelligent basis of all Catholic piety. If, as the author has a right to expect, they assist in a better understanding of the Rosary, they will be of incalculable benefit to the people. We know not what God's providence may have in store for the future. But, as things stand now, there is no better way for vast multitudes of people of arriving at a good state of prayer by an easy method, and on the lines of enlightened appreciation of the life, death, and glory of our divine Redeemer, than by saying the Rosary as it ought to be said. Hence it is with hearty good-will that we recommend Father Frings's excellent little book of instructions.

POUR L'IRLANDE. Par Émile Piché, Prêtre Canadien. Dublin: M. Gill & Son. 1887.

This little volume, written by a French-Canadian priest who has lived in Ireland long enough to know what he is writing about, is an answer to a French *brochure* in which the people of the Isle of the Saints, their manners and customs, are attacked in an ignorant and brutal manner by a man unworthy the name of a Frenchman.

It is not that there is anything new in the statement of Ireland's cause in this little book, but the fact that a Frenchman who has been upon the ground and studied the question, one also free from prejudice, should write from his heart and head at once with vigor and pungency of style, should of itself convert many to the cause of Irish freedom.

The ordinary Englishman, and we may say the same of the New-Englander, looked, as every one knows, on the Irish as little better than savages until within the past thirty years. And now they are rubbing their eyes in astonishment while waking from their delusive dream and appreciating the Irish as they deserve.

The question, Has Ireland a grievance? is no longer asked by reasonable men, for all the world knows that Ireland has a grievance, and a great one. When we consider that French, Germans, and Americans unite in upholding the justice of the cause of five millions of a long-suffering and much-persecuted people; that public opinion concerning this cause is that it is the cause of liberty, both civil and religious; when we consider the patience of the Irish people with such a cause to defend, our blood courses more quickly in its veins, and we think of the spirit of 1776 and of the day which brought liberty to another country which had a grievance. And, moreover, when we consider these facts we confess our amazement that there should be any one so blinded by prejudice as not to see the true remedy—namely, the granting to Ireland the same rights as Canada or Australia enjoy.

As we have said above, there is nothing new in the book. The tales of evictions and their attendant horrors of powder and ball, blood, fire,

and frost, are the same in 1887 as in 1877, or '67, or '57, or as far as one cares to go back in this sad history. The plunder of the people by rapacious agents and landlords, the desolation of great tracts of fertile land which are now used as hunting-grounds, the exportation of thousands of people to other lands, is ever the same. The suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act, the abolishment of trial by a jury of one's own countrymen, are no easier to bear nor any different in their effects now than they were ten, twenty, or a hundred years ago, and bear the same fruits as ever. Hence the Whiteboys, hence the Fenians, hence the Moonlighters; and were it not for the National League greater and worse crimes than the stoning of a few impertinent policemen at Mitchellstown would be the result.

All these things M. Piché has set out well in the last chapter of his book for the consideration of the thoughtful reader. We commend *Pour l'Irlande* to those who imagine too fondly that Ireland has no grievance, or that, having one, Home Rule is not the remedy.

The two things we call special attention to are the statistics which are rolling up from year to year to be a perpetual blot on that nation which calls herself the guardian of liberty in all the world, and that in the Protestant portion of Ireland the people are let alone and suffer less than the people in the Catholic portion.

This book has a wood-cut which is quite equal to a book in itself. It is, however, no longer books that are needed on this subject. "Actions speak louder than words." And we may be sure that within the next few months some actions will be performed by the English Liberals in alliance with the Irish Nationalists which will be efficacious in bringing about a great and needed reform in the government of the holy island. We write this from conviction, and not from prejudice, for not one drop of Celtic blood is in us.

We trust that this will not be the last time we shall hear from M. Piché, for he has a trenchant pen and an earnest manner which make him an attractive writer.

UNITED STATES LIFE-SAVING SERVICE. Report of 1886. Government Printing-Office, Washington.

The age of chivalry is doubtless gone for ever, but the heroic sense of duty still ennobles our manhood and is destined to remain. Nowhere may more ample proof of this be found than in the records of the Life-Saving Service.

Our vast coast-line from Maine to Mexico, and from Vancouver to Southern California, is dotted with life-saving stations; the shores of our great lakes have also their quota of these humane establishments; and in every one of these stations are brave men ready at any moment to risk their lives in the service of their kind, no matter what the race or color or flag.

The extent of disaster to shipping in our waters is greater than is generally supposed or reported. Since 1871 some three thousand four hundred vessels have met with accidents of one kind or another on our coasts, and the lives of over twenty-eight thousand persons were endangered. Not a few of these ill-fated craft became complete wrecks, yet the loss of life was comparatively small—only about five hundred souls.

The noble exertions of the life-saving crews helped much to reduce the death-rate among the shipwrecked; and were the stations and crews more

adequate to the extent of coast within their operation, the death-rate would have been much smaller still.

The details of some of the rescues effected by the life-saving men read more like Clarke Russell's romances than matter-of-fact government reports. Here we have truth stronger, if not stranger, than fiction.

Our government is doing a noble work in establishing and increasing year by year the efficiency of the life-saving service, and we trust the good work will go on until every exposed position on our coast shall have its garrison of true and tried men willing to do and dare everything for the relief of the shipwrecked tossed on our shores.

ELEMENTS OF ANALYTIC GEOMETRY. By Joseph Bayma, S.J. San Francisco: A. Waldteufel. 1887.

This is a clear and concise treatise on the subject which practically stands in the entrance to the higher mathematics, and generally serves as a test to the ability of the student to determine whether he can proceed or had better stop right there. The difficulties usually lie at the outset and in matters which seem to the mathematician perfectly plain and simple.

Whether the explanations given in any work on these points are really such as the average learner wants can probably only be settled by actual trial. They usually have to be supplemented extensively by the teacher.

This book seems, however, to be as satisfactory as any one of its size could be, and is, in our judgment, well arranged, taking the subjects in their logical and proper order.

The logarithmic tables we cannot regard as convenient. Seven-place tables, to be practically used by computers of ordinary ability, should be carried one place farther in the argument in the numerical part, and to every second instead of every ten seconds in the trigonometric. Even then they usually have to be helped out by small subsidiary tables, which are quite wanting here. For a work of this kind it would have been much better to put in Bowditch's unsurpassed five-place tables, and to do this in subsequent editions would be an improvement. But they are hardly needed for analytic geometry, and add unnecessarily to the size of the book.

SERMON ON THE BLESSED EUCHARIST: Its Dignity as a Sacrament and Sacrifice. Preached in the church of SS. Peter and Paul, Cork, by Rev. F. O'Connor, C.C.

This sermon gives a short but clear explanation of the Catholic doctrine concerning the Holy Eucharist. It deals in none of the difficult questions treated of by theologians, but presents the teaching of the church in a manner easily understood even by the most simple. We recommend it as profitable reading for those who have not the time nor capacity to peruse works of a wider scope.

CLARE VAUGHAN. By Lady Lovat. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This is a charming sketch of a beautiful soul. Though Clare Vaughan's life was quiet and uneventful, yet to the few whose privilege it was to know her interior self she showed unmistakable marks of high sanctity. Throughout her whole life she practised the two virtues of love of God and love of poverty with great earnestness, and finally succeeded in gaining the crown of glory as the reward of her faithful perseverance. The authoress

has done her work well. She has written every line with touching pathos, and is careful not to conceal the deep affection and esteem with which she regarded her friend. Every pious person will derive much spiritual benefit from a perusal of this volume, but especially do we recommend it to the study of religious, for whom it seems most suited, as the subject of this narrative was a Poor Clare.

AFTER SCHOOL-DAYS: A Story for Girls. By Christina Goodwin. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

This book is just what it purports to be—a thoroughly wholesome as well as a pleasantly written story for girls—good girls, perhaps we might add, and not merely good, but what the "lady help" advertisers in London papers would describe as "domesticated." Those young ladies who emerge from the school-room only to plunge into the "fish-pond" at Bar Harbor and like resorts, and who find a zest in their peculiar dissipations, would probably vote it "goody-goody." But we heartily recommend to those whose palates are still healthy this pleasant little narrative of how that "dumpy darling," Mollie Graham, turned to good account her native instinct for housekeeping and her talent for cookery. Of course there is a love-story twining like a hop about this central pole, but, like a hop, it is delicately tinted and not to be called over-sweet in flavor.

THE ENGLISH READER. Edited by Rev. Edward Connolly, S.J. English Series—Number One. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros.

To our notion, this is an extremely good selection from the masters of English prose and verse. The editor nowhere appears in it personally save in the very brief preface, but the scheme on which he has arranged his work is most aptly preluded by a selection from Cardinal Newman on "English Classical Literature," which strikes the key to all that follows. Besides being well selected, the book is also faultlessly printed. It is to be supplemented by an *English Speaker*.

THE MOST HOLY ROSARY, in thirty-one meditations, prayers, and examples, suitable for the months of May and October, with prayers at Mass, devotions for Confession and Communion, and other prayers. Translated from the German of Rev. W. Cramer by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.SS.R. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

This pretty little book is a convenient *vade mecum* for the devotions of the months of May and October. It might serve rectors of churches also to lead the people in the public exercises of those seasons, serving very well as an accompaniment of Father Frings's book of instructions noticed elsewhere in this number.

WIDE AWAKE. Volume W. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

A collection of delightful stories with illustrations quite as good as the stories. The happy boy or girl who has this book to read will not only be entertained but instructed also.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE STORY OF THE LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA, told for boys and girls all over the world. By W. W. Tulloch, B.D. Revised by Her Majesty. New York: Armstrong & Co. 1887.

HYMN FOR THE GOLDEN JUBILEE. By Eleanor Donnelly. Music by Henry Tappert.

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LEO XIII.: 1887.

"With Prophet eye, the tremulous dawn I mark;
Lumen in cœlo! breaks the radiant day,
And, terror stricken, demon forms and dark
Plunge to their Stygian lake, there sink away."
—LEO XIII.

THE Pride of the World had risen, and the Lust of the World, a fire,
Burned in the Hearts of Statesmen, and Force was their desire;
The Promise of Christ seemed darkened, and His Cross lay in the mire;

And the Martyrs' blood, despisèd, was trodden underfeet,
That Martyrs' blood that blossomed in a thousand Flowers sweet
In the sacred Colosseum in the languid Roman heat;

And the Scent of Martyr-blossoms and the Seeds of Martyrs' Blood
Had been borne o'er all the Nations for the growth of Christianhood—
Yet in the Porta Pia an armèd Scoffer stood:

So the Cry was, "Rome has fallen!" and the Howl was, "Christ is dead!"
And the Soul of sainted Pius saw Rome's ruin as it fled
To the Throne of God the Changeless, to the Choir enrapturèd.

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Then the Neo-Pagans, sneering, threw libations in the air
To Priapus, to Satan, to the Nymphs that Rome called fair,
Ere the New Rome had arisen, to conquer Earth's Despair.

Leo came—the King anointed, with a Star of Hope His Sign,
And the Light of Heaven dawning showed Christ's Promise still divine,
And the ancient Devils fleeing cried, "O Pope, the World is thine!"

He, Pontiff, Poet, Prophet—he, Shepherd, Servant, Seer,
From out the seeming Chaos bade the Christian World appear,
Though Rome was held by Scoffers, and Hope was thrilled by Fear.

And the Pontiff in his Prison (may Our Lord send him release!),
Serene above all tumult, spoke inspirèd Words of Peace,
And nearer, nearer seemed the Day when human Wars shall cease.

Brothers, brothers, God is hidden, and we cannot see His Face,
Yet, though sin and sloth and striving our Hope sometimes debase,
The Lord of All is of us—He is human, of our race:

So a Light shines full upon us from the very Eye of God,
A Light like Summer sunshine that revivifies the clod,
A Light that in Effulgence will draw Lilies from Earth's sod.

Then, O Christians! hear the Prophet who bids the World be free
From the Follies of false Science or a falser Liberty;
For the Light is dawning, Brothers, of the Church's Jubilee.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

LEO XIII.

1837–1887.

The homage paid by Catholics to Pope Leo on occasion of the Golden Jubilee of his priesthood is not feudal; it is not that of vassals to their lord. It is not personal, not like that of the multitude worshipping a political leader. Catholics are not man-worshippers. It is the homage of Christians to the Apostle Peter, and through him to Christ, to God. The apostle is dead, but the apostolic office lives throughout all ages and unto the consummation of the world. The allegiance of the Catholic world to-day is witness that Christ is not merely of yesterday, but of to-day also and the same for ever.

Nor does Pope Leo seek the homage of vassals or the worship of men. Addressed to a sovereign holding his position, that homage and that worship would be out of place. It may have suited the past, but has become offensive and even contemptible to the American mind, and no less so to Pope Leo himself. Such is, until better informed, our firm persuasion. As Catholics we take no interest in a Christianity identified with the throne. Catholicity has elevated us above that. Catholicity must be free. Neither monarchy nor republicanism nor any other form of political government is great enough to stand sponsor for the Son of God among men. The church is above them all in the sense that her aim is higher. The church represents more extensive interests than any institution, feudal or democratic, her interests nevertheless embracing all.

What Bismarck confessed at Canossa—that is to say, when advocating the abrogation of the May Laws in the Reichstag—is applicable to statesmen and citizens of every nation:

> "If I were a Catholic I do not suppose that I should regard the Papacy as a foreign institution, and from my standpoint, which I must retain as a representative of the government, I concede that the Papacy is not simply a foreign, but a universal institution, and because it is a universal institution it is a German institution and for German Catholics."

So far Bismarck. But the converse is true; for the Sovereign Pontiff can say, indeed he in effect has often said, that, the Papacy being a universal institution, the Pope is foreign to no country and antagonizes no form of legitimate government, and is German for the Germans and American for the Americans, a monarchist for monarchies and a republican for republics.

The Pope, having an apostolic mission, seeks only to perfect those relations with people which are apostolic, universal, catholic. There is no reason to suppose that Pope Leo will interfere with politics in this country; he has too much to do with our spiritual interests to hearken to those who would advise his meddling with us as citizens. Yet the Papacy does exert an influence calculated to make all men good citizens, for it is in harmony with the principles which underlie all divine institutions. The divine elements of society are the individual, the family, the state, and the church—four divine institutions, each sacred, each independent in its own sphere, and all bound to act in perfect harmony. Catholicity, with the Papacy at its head, affirms all four of these divine elements, maintains all their rights, and deepens and purifies their influence.

Pope Leo has put forth an endeavor to reverse the action that takes place between politics and religion, for the civil princedom has been too often the enemy of Christ. When the church ameliorates the condition of politics she suffers for it. The church plants a vineyard and eats not of the fruit thereof. She civilized Europe, and the feudal system spread thorns in her path for ages afterwards. What good thing did the feudal system of Europe do for religion, compared to what religion had done for society? The church upheld in the face of tyrants in every age the principles of civil liberty, defended free will and human rights against Luther's princes and against Calvin's Huguenots; yet many exponents of modern liberty have persecuted the church, nay, have made war on all religion. The action of the state upon the church has been a constant endeavor to destroy the organic liberty of religion. When will the state perceive its opportunity in the church's freedom? It seems that we may hope for better things in America. This is because American institutions are more in harmony with the principles of religion. The elementary principles of American liberty, if allowed to shape our politics, will at least not hinder the action of religion upon men and society.

More than seventy years ago Charles Nerinckx, one of the noblest of the pioneer missionaries of the United States, used the following words in an address to the clergy of Belgium, his native country:

"To speak of the present state of affairs in America, I do know this much, that our holy religion is nowhere less interfered with than there. We write to Rome and receive rescripts from the Eternal City without anybody daring to touch or look at the papers, of whatever description they may be. We have public processions and celebrations; we wear reli-

gious regalia and ornament streets; we give the sacraments or refuse them; we perform burials or refuse that sacred rite; we admit converts to the church or reject public sinners; we forgive or impose public penances of all kinds; we build convents, erect schools, buy and sell lands, etc., etc., without anybody interfering or pretending a right to interfere with our bishops. We write, we speak, we preach what and where we please. In vain would the enemies of the church enter a complaint against us in civil courts; the law is deaf in religious matters. We are free from spies and informers, who are neither paid nor encouraged to do their dirty work as they are at home. Who can wish for greater liberty? But how long will it last? Perhaps as long as we will, and here end our duties. This government will and must experience the general vicissitudes of all others; the rise and fall of kingdoms, like that of families, cities, and countries, will go on until the end of time; but our rule of action must be in keeping with the times we live in, and for that alone we stand responsible. God wants neither our advice nor our help to adjust the future" (*Life of Rev. Charles Nerinckx*, by Rt. Rev. Camillus P. Maes, p. 320).

Since those words were written not one step backwards has been taken consciously by the American people in their dealing with the citizen's religion and his rights of conscience; the public school is irreligious, to be sure, but as fast as the people are being made aware that such is the fact they are inclined to square it with sound principles of education.

What has made the Holy Father so successful as a diplomatist, in dealing with questions between church and state, is his education more than anything else. The religious qualities of his character tended, indeed, to enhance this qualification, for religion tends to make a man more intellectual and more patient, and not less prudent, not less suave in his manner—all qualities necessary in the make-up of a statesman, above all in one who is entirely destitute of physical force and must attain difficult ends against the most powerful military despotisms. But, after all, diplomacy is not a function of the sanctuary, and Pope Leo's training in courts and his familiarity with diplomats during the earlier years of his most observant life, account in a great measure for the success of his statesmanship.

As to understanding the American civilization, the statements of American prelates and the grasp of mind of the Pope himself have enabled him to perceive that the basis of our civilization is not atheism or rationalism, but Christianity. The most captious must admit that the Pope is at least contented to give us a fair trial. This is all we can ask. But there is much evidence going to show that he looks not unfavorably upon re-

publican governments. So much, then, for the contact of the Papacy with men in reference to their political interests.

We come now to consider the attitude of Pope Leo in reference to the higher life. And first let us ask, Why is it that Pope Leo has made the aspect of things different from what they were under Pius IX.? Is not the policy of Leo as legitimate as that of Pius? Dare any one say that the two pontiffs have differed essentially in their policy? Why, then, do they produce such diverse results? The reason is because the dominant note of Leo's policy is intellectual and that of Pius was emotional.

Most non-Catholics have yet to learn that Catholicity is an intellectual religion. It is essentially so, though it adequately ministers to the emotions. It touches all things, but interferes with the normal development of none. Pope Leo, however, is plainly convinced that it is God's will that the emotional should give place to the intellectual as the dominant trait of Catholicity of to-day. He established this as a policy at the very beginning of his pontificate, and by his encyclicals, his allocutions, his regulations for seminaries, and in every other possible way, public and private, has stimulated the mental activity of the whole church. This was a great undertaking for the Holy Father, and we can but wonder at his courage and his success; furthermore, we are persuaded that in this he is the instrument of a very special Providence.

What will be the effect of the Holy Father's turning the intellectual aspect of the church to the view of the age? It will cause sound philosophical studies to attract the intellect more than the so-called scientific investigations at present in vogue can do. It will make the experimentalism of natural science subservient to the ethical and metaphysical. The being and attributes of the Creator and Lord of all things, the immortality of man's soul, the freedom and responsibility of that soul for its conduct, the future reward and punishment of good and evil done in this life—these, rather than the study of the phenomena of the visible world, shall hold first rank. The dominant tendency of commercial nations is to exaggerate the practical and experimental sciences, and, as to the speculative sciences, to confine them to their actual uses for the present moment and the present life. Truth for its own self's sake they never think of, nor do they value sufficiently the aspirations of the soul; and so they fall short of a happiness truly rational. Pope Leo's action will, therefore, give a new and a more enlarged view of Catholicity

to the outside world. Non-Catholics have not thought the Catholic spirit favorable to intellectual development. It is precisely the speculative intellect applied to the great truths of revealed religion which the Pope is constantly stimulating. Scientific men attempt to confine the action of the intellect to the lowest forms of its activity and to the immediate objects of the senses. And they have the effrontery to claim that this is all there is of science.

But the most immediate effect of the Pope's policy will be on Catholics themselves, for intellectual life demands freedom; and Pope Leo, by stimulating the spirit of rational inquiry, supposes a greater degree than heretofore of rational liberty, especially in literature and in scientific research. There are ill-omens in the air for all whose thought has run more for theological schools than for Catholic truth. Hence the Catholics among those races who have a natural aptitude to appreciate liberty in the general relations of life are likely to contribute the leading minds of the future. The same will hold good of schools of theology. If Pope Leo has his way, among the dominant tendencies of Catholic intellectual life will be liberty.

The word liberty has been greatly abused, and one is instinctively afraid to use it. But in the mouth of an American it is better understood, being always compatible with reasonable restraint. Intellectuality does not, to be sure, need *civil* liberty for its highest development: witness the Augustan age and that of Louis Quatorze. But intellectuality working in the field of the spiritual life, and developed in the direction of the knowledge of divine things, makes men freer: where the Spirit of God is, there is liberty. The study of divinity will progress in proportion as men of genius come in immediate contact with the Holy Spirit, and that is liberty sanctified.

The question of the hour with many is how to reconcile liberty and intelligence with the just restraints of religion and society.

Those races, therefore, whose dominant natural trait is rather the intellectual than the emotional will be found moving to the front, and there will ensue a powerful development of the study of philosophy and theology. We do not mean anything similar to that extravagant scholastic development in which theology was whipped into rags by disputes in the schools.

The Holy Father's devoted attachment to St. Thomas, and his vigorous propagandism of his philosophy and theology, are explained by his intellectual character. Pope Leo, if I am

not mistaken, wishes to bring the whole church on to the intellectual side of life, and St. Thomas is his ideal. He advocates St. Thomas as, on the whole, the best exponent of the intellectual life of the church. St. Augustine is too far back, in some sense; true, he may be called the intellectual founder of Christian philosophy, though more a Platonist than an Aristotelian. But the whole product of Christian thought, especially after St. Augustine, needed to be résuméd as soon as Christianity had developed a distinctive civilization. St. Thomas performed that task and contributed a vast store of original thought. St. Thomas made not only philosophy but theology also systematic and put it into scientific shape.

When St. Thomas is spoken of as the ideal of the intellectual side of Catholic character, it is meant in a highly practical sense. There is no author, on the whole, so satisfactory for the solution of the practical intellectual problems of our day as St. Thomas. Until St. Thomas, St. Augustine was the theologian of the church, and, after the inspired writers, was undoubtedly the light St. Thomas himself followed. But by the thirteenth century there had arisen a new civilization, and the Holy Spirit had given new light and fresh strength as Providence had given new races for the church's civilizing and sanctifying power to act upon. To St. Thomas was assigned the office of adjusting, and that practically, the principles of religion, revealed and natural—especially the latter—to the aspirations of the souls of men in modern society. The church in his day had already made great advances in the civilizing of the modern races, and the period of transition from feudalism to modern civilization prepared the minds of men for the new statement of theology by St. Thomas. Furthermore, the bringing out of intellectuality as the dominant trait of Catholicity is going to bring the church necessarily face to face with the Protestant world. Why with Protestants particularly? Because Protestantism is the error of the Saxon races, and their dominant trait is intellectuality. The root-error of Protestantism is an intellectual error. Even though it produces the fruit of Agnosticism, the root is still the same and still lives among non-Catholics. It is the evil of subjectivism. Truth is generated in the mind from the action of the object on the subject; as St. Thomas says, it is the transposition of the object into the subject. This makes the criterion of truth external. Protestantism makes the criterion of truth internal, makes its interior states the exclusive test of religious truth.

What is the tendency of the Protestant mind in philosophy? It is subjectivism and leads to general scepticism. Not that this is a natural tendency of the human mind, but because it is misled. Throwing the church more upon its intellectual basis will cause its brightest minds to meet the errors of the age more satisfactorily, especially among the Saxon races.

It may be that the intellectual tone of Catholicity favored by Pope Leo will not affect the elements of the political world; but remotely it will affect everything. The question is whether Pope Leo, in endeavoring to place the intellectual as the dominant characteristic of the church of our age, is acting wisely. It is plain that it is his intention thus to place the church. He is studying for this purpose night and morning. Is this wise? Does the age require it?

Who is in a better position to judge of this than Leo XIII. himself? It is not our business or right, therefore, to judge him in this matter. In such cases every true Catholic spontaneously feels called to follow the direction of the Sovereign Pontiff. Nor in this does one sacrifice his manliness; for we find that as there is a grace enabling the Pontiff to initiate, so there is one enabling us to co-operate with, these great movements—yes, and even to perceive something of these providential reasons. In former years it always seemed to us that Pius IX. saw this movement towards intellectual development in the future and was inspired by it. Leo XIII. not only sees the future but sees how to get at it. The future of Pius IX. becomes the actual present by the providential enlightenment of Leo XIII.

Finally let us say that in a true sense the Catholic Church is of no more value to Pope Leo than to a poor hod-carrier; it helps him save his soul, and that is the main thing. The church will assist the man Pecci to attain to union with God in the beatific vision. What he will obtain more than this as Pope Leo XIII. only God knows. What religion has to give the Pope as a Christian is the main thing for him; but to us the uses of the Successor of Peter are the gifts of his apostolic office.

Much that we have said in this article has been said facing inwards, as Catholic to Catholics. Facing outwards we should, we trust, accentuate the authority of the Vicar of Christ, and, if necessary, shed our last drop of blood in defence of the apostolic authority of the See of Peter. In its proper place and time we have known and shall ever know how to express our-

selves with due force on the subject of the Pope and the world. Here and now we speak of the Father of Christendom, and we speak without fear. Fear is a low motive in the household of the faith, to which he does not belong who does not know how to submit himself not only to its dogma but also to its discipline, as well as to every manifestation of its Spirit.

In the name, then, of our subscribers and contributors, and, as far as may be, in the name of the American people, we say to Leo XIII.

Ad Multos Annos!

I. T. Hecker.

FRAGMENT OF A FORTHCOMING WORK.

My friend Mr. Edward Search, B.Sc., London, has lately returned from the voyage on which he has been so long absent. In its course he made many curious observations, and experienced several singular adventures, the description of which he has committed to writing and intends to impart to the public. His modesty, however, making him fear lest, through the hurry of writing and his inexperience in literature, many faults may have crept in, and his time being much taken up in arranging the specimens he has brought back, he has entrusted the manuscript to me, in order that, having been perfected by my taste and experience (so he is pleased to speak), it may appear in a manner worthy of the public and of himself. The knowledge of this transaction having somehow got abroad, I have been much importuned for a sight of this great work, and urged to use despatch in its edition. Being desirous, therefore, to satisfy in part the curiosity which has already been excited, and to arouse it where it does not yet exist, I propose to publish one passage without further delay, in order that the revised and perfected work may fall on a well-prepared public, like seed on good ground. I give it just as I find it in the MS., with all its youthfulness and inequality, promising, however, that when I publish the entire work it will be so improved and polished as not to offend the fastidious.

Mr. Search is, as most people know, a young man of large means, who has devoted his leisure to scientific pursuits. If not as yet a prophet of science, perhaps he deserves to be called the servant of the prophet; or, to use the language of an older superstition, he is a wand-bearer of science, not yet a full mystic. In

fact, it was his anxiety to acquire some reputation in that sphere that induced him to undertake the long and dangerous expedition I am speaking of. For on the recent discovery of the *vespertilio papilonaceus* in Terra del Fuego, he thought he saw his opportunity, and immediately wrote to the president of a scientific society to which he belongs, offering to start at once for that place in order to study the growth of this curious creature from the egg. As he expresses it himself:

> His spirit, by divine ambition puffed,
> Exposes what is mortal and unsure
> To all that fortune, death, or danger dare
> For some egg sections.

He merely stipulated that the society should bear the expense, and on his return hold a meeting for the purpose of hearing an account of his labors.

Greatly encouraged by the reply, which, though it promised no funds, was flattering, Mr. Search immediately began his preparations, and telegraphed to an agent in Terra del Fuego to secure for him the services of fifty natives, who were to be actively employed till his arrival in capturing and pickling specimens of the *vespertilio papilonaceus* and its eggs. He was anxious to lose no time on his arrival, as he had reason to fear he might be anticipated by a German scientist, Herr Gotlieb of Berlin, who was reported to be making preparations for a voyage. His narrative begins with his start from Southampton, and contains a highly realistic description of the routine of a passenger steamer, and an exhaustive analysis of the characters of his fellow-travellers. I shall not give here the description of the sea-passage, though it contains some fine writing; among other things a picture of a storm which reminds one of Milton, and some moonlight not inferior to that which we find in the histories of Mr. R. Haggard or Mr. Froude. Nor shall I explain how the ship was driven far south of her course, and came on an island hitherto unknown, where she was obliged to stop two days for repairs, etc., and where Mr. Search met the singular adventure which follows. For, having landed with a party of the passengers to view the island, he very imprudently separated himself from his company, and, entering a wood, was soon so absorbed in the contemplation of curious varieties of moss and fern that he quite forgot how the time passed. Presently a large butterfly came swooping down with a flight like a swallow, and my friend, forgetting all else, immediately started in hot pursuit, till at last he found himself far from where he had set out, and without a notion how to get back;

yet for the moment perfectly happy, because he had secured his specimen, and laid it, quivering round an impaling pin, in his tin box. He then wandered about seeking a means of egress from the wood till light began to fail, and then, considering it the right thing, he kindled a large fire and lay down to sleep. He says it was here, while wooing Nature's soft nurse, that he composed the ode to Silence beginning "Wrap me, Silence, in thy velvet robe," which attracted some notice in one of our Christmas annuals.

Now begins that portion of the manuscript which I propose to give: After I had slept some time, sweetly lulled to my slumber by the soft susurrus of the soughing zephyrs,* I was rudely awaked by a stick disagreeably thrust into my ribs, and, starting up, I found myself in the presence of a remarkable figure. Imagine a man—[here follows a minute description of the costume and physiognomy of the stranger, for which I intend to substitute a colored plate]. He was accompanied by six ruffians with rifles, who only seemed to wait for his word to pour a leaden supper into my fasting stomach. "Are you ready?" he said to them, and immediately they aimed their rifles at me. The horror of my situation at once flashed on me, and in the intensity of that moment I seemed to pass through a whole night of thinking. Who can describe the anguish which pierced my soul or the emotions which agitated my heart? I saw all the expectation of my friends frustrated, the hopes which science had garnered up in me dashed, my reputation still-born; and this thought so wrung my mind that I fell on my knees, sobbing, "O Anankê, Anankê!" These words had a remarkable effect; the chief of the ruffians made an exclamation of surprise, and, waving his stick, he shouted, "Cease firing!" (fortunately they had not begun); and approaching me again, he said in English, but with a strange accent: "I really beg your pardon. I took you for a missioner; I see you are one of us."

Perhaps it will be thought I am boasting when I say that even in that dreadful moment I had sufficient presence of mind to feel annoyed. "Good heavens!" I answered, "do I look like a missioner? No, thank God! I am an atheist."

"It is fortunate," said the stranger, "that you called on the true God a moment ago, or you would have fallen a victim to our law, which prescribes death for missioners."

I was puzzled, as I did not think I had had time to pray, even if culture had not cured me of such a weakness.

* As will be seen, my friend from time to time falls into dithyrambs, but I shall correct all that.

"True God?" I said, with an irrepressible smile. "What God can we know of besides Physical Causation—that mighty Law which rules all things so strongly and yet so sweetly that we poor fools of nature fancy we are free disposers of our conduct and lords of our actions, and so spend our lives in dreams of responsibility, intoxicated with the fumes of self-praise or poisoned by the exhalations of an equally futile remorse?"

The stranger immediately embraced me and said genially: "Well, anyhow you are not a Christian, and I dare say we are at one, though we call things by different names; what you call Law of Nature we call Holy Necessity, or Anankê. I am so glad to hear you speak thus about remorse; your words will be my comfort in weak moments. The fact is that two years ago there was a wreck on this island and we drowned all that came ashore. There was a beautiful young woman and her child, and I held them under water till they were dead; you should have heard her plead for the infant. I never eat lobster salad without being haunted by her voice and the look of her eyes."

I must confess I felt my flesh creep as this cold-blooded murderer spoke, and it taxed my self-command to refrain from indiscreet vituperation. But I strongly repressed my emotion and rebuked my heart, saying: "It is the cause, my soul, it is the cause; let me find fault with it, and not with this blameless victim of dynamics." To the scientific philanthropist monsters of crime are rather objects of pity than of indignation. For what are love, tenderness, compassion, as my friend Professor Tyndall has clearly proved, but essentially heat, or, in other words, forms of motion, to which cruelty and baseness and pride bear the same relation that a parliamentary train does to an express? A scientific mind has no more horror for a man because he has the brand of Cain on his brow than because he has a hump on his back. I therefore shook the stranger cordially by the hand and said: "Allow me to have the pleasure of introducing myself; my name is Search—Edward Search. I dare say you know the name. I am the writer of those articles in the *Allfourterly Review* in which was explained fully the anatomy of Mother Cary's chickens. A sad ignorance prevails on this subject; I am sorry to say that in our national universities it rises almost to impudence."

"You surprise me," he said.

I then asked him to whom I had the honor of speaking, and he told me he was the Very Rev. Predetermined Brown, priest of the Temple of Anankê. Predetermined, he said, was an Anankan name as common as John with us.

I told him I must throw myself on his benevolent hospitality for a night's lodging, and a guide in the morning back to my ship.

"Propose the motive," he said coolly.

"Surely," I replied, "to one who has mastered the elementary rules of civilization, my forlorn plight is sufficient motive for compassion and help."

"My dear sir," he said pleasantly, "if you had been a Christian I should have been ashamed to make the confession; with you I feel quite at home. You are an observer of nature, and will be interested in this psychological phenomenon: the usual promptings of hospitality, benevolence, and humanity make on my will no impression whatever. *You* cannot blame me. If you give me your watch and chain I believe it will cause me to show you out of the wood and put you up for the night." I made a gesture of refusal. "Perpend," he said; "try and grasp this thought: if I leave you here unshot, the only way you will probably escape starvation is by being eaten up by wild beasts." I perceived he was predetermined, and moreover master of the situation, and I handed him the watch. He took it with meditative satisfaction. "How beautiful it is," he said, "to contemplate the human will, passive but responsive to various motives, as it were wooed by many lovers, and finally yielding perforce to that which excels in beauty and strength! But come, we have horses near; in an hour we shall be at Moira, which is the capital of this island of Parca. My wife and daughter will be delighted to see you, if you will accept my humble abode." I was only too glad to go with him, as the brightening stars were persuading supper. We soon reached the horses, and darkling we went through the lonely night, under the shade of over-arching trees. I felt as though I were passing through the aisles of nature's cathedral, while all around a thousand flowers offered fragrance like incense, and the suave strength of the wind blew through the trees with a sound more subduing to the spirit than the tones of a great organ.

As we rode on I questioned my guide as to the country and its inhabitants; for I wondered to find an English-speaking community in an island unknown in geography. He told me they were the descendants of the passengers of an English emigrant-ship which had been wrecked on the island at the beginning of the century. They had established a republic under the guidance of a great man, Herr Gaffer, a professor from Geneva, the labor of whose life had been to abolish free-will and

to establish a constitution based on determinism. He certainly had the merit of consistency, but many thought that his zeal led him too far. Having laid down that liberty is an illusion, and that we are not masters of our actions, which are necessarily determined by an external cause which alone is ultimately responsible, he went on to conclude that the ideas of merit and guilt are baseless fabrications of the mind, and that it was as absurd to reward the one as to punish the other. As a consequence he soon after abolished all praise and blame, public or private. For, said he, if a man's will is not the uncaused cause of his action, if you praise anything it must be the ultimate responsible cause; so that, between man and man, both praise and blame are absurd. The immediate consequence of this measure was that one poet and several critics had to go to the workhouse. At length, after some years of struggling, by a sudden movement and a well-timed combination of political influences, he fulfilled the whole desire of his heart and put the finishing touch to the constitution. He swept the moral cause clean away for ever. Thus there was an end of all persuasions, admonitions, counsels, exhortations, hints broad and delicate, friendly advice, earnest entreaties, pathetic appeals—all ceased. With the moral cause the ideas of duty, virtue, and honor had of course to go too. The last enemy that was destroyed was the policeman. A great struggle was made to retain him, but the Gaffer was too strong. "The policeman," he said, "is a relic of an effete mythology."

"No doubt," said Brown, "this was the true logic of the matter, and we cannot but admire the rare enthusiasm which follows truth wherever it leads. But the consequences were disastrous. Immediately after the completion of the constitution, when the jail was opened and the police eliminated, necessity impelled a number of men to rob and outrage their neighbors. No man's property, or wife, or life was safe. Industry ceased and business came to a stand-still. No one would take the trouble to cultivate the ground, for it always happened that some victims of necessity were preordained to steal their crops. Tradesmen would not sell their goods, because they found that most of their customers were predetermined not to pay their bills. Laborers would not work, because employers were almost unanimous in holding that wages are a moral cause. All this puzzled Herr Gaffer; he was continually asking how it was that anarchy and ruin should spring from truth. Presently famine came with all its attendant miseries. Sedition was rife, and re-

volutionary cries of "Prisons and policemen for ever!" began to be heard. It broke the Gaffer's heart. He had devoted himself to a great truth, and now, simply because the consequences of following it were inconvenient, his disciples were beginning to deny him and his people to turn against him. He died soon after. The scene of his death was edifying. He kept the faith to the last, and never wavered in the hope that Anankê would, after all, determine those who had hitherto lived in foulness and rapine to be henceforth good and useful citizens, kind fathers, faithful to every social and domestic duty; "but," said he, "I am not going to be such a fool as to exhort them, or pray God for it."

Then Brown went on to relate how, after the death of Gaffer, a secret-society had been formed, called the *Nogreni* because its members flatter themselves that there is no trace of chlorophyll in their organ of vision. It consists of nearly all who have anything to lose, and their peculiarity is that they hang without mercy for crimes against property. They insist that in doing this they make no sacrifice of consistency, and that the great principle of determinism remains untouched. When they are going to hang a man they are always careful to assure him that they have no intention of punishing him or of imputing to him any blame for his crime, and that no disgrace will attach to him for being hanged. All they desire, they say, is to connect in men's brains the phantasm of the gallows with the act of stealing, so as to produce a certain bias on the side of honesty. Predetermined said that, being obliged by his position to be all things to all men, he did not care to pass judgment on the abstract question of logic between the Nogreni and the Gafferites; but he admitted that the system of the former worked well, and that the country was now rich and prosperous. Nevertheless crimes of violence were only too common, and the Nogreni had latterly taken them in hand also. He said they had at the present moment three murderers, whom they were going to execute on the Monday following—namely, a butcher who had cut his wife's throat and utilized her in his trade; a blacksmith, a lunatic, who had mistaken his keeper's head for an anvil; and a cow that had gored a small boy to death. I was surprised that they should make no distinction; but he said that logic demanded that all should be treated alike, as the same necessity had impelled the deed of each; any animal that killed a man must die in the presence of as many of its own species as could be collected. I asked him if the results had been satisfactory; and he

answered that in the case of quadrupeds they had been most consoling. Crime had become very rare among them, and in the present case the cow had received gross provocation, so that the stupid and illogical jury had recommended her to mercy. On the number of human criminals, however, the system had not as yet made any marked impression, doubtless owing to some fault of detail. That, of course, no blame was imputed either to the cow, the lunatic, or butcher, but that all three would have to be executed in order to encourage the others.

It was now nine o'clock, and we had left the wood and were passing up an avenue of noble trees. Before us I could see the lights of a comfortable-looking house, connected with a church of white stone which happily blended the Gothic and Hindu characteristics. It is situated on the outskirts of the town of Moira, and, being the only temple in the country, is much frequented. On entering Brown suggested that we should have supper immediately. I willingly consented, the sound of the word supper acting on me like the trumpet on the horse in Job. He led me into a small, tapestried room adjoining the temple, and rang the bell. When the servant came, "Kismet," he said, "what sacrifices are there to-night?"

"Ortolans and sillery, sir," he replied; "beef and port, sir; bread and cheese and beer, sir."

"Bring 'em all in," said Predetermined.

He seemed pleased at the prospect before him, and sat down beaming and rubbing his hands. I also felt the influence of the comfort and luxury of this abode, and with supper in the foreground, and a good bed in the middle distance, I forgot for the moment the uncertain future, and began to regard his reverence with more kindly feelings. For I confess with shame that a struggle between the instinct of nature and my philosophical conclusions had been going on for some time in my breast. According to my inward man, I was delighted with the words of our great philosopher, who says that we have no more option in our thoughts and intentions than a leaf to resist the action of the wind; and on the other hand I saw another law in my members fighting against the law of my mind and impelling me to give Brown a horse-whipping. However, I now revoked my thoughts to better things. "After all," I reflected, "there is some good in our nature—a germ which contains the promise and potentiality of all heroism and kindliness in future ages. Only give us," I said, repeating my favorite ejaculation "a few

more years; and meanwhile let us hold on to faith and hope in the mighty law of evolution, which, if slow in realizing the perfect good we groan and travail for, nevertheless gives us sufficient indications of its advent to silence the howls of the wolf Despair. The night will pass, and the day will dawn, heralding long centuries of universal unselfishness and charity. O look! methinks I see even now an end of cursed gold-hunger, of the fury of passion, of the wildness of revenge; Peace and Justice kiss, and round them the happy populations, loving and beloved, freed from the trammels of creeds, imbued with a knowledge of elementary science—"

"By the way," said Brown, "I should warn you that the sacrifices are indivisible; one of us must take one, and the other the other two. My own habits are frugal—a crust is enough for me; I shall take the ortolans, and you will have both the other sacrifices."

My heart sank within me at these words, and I expressed the timid hope that the wines at least were divisible. But he assured me that it was an axiom in theology that "the liquid follows the solid." I may say by the way that the Parcans name their wines after the European wine which most resembles them; I consider their ports and brown sherries inferior to ours, but their light wines are far superior, though expensive. Presently Kismet came in bearing a dish which disclosed a dozen fat little ortolans just roasted, and in the other hand a plate of bread and cheese. On inquiry it turned out that Miss Bagnetha, Brown's daughter, had taken the beef and port and given it to a man whom I had seen at the hall-door as we came in; he had lost an arm and a leg, and was horribly disfigured with scars. Brown resigned himself to the loss of the beef, and handed me the cheese and beer. I was obliged to be content, and he assured me that the beer, if it did not inebriate, yet would cheer if I drank enough of it.

I asked him about the object of Miss Bagnetha's charity, and he told me he was a poor beggar, called Percy Efficax whom he allowed to hang about the church. He had lost his limbs in an action with the savages who formerly occupied the land; in fact, it was considered that by his skill and heroism he had saved the white population from massacre. I was astonished that the saviour of his people should be left in so miserable a plight. But Brown replied that any other conduct would be inconsistent; that there was nothing more to praise or to reward in the beggar's conduct than there was to blame in his

own; and he explained that in the same campaign he had had charge of an ambulance, but that, directly the fighting began, he had been determined necessarily to jump on the box of the largest wagon and drive off as fast as the horses would go. Unfortunately this wagon contained all the ether and lint for the whole ambulance, so the wounded had had a bad time of it. Some of the Nogreni had wanted to hang him, but he had published a pamphlet showing that such a course would be grossly illogical, as it would imply that he had been to blame and therefore guilty, and therefore free, which was against the first principles of reason, morality, and religion. He promised to sell me a copy of the pamphlet, which was considered a masterpiece of logic and eloquence. He assured me it simply stultified the Victoria Cross. However, he said with a chuckle of satisfaction, he had atoned for that little *contretemps* by hitting on a plan for finishing off the savages without further risk. Five hundred of the chief warriors were invited to a grand banquet and peace palaver. It was held in the open space in front of the church. Five hundred chairs of state were prepared at about a quarter of a mile's distance from the church-door, in front of which was prepared a table with an olive-branch on it. On one side was a grand stand for the ladies. The savages were told to remain seated till a procession from the church bearing the olive-branch reached them, after which a magnificent banquet, which was displayed opposite the ladies' stand, would be theirs. The savages, who did not care much for peace, but who did care for the banquet, were most obedient and remained in their seats like statues. Presently the notes of solemn music were heard, and a procession issued from the church, closed by Brown himself, leading his daughter Bagnetha, then a lovely child. "Now," said he, "mark the ingenuity. In every one of the seats was a moderate charge of dynamite, and all were connected with an electric battery under the table, so arranged that when the olive-branch was raised the spark was sent along and exploded all the chairs simultaneously. Bagnetha, not knowing anything, with a sweet smile, at my orders raised the olive-branch, and—ha! ha!" he laughed, "I assure you the results of the five hundred did not fill six coffins. The ladies then did justice to the banquet. Some of the Nogreni were indignant and said it was dishonorable, but I wrote another pamphlet to prove that when we abolished free-will we made honor a mere chimera. I'll sell you that pamphlet also."

Meanwhile the white-bosomed *emberizæ hortulanæ* had been disappearing one after another before my anxious eyes, and presently all were done. Macduff, I fancy, was torn by feelings not unlike mine when he heard that all his pretty chickens had been finished off.

"I suppose," he said, "now, in Europe a man would be ashamed to eat ortolans while his guest only had bread and cheese. But you and I," he went on confidentially, "are fortified against such silliness; you agree with me that I had no choice and that I was necessarily determined to it. *You* don't blame me, I am sure; I feel quite at home with you."

I felt I would be nothing if not logical, so I was obliged to answer that in England it would be called cruelty, but that for my part I was sure he had acted according to the way of human nature.

"Quite so," he said. "Nature, as you call it, is always attractive and lovely, if we look at her with a devout and reverential eye; though at times there may seem to be disorders and excrescences, yet if we look closer and try and see things without passion—" The man had evidently got into one of his sermons, so I interrupted him by telling him I was wearied out and would be glad to retire. He proposed to join the ladies for a short time, but I pleaded my costume, and at last he conducted me to a pleasant bed-room looking towards the town. I confess I felt somewhat saddened as I lay down to rest. Brown's combination of principle and practice disgusted and bewildered me. "All this comes," I thought, as I fell asleep, "from letting philosophy intrude into private life. It always creates confusion."

I was waked next morning by a rustling in my room, and, opening my eyes, I perceived his Very Reverence seated in the arm-chair, with the contents of my pockets spread out before him, engaged in perusing my letters. I sprang out of bed in great wrath. "Brown," I cried, "is this hospitality, is this honor?"

"Why, Edward," he answered, "are you angry with me? Do you blame me?"

"I ask," I repeated, "is this the conduct of a man of honor?"

"Honor!" he said with contempt. "What on earth has physical causation to do with honor? I wish you would try and be logical; you will find it hard at first, but *try*. Come, be calm and dress yourself, as I wish to show you the temple before breakfast, when I hope to have the pleasure of introducing you to the ladies." So saying he left me, and as I collected my

things I could not help thinking that if this fellow had come to us across the centuries from a primeval mist, my God! what a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors it must have been!

Soon after he returned for me, and led me by his private entrance into the sacred edifice. It is divided, after the manner of Egyptian temples, into three courts, varying in dimension inversely with their sanctity. We entered the smallest first.* . . . The walls were covered with frescoes depicting the modes in which different nations of old have conceived the idea of Determinism, and illuminated scrolls spoke in various languages of the universal reign of Anankê, and the unshunable decrees of Fate. In the middle was the figure of Anankê. It consisted of a pedestal on which was the recumbent form of a man. There was an expression of great pain in his face—and no wonder, for on his sternum pressed heavily a shapeless mass of iron, which Brown told me was the proper symbol of Anankê. In reply to my questions he said they did not exactly pray to Anankê, as that was a waste of time, but two or three times a year the leading men of the state were admitted to this inner sanctuary in small companies, and performed the ceremony called "Resignation," which, he said, was quite a nice little function. It consisted of three solemn shrugs made in unison, Brown himself acting as precentor. He forthwith illustrated his duties by perpetrating the most complete shrug I think I have ever seen; brow, lips, ears, shoulders, back, hands, and knees—there was not a fibre in his body which did not express the most perfect resignation to the preordained decree. I told him I approved his manner of worship, which seemed to me to be for the most part of the silent sort.

Then he led me through a curiously-carved screen into the next division. This part of the temple was consecrated to Logic, whose symbol was at the upper end. It was a golden sphere suspended from the roof. Before it was the kneeling figure of a beautiful female in white marble. There was a whole world of passionate indifference in her gaze, which was fixed with singular intensity on the sphere above her, while with her hands she seemed to wish to exclude every other object. Brown told me that the statue represented the Anankan community, which kept its eyes steadily fixed on Logic, and followed it to the exclusion of every other consideration, especially of the scarecrows called ulterior consequences. He said that the statue

* I am sorry to be obliged to omit here the details of architecture with highly probable mystical interpretations.

was new and had been modelled on his daughter Bagnetha. "The man who marries her," he said significantly, "will get five thousand pounds down and twenty-five per cent. of the poor-box as long as I live." I was surprised at this somewhat original organization of charity, but I said nothing, and he led me up to the statue. Near it was a mahogany table, on which I saw a vase of honey and some fresh rolls. "You see," he explained, "a consistent man who adopts the principle of determinism has a continual struggle to maintain against the natural instinct which so imperiously asserts his liberty. Consequently, I have invented a little system of sacrifice, in which you must not see any reversion to fetichism. It is merely a method of self-discipline. You remember the bread and cheese and ortolans we shared last night? Well, commonplace as they may have seemed, beneath them lurked a universal!"

"A what!" I said hastily, while a procession of micrococci, bacilli, vibrios, ærobics, and anærobics passed before my startled mind.

"They were symbols of a transcendental, emblems of nature, which we thus sacrifice to Logic in figure, in order to school ourselves to do it perseveringly in real life. Come now," he went on, "you really must make a little sacrifice to Logic; it will do you good. I have noticed you are very weak in temptation—continually finding fault, and blaming me for my idiosyncrasies."

"My dear Brown," I answered, "I would have no objection, but the fact is that we—that is, we of England—are not accustomed to make sacrifices to Logic."

"I know it," he said with a deep sigh—"I know it."

"Besides," I went on, "I have nothing to offer."

"Yes," he said eagerly, "I saw it this morning—your cigar-case."

"Impossible!" I answered. "I have no other tobacco nearer than my ship."

"God forbid," he said devoutly, "that you should offer sacrifice free cost!"

"Brown," I said firmly, "I hate mysticism; I won't have anything to do with it. This is no new resolution of mine; I formed it when I was in my nurse's arms; I had then a perverse habit of thinking when I ought to have been sucking. I'll be hanged if I sacrifice my weeds."

A dangerous look came into his eyes. "Excuse me," he said, "you will be hanged if you don't; I'll denounce you as a missioner."

Once more I saw he was predetermined, and, as a recent hero says, I thought it wisest to "grin and bear it." I handed him the case, and thus made my first sacrifice to Logic.

He then proposed to show me the third and largest division of the temple, where the pulpit was. As we went I noticed a lectern with a thin volume on it; I found it was a Bible. I was amused to see this volume in a temple of Logic; but Brown explained apologetically that Herr Gaffer had been much attached to the Scriptures, as he thought that if the interpolations of later hands were expurgated, and the remainder interpreted in the light of Hebrew customs and Semitic modes of thought, they clearly proved the truth of his religion. I opened it, and my eyes fell on the words: "IN THE BEGINNING GOD CREATED THE HEAVEN AND THE EARTH."

"Good Lord!" I said, "have you kept that?"

"Yes," he answered; "why not?"

"It's dreadfully naïve," I replied. I turned the page and perceived the words: "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn."

"You saw your way to keeping that?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "it's my favorite text; we have it again in Paul of Tarsus."

He turned about eighty pages, which brought us to first Timothy.

"I am glad," I observed, "you have kept more of St. Paul than of the other hagiographers. I have a great reverence for his works; in fact, I think many passages in them are equal, if not superior, to anything in the Upanishads. I much dislike the unceremonious way in which many of our apostles of modern thought speak of him. Gotama, St. Paul, Charles Darwin—these, in my opinion, are the kings of the centuries."

We had now reached the door of the outer sanctuary, but found it locked. Brown went back to the house for the key, and I sat down. While I was waiting for him, owing no doubt to the fatigue of the previous day, I fell asleep and dreamt a strange dream. Methought I was in England, a missioner of Logic. I had hired Her Majesty's Theatre, and had erected there a fac-simile of the symbol of Logic I had just looked upon. It was night, and I stood before the symbol in dress-clothes, with a richly embroidered stole around my neck. The theatre was thronged with the *élite* of the intellectual and fashionable world, and all the air was redolent with perfumes and vocal with sweet music. I seemed to have just concluded an

eloquent but closely-reasoned discourse on consistency. Before me in the stalls were several prominent members of the Royal Society, bearing in their hands trays covered with delicious viands and costly wine, emblems of nature, which they were about to offer in sacrifice. Suddenly, by one of those *bizarre* changes common in dreams, the marble statue of the kneeling maiden seemed gradually to be transfigured. She turned and stood upright. The golden sphere changed into a diadem flashing with gems which hovered over her brow, and the warm softness of living flesh palpitated where the stone had been cold and motionless before. The marble furled its pale flag, and the ensign of Life crimsoned on her lips and on her cheeks. Her eyes beamed with inexpressible love, and she opened her two arms wide as if to clasp all humanity; and then written on the pedestal in letters of fire I saw the words, GREAT CREATING NATURE. The music pealed loud, and a cheer came ringing from every throat. I looked round, and lo! my scientific friends were advancing to offer sacrifice; but the trays with all the good things were gone, and their hands were full only of vicious syllogisms and imperfect inductions—alack and alas! they were going to sacrifice Logic to Nature. . . .

So far the MS. But whoever wishes to know more of Mr. Search's adventures must buy the extended chronicle.

B. KINGLEY.

Leicester, England.

THE ROMAN UNIVERSITIES.

A CATHOLIC university naturally looks to Rome not only for approval, but also for its model and its rule. The Providence of God has made Rome the Eternal City, because he destined her to be for ever the centre of Christian truth, and therefore the chief home and fountain-head of the true, the beautiful, and the good. For centuries Athens was the home of the beautiful; but for want of the true and the good she lost the beautiful also, and, her vocation ended, ceased to exist. Rome, for long ages, aimed only at the strong and the useful, and, as the embodiment of manly energy, integrity, and practical good sense, became the imperial centre and ruler of the *orbis terrarum.* But conquered Athens won her to the love of the beautiful, and made her the centre of civilization as well as of imperial authority. But she, too, not only lacked but fought against the true and the good when they appeared on earth in their divine fulness, and so the splendors of the Augustan age waned and a midnight of ruin seemed impending. But "the Galilean" conquered at last, and set up in her the throne of his kingdom of truth and beauty and goodness; and then her brow was wreathed with the aureola of immortality, and from her the minds and hearts of mankind were to seek light and guidance and inspiration for ever. As Cardinal Newman has so beautifully expressed it: "The grace stored in Jerusalem, and the gifts which radiate from Athens, are made over and concentrated in Rome. This is true as a matter of history. Rome has inherited both sacred and profane learning; she has perpetuated and dispensed the traditions of Moses and David in the supernatural order, and of Homer and Aristotle in the natural. To separate those distinct teachings, human and divine, which meet in Rome, is to retrograde; it is to rebuild the Jewish Temple and to plant anew the groves of Academus."

Ever since that sublime vocation was granted to her Rome has not only sacredly guarded learning at home, but fostered it in every country in Christendom. Even in the dark days when she was trampled on by Goths and Huns, by Vandals and Lombards, it was her spirit and her watchful care that gave learning its peaceful home in the isles of the West, and that, when better days returned, re-established its gentle sway throughout resus-

citated Europe. She blessed, encouraged, and directed that chivalrous love for learning which turns into an age of intellectual romance the epoch which gave birth to the great universities, and she set on each of them, as it came into existence, the seal of her own approval and of our Lord's.

Amid the famous schools of Europe the University of Rome, established in the very centre of truth, stood as a model and a mentor, not, perhaps, as exuberant as some of them in that enthusiasm of speculation which led many a brilliant mind into grave doctrinal danger, but an example to them all in that carefulness and sureness of intellectual advance which is the necessary conservative element in mental as in all other activity. They all had very varying fortunes, owing to the perpetual ebb and flow of European civilization during the middle ages, and Rome and her university had their share in these vicissitudes; but the enlightened patronage of pope after pope secured to it always a degree of prosperity and dignity worthy of the Eternal City.

When the dire epoch of religious revolution came, and divine truth was banished from its throne in most of the universities, or only a mutilated pretence of it retained which but served to mislead minds into rationalism and doubt, the University of Rome ever kept the science of God in its due place amid all other learning, and thus well deserved the name by which it has been distinguished for more than three hundred years—the *Sapienza*, or, as we may translate it, the School of Wisdom. But the Providence which is pleased to instruct the world not only by the positive teachings of truth; but also by negative arguments, and sometimes even by the *reductio ad absurdum*, has permitted that Rome should, for a time, not only pass from under the control of the popes, but even stand arrayed in hostility against them. Scarcely had the Italian government taken possession of the Eternal City when the worst of the radical elements that now misgovern there obtained control of the university. At first they tried to pervert it to heresy by demanding a forced subscription, by professors and students, to the doctrines of Döllinger. But this proving a signal failure, Parliament passed a bill, on the 10th of May, 1872, banishing theology and theological branches from the Italian universities. Since then Rome's great university has been but the dead simulacrum of its former self. It has, indeed, a long list of professors, some of them men of reputation, and they give information on many points to about one-half the number of students who attended it under the

popes; but wisdom they no longer give, nor true learning, because its living soul has been banished; and the university still bears its old name of the Sapienza, only as if in condemnation of the mockery. Nay, Satan has actually been intruded in the place of God, and irreligion in all its forms paraded before the unhappy students, so that what was once the School of Wisdom is now a hot-bed of atheism, materialism, and immorality! Surely the sacrilege cannot last long.

In the better days, when the teaching of the Sapienza verified its name, it was not only within their own university that its students saw the sciences of created things revolving, as they ought, around the central sun, the science of the Uncreated Being and his eternal truth, but they felt its influence in the whole constitution and life of the Eternal City. Rome is the divinity faculty of Christendom. Cardinal Newman frequently dwells upon the truth that every great centre of human thought and activity may rightly be considered, in regard to those things in which it excels, a university, towards which, from all the region that feels its influence, they will naturally flock who desire to become proficient in its specialties. It may not be a university in the sense of teaching all knowledge (the *universitas studiorum*); but it will realize the other sense of the name in attracting to itself from all quarters all students who long for excellence in its own special branch or branches of knowledge (the *universitas scholarium*). Now, Rome, as the See of Peter, is necessarily the focus of all the thought and all the activity which conserve and diffuse religious truth and practice and discipline throughout the world. There all departments of doctrinal teaching, of liturgical observance, of jurisdictional administration, of moral rule, of sacramental dispensation, of devotional life, are superintended by the several congregations which are the agencies through which the Vicar of Christ fulfils most of the duties of his tremendous office. These congregations are unceasingly employed in answering the questions, settling the controversies, and deciding the practical cases which concern the religious life of Christians in every land under the sun. These discussions and decisions keep in constant play all the learning of the past, and continually exercise all the practical wisdom of the ablest theologians and canonists in applying its principles to the ever-new and changing circumstances of the present. Obviously there can be nowhere else such a school of all the theory and all the practice of sacred science. Theoretical teaching is there guarded from aberrations by the perpetual action

of the surrounding life, which embodies the tradition of all the centuries; and, at the same time, from this sure vantage-ground it is carried to noblest heights by the great minds which cluster there, and which soar all the more sublimely because the more securely. Practical teaching, too, is there given with unparalleled advantages, because carried on in full view of the practical administration of the entire church.

Hence it is but natural that divinity students should flock to Rome from every corner of the world, and should consider it a most enviable advantage to pursue their studies under the very shadow of the chair of Peter. Five great ecclesiastical universities open their halls to welcome them: the Gregorian University of the Jesuits; the Minerva University of the Dominicans; St. Isidore's of the Franciscans; the Roman Seminary, or Apollinaris; and the Propaganda, or Urban College. The first three, though meant primarily for the members of their respective orders, receive students of every ecclesiastical condition; the Apollinaris, though specially intended for the clergy of the diocese of Rome, teaches among them students from many lands; while the University of the Propaganda gives a splendid education in letters, science, and divinity to young ecclesiastics from the many nations which are administered by the missionary Congregation of the Propaganda Fide.

The thousands of students who attend the classes of these various universities are lodged in colleges of their respective nations scattered all over the city. Here they live under ecclesiastical discipline, prepare the matter of their classes, and afterwards review the same under assistant professors or repeaters. Each college has its distinctive uniform, differing from the others both in color and in shape, and easily distinguished from the regular garb of the clergy. Hence at the hours of morning and afternoon when the students are passing to or from the universities or taking their evening walk, the streets of Rome present a most interesting and picturesque spectacle, a view in miniature of the many-fashioned nations of the earth.

Thus Rome is like a mighty brain, ever throbbing with the pulsations of loftiest thought on the loftiest subjects that can occupy the human mind. And because of her practical organic relationship with the church throughout the world she naturally moves and guides thought everywhere by the contagious influence of her own high enthusiasm for the highest truth, by the necessary bearing of sacred learning on every other department of knowledge, and by the action of the armies of students

whom she constantly sends forth, filled with the spirit of the Eternal City, to give tone to sacred studies in their own countries, and to kindle everywhere around them that hallowed fire of ardor for highest excellence in the highest intellectuality which has been the atmosphere in which they have spent the happy years of their student life in Rome. Thus while all who crave for intellectual excellence cannot have the privilege of going to Rome, all can feel her influence. Nay, she does not wish that all should come to her, even if it could be done; for she desires not to monopolize the highest intellectual action, but to inspire and direct it everywhere, that the whole world may beam with the light and glow with the warmth of the sacred fire of which she is the Heaven-appointed focus.

It behooves us, then, to profit by the twofold lesson which Rome teaches us, both in the splendid work of her ecclesiastical universities and in the present deplorable condition of her once illustrious Sapienza. Cardinal Newman, in his admirable analysis of university studies, has demonstrated that, since the science of divine things is unquestionably a department of knowledge, it must logically have its place in any institution of learning claiming the name of a university—a term which, in its ordinary acceptation, supposes a scope of study embracing all departments of knowledge. He has also clearly shown that the omission of this from among the other sciences naturally leads to the exaggeration and distortion of the rest and to grave intellectual dangers. There is a wide-spread drift of the most cultivated minds away from faith because of systems of education which, omitting the divine science, have allowed its place to be lapped over and occupied by the others, and thus itself to be deemed unnecessary. And what is deemed unnecessary in a system of education will logically come to be considered not to exist in the firmament of knowledge, where, as in the sidereal firmament, the action of each orb is so necessary to the harmony of all that to lose sight of the action of one of them is shortly to come to the ignoring or denial of its existence. This is the natural genesis of the agnosticism of our day.

And since God is the central and ruling fact in the order of being, the science of God must logically be the central and ruling science in the order of knowledge. Hence what philosophy shows and what revelation tells of him and of his relations with his creatures must necessarily be the central sun of all knowledge of facts and of all reasoning upon them. Theology in its widest signification is, to use a plain comparison, the hub of the wheel of learning, from which the spokes of knowledge

must radiate, and in which they are to be firmly embedded if the wheel is to be solid and useful.

Moreover, if we watch the course of thought among the Agnostics themselves, we cannot but remark how instinctively and irresistibly they are constantly borne towards the great questions of divinity. And because their faulty system of education has left their view of divine things so faulty and distorted and their philosophical and theological data so defective, therefore their treatment of these momentous questions is only a sad waste of noble brain force, an imposing structure of mental elaboration built upon the sand. In the near future, when these all-important data will be more generally possessed, no one will think of going to these authors for reliable guidance or sound conclusions. But meantime they are working ruin by the fascination of their specious but untrustworthy learning.

In olden times, when philosophy and divine truth held their own place in the universities as a matter of course, and attention was mostly devoted to the humanizing liberal arts, these were naturally enough regarded as the ruling studies, and it was said that the universities were founded in the arts. But in our days, when religious innovation and wrong systems of education have shaken the sway of faith in multitudes of minds and given a general tendency towards scepticism, the exigencies of truth demand that philosophy and not arts should be the basis of university education. And by philosophy is here meant, not dialectics, except in as far as they teach to unmask sophistry, nor psychological analysis, except as bearing on the spirituality and immortality of the soul, but the great studies of the nature, the origin, the end, and the duties of man, and therefore his relations with the great First Cause—studies which are the very heart and marrow of all philosophy and of all true learning.

But these studies of philosophy are evidently inseparable from theology. Hence philosophy and theology, which are naturally the two great comprehensive elements of the divinity course, are logically the foundation of a rightly organized university. The prelates, therefore, of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore acted not only in accordance with the requirements of the church's condition in our country as they understood it, but in accordance with the logic of things, by decreeing that the establishment of our Catholic University should begin with the divinity department; they have very properly commenced the structure of the university by laying its foundations.

Thanks to the noble labors of our predecessors, our country is blessed with many excellent seminaries for the training of young ecclesiastics, just as with many excellent colleges for the education of our lay youth. But our seminaries can no more take the place of a university course of divinity than our colleges can supply for the superior education given in its other faculties. The young ecclesiastic who, by the time of his ordination, has gained sufficient acquaintance with divinity studies to fit him for starting in the ordinary work of the ministry, knows well, if he understands his situation at all, that he is but a novice in the divine science, that he has but climbed the lower heights of the mountain of sacred learning, and attained to but a rudimentary development of the intellectual capabilities for which the vast field of the holy ministry gives scope. Many a young man feels keenly the disadvantage of having to lay aside systematic study and to be removed from educational helps just at the time when the advance which he has been able to make during his seminary term has only opened up to his intellectual eyes heights and vistas yet unreached, and for which his soul must yearn in vain. Many a young priest, who perhaps did not feel this so keenly at the time of his ordination, who may have been glad to lay aside class-work for the work of the ministry, learns in after-years, from contact with the world and better acquaintance with its needs, how many and how great are still his intellectual deficiencies, and can only sigh with regret that means and aids for further study, in directions which he would long to advance in, are not within his reach.

Why should the church in America lack any educational advantage which any other country possesses? If our country's providential vocation, or that of the church in our New World, were humbler and less important than that of other nations, we might be content to hold a lower educational position than theirs. But the testimonies of great minds adduced in our last article are quite to the contrary. Hence whatever means of higher education any other country possesses America needs, and, with God's help, must have. We need facilities for students of exceptional ability to advance higher and farther than the limits of the ordinary seminary course. We need a home of sacred science where priests who have had some experience in the practical ministry, and have thence learned to appreciate better what they might be and are not, may come to stay awhile in order to burnish the learning they already have, and to take a course in some specialty in which

they wish to perfect themselves. We need an arsenal of learning to which the priests of our country, and its laity too, may at any time have recourse for all the offensive and defensive armor of which they may stand in need amid the thousand piercing questions that press upon them. We need an institution whose watch-towers shall scan the farthest horizon of the learning of the day, and whose spires shall lift the cross of Christ so high that it will be a beacon guide to the loftiest intellects in our land. We need a true university, which will show to our doubting age all knowledge meeting in the divine truth and radiating from it. We need a nursery and training-ground for the scholars of the future—scholars whose genius will be, like that of our country, the freest and boldest and noblest, yet the safest and most conservative of all.

Such is the great need which the Catholic University of America must aim at supplying. No matter how gradual may be its beginnings, that must be its purpose, the goal of its endeavor. Surely its establishment must be a joy to all who have felt the need and the craving for what it is meant to supply, and to all who, with generous hearts, for the greater glory of the church and the higher welfare of our people, desire that others should have more abundant educational facilities than themselves were ever blessed with.

The halls of the university are to be wide open to every one, without limit or distinction, who is able and anxious to profit by the superior courses taught in them. As the professorial chairs are to be open to the whole world, to laymen and clerics, to seculars and regulars, with no distinction save that of merit, so the students' benches are to have no conditions save those of fitness for higher studies and zeal to profit by them. We look forward with glad expectancy to the day when our divinity college will be surrounded with homes in which students not only of various dioceses or provinces, but also of the various religious congregations, will live and study under such discipline as their superiors may determine, and at the same time attend the university courses, thus imbibing at once the spirit of their institute and the noblest streams of sacred learning, and building up a real republic of letters.

Nor can the establishment of the university be less a joy to the laity than to the clergy. Nowhere in the world can a body of Catholics be found who are more devoted to their clergy, more proud of their excellence, more sensitive about the church's honor and the intellectual standing of her ministers, than the Catholics of America. Far from grudging that the

clergy should have the first-fruits of this institution of higher learning, they will assuredly consider it eminently proper and would regret to see it otherwise. Besides, it need not be long, please God, before the faculties for lay students will be gradually added to the faculty of divinity. As the growth of a central life-germ begins as soon as it finds the needed environment and temperature, so from this central life-giving sacred science will grow forth, we trust, with little if any delay, all the other branches of study that will gradually complete the full roundness of university education. Then the clergy will share with the laity, and the laity with the clergy, in all the rich abundance of the intellectual feast. Thus the studies of each order in the university will be enlightened and broadened and polished by intelligent and judicious contact with the studies of every other, and the best minds in our clergy and our laity will be drawn and bound together in closer ties of intellectual brotherhood. How this development may go on we will inquire in our next article. JOHN J. KEANE.

LET ALL THE PEOPLE SING.

IN the July number of this magazine I endeavored to call attention to a subject hitherto not much written about, but widely discussed in private by the clergy and many of the laity, and that is congregational singing. I am quite sure that many points I there presented were but the echo of what was already in the minds of a majority of my readers.

All heartily agree in the opinion that if the people could be brought to sing at our public church services it would be most agreeable to them, and that the result would be not only to make a different kind of musical service out of what we now have, but that the profound religious and moral effect produced by the common devotional song of a great congregation, inspiring one another as the united voice of prayer and praise rises in harmonious accents of sublime grandeur, would be as unquestionable as it is an end devoutly to be wished. Though I cannot imagine other than one common sentiment at bottom in regard to this matter, here and there will be found some persons influenced by the force of their traditional experience or by the con-

sideration of the difficulties, often exaggerated, of accomplishing the end proposed, who assume the position of a friendly antagonist.

One looks at it with the philosopher's eye, and may tell us that the manner of celebration of our church services, as now known, is the result of a general, spontaneous movement in society which gradually abolished the ancient custom for the most part in Europe, to which changes we in America have, in the natural course of events, conformed. He does not fail to notice that song amongst our common English-speaking Catholic people especially, has (as a mode of worship) fallen into desuetude. But a small minority of them can sing at all, and consequently, also, even among the clergy, coming as they do from the ranks of the people, uneducated in song, it is comparatively rare to find one who can sing his own part at High Mass or Vespers with a correct intonation and decent style. Such being the case, our philosopher feels as if he were stuck fast in a sort of quagmire, uncertain if the shorter way to a solid footing be before him or behind him, and is rather disposed to consider the effort to reach dry land impracticable in either direction. Another finds a difficulty in the thought that it looks like imposing a new labor upon our already hard-worked and short-lived clergy, for which they are, for the most part, incompetent. It will cost money, too, and can the people be brought to appreciate the boon so as to cheerfully add that expense to the many great sacrifices they make for God and their own spiritual profit?

One can always find difficulties and objections—or others will gladly give him efficient aid in that direction—when there is question of doing something better; but they lose more than half their obstructive power from the moment of an honest resolve to do the best one can. Despite real or fancied difficulties, I would like to offer to my readers a few considerations which I think worthy their serious reflection, and whose importance I doubt not will be found to possess sufficient weight to make the question of congregational singing one of far more vital interest than many imagine it to be.

The present undeniable moral and intellectual decadence of religious song amongst clergy and people is indeed one of the several lamentable results of a "movement" in society of which I shall have something to say further on—results unlooked for and unpremeditated by those who gave to it its first impulse; consequences which they were far from desiring, and from which,

could they have foreseen the future, they would have shrunk with horror.

Qui mutat cantus, mutat mores—"Whoso changes the song of a people changes their morals." I assert that the change which took away the religious song of the people was one of the most prominent and effective causes to which their present ignorance of divine truth, the wide-spread depravation of Christian spirituality among the masses, and their lack of hearty, intelligent devotion are due.

He can have read the history of the Catholic Church to little purpose who does not know, and knowing lament, that the lives of our common Catholic people of to-day are less permeated with religion than those who lived in the day when all the people knew the church song, and sang it with devout joy as well in the church at the divine offices as at home and at their work. Indeed, I do not hesitate to make the same comparison in favor of those faithful people who to-day in a few places in old Catholic countries still adhere to the ancient tradition. We plume ourselves in this nineteenth century upon the general diffusion of learning among all classes of people, but a St. Jerome or a St. Augustine could not say of us, as they wrote about the common people of their day: "Wherever you turn, the laborer at his plough sings an *alleluia;* the reaper sweating under his work refreshes himself with a psalm; the vine-dresser in his vineyard will sing a passage from the Psalmist. These are the songs of our part of the world. *These are*, as people say, *our love-songs*"—(St. Jerome, *Letter to Marcellus*).

And St. Augustine in one of his letters: "As for congregational psalmody, what better employment can there be for a congregation of people met together, what more beneficial to themselves or more holy and well-pleasing to God, I am wholly unable to conceive." And again: "Qui diligit canticum Psalmorum non potest amare peccatum"—"Whoso likes the assiduous singing of the Psalms cannot love sin."

St. Basil, speaking of the church song in his day, thus eulogizes it: "Psalmody is the calm of the soul, the umpire of peace, that sets at rest the storm and upheaving of the thoughts. It quiets the turbulence of the mind, tempers its excesses, is the bond of friendship, the union of the separated, the reconciler of those at variance—for who can count him any longer as an enemy with whom he has but once lifted up his voice to God?"

Again, St. Ambrose: "Psalmody is the blessing of the people, a thanksgiving of the multitude, the delight of an assembly

of people, and a language for all. It is the voice of the church, the sweetly-loud profession of faith, the full-voiced worship of strong men, the delight of the free-hearted, the shout of the joyous, the exultation of the merry. It is the soother of anger, the chaser-away of sorrow, the comforter of grief. The apostle commanded women to be silent in church, yet it becomes them to join in the common singing. Boys and young men may sing psalms without harm, and young women without detriment to maidenly reserve. Psalms are the food of childhood, and even infancy itself, that will learn nothing besides, delights in them. Psalmody befits the rank of kings and of magistrates, and chorussed by the people, each one vying with his neighbor in causing that to be heard which is good for all" (*Prefatio in Comment. in Lib. Psalmorum*).

Thus highly did these great and holy doctors of the church esteem congregational singing and encourage the people to love it and take part in it. Very apt and to the same purpose is the oft quoted passage from the life of St. Germanus:

"Pontificis monitis, psallit plebs, clerus et infans"—

"Following the directions of the bishop, the people, the clergy, and the children sing";

and as described by Prudentius:

"Circumstet chorus ex utroque sexu,
Heros, virgo, puer, senex, anicla:"—

"Round stand, of either sex composed, the choir,
The hero, maiden, boy, old woman, sire."

If, as has been well said, "our present defective knowledge and appreciation of the liturgy is one of the indications of an enfeebled faith among a Catholic people," so I do not hesitate to affirm that a reasonable knowledge of, and constant participation in, the divine offices of the church is practically necessary to an intelligent faith in the great mysteries of religion, and the only means of keeping alive and nourishing true Catholic devotion. Prayer said in union with the church is both the light of the understanding and the fire of divine love for the heart.

The slightest examination of the offices of the church will show how well they are adapted to instruction in doctrine, and for the illustration of the Gospel record and the historic acts and interior life of Christianity. There is not the time in this place, nor is it necessary, to adduce proofs of this. They whose

interest in this matter I aim at arousing have a daily reminder of its truth.

That these holy offices are the fountain-head of solid, popular devotion is equally indisputable. We have nothing to replace them, nor do we care to have. We have plenty of so-called "popular devotions," admirably adapted for their special purposes; but it must be confessed that *popular devotion* is far below that standard of spirituality which the church aims at inspiring, and which it is not only possible to attain, but which in ages gone by, whose grade of refinement and intellectual culture we affect to despise, was the normal standard of Catholic piety. From whence did the people draw this strong and healthy nourishment of the spiritual life? The answer will be found in the fact that the people were educated from childhood in the liturgy, and they were not, as now, for the most part spectators, but participators at the celebration of the solemn, instructive, and devout offices of the church. As has been well said by the accomplished author in her work on *Christian Schools and Scholars:*

"The result of this education was that the lower classes were able thoroughly to understand and heartily to take part in the rites and offices of holy church. The faith rooted itself in their hearts with a tenacity which was not easily destroyed, even by penal laws, because they imbibed it from its fountain source—the church herself. She taught her children out of her own ritual and by her own voice, and made them believers after a different fashion from those much more highly educated Catholics of the same class who, in our day, often grow up almost as much strangers to the liturgical language of the church as the mass of unbelievers outside the fold. Can there be any incongruity more grievous than to enter a Catholic school, rich in every appliance of education, and to find that, in spite of the time, money, and method lavished on its support, its pupils are unable to understand and recite the church offices and are untrained to take part in church psalmody? Without dogmatizing on this point, we may be permitted to regret that, through any defect in the system of our parochial schools, Catholic congregations should in our own days be deprived of the solemn and thorough celebrations of those sacred offices which in themselves comprise a body of unequalled religious instruction; and that, in an age which makes so much of the theory of education, we should have to confess our inability to teach our children to pray and sing the prayers of the church as the children of Catholic peasants prayed and sang them six hundred years ago."

The reason why in those ages of faith the people knew and were comforted in the life of both body and soul by the blessing of song is found in the fact that the church taught them to sing the holy songs of her divine offices, which was so popular

and pleasing a custom that they came to know most of the beautiful and devout portions of the liturgy by heart. Many laymen in some villages of Europe to-day, still faithful to the ancient custom, could change places with the clergy and discharge their functions, so far as the singing goes, as well as they. An old author, describing the vast crowds present at the consecration of the new church at Bec by Lanfranc, and the loud psalmody as every one joined in the holy chant with vociferous jubilation, adds: The effect of the singing was so overpowering that the "monks of the same monastery with tears alone and devotion of heart filled up the solemnity."

A French antiquarian recites the following curious but instructive instance showing how even the high-born knew intimately uncommon portions of the sacred offices: "Besieging Salses in 1642, the Prince of Condé had brought before him a Carmelite friar suspected of being a spy. To discover if he really were a friar the prince asked him how they began Vespers on Easter day in the Carmelite order. On receiving for answer 'By singing Kyrie eleison,' the prince ordered him to be set free."

Philip of Suabia, as reported by Hurter (*Geschichte Inn. III.*, tom. 141), said of himself that he "accepted the crown on the sixth feria, when they sing at Matins, 'Fac mecum signum in bonum'"—a sentence found in the last verse of the 86th Psalm, the sixth psalm for Matins of Friday, which shows that this prince must have more than once assisted at the chanting of the office in some monastery. Many more similar instances could be cited of the familiar knowledge the people in former times had of the psalms, hymns, and prayers sung in church.

That the clergy are, or by virtue of their office should be, competent to teach the people to sing, is a thought which may provoke a smile of incredulity upon the lips of some. But will such a doubter tell me of whom else they ever did learn to sing at all? What are the irrefragable facts known to every one acquainted with the history of song? It was only from their religion that the masses of people ever learned to sing; and this is true not only for Catholics, but as well for all religions and of every age. Among all primitive nations song and religion were both regarded as of one divine origin, and of any religious sentiment whatsoever song has ever been esteemed as the fittest expression. Among them, as among later nations, the only songs that endure are those that religion has inspired, and which, passing among the people, become a part of their tradi-

tional life. Says a recent musical historian: "The nearest approach to the old Hindu music is most likely to be found in the religious hymns of those people at the present day. All sacred traditions—in which category these hymns must be placed —are preserved and adhered to by Eastern races with a tenacity totally unknown to nations inhabiting the West" (*History of Music*, by Emil Naumann, p. 25). The same author says of the Egyptians: "Amongst a people whose religion entered so deeply into all relations of life, and in a country where there existed so firm and general a belief in the immortality of the soul, the tonal art was sure to find a home" (page 34). He says that the only two arts which became developed among the Israelites were poetry and music, and that the relation of the tonal art to the faith and general civilization of the Hebrews must have been all the nobler and more profound because of the entire dependence of their constitution and written law upon their religious belief. The same writer happily says of the Christian religion and music that from the commencement, "they had so great an attraction for each other that they literally coalesced by spontaneous approximation."

If one examines the condition of song among the people of any nation, it will be found that where there is a general knowledge and practice of singing among those who do not enjoy the advantage of special musical education by masters in the art—and these are the "million"—it will be found that the body of the repertory of their songs is formed by the religious songs of their church, synagogue, mosque, or even heathen temple of worship; and it will also be found that where, through any reason, the voice of song in their religious meetings has been silenced for several generations, as in Ireland, by persecution, there the common people have forgotten how to sing.

"The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled."

If I may be permitted to intrude upon my readers my own personal experience, I can adduce the fact that I distinctly owe all of my life-long devotion to song, and whatever facility I may possess in it, to having sung in a choir ever since I was a child, and to my constant attendance, as a Protestant youth, at the meetings of the old-fashioned weekly singing-school—reunions of pleasant memories—at which the only singing ever done

was that of religious hymns, a fact which thousands in this country of the same class of people which included myself would confirm as equally true for themselves. It is undeniable that Almighty God has implanted in the heart of the people an intense love of common, congregational singing. It awakens in their souls the profoundest emotions of religious fervor and zeal, combined with sentiments of a holy, inexpressible joy. This fact we see exemplified in a remarkable manner by the whole monastic system and life, the fundamental idea of which is devotion of one's life to prayer and contemplation of divine truth, together with a free offering of one's talents and strength for the glory of God and the good of others. What has attracted such vast numbers of men and women of all classes in every age to embrace that spiritual life and nerved them to endure its self-sacrificing labors? Not the least of all motives has been the divine beauty and charm of the celestial song, of the monastic choir—the singing together, congregationally, the praises of God for many hours of the day and night.

Though, to be sure, there were more monasteries and more monks when the common people were more familiar with the church's song, and we, in this perplexing and brain-tiring age of action, may be permitted sometimes to envy the peaceful joys of our ruder forefathers, who were by sweeter paths of contemplation led; yet, because fewer are called now to that special form of life, that does not excuse us from bestowing upon our own people, who look up to us for their daily spiritual food, something of that banquet of the soul's delight by inviting them to come and join their voices with ours in singing the divine praises during those few hours spared to them by their insatiable task-masters when they can draw nearer to the Loving Majesty of God and shut out from view and thought the carking cares of the baser things of life. Neither should we shunt off all responsibility by declining to do any thing because we, in particular, may not be able to do all that might be done. There are plenty of opportunities afforded for the singing of devout and instructive English hymns, and the teaching of these is not a difficult task.

It must be plain to the least observant that the church recognizes this power and attractive charm about congregational singing from the very fact of the first institution of a *sung*, or High, Mass, as being, what it ought to be—but where congregational singing is abolished it is not—a service more popular, calculated to inspire more devotion and spiritual joy,

than a Low, or unsung, Mass. A gentleman lately returned from Europe tells me that he was present at a Low Mass in the Cathedral of Cologne at which the vast congregation all sang German hymns with a religious effect that was simply overpowering.

And let me ask my friendly antagonist for what reason the service of Vespers is the only one of several similar portions of the divine office yet retained as a public service. There can be but one reply: Because, of all portions of the divine office, that one was formerly the most frequented by, and better known to, the people. And let me ask again: Why is it now, in spite of the church's precept that it should be kept up, so sparsely attended, except that it has lost its charm, as, with few exceptions in old Catholic countries, it has lost its meaning to the people, who now, in their ignorance, are even content to take for a true Vesper service a garbled collection of psalms, hymns, and motets, out of sense and out of season, and sung to music as meaningless as all the rest of the performance? Why, I ask, are Vespers as a rule a failure? There can be but one answer: Because the people sing at them no more. And here I may justly add that if the people did sing, then the rubrical laws of the church would be observed, and both Mass and Vespers would be a true High Mass and Vespers, and not such false and too often disgraceful imitations of these divine services of God's holy sanctuary as we are obliged to deplore.

The conclusion forces itself upon the mind that the singing at church-services by the people, and their practical knowledge of the liturgy and consequent familiarity with the mysteries of religion, go hand-in-hand, the liturgy being not only singularly well adapted to teach, but, as everybody must know, was precisely so framed and instituted with marvellous wisdom and divine instinct, in order to teach the people the doctrines of their faith and impress them indelibly upon their minds—a purpose wholly frustrated where the people take no active part in it.

A formal acknowledgment on the part of the church of this principle of teaching by means of song may be found in one of the collects for Holy Saturday: "O God, the exaltation of the humble, and strength of the upright in heart, who by thy servant, Moses, wast pleased so to instruct thy people by the singing of thy sacred song that the giving of the law might be also for our direction," etc.

But who has shut the mouths of those who sang unto the Lord? Who has robbed the people of that portion of holy joy described by Petrarch in one of his sonnets often quoted by the Italian peasant: "I find at Nones and Vespers, at Matins and the Angelus, those images which console and impart benediction shining peaceably in my heart"? Can we meet the sullen, joyless countenances of the hard-working masses of to-day, and not say with the French sophist, "On ne rit guère aujourd'hui"—"There's hardly any laughing nowadays," though not seeking the cause in his question, "Est-on moins frivole?"—"Is it that we are less frivolous?" knowing well that the secret of their lack of joy lies in their lack of faith, as Spenser fitly made proud Sansfoy the father of the gloomy-hearted Sansjoy.

What was the nature of that "movement" in society which silenced the voices of the people and forbade them to sing any more the songs of Sion, compelling them to become only lookers-on and no longer participators in the divine sacrifice of prayer and praise? It was a movement, they tell us, of great intellectual, scientific, and artistic (forbearing to add *moral*) revival and progress, named, singularly enough, the Renaissance: the rebirth—to what?

Any one who frankly compares the condition of the masses of the people from the dawn of that movement until the present day with what it was in the ages of faith preceding it will be forced to acknowledge that they have been educated in the animal at the expense of the spiritual; in the acquirement of purely human learning at the loss of knowledge of and taste for divine science. They have gained a greater insight into things of this world and of time, to become ignorant and unversed in the things of God and eternity.

Revival of learning and of art, indeed! It was a severe blow to the highest of all learning and to the divinest of all arts—the science of the saints and the art of true song. From the dawn of that era one can easily trace the gradual enslavement of the soul to the body, the rise of the empire of the sensual over the spiritual in both the social and religious life of the people, and in their artistic creations and ideal embodiments in architecture, painting, sculpture, and music.

"Art for art's sake" soon became the shibboleth of this Renaissance, this new-birth, the devil's imitation of the regeneration or new-birth brought on earth by the Son of God The voice of the divine Word, which had been for long centuries man's intellectual teacher and moral guide, his comfort and con-

soler; whose divine spirit has civilized and purified the barbarian and besottedly refined pagan nations, and filled heaven with millions of martyrs and heroic saints, was silenced in men's hearing, both in ear and heart, by the noisy clamors of the self-parading, pride-exalted voice of the human word, which, unlike the word of God, possessed no creative, fructifying power, but could only imitate and dramatize the real at best, and ended in destruction of order, effeminacy in morals and in art, and the denial of divine truth. "Ye shall be as gods," cried Satan; and up sprang the spirit of Renaissance, or, more truly, the demon of revolution, under whose tutelage men learned to war against and despise the expressions of the divine in government, in society, in the church, in art, and in literature. Then began especially the degradation of true art, the glorification of the human fancy and imagination even in forms of architecture. Painters and sculptors dared defile the walls and courts of the very temples of the all-pure and holy Christ with their nude and indecent human figures; writers of the most elegant style dipped their pens in filth and gave forth books whose reproductions to-day are the lawful prize of an Anthony Comstock. What wonder that the divine art of song, or rather the art of divine song, should also suffer! Melody and harmony began to be sought for their own sake. Then began the church-concert, the musical performance at the divine service (the less words the better, for men sunken in sensuality cared but little for the divine word, and wished to hear but little of it), and they soon discovered how strong a minister to their passions melody and harmony without words could be.

Now the human idea supplanted the divine idea. The public, common, and united worship resolved itself into a service of worship by priest and choir. The people fell back into the position of an audience, who no longer took any part in the sacrifice or the prayers, but who listened to a church-concert; and where this practice prevailed church-singing ended, for unless the people sing there can be no church-singing. The priest and the choir are not the church. According to Catholic doctrine, the church is made up of the priesthood *and* the people, of whom the choir is only a small representative and leading body. The choir has nothing to sing or do which the people assembled may not and should not also sing and do, if the divine idea of Catholic worship were fully, faithfully, and completely realized.

I said the human idea supplanted the divine idea. What is the human idea of church-singing? It is entertainment of

the listening people. Its aim is to excite sensible emotions, among which may be prayerful and religious emotions, if you will, but which any man of sense must know cannot be but emotions of the most vague and indefinite character, the melodious harmonies of the choir's speech being, as a rule, wholly unintelligible to the people; thus, finally, bringing about, as this expression of the human idea has done, a deplorable state of things, which conceals the very words of worship from the intelligent understanding of the worshippers, who, thus left in ignorance, sit and listen to what is going on, taking refuge in silently reading a lot of pious, sentimental prayers found in various collections of prayer-books, making their way to God as best they can, ostracized from their church rights and privileges, deprived of the spiritual food which the Catholic religion has officially to give them, while the priest and the choir perform the divine service.

The Protestant Reformation, while being the natural child of the Renaissance in its spirit of proud rebellion against divine authority and its affirmation of the satanic principle of private judgment, was at the same time a vigorous and, as it proved, most healthful protest against the wide-spread sensuality of the times by stimulating Catholics to true reform, and a practical rebuke, by the practice of popular congregational singing which it at once revived, to those who had become recreant to one (and that not the least) of the duties involved in their divine mission of teaching—that of instructing the people in singing the sacred song of the church. Many of the clergy of the time, alas! constituted themselves the special patrons of the new order of religious (?) song which had sprung into being, and turned their holy sanctuaries into concert-halls.

Oh! it was all very grand, very delicious, and highly artistic! But the people, the poor, the unlettered, the "million," who had no music masters and knew only, by nature, those tones that are taught to them of God, and who looked, as they must always look, only to their mother the church to learn the songs of adoration and praise to the divine Majesty, of love and thanksgiving to their crucified Lord and Saviour, and the many sweet canticles of affectionate honor to the Blessed Virgin and other saints, the sources of their instruction, of their comfort, solace, and joy—what of them, the sheep of Christ's fold? Is it the voice of the true shepherd that they now hear and know and follow? No; it is the voice of the charmer of the senses, the dulcet tones of the minstrel of the passions, though happily then, as to-day, conveying to the great majority of them

no real idea whatsoever, thus sparing them, mercifully, something of the moral degradation which they certainly would suffer if as highly cultivated in art as their masters.

Think of a St. Chrysostom, with his pastoral staff in hand, walking into one of these profaned sanctuaries and repeating his old sermon: "My beloved children, we ought to go out from our churches as if from a holy sanctuary, as if fallen from heaven. Let it be present to your mind at what mysteries it has been granted to you to assist; how you are initiated; *with whom you offer the mystic song, with whom you chant the thrice holy hymn.* Teach the profane in the world that *you* keep choir with seraphim, that *you* belong to a celestial people, that *you* are inscribed in the choir of angels, that *you* have spoken with the Lord and kept company with Christ" (St. Chrysostom, tom. v. hom. 16). God send us some golden-mouthed orator of to-day from whose lips might fall upon the ears of his flock the language of the great and holy bishop of Constantinople! When I say *us* my prayer is directed more especially for our own song-deprived but most faithful and obedient people, to whom we have but to say, It is the will of God, and they run to do it. With such a willing-hearted people, we ought to have been the first of all the nations to carry off the honor of taking the lead in this truly apostolic work. But we must fain content ourselves with being second.

In a discourse preached in the cathedral of Aix, in France, but a very few years ago, the pastor is reported to have said: "Expecting with confidence the perfection of what we have begun, let me congratulate you all upon the success we have already achieved in this work of regeneration, and particularly that the whole people have promptly united in it. Following the mind of the church, and moved by the inspired words of the apostle, *Loquentes vobismetipsis in psalmis*, we have, as you know, introduced in our cathedral the custom of having the people sing at the divine offices. And to-day, as you hear, everybody (*tout le monde*) takes part in the sacred song of praise. The nave responds to the choir, and the saying of the poet Fortunatus is realized:

"'Pontificis monitis, psallit plebs, clerus et infans!'"

Just here I think I may pause and leave my friendly antagonist to "think well on't."

Alfred Young.

JOHN VAN ALSTYNE'S FACTORY.

VII.

JOHN VAN ALSTYNE.

JUST before the close of school that afternoon Mr. Van Alstyne made his appearance.

"I had no idea you were such a firebrand," he said to Zipporah as the children were filing into the entry. The girl looked at him with a surprise which the twinkle in his eyes speedily lessened.

"Cadwallader came at me yesterday with a complaint about you. I couldn't quite make out whether it was that you were being starved or poisoned. Either was bad enough as a reflection on the district, but now that you have set us all by the ears I guess we may as well call ourselves quits."

"What *do* you mean?"

"You may well ask. Run on ahead with the other little girls, Fanny. I am going to walk as far as the factory with Miss Colton."

Fanny Murray obeyed with a rather disappointed air, and the old man waited for Zip to turn the key and deposit it under the doorstep, and then took up his line of march at her side.

"Well, now, I suppose you want to hear the whole history. It doesn't amount to very much. I had been considering a plan for consolidating things, so as to offer you permanent quarters at my house during your stay, even before the squire broke out with his version of your troubles. Boarding around is no doubt a relic of barbarism, and why it was revived this summer I hardly know."

"I didn't mean to complain," said Zip, blushing, "but I was really very ill, and the squire put so many questions that I was obliged to own up. And then," she went on conscientiously, after a brief hesitation, "when I began, and saw how much some things amused them, and how vexed the squire was about others, perhaps I exaggerated a little, just to make them laugh."

"That's a good girl," said Mr. Van Alstyne smiling; "even the devil is never quite so black as we all incline to paint him. However, I have not the slightest doubt that matters were 'tolerable and not to be endured.' I came over at noon yester-

day to invite you to dinner with us, and to find out how my plan would suit you before consulting the other members of the school committee. I am treasurer this year, and thought I could manage it without difficulty. But when I found you had gone home with Fanny Murray I concluded that a little experience down there wouldn't hurt you—eh?"

"No, indeed!" said Zip, so heartily that her companion smiled again. "But still I don't see—"

"You don't see where you come in as a firebrand. Well, I am going on to tell you. What I had been thinking of Bill Mesick had been doing. At tea-time I received the notification of a business meeting in the school-house, where he submitted just such a plan as I had in my own mind; only, of course, he wanted to keep you up there. We had a little scrimmage over it," said the old man, chuckling, "but there is no such hard luck in store for you. Will you come to us at once, or would you prefer to finish your week with Miss Murray? Under present circumstances she is not bound to keep you, but I was in there this morning and thought she seemed inclined to regret that the change had been made so soon."

"Did she?" asked Zip, with an eager smile. "Oh! then, Mr. Van Alstyne, if you wouldn't mind, I *should* like to know her a little better first. If once I leave the house I have a fancy that it won't be easy, and she—she is very interesting, don't you think? You know you *told* me you thought it would show good taste if I made friends with her, and I am sure you were quite right."

"She interests me," replied the old man; "the whole family do, for that matter, but I don't know that it would have occurred to me to call her interesting. Were you able to make her talk, then? I have tried, but I never had any great success. Her actions speak much louder than her words."

"Well, no," admitted Zip; "I couldn't make her talk much. She hasn't read any of the books I like best, and somehow there aren't many of the things girls talk of that I felt like speaking to her about. I don't know why, but Bella and Lucy Cadwallader and I, for instance, we chatter by the hour, and yet they don't read much more than she appears to. She did talk to me a little about her religion this morning as we went over to Milton Corners together before breakfast."

"You went over to church with her? Well done for an early riser! And you induced her to talk about her religion? Why, you have done wonders already."

"Not very great ones," said Zip, laughing. "I wanted to draw her out, if I could, and I saw that was the only point where one could hope to. But she did not say much, after all. She said she would give me a catechism, and told me the priest could explain things if I really wished to understand. Of course I would like to know what she thinks, but simply because *she* thinks it. Do you suppose, Mr. Van Alstyne, that what people think has any great effect on what they are?"

"What do you mean? What people think is one thing, and what they think they think is very apt to be another. Now, with Mary Anne Murray, and in fact with her father and Paul, the two seem to be one. But whether they think as they do because they are what they are, or *vice versa*, I confess I haven't yet made out to my own satisfaction."

"Is Mr. Paul Murray like his sister?"

"Not a bit, except that in his own way he is pretty nearly as simple; not quite, perhaps. That would be asking a good deal in a man; still, the father comes extremely near it."

"Have you known them long?"

"Paul for the last five years. He happened to save my life in a railway collision, and I took pains to look him up. And as I found him capable and with a genius for mechanics, and I was just then looking out for a man of the sort as superintendent, I gave him the post. He was very young for it, but that is a fault that mends. Besides, he has an old head on his shoulders. He brought the family down the next year after."

"What makes you admire his sister so much?"

"It is a case of 'I love my love with an A because she is admirable,'" said Mr. Van Alstyne, smiling. "I had known for a long time that the mill-girls looked up to her as a saint, but I never had occasion to see much of her until this spring, for in their own house, and under ordinary circumstances, she is too shy to give any one a chance. But she was an angel during the sickness, not only down there among the new families, where there was more of it than elsewhere, but in almost every house where a nurse was needed. I wish I knew how to show my sense of it without offending her. It began in their own house; there was a fine girl of thirteen and a little boy younger than the twins who sickened and died in a week. She never spared herself—and nobody ever spared her, that I could see. What do you think I found her doing this morning?"

"I don't know."

"I was down near the mill, talking to one of the team-

sters, when I heard Mistress Mike Maloney issuing orders out of her window to one of her small-fry. 'Go an' tell Miss Murray,' says she, with a fine brogue of her own, 'that she come too late last night an' not airly enough this mornin'. Tell her the dough's runnin' all over the pan, and ax her to hurry an' mould it up before it sours on me hands.' So I hung around awhile, to see what that summons would result in, and presently up comes Miss Murray in hot haste, and when I happened in shortly after there she was with her hands in the dough, and Mrs. Maloney fanning herself in the rocking-chair."

"Wasn't there anybody else to call on?" said Zip in a vexed tone. "That is where she went in the dark, then, last night."

"Plenty. The woman has a sister-in-law in the next house, but when I asked her what she meant by troubling Miss Murray, she says, 'Sure I strained me wrist last week, and there's not a soul about the place that has a light hand wid the bread like hers, barrin' me own that's laid up, glory be to God! Ye wouldn't begrudge her to a lame old woman, would ye now, Mr. Van Alstyne dear? Sure she's nothin' at all to do at home, now the childher 's dead an' the rest of 'em in school.' They are all alike; they draw on her as if she were a fountain, and, as far as I have been able to observe, she responds like one. Well, now, you can make your own arrangement with her, and when I go back I will send some one down to Mesick's and have your trunk brought to my house."

"Are you sure that you are *quite* willing to keep me a little longer?" Zip repeated, a few minutes after Mr. Van Alstyne left her. She had found Mary Anne busy with her geraniums in the long garden behind the house, and been already assured of a welcome, but she wanted to hear it renewed. Mary Anne smiled softly. It was not in human nature to resist Zip when she was in a coaxing mood. As a child it had always been she who was sent as envoy when any very doubtful favor was to be obtained from parent or from teacher; but as she grew older the moods in which coaxing was possible to her became much less frequent.

"I am more than willing," Mary Anne answered; "I shall be very much pleased. Come, Fanny; we must go and begin to get tea ready."

"Oh! no," begged Zip again. "Let Fanny go and play. She has been mewed up in school all day. I will be your maid—I should like to. *Please*, Miss Murray!"

"If you like; but I am afraid of your tiring yourself. You

ought to sit down and rest after your hard day in school and your long walk this morning."

"How much have *you* rested, I wonder? I want to go again with you to-morrow, and every morning while I stay. You won't mind, will you?"

"I shall like it; I am often rather afraid when the mornings begin to grow dark."

"Do you go all winter?"

"Yes; unless when the roads are entirely blocked up after a heavy snow. The Mass is later in winter."

"Well, I will go with you as long as I stay, if you will stop for me at Mr. Van Alstyne's. The walk will do me good. And you will talk to me a little, won't you?"

"There isn't a great deal to talk about, is there?" Mary Anne said shyly. "I never was much of a talker." She paused a little, and then, to Zip's surprise, began again, unquestioned. "There is an old woman lives in one of the tenements; she is the grandmother of a girl who works in the mill. She is nearly ninety. She told me one day that she had been dumb until she was twelve years old, and that when she first had the use of speech she vowed never to say anything willingly that she would have to repent of."

"Well?"

"Oh! nothing—only she is the most silent old woman in the neighborhood."

"Did she tell you how she happened to be dumb and to regain her speech?"

"No; I never asked her."

"Oh! well, you won't have to regret anything you may say to me, I am sure, for I am going to read *Fabiola* all through, and talk to you about it."

Mary Anne smiled, and went to call her father and the children. Mr. Van Alstyne, who had been going through the factory in company with Mr. Murray, came into the house with him and accepted a place at the tea-table. The children, though very well-behaved, seemed entirely at their ease with him, Zip observed, and he appeared to enjoy chatting with them.

"So next Monday week will be your birthday, will it? Don't let me forget it in the meantime—do you hear, Davie? I shall have one myself at the end of this month, but it is so long since there has been any one to remind me of them that they generally slip by unnoticed. What day? The twenty-ninth."

"That will be Michaelmas," said Mary Anne.

"I remember very well," said Mr. Van Alstyne, who either had an old man's natural garrulity or else felt himself sure of interested listeners, "the day I came of age. Just fifty years ago it will be this fall."

Mr. Murray, whose bent figure and wrinkled face gave him the appearance of greater age than his guest, looked at him surprised.

"Why," he exclaimed, "you are nearly ten years older than I am. I thought the advantage lay the other way."

"I have eaten more idle bread than you have, I'm afraid. And then my health has been good always. So it should, for I have never done very much but look after it."

"You have done a great deal in building this factory," said Mr. Murray.

"Better late than never," replied Mr. Van Alstyne. "I had had the idea of putting this ground to its present use long before I felt myself entirely free and in a position to undertake it. I might have sold it at a profit any time within the last fifteen years before I began building, but I had a certain feeling about it which always stayed my hand."

He met Zipporah's interested eyes as he stopped speaking, and smiled.

"Would you like to know why, Miss Curiosity? All the land about here once belonged to my father and his two brothers. My grandfather bought out or otherwise dispossessed the aboriginal owners. One of my uncles took his share in money and left the country. The other died childless, as I shall do, and I was my father's only son. He was the first of them to go, and he was on his deathbed on that birthday, fifty years ago, to which I referred just now. This strip of land about here, all woods then, was what he held in private possession, though he and my uncle John farmed it in common all round where I live at present. He was a man given to scruples, fond of reading his Old Testament, and steeped to the lips in notions which in his last days took on what some folks thought peculiar twists. I remember his calling me to him that morning. He lay propped up against his pillows, and he had the great family Bible lying open before him. Have you got a Bible about the house, Miss Murray?"

"There is one in papa's room. Run and get it, Davie."

Mr. Van Alstyne took the book and looked through it with some apparent curiosity. "Ah!" he said, "I see it differs a little from mine; not much, though, I suppose, except in including

what that calls the Apocrypha." He turned to Leviticus and ran his eyes over a page or two.

"Well," he began again, "there is no difference here, or not enough to count. My father and I were alone together. My mother was living then, and for many years thereafter, but he felt himself near his end and had asked to see me privately. His voice, I remember, was strong up to the last; he died that night, comparatively a young man. He congratulated me on my majority, and said to me that while I would probably succeed in the end to the whole estate, he had himself nothing to give me but this unimproved but improvable land, and the reversion of such funded property as was secured to my mother until her death. 'The land itself,' he went on to say, 'you will probably consider your own and do what you will with. It has capabilities besides the timber. But the thought of how it was obtained has always troubled me, and it troubles me more than ever now when all the transactions of my life come up before me. I was never quite able to feel that we stood in the position of the Israelites and had a right to exterminate or banish our predecessors. The land was never half-paid for. I don't mean that the friendly Indians from whom my father bought it did not get all he contracted to give them, but only that they had really no choice about it. It has made rich men of us; it may make you richer still, and to the Indians it was merely a hunting-ground —a hunting-ground, however, which meant subsistence and a home. There is no trace of them left; if I wished to restore it I don't know that I could do so. But listen now, my son.' And then he read me these verses from the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus."

Mr. Van Alstyne had a very clear and distinct enunciation, to which the nature of his reminiscences lent just now a certain solemnity.

"'The land also shall not be sold for ever, *because it is Mine, and you are strangers and sojourners with Me.*

"'For which cause all the country of your possession shall be under the condition of redemption.

"'If thy brother, being impoverished, sell his little possession, and his kinsman will, he may redeem what he had sold.

"'But if he have no kinsman, and he himself can find the price to redeem it,

"'The value of the fruits shall be counted from that time when he sold it, and the overplus he shall restore to the buyer, and so shall receive his possession again.

"'But if his hands find not the means to repay the price, the buyer shall have what he bought, until the year of the jubilee. For in that year all that is sold shall return to the owner and to the ancient possessor.'

"Now I do not know," said Mr. Van Alstyne, as he closed the Bible, "what conclusions, if any, my father wished to draw from that passage of the Mosaic law. My mother, who had overheard him reading and feared his tiring himself, came in as he was ending, and it happened that I never saw him alone afterwards. Once, just at the last, he said to me, 'Remember, in Jesus Christ all men are brothers.' But that was all. Some inkling of what was probably in his mind, and my affection for him, which was very strong, always gave this property a certain distinction in my mind from that of my uncle, who had no such scruples. To his I fell heir in course of time, and sold or utilized it in one way or another. But this was always a sort of white elephant on my hands."

He stopped, and, after a little, Mr. Murray, who had been following him intently, said:

"The year of jubilee is close at hand, for you. Is that what you were thinking of?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Van Alstyne as they all rose from the table, "that is one of several things I have been thinking lately."

VIII.

A MORNING WALK.

THE days of Zipporah's sojourn with the Murrays were not long in passing. The girl was faithful to her voluntary engagement, and went with Mary Anne to Milton Corners every morning; but though the latter was somewhat less reticent than at first, yet on the whole Zip did not feel that they made any great approach toward the intimacy she coveted.

It was not until the last morning of her stay that the key with which Zipporah had been fumbling seemed to slip suddenly into its proper ward and unlock the inner chamber she had desired to enter. They were on the road together, the sun coming above the horizon like a huge ball, glowing a dull red through a veil of mist.

"I have had so little time," Zip began, breaking a long silence, "that I have only just finished the story you lent me. It is

very beautiful. The catechism I have barely dipped into. Can you let me take it with me?"

"I will give it to you."

"There is only one thing I want to ask you now about it. I see it says there is but one church, and that all are bound to belong to it; that those who know it to be the true church, and remain out of it, cannot be saved. Do you think, then, that people like my father, who I am sure is as good even as yours, but who does not believe like him, cannot be saved?"

Mary Anne looked distressed.

"I wish you would talk to Father Seetin," she said; "he would explain everything so much better than I can. But if your father knew some other church beside his own to be the true one, do you think he would remain in his own?"

"Why," said Zip, smiling, "that is like asking me if I think he is a fool. It does not seem to me to matter much what people think and believe, but only what they do and are. See how good a man Mr. Van Alstyne is, and yet he does not go to church at all."

"No; but I heard him say to papa that it is because it seemed to him that if people really believed the things they hold in common they would unite, instead of splitting up and fighting over those on which they disagree."

"Yes; but that tells just as much against Catholics as anybody. They hold off from all the rest, and are even worse, I think. Nobody else says, 'Mine is the only true church, and those who do not belong to it cannot be saved.'"

"No one says that," returned Mary Anne; "what the catechism says is that those who *know* it to be the true church and remain out of it cannot be saved."

"Dear me!" said Zip, with an impatient sigh, "I wonder why it is that whenever people get to talking seriously they must bring in religion. It seems to me as if I had heard not much of anything else all my life. Even Squire Cadwallader brings it up when he drives me over Monday mornings. He says he 'don't take much stock in it,' but he keeps on talking all the same. Why can't we be content with this world and not bother about another until it comes?"

"That might do for happy people, perhaps," said Mary Anne, "but I don't understand how any one could go through such a life as most people have to lead, without something more to console them than they would find in this world if they had not faith. I have seen people so wretched, so poor, and so hopeless of ever

being any better off that no prospect seemed worse to them than simply living on here. There was one winter, before we came to Milton Centre, when times were very hard and many people were out of work. My father and Paul and Louisa earned less than ever, and we were very much pinched, but there were others so much poorer than we that we often used to feel ashamed of being ever so little better off. And that winter I knew two men who killed themselves. One was an American, and he tried first to kill his wife, and just failed. She had a baby the next week. The other was a German, and all his children went to the county almshouse, and his wife to the lunatic asylum."

"That is terrible!" said Zip.

"Yes; but if we believed this life were all, and by death we could end it, who would go through it in misery, and want, and sickness? If this life were all, and there were never to be any more people in the world but those who are here now, and everything else should remain for ever just as it is, would it not be a hell for all except those who are rich or comfortably well off?"

"I never thought of that. I have never known any people who were very poor. Are there any here?"

"No. Mr. Van Alstyne is very rich; and though there was one season after his mill was started when nearly all the others stopped or only ran half-time, he kept right on. If a hand is idle or drunken, or keeps on being troublesome, he discharges him, but otherwise he pays good wages and gives steady work. But that is only in one place, and of course it cannot benefit many people. And then Mr. Van Alstyne is an old man, and his notions are very different from those of most other rich people. Whoever comes into his property after him may undo all that he has done."

"No one would do away with the mill," said Zip, "because that is the way they make money. The squire rages against Mr. Van Alstyne because he will neither sell nor let any of the land along the creek, which he says is the best water-power of any for miles around, and would easily supply several factories and give work to thousands more than it does now."

"Paul says so, too. Mr. Van Alstyne means to build another very soon. Did you notice what he said the other night about never feeling himself free to begin building until about the time when he did so? I know, of course, that no one would stop the factories; but Mr. Van Alstyne, in all his dealings with his hands, seems to be considering their interests as much or even more than his own."

"Well," said Zip after a long silence, "Mr. Van Alstyne does a great deal of good, and yet he is not a Christian—though he is a great deal more like what one ought to be than any one else I ever saw. Why should not others do the same? I would."

"I cannot judge Mr. Van Alstyne," returned Mary Anne. "I am certain that he loves men, and I have seen many people who said they loved God who did not seem to me to do that. He does not go to church, but if there were no Catholic church that I could go to, neither would I."

"You are like all the rest," said Zip; "Mrs. Mesick says she 'wa'n't brought up a Methodist an' can't hitch on to 'em nohow!' So she goes over to the Corners, whenever she goes at all. But she don't know what either she or the minister she listens to believes. I am sure of that, because we talked a little one afternoon, and I happened to speak of one of the girls I knew in school who was a Unitarian. She asked what that was, and I told her. 'Why, who ever *did* believe that Christ is God?' said she. 'I'm sure *I* don't; I never *heard* o' such a thing! It's redickelous!' I couldn't help laughing then, any more than I can now, though you *do* look so shocked. I told her she ought to explain that to the Presbyterian minister before she joins his church. She says she is going to join, because when you've got children it isn't respectable not to go to communion when the rest do."

"It isn't quite the same thing," said Mary Anne gently. "I could not live without faith in God."

"Who could? We must believe that there is some Power that made us."

"Yes; but unless we believe that the same Power judges us and cares for us, what better off are we? And how could he judge us justly unless we knew what to do and what to avoid in order to please him?"

"We all know, I think. We have consciences, just as we have lungs and air to fill them."

"Yes; but now I want to ask you, Do you always obey your conscience?"

"Why, no," said Zip, blushing, but laughing also; "I don't. But I suppose I could if I really tried very hard."

"I couldn't. But for my faith in Jesus Christ, and the grace that comes through prayer and the sacraments, I should be—" she stopped, and walked on a few steps in silence. "I am sure I should have been dead before now," she continued. "The

misery that I have seen, the poverty I have been unable to lighten, would have driven me mad but for the hope I had in him, and the certainty that it is well founded. I will tell you," she went on, speaking more quickly than her wont, "though I hardly know whether I ought or why I do. There came a time to me when all belief in the existence of a God who really cares anything about us seemed to be blotted out of my mind. I thought that with only the smallest part of such power as his, and with only so much compassion as I have myself, or even such a love of justice, I could have made a better world than this. It must be that pain, I think, which drives people into suicide. Everything here looks so horribly unjust that they do not believe in a good God, and so take what seems the swiftest way to end their misery."

She had spoken with an intensity of feeling that awed Zip.

"You do not feel that way now?" she asked after a little.

"I am not very strong," said Mary Anne. "Should I be alive if that had continued? But it lasted long enough and led me far enough to give me understanding in many things. It went so far that for a while I was unable to approach the sacraments; so far that while I kept on doing all in my power for those I found in suffering, all I said to them to try and lift their thoughts to God was like a mockery on my lips. And it was then I learned by heart that apart from Jesus Christ there is no way to God. If you cut yourself off from his sacraments you are like a person dying of thirst near what seems an abundance of water. There is but one stream that is sweet, and he has no access to it."

"You must be very different from me," said Zip thoughtfully. "I cannot conceive myself in such a frame of mind."

"You are younger than I, and you have seen very little. You tell me you have never known any poor people, much less suffered poverty yourself. Wait until you see men and women driven to the verge of desperation because they can find no work and must either accept charity or starve. It is sweet to give—though I would always rather pay. But it cannot be sweet for people who are strong and willing to work, and who see plenty, and even luxury, all about them, to accept alms."

"I did not mean that; I can understand how terrible that would be, and to what questions it might drive one. But I don't understand how a mere belief in God, who, after all, permits such evils to go on, could change one's feelings about it. It would

not drive me to suicide, but to a search for some means to remedy the disease."

"I don't think a mere belief *would* change one's feelings," said Mary Anne. "There are many things I don't understand which, for all that, I know to be true. I know, for instance, that when I approach the sacraments frequently I see not merely the dark side of life, but the other, which is brighter. If I lose hold I sink in despair. But as for a remedy for the evils one sees, I think it would not be easy to find, unless all the world not merely said they believed in a just God, but acted as if they meant it. Sometimes I think that will never be. Perhaps it never was intended."

"Ah!" said the other girl, "that sounds to me like a greater want of faith than any you have just confessed to. If *I* believed in a just God, a good God, a God who so loved the world, as the Bible says, that he sent his own Son to die for it, I would never malign him by saying that perhaps he never intended there should be a remedy for the miseries of the world. I would look for the cause everywhere but there."

"Yes," said Mary Anne humbly, "you are very right. But you have a hopeful heart, and mine is naturally inclined the other way. I see the misery, and I see what I know is the way to remove it, but the world seems to be going farther and farther away from it. Even our Lord himself asks if, when he comes, he will find faith on the earth."

"But the want of faith will not *prevent* his coming, will it? If I had your faith I would have that hope also, and it would give me courage to work for it."

Zip spoke with the light-hearted confidence of youth and inexperience. A certain passing enthusiasm, kindled by her own words, made her feel as if she not only shared the faith she spoke of, but in the strength of it had enlisted for a new crusade. In her heart of hearts the girl felt herself superior at that moment to this quiet, melancholy-eyed creature at her side, so weighed down by the evils of the world that she needed something more than the mere belief in a good God to sustain her—or, rather, who dreamed that she needed more. What Mary Anne had been saying about the sacraments was the idlest folly to Zipporah. Since, in spite of all, she maintained her hope and courage, it was evident that she drew from the pure fount of faith alone, and her whims about the manner in which she did it might be dismissed to the limbo of other superstitions.

"Faith?" she burst out again, a moment later. "Faith means action!"

They were at the church porch now, and, as she stopped to bless herself at the holy-water font, Mary Anne said:

"Pray that you may obtain it. I hope it will mean action with you. Sometimes it means suffering."

IX.

PAUL MURRAY.

ZIPPORAH was out on the front piazza with Mr. Van Alstyne the next Tuesday, just before dusk, when the gate-latch clicked, and a young man entered and came up the path.

"There is Murray at last," said Mr. Van Alstyne. "You haven't met him, I suppose. Wait, then, and let me make you acquainted. He is coming up to talk business."

"Oh! not now," pleaded Zip, whose hand he had caught as she was hurriedly passing him. "Another time will do—*please*, Mr. Van Alstyne!" An unaccountable unwillingness to remain had seized her as her eyes fell on the new-comer's face, looking up at her from the foot-path below the veranda. As she spoke she vanished through an open window, and the lace curtains fell into place behind her. But Mrs. Van Alstyne was not in the room, and the girl's sudden shyness proved not to be of the sort which impels to real flight. From the lounge where she threw herself, near one of the side-windows, the tones of the two men discussing factory matters, and later on more general topics, came in from time to time with more or less distinctness. The younger voice was very clear and full; she had decided that he ought to be able to carry a very good baritone or bass, when Mrs. Van Alstyne re-entered, followed by a maid, who proceeded to light the lamp on the centre-table. The old man put his head between the curtains during this process, and bade the servant light the candles on the piano also.

"Come in, Murray," Zip heard him saying the next instant. "I want some real music now that for once I have the chance. You do very well by yourself, but I have a young lady here with a voice like a thrush, and I want to hear you combine your forces."

Again the impulse to flight possessed the girl, and she sprang up from her half-recumbent position to put it into execution. But a quick sense of the absurdity of the thing not only stayed her midway, but took her straight to the piano, where she was looking over Mrs. Van Alstyne's old-fashioned music-books when Paul Murray came up to be presented.

He was tall and fair, and powerfully built. So much she had seen at the first glance; and now, as she turned the pages with him to select some possible duet, she observed also, between her lashes, that his blue eyes were both frank and steady, and that his crisp hair set off a square, massive head and features as remarkable for strength as they were for beauty. Afterwards, when he proved to have more executive skill than she, she noticed, as he accompanied himself through one and another solo unknown to her repertory, that his hands were shapely as well as strong. The memory of Mary Anne's, hardened and enlarged by labor, came back to her at the same moment and perplexed her. "How unlike they are!" she thought; "they might have been born at the antipodes from each other."

But what engrossed her was his voice, a baritone of most unusual quality and compass. The skill with which he managed it, and the utter, unconscious ease with which its volume poured forth, no more accompanied by grimace or gesture than his breathing, were an absolute delight to her. Her own sole accomplishment was music; a love for it was Mr. Colton's strongest passion, and he had done what he could to cultivate whatever talent of the sort his children had possessed, without any of those ulterior aims toward which his efforts were ordinarily directed. It was a pure joy to the girl to listen to Paul Murray sing—a joy which banished completely a shy self-consciousness which for the first few minutes had annoyed her. She had never before felt herself either shy or self-conscious in the presence of a man, and had been hating herself for doing so now, until she forgot it in the pleasure his singing gave her. She sang with him with ready simplicity whatever fell within their double compass of musical knowledge, but she was not a sufficiently good reader to attack new fields without preliminary study, and his range was far wider than her own. Once only would she sing alone, and then it was Kingsley's ballad, "The Sands of Dee," set to Hullah's melancholy music, that she attempted. Mr. Van Alstyne, who had been watching them both, thought that Paul Murray was as much entranced by her singing as she had been by his, but changed his mind when he heard him criticising her execution as faulty, and prevailing on her to repeat one strain after another, moved, apparently, by that impersonal musical passion which has no aim beyond itself.

"Your training has been very bad," the old man at last heard the young one saying, "but your voice is delightful."

Zip colored, and vacated the piano-stool without looking up.

"Don't mind him, my dear," said Mr. Van Alstyne. "Murray, I had no idea you were such a musical prig. Your two voices go together like the two halves of a cherry. Where did you get your own training, by the way? I have often thought of asking you, although I never supposed until to-night that it was so extensive."

"Oh! mine was rather exceptional," Murray said, turning round with his back toward the piano. "An intimate friend of the uncle who undertook my education conceived a great fancy to my voice and tried to make the most of it. He had been a pupil of Mendelssohn's himself. At one time I had the notion of making it useful in a professional way, but abandoned that when I came here. It is only the very unusual sweetness and power of Miss Colton's voice that made me forget myself far enough to tell her without ceremony that her training had been defective. She loves music too well, I am sure, not to forgive me for being carried away by my enthusiasm."

He looked down at her, smiling, and the girl, coloring again, uttered some commonplace or other which only increased a confusion which she felt must be horribly evident. She left the vicinity of the piano and took refuge near Mrs. Van Alstyne.

"How hot it is with all these lights!" she said to that lady in a low tone.

"Oh! *do* you find it so?" Mrs. Van Alstyne replied. "I was thinking that a fire would not be at all disagreeable now that the evenings are so long. Would you mind ringing for Kate? I want her to light one in my room."

Paul Murray took his departure a few minutes later, and Mr. Van Alstyne accompanied him to the gate, to whose bolts and bars it was his habit to attend personally. Mrs. Van Alstyne honored a time-worn custom by making the retiring guest a subject of remark.

"Father Van Alstyne is quite carried away with that young man," she began; "he gives him his head about the business a great deal more than I think he ought to. But when people grow old they are very apt to take sudden fancies and be very opinionated. Don't you think so?"

Mrs. Van Alstyne had been a very pretty woman in her youth, and at forty was by no means convinced that her youth had vanished. She had spent the first years of her widowhood in New York, and, after laying aside her weeds, had again mingled in society. But the dictates of enlightened selfishness, or what she interpreted as such, had recently quartered her in

the old homestead for longer periods than she found really agreeable. She complained of many ailments, mostly imaginary, and indulged herself with much coddling and self-petting. A niece who had been staying with her had married late in the previous summer, and Mrs. Van Alstyne, who had not yet settled by whom to replace her, had been by no means averse to the scheme which introduced Zipporah Colton as an inmate of the too quiet household. She was greatly disposed to make much of the girl, and, after the fashion of idle and self-indulgent women, to constitute her the recipient of those pretended confidences which reveal nothing the speaker cares to hide. Zipporah, who was very loyal to Mr. Van Alstyne, made some only half-audible response to the question addressed her, and began to examine the tatting with which her hostess was busy.

"Not that young Murray is not well enough as far as he goes," that lady continued; "his voice is perfectly elegant and his manners are not at all bad. They are very good, in fact, when you think of his father and sister, and consider how he must have been brought up. They were nothing but common mechanics, either father or son, I believe, until they were brought here."

"Miss Murray is a lady, *I* think," said Zip, a little hotly.

"Oh! *do* you? Father Van Alstyne is of the same way of thinking, and he insisted on my driving down to call on her, and on inviting her here. She came once, with her brother, but Elsie, my niece, did not get on with her at all. I am surprised you like her."

"Like whom?" asked Mr. Van Alstyne, reappearing through the window. "Miss Murray, I'll bet a penny. Miss Colton is a young lady of discernment."

"There is no accounting for tastes," rejoined his daughter-in-law, looking up with a bland smile. "And, to my mind, there is no accounting for the fact that a young man like Paul Murray, with such a salary as you pay him, if he chooses to burden himself with a whole family, should not do it differently. If his sister is to be considered a lady, why does he let her dress as she does, or make herself a drudge about the house?"

"That is a matter of Miss Murray's own taste, I am sure," said Zip. "She does nothing very heavy about the house; I doubt if she could, for she does not look very strong."

"And then, Sarah, her view of Paul's action in 'burdening himself,' as you call it, with a whole family, may take a different angle from yours," said Mr. Van Alstyne. "It certainly is not

her brother's doing. But I don't like him any the less, nor her either, for seeing no degradation in the fact that now, when they are undeniably better off than they used to be, she goes on doing those womanly and necessary things about the house that both you and I saw our own mothers doing when we were younger than we are now. If she had tastes or capabilities with which such things are incompatible, it might be different."

"Besides," said Zip, "she told me her father had fallen into debt before they came here, and that she economized all she could on that account."

"How did she happen to tell you that? It is curious that I never either guessed it or had it hinted to me," said Mr. Van Alstyne, looking interested.

"I hardly remember. Oh! yes, I do. She was speaking of her brother, and saying that he had been put back, first by the debts, and then by sending another brother abroad; she said he meant very soon now to buy a piano, but had never yet felt able. Fanny told me the same thing. She has a voice, too, by the way, and is looking forward to that prospect with great anxiety."

"Is she? Humph! Well, you *have* improved your opportunities, my dear," said the old man, smiling. "I am more pleased than ever that I did not intercept you before you went down there. You shall have a long credit-mark for that discovery."

Mrs. Van Alstyne invited Zipporah to enter her room that night as they went up-stairs together. Their apartments faced each other across the corridor surrounding the staircase, on which the family rooms of the second story opened. There was a cheerful glow from the wood-fire on Mrs. Van Alstyne's hearth as she unclosed the door, and the girl, who was not more averse to personal gossip than the rest of us, was nothing loath to accept the invitation.

"O my dear!" the lady said, as she lighted the candles on her dressing-table, "there never was anything more unfortunate than your mentioning that about the piano to Father Van Alstyne. I saw I must take the earliest chance to warn you to be careful."

"Why was it unfortunate?"

"Because the chances are nine in ten that he will manage to make that child a present of one. He is perfectly bewitched about the whole of them, and I saw at a glance that was what he was thinking of. Do try to be cautious how you talk about them. He is making ducks and drakes of his money now, every-

body knows, in the way he is managing that mill. And I might as well talk to the wind as to him; besides, if *I* should try to interfere, it might look as if I were only considering myself."

"What I say couldn't be of any importance one way or the other," said Zip.

"Oh! yes, it could; it's as plain as can be that you are going to be another of his pets. Really, when a man gets to be as old as he, and is so very *peculiar* about money, it seems to me the law ought to look after him. His father was queer in his head, and if my poor William had only been guided by me he would have held on to his stocks instead of selling out to the old man just when they fell so low. They would have been mine then; and now I have hardly anything worth mentioning—at least, not in comparison to what it ought to have been. People should be just to their own before they are generous to strangers, don't you think?"

"I thought Mr. Van Alstyne was very just. All I have heard about him and his ways of dealing with people has made me think so."

"Yes; I know some folks look at it in that way, but I can never help feeling that nearly all his money ought by good rights to be mine. He never speculated, and he would have trudged along in the same old rut for ever if William hadn't had some enterprise."

"Perhaps Mr. Van Alstyne feels that he owes a great deal to Mr. Murray. That is only natural when one's life has been saved by another—under such circumstances, too. He told me all about it this afternoon; it must have been awful."

"Oh! I wasn't thinking about the Murrays so much. That is all well enough, I suppose—if it stopped there. But it doesn't. I was only considering the matter by and large."

Unseen in the firelight Zip blushed. She was perfectly aware that she had tried to give the talk an adroit bend in the direction of the tall, fair young fellow who had caused her first shyness, and that she had been baffled by what struck her at that moment as even greater selfishness than she had previously been inclined to think it. She said good-night directly afterward and went away to her own room, very much disgusted with her hostess, and not a little with herself. One thing stood out distinctly from all the rest as her thoughts persisted in retracing every incident of the evening, from the moment when, still excited by the story of Paul Murray's heroism to which she had been listening, she had heard the gate click on his entrance,

to that in which she heard it close again behind him. And that was the conviction that her plans for running down often to see his sister must be abandoned. It was an instinctive conclusion, led up to by equally instinctive reasons, which nothing would have induced her to put into words; it was immediately followed, moreover, by the recollection that Mary Anne had not been very prompt to welcome the announcement of her intention to do so when they parted at noon the previous Friday. She lay awake so late pondering over that and various other things that it was broad daylight when her eyes unclosed, and for the first time she missed her walk with Mary Anne to Milton Corners.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE RADICAL FAULT OF THE NEW ORTHODOXY.

ORTHODOXY means, in the present connection, what Protestants generally understand by the term. It has been subject to many variations, and just now one particular mode of it is awakening interest and controversy, and this mode is distinctly enough designated by the term New Orthodoxy.

The radical fault in the new orthodoxy is identical with the root of an exuberant growth of the deadly nightshade of error in the old orthodoxy. It is an utterly false and incredible doctrine of original sin, which is itself the original sin of the Lutheran theology.

Most assuredly it is a fundamental dogma of the Christian faith that a great disaster has befallen the race of Adam as the consequence of his sin. This disaster is called, in all the dogmatic definitions of the Catholic Church, and by all her doctors, original sin, after the example of the inspired and infallible apostle and doctor, St. Paul: "*Per inobedientiam unius hominis multi constituti sunt peccatores.*"*

There is only one consistent and logical course of reasoning which one who denies the dogma of the fall of the human race in Adam can follow—the one which concludes with the denial of all the dogmas of the Christian faith. This road is followed by Unitarians and all kinds of rationalists. But the orthodox are compelled to hold fast by the doctrine of original sin by

* Rom. v. 19.

their very principle of orthodoxy. And, unhappily, it has become so altered and transformed in their hands as to make their efforts to construct something like a reasonable system of theology hopelessly futile.

I shall not attempt to state what the dogma of original sin is as defined by the church, or to give an explanation of it from Catholic theologians. My only object is to show how absurd and incredible is the doctrine which enters as an essential and constitutive element into the system of Protestant orthodoxy, under every form which it assumes, and specifically in the new orthodoxy.

At the very outset a caution is necessary, viz., that sin is spoken of, in this discussion, only in the sense of personal, actual crime, blameworthiness, and demerit. This is the only sense known to Protestant theology, which is our only concern at present, and this must be borne in mind constantly, since certain propositions and statements which will be brought forward would be false if the terms which relate to sin or innocence were used in that sense which they bear in that part of Catholic theology which treats of the original sin in which the human race, as such, is involved.

The text of St. Paul, translated in King James' version, "By the offence of one [or by one offence] *judgment came* upon all men to condemnation" (Rom. v. 18), interpreted in the Protestant sense, may be taken as a summary of the doctrine of the old-school orthodoxy. According to that interpretation, the distinct and explicit sense of this and similar passages in Holy Scripture is, that all men sinned and fell in and with Adam by his transgression; when he ate the forbidden fruit, "whose mortal taste brought death into the world and all our woe." Every one is conceived and born a sinner, guilty of that first transgression, an enemy to God and an object of his wrath. He is under a divine curse, doomed to the threatened penalty, utterly and hopelessly lost and reprobate. As a consequence and penalty of the sin committed by Adam, human nature is totally depraved in each human individual, capable of nothing but sin, and wholly hateful. Each one is, moreover, doomed to die, and after death to be cast into a furnace of fire, where he will be tormented for ever for his share in Adam's sin and for all the sins to which his depraved nature has impelled him during life.

Men who have not lost intelligence, moral sense, and human sentiments, cannot find such a doctrine twining around them and compressing them within its deadly embrace, like the ser-

pents around Laocoön and his sons, without making strenuous efforts to free themselves. It is an imperative demand of reason, if it be enslaved to such a belief as this, to look for some way of reconciling it with the primary principles of truth and justice. "How can I be a sinner because Adam broke the law? How can God condemn me for what he did thousands of years before my creation?" Plainly, it cannot be, unless that act of sin be justly imputable to me, precisely as if I were Adam. But how can the act of the first man be imputable to his descendants, who were not living at the time and sharing personally in the crime?

Some have resorted to the theory of an extrinsic, forensic imputation of sin by an act of absolute divine power. Adam was put in the place of all men, to stand for them, to be their representative in the critical probation of the human race, to obey in their stead, or to sin in his own name and in the name of all. Therefore we are all regarded and treated as if we had personally done what was done by our head and king when he rebelled against his Maker.

Few, if any, now maintain this doctrine. I remember hearing it said, when a boy, that Professor Stuart corrected his commentary on the fifth chapter of Romans by expunging this notion of imputation when he corrected the proof-sheets. I heard my father say to him: "Brother Stuart, I have been much grieved at reading your commentary." "So I suppose," replied the professor, stroking his thin face, with an expressive smile and sparkle of the eye; "the best thing you can do is to refute it."

It is scarcely necessary to say a word about such a theory. It is a metaphysical absurdity. A real transference of the imputability of acts is as impossible as transference of identity. It is as much a contradiction in terms to impute to George Washington the acts of Julius Cæsar as to affirm that Washington was Cæsar. Imputation by a legal fiction is contrary to the veracity and justice of God. It is the fable of the wolf and the lamb on a large scale. "If it was not you, it was your father."

Another mode of explanation is by affirming that we are all held responsible and guilty for Adam's sin, because we really committed it. Humanity, it is said, is all one. The whole human race was existing in Adam, and has only been explicated and evolved into a multitude by distinct individuations. This is the extreme realism of an old school of philosophy. It is the

notion that the universals, genus and species, are not mere concepts of the mind with a foundation in reality, but real beings in themselves, outside of individual existences.

Or, in another mode of apprehension, it is the notion that souls are derived from souls as bodies are from bodies. So our souls are not immediately created by God, but mediately in the creation of the soul of Adam, from which all the souls of his offspring are derived. Thus the intellect and will of each infant are inherited through its parents and ancestors from Adam, its whole spiritual and immortal nature has been transmitted by descent, and the sin with which it was infected by Adam's transgression has come down with the nature.

This extreme realism, and also this philosophical notion of the mediate creation of the rational soul, are antique idols of the den which deserve no better place than a shelf in the museum of old metaphysical curiosities.

Moreover, they do not serve their purpose in the least. Whatever else may come down by heredity, moral accountability does not. No matter if Adam were the whole human race, genus and species had no consciousness, no free will, no spontaneous activity, as such. The singular individual Adam thought, willed, and acted, was responsible, sinned, and merited condemnation in his individual existence. The person is the principle of imputability in respect to moral acts. The soul of Adam was not a multiple composed of a collection of many souls, even if it were multiplicable. If the souls of all men were in his soul they were not existing actually, but only virtually and in potency. Distinct and personal accountability can only begin with a distinct capacity and exercise of the acts of understanding and willing. If Adam did really make our nature totally depraved, and we must therefore receive it in this condition from our parents, that is our misfortune, but not our fault. We are no more blamable for our native depravity than for inherited ugliness, deformity, sickliness, and stupidity. In case our depraved nature necessitates in us those acts, and those only, which would be sins in a normal condition, they are no more sins and have no demerit. They are like the acts of lunatics, idiots, and irrational animals.

The only reasonable doctrine is that God creates immediately each single, rational soul. He cannot make anything which is not good, and the Calvinist who admits the doctrine of creationism will have a troublesome task to explain how a soul, by becoming the form of a human body, can contract guilt and become totally depraved.

For the last fifty years and more the descendants of the old Lutherans and Calvinists who have kept out of the movement toward rationalism, have been trying hard to modify their doctrines without giving up what they think to be their essential principles. They wish to vindicate the ways of God to men, and to make the way of salvation open and plain to all. A large party among them have come to regard the state of man since the fall as one in which he is physically able to keep the law of God, but morally unable, and yet to blame for this perversity of will. Before one is changed by the grace of God he is supposed to do nothing but sin, and to sin wilfully, so that this voluntary alienation from God is the cause of the universal condemnation under which all men lie before they are regenerated and forgiven, for the sake of the merits of Christ, made efficacious for their salvation by the instrumentality of justifying faith.

This way of escaping from the folds of the Calvinistic serpent is illusory and merely verbal. It seems to shift off from the shoulders of Adam's posterity responsibility for his sin. It seems to make each one responsible only for voluntary sin. But it confuses that which is spontaneous and in the general sense voluntary with that which is free as well from intrinsic necessity and determination as from physical, external coercion. The liberty of the will which is requisite to free choice requires an equilibrium between eligible objects, and a self-determining power which is intrinsically indifferent. This is the condition of moral responsibility, of merit and demerit. The doctrine in question removes coercion, but leaves intrinsic necessity and determination by a cause external to the will, which is fatal. Moreover, this fatality and irresistible determination to sin in human nature is the effect of Adam's sin. When the preacher assures the sinner of being wicked and worthy of condemnation because his will is perverse, he may reply that he cannot help it, and that this inability is not his fault but the fault of Adam, and his own misfortune. This scheme is no better than the old one. Its advocates try to slur over and pass by the dogma of original sin, and to draw attention chiefly to the doctrine that Christ is the Saviour of all men, and to the means by which the sinner may obtain forgiveness, grace, and salvation. But it is of no use. They have left a fortress in their rear. It is a Plevna which must be taken before an advance can be safe.

That which was a new orthodoxy has now become old, and *the* new orthodoxy, which boasts of being progressive, is quite different. In New England it is as yet diffident, tentative, and

unformed. I do not pretend to speak about the opinions of any particular person or set of professors or clergymen, categorically. If they should happen to be misrepresented in any respect, the way is open to correction and explanation. I think I am right, however, in supposing that Dr. Dorner is the chief of this school, and I will adopt an abstract of his theory of sin, redemption, and probation, from the *Annual Theological Review*, as the basis of my remarks, quoting in full as much as I think necessary to my purpose: *

"Dorner's view of sin differs in some respects from that entertained in this country by most theologians. He speaks of original sin, sin common to the race, personal sin, etc., yet he does not connect with the terms precisely the ideas that are commonly suggested by them. He teaches, indeed, that sin entered the world through Adam's disobedience; that, not by his creation, but by his action, sin has become a state of mankind, so that all men are in need of redemption, being under the divine condemnation. . . . He seems to substitute in place of the ordinary doctrine of original sin the idea of a sin of the race in which all partake. The Old Testament requires the punishment of the children with the fathers, declares that God will judge the children in accordance with the deeds of the fathers, holds the race responsible for the sins of the individual, and the individual for the sins of the race. Thus it assumes the solidarity of the nation, of the race. So God judges that, not for Old Testament times only, but for all time, sin and guilt are universal and belong to the race as a whole. 'The consequence of this from the divine standpoint is a universal condemnation extending to the whole of humanity, a condemnatory judgment on their state. In presence of this condemnation all stand in absolute need of redemption and atonement, and the distinctions of greater and less personal guilt in the subjects make no difference therein, because no one can acquit himself of joint responsibility for the common sin.'† . . . He does not consider that our moral acts are to be looked upon as sinless because they are rendered unavoidable by connection with generic depravity. An unintended injurious act is sinful and punishable because of inherent indifference and torpor of the moral sense, though at the moment of its performance it might not have been 'under the power of freedom.' . . . When we connect with our defective righteousness the teachings of the New Testament, we see that the cause of our failures is in ourselves; that our own weakness represents the totality of our sinfulness; that, instead of a central force within ourselves competent to the discharge of our duties, there is a permanent incapacity to good works. The New Testament also teaches us that all men have fallen into the same degradation and helplessness, and that the race lies under condemnation. The whole race therefore needs help from without for its deliverance from the bondage of sin. A universal sinfulness and a universal liability to the consequences of guilt are the great facts descriptive of human nature."

* *Annual Theological Review:* Current Discussions in Theology Vol. i. Introductory. By Professors Boardman, Curtiss, and Scott. Chicago: F. H. Revell, 148 and 150 Madison St. Pp. 177–203. † Quotation from Dorner's *System of Christian Doctrine*, iv. 96.

This is, in some respects, even worse than Calvinism. Yet there is a compensation. If such an order of providence stood alone and complete in itself, it would be too dreadful to contemplate. But it is only part of a larger plan in which there is redemption and restoration. The real and decisive probation is restricted to the choice between accepting and rejecting this redemption through Christ, distinctly proposed. The sequel of the foregoing doctrines is the theory of a future probation after death for all those who have not made their irrevocable choice in this life.

The advocates of this new scheme think they have solved the chief problem, viz., how to reconcile the eternal loss of a part of mankind with the justice, benevolence, and mercy of God. Those who are finally doomed have been offered a sure and easy way of escaping their doom and attaining beatitude. They incur their final doom by their own personal, voluntary and free act, and are thus the authors of their own ruin. They are suicides. The solution is not, however, satisfactory.

If a man is condemned to death for a crime which he did not commit, justice is not satisfied by granting him a pardon on condition of his acknowledging his guilt and suing for the remission of its penalty.

The whole scheme rests on a false basis. It rests on one of the essential heresies of the Lutheran and Calvinistic systems —a heresy which is also contrary to reason and all sound natural philosophy and theology, incredible in every sense, and even unthinkable.

We come back, therefore, to the distinct and direct consideration of the radical fault of the new orthodoxy—its doctrine of the universal, unavoidable depravity and guilt of human nature, of the human race in its totality, on account of which every human being, apart from the benefit of redemption, is under condemnation.

The notion of a transference of criminality from one person to another, or of a community of moral guilt among a number, unless all are either principals or accessories with knowledge and free consent, is absurd and subversive of the first principles of morality. The notion of a total depravation of human nature as a consequence of the original sin of Adam is equally absurd. The notion of even a partial depravation is not provable by sufficient reasons, and may be safely rejected on good grounds.

Dismissing all these notions except the one of a depravation of nature which is either in itself sin and a cause of condemna-

tion, or a principle from which actual sins which are imputed to each one for guilt and condemnation unavoidably proceed, let us analyze this notion and test its credibility.

The nature which God gave to Adam and Eve is supposed to have been radically changed and depraved by their sin, and this corrupted nature to be transmitted by generation to all their posterity, perhaps even still more degraded and vitiated by the sins of intermediate ancestors and parents, more or less, in distinct races and families. According to this theory, if the human essence has been substantially changed, or has been stripped of its properties and attributes, man is no longer man but a mere anthropoid. He has dropped out of the moral order. If he has only suffered a moral paralysis, then, in respect to moral acts, he is like a paralytic in respect to physical acts. It is impossible for him to keep that law which is a just one for a rational creature in his normal state, and therefore his transgressions and omissions cannot be imputed to him as formal sins, no matter what evil consequences may follow. It may be necessary to restrain him by coercion and pains, as a noxious wild beast, but he is no more deserving of moral disapprobation than is a man in delirium who kills himself or others. It is no escape from this consequence to call his inability to good and irresistible propension to evil moral and not physical. It is natural, affecting both the intellect and the will. Mind and will are determined by a bias, which is a law effectually depriving him of the equilibrium which is necessary to freedom. Voluntary acts are not always free, and are free only when there is a self-determining power in the will. It is a wilful act which a lunatic commits when he swallows poison or sets a house on fire, but not a free act involving moral responsibility. The theory of total, native depravity, therefore, upsets the whole moral order.

The theory of a partial depravity, of an injury to nature, by which the natural understanding, natural will, and natural passions have become abnormally obscured, weakened, and inclined to inordinate gratifications, is more tolerable. It is, in fact, sustained by some Catholic theologians. A lessening and weakening of the higher faculties of human nature, and an increase of the lower propensities, do not imply loss of physical and moral ability to abstain from acts morally evil, and to perform morally good acts. They imply infirmity and difficulty only, such as beset a person who has a delicate constitution, as compared on the one hand with one in robust health, and on the other with a paralytic. Depravity is, however, a bad word. For this in-

firmity is not worthy of any moral disapprobation, and is not a necessary cause of actual sin. No one is to blame for being naturally dull of understanding, naturally timid, or naturally prone to sensible pleasure. He need not be indolent when it is his duty to study, run away when it is his duty to stand or advance under fire, or drink to excess when exposed to temptation, though it may require great effort on his part to be diligent, brave, and temperate.

It is difficult, however, to get any clear and distinct notion of what the normal, typical perfection of pure human nature is, and in what respects the actual human nature falls short of it. Between the lowest and the highest classes of the human species which are known to us, between the lowest and the highest individual specimens, there is a vast difference, and there are many intermediate variations. The only clear and certain notion of what pure human nature actually is, in itself, is derived from analysis of the constituents of the essence of humanity, the properties which spring from the essence, and the susceptibility to improvement or deterioration which is contained in the essence. Nature is the same as essence, and only connotes it in the sense of its being a principle of passive receptivity of action upon it, and of active operation. Man is defined, according to his essence, as a rational animal. Adam, in his mere human nature, was just this, and essentially no more. His human essence was not altered when he sinned. He could not naturally transmit anything more if he remained sinless, or anything less after he had sinned. His posterity are, by virtue of generation from him, human beings, neither more nor less. As animals they are subject to physical disease and death like all other living beings on the earth. As rational they have all the capacities and rights which intrinsically spring from rationality. They have the faculties of intelligence, reasoning, willing, and freedom of choice within certain limits. They are not mere things, but persons. Therefore, though they can be partially used as means to an end of wider good, and for a time be subjected to physical evils which they have not deserved by their transgressions, they must be, and each one must be, an end in himself, and cannot justly be deprived finally of the perfection and felicity due to the rational and human nature. If these goods are not absolutely given, the opportunity and means of gaining them by personal effort must be given. A rational creature cannot suffer a total or partial loss of his natural perfection and felicity in perpetuity, except in so far as he may incur this loss by his own

voluntary, free, and sinful acts in a state of moral probation. It cannot be incurred by the sin of another, or by acts which are caused by violence or determined by an intrinsic, irresistible necessity which is implanted in the creation of the species or inherited from ancestors.

There is a solidarity of the race, of nations, of families. Good and evil, happiness and suffering, honor and disgrace, are to a great extent common. Yet no one who is reasonable imputes the moral merit of virtuous acts to others than those who do them, or the moral demerit of vicious acts to others than the individual, criminal agents. All our true thoughts, right sentiments, and just judgments are a reflex of the mind and will of God. It is evident to human reason that every rational creature must at last attain to the perfection and felicity due to his nature, unless he has wilfully perverted his character and turned himself away from his true good. Therefore this must be the divine judgment.

It follows from this, by logical consequence, that all those human beings who never have the use and exercise of reason in this life, must either be made perfect and happy for ever in the sphere and order of their own nature, by an act of God, or be placed in a state wherein they can, by the exercise of their faculties, gain these goods as a reward of merit.

It follows, also, that all who have the use of reason and free-will in this life are, *ipso facto*, in a moral order, are under a law which they can obey or disobey as they may choose, are morally responsible, and are in a state of discipline for the future life. Whether this state of moral discipline continues in the world to come, or not, may be a question which can be argued by probable reasoning, but must be determined with certainty by divine revelation. This is likewise the case with the questions whether the state of moral discipline in this life is strictly a state of probation, and whether there is a state of probation after death.

Thus much is certain: that the reason why there must be for a part of mankind a state of probation after death, given by the Progressive Orthodox, does not exist.

The only difference between a state of probation and a state merely of moral discipline is this: In the state of probation the moral discipline is ordered to a final term; it is a test and trial of the use or abuse of free-will during a definite time, after which succeeds the permanent, unchangeable state which is determined by the ultimate result of the probation. Any kind of moral discipline, proportioned to the particular character and capacity of

any single rational creature, can be his probation for a future, everlasting state proportioned to his nature and his well or ill deservings. As for those human beings who have no probation in this life, it is impossible to prove that they must have one in another life in order that they may be good and happy for ever. As for all others, whatever suffices for moral discipline suffices for probation also, and they are, *ipso facto*, as human beings who have the faculties of reason and free-will in use and exercise, in a state of moral responsibility, under a moral law, and therefore under discipline.

The sin and misery existing in the world can be accounted for without supposing any depravation of human nature. A great number of angels, having the highest kind of intellectual nature, sinned and fell. Adam and Eve sinned and fell before any disaster had befallen them which could mar the primitive state in which the Creator placed them. Freedom of choice between good and evil, and the risk which attends the trying process of probation, account for sin in any case and in any number of cases.

A consideration of human nature as it is in its specific constitution shows how liable men are to sin, if left to their unaided natural powers. Man is the lowest among rational creatures. His beginnings are most feeble and imperfect. He is rational only in potency, and absolutely ignorant. His spiritual part is substantially united to a gross, material, corruptible body, which is gradually developed from a germ. As a spiritual being, and as an animal, his inclinations and impulses are conflicting. Hence the development of intelligence, the acquisition of knowledge and virtue, the attainment of self-mastery, and the direction of his aims and actions toward the highest rational good, against the tide of the passions, are difficult, whereas it is easy to drift with the current.

Man is rational, but he is a rational *animal*, immersed up to his neck in the stream of sensible, corporeal movement, with only his highest, intellectual part free, like a swimmer's head above water. His rational and immortal soul, nevertheless, has been immediately created and infused as a form into his body by God. God can only create that which is good, and a soul coming pure and uncorrupted from the hand of God cannot be depraved by contact with matter. Each soul of man has therefore its essential relation to God, its essential dignity, its essential rights, no matter what debased condition of body and what degenerate social state it may enter and find surrounding its awakening to per-

sonal consciousness. Each one must be specially cared for by God, and its moral discipline adjusted carefully to the conscience in each single individual, which is the criterion of *formal* right and wrong, that is, the *subjective*, though the *material* and *objective* right and wrong may be different both in extension and comprehension. Conscience is the interpreter and minister and judge of the natural law written within the heart; and God pronounces judgment in accordance with the testimony which conscience renders. St. Paul teaches this explicitly:

"For when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves; which show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another."

"For as many as have sinned without law shall perish without law, and as many as have sinned in the law shall be judged by the law; . . . in the day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ."*

Conscience anticipates the judgment of God. The judgment of God sentences and consigns to punishment each single criminal for sins of which his conscience accuses him. A correct conscience does not accuse any man of sin except for acts knowingly and wilfully committed against his own subjective interior law and standard of right and wrong, with freedom of choice and power to the contrary. Therefore, God does not and cannot impute to any individual any but his own personal, actual sins. No one can blame himself, can feel remorse or contrition, or repent for the sin of Adam or of his intermediate ancestors, or for the weakness and fragility of his own nature, or for the sins of any other person, or of mankind or any part of mankind in general.

The doctrine that mankind is lost and ruined in the mass, under a helpless and hopeless doom, in the sense that it has become dehumanized and alienated from its essential, natural relation to God, is utterly false and absurd. It is impossible, therefore, to show that for such a reason the Incarnation and Redemption are necessary for the rescue and restoration of the human race. Repairing damages in a merely natural order, and bringing the rational creation to the perfection which is due to its essence in a final state which is in a merely natural order, are not an end worthy of the Incarnation. It is like putting the dome of St. Peter's on the wooden meeting-house of a New England village. It is impossible to prove that God cannot show mercy and for-

* Rom. ii. 12–16, King James's Version.

give sins freely, without infringing on justice and the moral order, except by means of a condign expiation and satisfaction, wrought by a divine person in human nature.

In fine, the system which we call by courtesy orthodoxy, whether in its old or its new form, is as completely shut out from a plain, open road, into a *cul-de-sac*, as was the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle.

The original, ideal state of Adam and of the human race, the change effected by his sin and the fall of mankind through his delinquency, the reason for the Incarnation and Redemption, the nature of regeneration and the necessity for grace and divine revelation in view of the final end and destination of men called to become sons of God and co-heirs with Jesus Christ, are mysteries shut up and inexplicable so long as the principles of Luther and Calvin are made the basis of theology. The incredible dogmas of Protestant orthodoxy, its inner incoherence and self-contradictions, its utter failure to construct a rational philosophy in harmony with revelation, are one chief cause of the reaction into rationalism, incredulity, and atheism, which is the logical consequence of the revolt against the authority of the Catholic Church.

The attempt to reconstruct Christian doctrine by a new orthodoxy is a confession that the old is a failure. The aggressive and destructive movement of the new against the old is one in which there is a great advantage on the side of the assailants. There is something noble and generous in their desire to show how "the mercies of the Lord are over all his works"; how the justice, goodness, and mercy of God are pledged to give every human being a fair opportunity to escape from misery and to attain everlasting happiness. But, as the brunt of immediate controversy passes off, and the necessity of constructive work supervenes, the impossibility of the task will become apparent. To give up the doctrine of the Apostle St. Paul and the dogma of original sin is equivalent to throwing up Christianity. To understand and explain that fundamental doctrine by merely studying the sacred text in St. Paul's Epistles and the other Scriptures, is, I believe, impossible. St. Peter has warned us that these writings are "hard to be understood." St. Paul addressed the epistle which contains his most abstruse and difficult doctrines to the Roman Church. She has the key of knowledge which unlocks the casket of the hidden wisdom. In Catholic theology and philosophy there is certainty in faith, security in doctrine, and the due satisfaction of reason.

Catholic and Protestant orthodoxy have some doctrines in common. But there are others, and specifically all those upon which Luther and Calvin founded the system called by their names, in respect to which there is a total difference. The same terms may be used, but they stand for radically diverse concepts. The two theologies are opposite and irreconcilable. The correct understanding of Catholic theology cannot be gained except by the study of the best Catholic authors. Therefore, if any one wishes to know what that doctrine of the Fall and of the Redemption is to which I have referred, he must go to this source in order to satisfy his desire.

Moreover, it is not safe, or even possible, for those who are engaging in the present controversies to leave Catholic theology out of their reckoning. It cannot be ignored, treated as obsolete, or dismissed with a few superficial assertions out of the commonplace-book of Protestant controversy. The day of persecution, of Protestant domination, of mere missionary work among scattered and down-trodden remnants of the faithful in the English-speaking world, has passed away. Our clergy and scholars have now more leisure and opportunity for study, for attention to movements in the intellectual world at large, and for an active part in the study and discussion of all matters of universal importance and interest. It is, therefore, no more than reasonable that all those who devote themselves to the study of sacred science, of theology, of metaphysics, of ethics, of the relations between revelation and human science, of those between Christianity and civilization, religion and the political and social welfare, should make themselves acquainted with the writings of our best authors on all these topics.

For a while the deep, fundamental issues which divide Christendom may be passed over in momentary disputes between parties in the same sect, but they must eventually come up into controversy. The world insists on knowing what is the true Church, where is the criterion and authority to determine doctrine, what is the authentic, genuine Christian religion. We are determined to gain its ear, to convince its mind, to win its heart, if possible. To all those who seek for unity, for certainty, for the secure means of salvation in Christ, we point out the Catholic Church. Those who profess to have a better way will be required to show cause for their difference. They have a serious task on their hands, after all the dissensions and failures of Protestantism, and amid a present confusion which increases every day, to find a new path which shall be safe and straight, and to persuade

men to walk in it. It is a great and necessary undertaking to win men back to God by love. They cannot be won merely or chiefly by fear. It is necessary to convince them that Love has been the motive, and Good the end of God in creation. It must be shown that mankind, and individual men, have not been placed under a doom which presses them down into final misery, apart from their actual, personal criminality. This must be done without altering or compromising any of the Christian dogmas. Such is the problem. It is our contention that the problem is solved in Catholic theology. The New Orthodoxy is seeking another solution. Can it be found? The doubting world is waiting to see what will be the issue of the effort. As for the Old Orthodoxy, its day is ended.

AUGUSTINE F. HEWIT.

LEO XIII. AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF ST. THOMAS.

"Fair, with thy symbol bough of peaceful palm,
Fair dost thou stand, in manhood's lofty calm,
On the still century's verge, O Man, sublime!
Each sense unfolded, all the soul mature,
Grand in the rest which glorious deeds secure—
Gentle and firm—the ripest-born of Time!" *

SINCE the days of the great German poet many a then unknown country has been explored; the ruins of ancient cities, as Troy,† Babylon, and Ninive,‡ have been brought to light; chemistry, mechanics, and other branches of physical science have been greatly developed; the history of life since the azoic eras has been diligently investigated; and by means of spectrum-analysis many mysteries of the celestial globes moving at the very outskirts of our visible universe have been revealed; and the now far-famed theory of evolution claims to solve the mysteries of the origin of worlds and of the progress of life on our globe, and to lead men to the very zenith of enlightenment in the physical, social, political, religious, and philosophical spheres.

* Wie schoen, o Mensch, mit deinem Palmenzweige,
Stehst du an des Jahrhunderts Neige
In edler stolzer Maennlichkeit,
Mit aufgeschlossnem Sinn, mit Geistesfuelle,
Voll milden Ernsts, in thatenreicher Stille,
Der reifste Sohn der Zeit."—*Schiller, Die Kuenstler.*

† See *Troy and its Remains*, by Dr. Henry Schliemann, London, 1875.

‡ See *Assyrien und Babylon nach den neuesten Entdeckungen*, von Dr. Fr. Kaulen Freiburg, 1882.

Yet all at once, on August 4, 1879, a powerful voice, whose accents re-echoed throughout the civilized world, called on modern philosophers like the prophet of old, who in the name of the Lord thus addressed the people of Jerusalem: "Stand ye on the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, which is the good way, and walk ye in it" (Jer. vi. 16). And what did the voice from the Vatican proclaim? That modern so-called advanced society is following false guides in her philosophical speculations, and a return to the mediæval philosophy of the scholastics, especially of St. Thomas Aquinas, is imperatively necessary both for the best interests of religion and of true science, as also for the moral and even material welfare of human society.

No wonder that our "advanced thinkers" felt greatly surprised at such a suggestion and looked upon the Encyclical *Æterni Patris* as "a declaration of war not only against modern philosophy but against all modern culture"*—indeed, as an insult to our advanced and enlightened age. To return to the philosophy of the "dark ages," after the appearance of such philosophers as Bacon, Descartes, Locke, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Cousin, Comte, Herbert Spencer, appeared to them as absurd as it would be to cast aside gunpowder, dynamite, and Krupp guns, and go to war with javelins, spears, and cross-bows. Hence it may not be amiss to explain briefly why Leo XIII. has so earnestly insisted (*enixe hortamur*) on the restoration of the philosophy of St. Thomas, and to what extent Catholic philosophers are expected to adopt the scholastic philosophy.

I.

After the beginning of the sixteenth century a great portion of Western Christendom separated from the Catholic Church. Having rejected Catholic dogmatic theology, it was but a natural consequence that Protestants generally should reject Catholic scholastic philosophy also. Indeed, even before the so-called Reformation the philosophy of the scholastics had some opponents, especially among the disciples of the learned Greeks who during the fifteenth century sought refuge in Italy and were extravagant admirers of Plato, as also among the Humanists.† But the main opposition against the scholastic philosophy began after the rise of Protestantism. It first manifested itself in

* See Aurel. Adeodatus, *Die Philosophie und Cultur der Neuzeit und die Philosophie des h. Thomas von Aquino*, Koeln, 1887, p. 1.

† See Balmes, *Lehrbuch der Geschichte der Philosophie*, aus dem Spanischen übersetzt von Dr. Franz Lorinser, Regensburg, 1853, pp. 110–112; and P. Georg Patiss, S.J., *Das A B C der Scholastic*, Wien, 1866, p. 3.

Protestant England, where Bacon, born 1561, in his works, *De Dignitate et Progressu Scientiarum* and *Novum Organum*, laid the foundation of a new philosophy, based on experience and induction. That he meant that induction alone should serve as the method of philosophical investigation has been denied; but as a matter of fact his school has adopted that as its principle. Another prominent English Protestant philosopher, who appeared soon after, was Hobbes, born 1588. He admitted no other knowledge than that conveyed by the senses, and no other criterion than sensibility.* Locke, born 1631, completed the development of the sensualist philosophy which had been inaugurated by Lord Bacon and more clearly announced by Hobbes. Berkeley, born in Ireland, 1684, in his zeal to combat the sensualism of Locke, fell into the opposite extreme by denying the existence of matter. Since then English Protestant philosophy has passed through various phases of development, until it has nowadays to a great extent arrived at materialism, positivism, and the philosophy of "the Unknowable" as explained by Herbert Spencer.

The country which next caught the contagion of opposition to the philosophy of the Christian schools was France. Protestant prejudices against the philosophy of the great mediæval teachers seem to have gradually infected even well-meaning and sincere Catholics, as, for instance, the famous Descartes.† As Protestants had rejected the dogmatic teachings of the church in order to build up theological systems of their own, so did Descartes reject the time-honored philosophy of the great Catholic masters to build up a new system of his own. In the preface to his most important work he declared that up to his time no one had succeeded in discovering the true principles of philosophy. The most famous philosophers, Plato and Aristotle, had indeed discussed these principles; but Plato had admitted them to be uncertain, whilst Aristotle did not consider them true, though he endeavored to impose them as such on others. In succeeding centuries most philosophers had blindly followed the teachings of Aristotle, and the rest had been prevented by prejudices, imbibed during their earlier education, from perceiving true philosophical principles. The more the false principles thus adopted had been developed, the further philosophy had erred from the knowledge of truth. Hence Descartes concluded that the ones best fitted to acquire true philosophy are such as

* Balmes, l. c. p. 123.

† Ibid. l. c. p. 115.

had learned least of all that had formerly been presented under that name.*

Thus Descartes rejected the philosophy which had gradually been developed in the course of centuries under the guidance of the Spirit of God in the church, to put a new one of his own creation in its place. The famous principle that all may be doubted except "Cogito, ergo sum"—"I think, therefore I am"—was to be the solid foundation upon which his philosophical structure was to be reared; thus founding philosophy, which Plato calls the science of the unconditioned and the unchangeable, upon mingled doubt and subjectivism. But he was by no means successful in accomplishing his aim. Of all the views which he advanced in opposition to the scholastics concerning God, and in psychology and natural philosophy, there is hardly any one of importance that has not been decidedly rejected by posterity.† But his hostile attitude towards the scholastics and his endeavor to found a new system of philosophy met with applause, for he was in accord with the spirit of the times and for some time he had great vogue. The philosophy of Descartes and sensualistic theories imported from England worked together in undermining the authority of the scholastics and in producing confusion in the philosophical circles of France. Thus was gradually the way prepared for Victor Cousin, the founder of eclecticism; for August Comte, the founder of positivism,‡ and for hordes of other philosophers equally anxious to spread modern enlightenment in France.

The great philosophical oracle of Protestant Germany was Immanuel Kant, 1724–1804. Shut up in his room at Koenigsberg, he troubled himself little about the real world outside. Entrenching himself in his "Ich" (I), after the manner of Descartes, he nevertheless gave his theories quite a different direction. Descartes started out from his Ego to elevate himself to the knowledge of God, and to put himself in communion with the objective world. But Kant settled down definitely in his "Ich," as on some solitary island in the midst of an ocean, which one cannot leave without being swallowed up in the watery abyss.§ By his doctrine of the categories of reason he made all knowledge subjective and laid the foundation of the openly sceptical theories of a later day. The influence of Kant

* Joseph Kleutgen, *Die Philosophie der Vorzeit*, Muenster, 1860, p. 16.

† Ibid. l. c. p. 6.

‡ Dr. Albert Stoeckl, *Lehrbuch der Geschichte der Philosophie*, Mainz, 1870, pp. 840–4.

§ Balmes, l. c. p. 144.

not only on German but also on European and American* thought generally was so great that Dr. John Elmendorf† says it was "second only, if second, to Aristotle."

Johann Gottlieb Fichte, 1762–1814, was an enthusiastic follower of Kant, giving "subjective idealism" still further development. His first philosophical principle was the *Ego* (I) given by consciousness with absolute certainty. In his *Bestimmung des Menschen* he declared:‡ "Thou art thyself essential being. All that thou seest without thee is ever thyself; in all consciousness thou beholdest thyself. Consciousness is an active introspection (*hinschauen*) of what thou gazest at (*anschauest*); it is an outlook (*herauschauen*) of thyself upon thyself." It was with twaddle of this kind that Fichte, and other Teutonic philosophers also, endeavored to enlighten "the nation of thinkers."

No wonder that sensible people could not help smiling at such nonsense. What intelligent Germans, about the beginning of the present century, thought of philosophy and philosophers we sufficiently learn from Goethe and Schiller. The former ridicules philosophy in his *Faust*, and even compares "a speculative fellow" to a beast led about by an evil spirit in a desert place, whilst all about is green, inviting pasture. The following are the famous words:

> "Ein Kerl, der speculirt,
> Ist wie ein Thier auf duerrer Haide,
> Von einem boesen Geist in Kreis herumgefuehrt,
> Und rings umher liegt schoene, gruene Weide."

Schiller, in his poem "Die Philosophen," seems to consider Hades the proper place for philosophers to continue their disputes in. These satirical remarks of the great German poets show with what scorn intelligent men about the beginning of this century looked down upon non-Catholic philosophy and philosophers. Since then philosophical speculation has added many a new system or theory to its already superabundant mass of intellectual follies.

II.

Were philosophical speculation but a harmless pastime of idle book-worms, one might simply smile at the absurd vagaries of those "advanced thinkers" who imagine they are progressing

* See Charles F. Richardson, *American Literature*, 1607–1885, pp. 316–21.

† *Outlines of Lectures on the History of Philosophy*, New York, 1876, p. 241.

‡ See Dr. John Elmendorf, l. c. p. 253.

whilst they not seldom drift away even from ordinary common sense. But, as Leo XIII. observes,* the right tendency of all other sciences depends to a great extent on philosophy ("... philosophia, a qua nimirum magna ex parte pendet ceterarum scientiarum recta ratio"). Hence the Holy Father says: "If any one directs his attention to the calamities of our times, and considers the state of public and private affairs, he will indeed perceive that the fruitful cause both of the evils which afflict us and of those which we fear consists in this, that mischievous principles which long ago came forth from the schools of philosophers have penetrated into all ranks of society and have been generally accepted. For since it is in human nature to follow reason as a rule of conduct, if the intelligence goes wrong the will is easily perverted; and thus it happens that the perversity of opinions whose seat is in the intelligence exerts its influence on human conduct and corrupts it. On the contrary, if men's minds are sound and rest firmly on solid and true principles, then indeed will be brought forth very many beneficial results for both public and private welfare."

History confirms the statement that perverse philosophy is at the bottom of many of the pernicious and wide-spread religious, political, and social errors of our times. Bacon, Hobbes, Locke, David Hume, and Condillac were but the precursors of the Buechners, Haeckels, and Herbert Spencers of to-day, as Descartes, Kant, Fichte, and Hegel are the progenitors of modern idealism, pantheism, and scepticism.

The following conglomerate of fundamental errors mentioned in the famous Syllabus of December 8, 1864, are but the direct product of false modern philosophy: There exists no supreme, most wise, and provident Deity distinct from this universe. God is identical with nature, and hence subject to change. God in reality begins to exist in man and the world, and all things are God and have the very substance of God. God is one and the same thing as the world, and hence the spirit is the same thing as matter; necessity, as liberty; truth, as falsehood; good, as evil; and justice, as injustice.

Such false fundamental principles necessarily destroy or exclude the belief in God, in immortality, and in a just retribution after death. They undermine the very foundations of all civilized, social, political, and religious life. We need not be surprised to find that among people addicted to such principles

* Encyclical *Æterni Patris.*

socialism, communism, anarchism, divorce, suicide, infanticide, dishonesty, and immorality of all kinds meet a well-prepared soil to flourish in and to bring forth fruit destructive of the temporal welfare and eternal happiness of men.

III.

What is to be done to counteract the baneful influences of false philosophy? Return to true philosophy, the Catholic philosophy which was systematized in the middle ages, the philosophy of the great teacher St. Thomas. Therefore the Holy Father most earnestly exhorts * the leaders of the Catholic world and of Catholic thought, for the sake of religious and of human society, as also for the true advancement of all sciences, to restore and propagate as widely as possible the golden wisdom of St. Thomas—"auream sancti Thomæ sapientiam."

This is the only true philosophy, resting, as it does, on the two firm pillars of all human knowledge, reason, and divine revelation. In this philosophy alone we find the philosophical wisdom of the ancients harmoniously combined with the truths of divine revelation. Of all nations of antiquity there was but one of whom the inspired writer said: "The Greeks seek after wisdom" (1 Cor. i. 22). To the Greeks belongs the glory of having carried philosophical speculations to the utmost heights possible to man without revelation. Even the ancient Romans, in the palmiest days of their literature, could do no more than their great orator and philosopher, Marcus Tullius Cicero, did—repeat what Greek philosophers had taught. With the doctrines of Christ new data were given to philosophy, which were fully developed by the great doctors of the church before the times of St. Thomas. This great teacher, in his immortal *Summa*, brought into systematic order and unity the combined wisdom of the ancient philosophers and the great doctors of the church.† Hence the works of St. Thomas may be compared to a grand armory where matchless weapons for battling against the errors not only of past ages but also of all future times may be found.

That such as revolted against sound reason and the authority of the Catholic Church during the sixteenth century scornfully rejected the philosophy of St. Thomas need not surprise us; but

* Encyclical *Æterni Patris*.

† See *The Life and Labors of St. Thomas of Aquin*, by the Most Rev. Roger Bede Vaughan, pp. 554–819.

that even Catholic philosophers despised this "patrimony of ancient wisdom,"* and founded unstable philosophical systems of their own, is both surprising and greatly to be deplored.

It is a matter of great consolation to all lovers of true philosophy to witness nowadays among Catholics signs of a general return to the genuine philosophy of St. Thomas. The lamentable confusion of ideas brought about by false modern philosophical speculation has, no doubt, greatly contributed to call forth an energetic reaction in favor of the true philosophy. Among the many able defenders of St. Thomas who appeared of late years may be mentioned† Bourquard and Grand-Claude, in France; Balmes, in Spain; Clemens, Kleutgen, Plassmann, Jungmann, Haffner, and others, in Germany; and Sanseverino, Liberatore, Tongiorgi, Taparelli, De Crescenzio, Audisio, Zigliara, and others, in Italy.

Besides, the Holy See has of late repeatedly and most decidedly declared its approval of the Catholic philosophy of the middle ages. Thus, for instance, has Pius IX.‡ defended the "old school" and its illustrious teachers, and solemnly condemned in the famous Syllabus of December 8, 1864, No. 13, the opinion that the philosophical method and principles which the scholastic teachers applied to the cultivation of theology were no longer in accordance with the necessities of our times and the progress of sciences. Finally, Leo XIII., August 4, 1879, by the Encyclical *Æterni Patris*, most earnestly entreated all Catholic bishops to revive and propagate the philosophy of St. Thomas, whom His Holiness, moreover, § August 4, 1880, solemnly declared the patron saint of Catholic universities, academies, lyceums, and schools.

IV.

Are, then, Catholic philosophers to ignore modern scientific discoveries and to return simply to the *dicta* of St. Thomas? By no means. It always was the aim of true Catholic philosophy to welcome truth, no matter by whom first discovered; and to reject false or incorrect views, no matter by what great authorities held or defended. Cardinal Zigliara, one of the two cardinals to whom Leo XIII., November 21, 1880, entrusted the direction of the Roman Academy of St. Thomas, has well expressed the proper

* Encyclical *Æterni Patris*.

† See Dr. Albert Stoeckl, *Lehrbuch der Geschichte der Philosophie*, Mainz, 1870, pp. 836–51.

‡ Litteræ *Tuas libenter*, addressed to the Archbishop of Munich, December 21, 1863.

§ Litteræ *Cum hoc*.

attitude of a Catholic philosopher towards the authority of the great teacher by saying of himself in the preface to his *Summa Philosophica in Usum Scholarum:* "I follow the footsteps of St. Thomas in such a manner that I nevertheless do not submit to his mere authority but to well-founded reason. Although I am most devoted to the doctrines of the Angelic Doctor, I do not therefore think either nothing or little of more recent teachers; for I gladly accept truth by whomsoever it may be proposed, as I refute openly and without respect of persons whatever seems erroneous to me." This, then, is the attitude which Catholic philosophers are to assume towards both St. Thomas and the more recent philosophers. Hence it has been truly remarked by a recent writer:* "As it is untruthful to say that St. Thomas has only reproduced the ancient Aristotle, so is it false to affirm that a mere reproduction of the (to us) ancient St. Thomas is desired. What is intended is the restoration of a live Thomism, of a live, fruitful combination of his philosophy with the results of modern thought and modern scientific methods." To this the Supreme Pontiff expressly calls attention† by saying that it is not his intention to impugn those learned and ingenious men who devote their diligence and erudition and the wealth of new discoveries to the development of true philosophy. Hence Leo XIII. also most decidedly repudiates the idea that the revival of the scholastic philosophy would be an obstacle to the progress and increase of natural sciences. On the contrary, as His Holiness explains, the scholastic philosophy is in full harmony with the progress of natural sciences, its fundamental principle being that the human intelligence is to proceed from things perceived by the senses to the higher knowledge of things spiritual. Hence the scholastics always held "that nothing is more useful to a philosopher than to diligently investigate the mysteries of nature." Therefore also, as the Holy Father observes, many prominent teachers of natural sciences plainly and publicly testify that there exists no real conflict whatever between the certain and generally admitted conclusions of modern natural philosophy and the philosophical principles of the scholastics.

What the Supreme Pontiff, then, expects of all truly Catholic philosophers is simply this: to take the leading, undoubtedly true principles of the philosophy of St. Thomas for the

* *Die Philosophie und Cultur der Neuzeit, und die Philosophie des h. Thomas*, Koeln, 1887, p. 17.

† Encyclical *Æterni Patris.*

solid foundation on which all their philosophical speculations are to rest, and to develop those principles as far as the progress of modern sciences may render such development desirable or possible.

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THE EMERSONIAN CREED.*

IN one sense of the word, and that the most legitimate, the late Mr. Emerson cannot be seriously considered as a teacher either of the world or of any portion of it. Yet, as he influenced and perhaps still influences many minds, it may be worth while to inquire what were the doctrines which he taught, and why they obtained so ready an audience.

One of the prominent features of his doctrine, his toleration of inconsistency, may be indicated by the favorite cry of the day, No bigotry! This is an age of liberalism and large-mindedness. Every man shall build his own church and form his own opinions, and the more loosely he forms them the more enlightened shall he be thought. The word bigot is now used, in many quarters, to denote not only the blind, unreasoning fanatic, but every one who presumes to hold firm and settled convictions. To be large-minded we must believe nothing too absolutely. We must not be uncompromising. We must be prepared, while holding a proposition, to admit its contradictory. While we incline to the theory that four and four make eight, we must treat with respect the opinion of our brother that they make nine. However right we may be in our principles, we shall be bigoted if we think others wrong who oppose us. The liberal man, as represented by Mr. Emerson and others, thinks every one, always excepting a bigot, may be right. He rejects the worn-out axiom that nothing can both be and not be. He is higher than the philosophers of natural reason, and infinitely above the believers in revelation. He is contented to dwell in the midst of contradictions. He is willing to reject to-day what he upheld yesterday, equally ready to change again to-morrow, and he will not shrink nor apologize if he feel himself called upon to embrace, abjure, and blaspheme

* *A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson.* By James Elliot Cabot. Two vols. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

the same doctrine, all in the space of twenty-four hours. Nothing is fixed. What is true to-day may be false to-morrow. Let us yield ourselves to our destiny, sacrificing every moment what we held certain to a new wave of doubt. This is large-mindedness according to the new creed. For, as Mr. Emerson tells us, a foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, despised by great souls, and respected only by small statesmen, philosophers, and divines. What though in our metaphysics we may have denied the personality of God; yet, when we experience the devout motions of the soul, let us sacrifice our theory and abandon ourselves to them, though they invest the Deity with shape and color. Let us speak what we think to-day, careless though it contradict everything we said yesterday.*

And in another place he says:

"He in whom the love of truth predominates will keep himself aloof from all moorings and afloat. He will abstain from dogmatism, and recognize all the opposite negations, between which, as walls, his being is swung. He submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinion, but he is a candidate for truth, as the other is not, and respects the highest law of his being."†

Now, how much of this teaching can a sound judgment approve? Certainly we should all desire intellectual advancement and growth. A man never, in this world, knows so much that he cannot know a great deal more. But growth is gain, not loss. It will not be said that I am growing in intellectual stature if every time that I acquire a new truth I lose an old one. The human mind is not like a tube, which loses at one end while we insert at the other. Still less can we term it growth, if the principle we admit to-day be directly opposed to that which we held yesterday. But to add one fact to another, and to expand the knowledge we already possess—this is growth.

It may be urged here that the human mind is limited, that an idea is but an inadequate representation of its object, and that it is consequently impossible to avoid contradictoriness in expression. All this is true within bounds. As we view the same object under different aspects, we may express ourselves in language which sounds at first hearing contradictory. But this is no reason for abstaining from dogmatism. A definition is true within its limits, though it be not complete according to its object; it is correct, though partial; and our various rep-

* "Self-Reliance," *Essays*, pp. 46, 47.

† "Intellect," *Essays*, pp. 280–281.

resentations of an object are not contrary, though diverse. We need not, therefore, abandon all attempts at consistency. We need not, like Mr. Emerson, refuse all settled convictions, and permit all conflicting opinions to play backwards and forwards through the soul, holding nothing too firmly, lest, by retaining an old dogma, we should forfeit a new inspiration. The human mind is limited, but it is not so narrow as this; it is capable of receiving more than one fact at a time. We need not exclude a fresh light because it does not, at first sight, blend with an old one; but neither need we resign ourselves entirely to a state of "suspense and imperfect opinion." Our labor must rather be to adjust and to harmonize, to complete one representation by the aid of another, and so gain a more perfect knowledge of the whole. Far from renouncing dogmatism, we shall thus increase the number of our dogmas, and, not satisfied with recognizing the "opposite negations," we shall rejoice in fuller and more numerous affirmations.

By all this I do not mean to imply that our opinions must never alter. Some there are who pride themselves on never changing their minds. So much the worse for them. Would it have been well had St. Paul, for example, adhered to such a rule? We cannot sacrifice our souls to preserve outward consistency. But to surrender one conviction to another is not to abandon all conviction whatsoever. We do not resign all hope of obtaining certainty because we were once deceived. Facts are not destroyed by our misapprehension; they still exist, and may be found the second time if we missed them the first. But if no number of changes will bring us finally to our journey's end, of what avail is it to change at all? Truth is not to be found in contradiction, and as it is one, not many, so the mind which apprehends it must be fixed, not variable.

Emerson hated dogmatism because he thought it slavery.

"Honor him," he says, "whose life is perpetual victory; him who, by sympathy with the invisible and real, finds support in labor instead of praise; who does not shine, and would rather not. With eyes open he makes choice of virtue which outrages the virtuous; of religion which churches stop their discord to burn and exterminate; for the highest virtue is always against the law." *

These words will serve to indicate the second great principle of his teaching, viz., that man must be nonconformist. Freedom, which is the birthright of all men, is inconsistent with any common law of faith or morals. I lose my individual judg-

* "Worship," *Conduct of Life*, p. 192.

ment by believing what others believe; I pervert my individual nature by obeying the laws of other men. One church is not large enough for two persons. If we all hold the same opinion we shall all be wrong. If we contradict each other we shall all be right. You may call that tree an oak. Very good! But if, by the law of my nature, I am disposed to call it an ash, shall I distort my individuality by obedience to your regulations?

Evidently, then, if we follow Emerson, each man is solitary, entire, and irresponsible. But as he is nothing if not a complete exemplar of his creed, we must not be surprised when we find, on examining his doctrine elsewhere, that he considers each of us to be, not a whole, but a fraction. He calls himself a disciple of Parmenides, who was a believer in the absolute oneness of the world. All things are one, and we singly must confess ourselves to be mere fragments. Those individual rights which Emerson defends so jealously belong to us in virtue of our being portions of one immeasurable whole. By the Christian teaching, also, we are from God and in God; but we are from him, not in the sense of emanating from his essence, but in the sense of receiving our being by an act of his omnipotence; we are in him, not as parts in a whole, but as distinct though limited beings surrounded by his immensity.

"We live," says Emerson, "in succession, in division, in parts, in particles. Meantime within man is the soul of the whole; the wise silence; the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related; the eternal One."*

And in poetry he expresses himself thus:

> "Onward and on, the eternal Pan,
> Who layeth the world's incessant plan,
> Halteth never in one shape,
> But for ever doth escape,
> Like wave or flame, into new forms
> Of gem and air, of plants and worms."†

But is that independence of everything held in common justified by the discovery that we are all one? Does the Eternal Whole not only detach itself into separate parts, but shall those parts attest their identity by agreeing in nothing? The foundations of morality are destroyed by such a doctrine, for they rest on the sense of individual responsibility, which cannot exist unless we are each of us entire. I do not mean to say that to fulfil the moral law we must be capable of attaining our end alone and unaided. But, whatever help we may receive, we must be

* "The Over-Soul," *Essays*, pp. 220, 221. † "Woodnotes," p. 67.

answerable for it and for everything else, as distinct personalities, not as portions of universal being. A mob is proverbially foolish and wicked, not because the men who compose it are bad, but because each one, feeling himself to be but a fraction, is not controlled by his personal conscience. In like manner Emerson's doctrine destroys our personality, and with it our conscience. Vehemently as he has protested against church and creed, which encroach on the rights of each man to judge all things for himself, his own teaching is far more destructive of the dignity of the individual than any church or creed has yet proved. He thinks to ennoble humanity without degrading its Maker, but he lowers both. Beginning, as he professes to do, by setting us free from objective truth and from an unchangeable law, he ends by stripping us of our private worth and urging each separate existence into that which is universal. He forbids us to aim at our own good, and commands us to seek that which is general. How different that religion which tells us that, as truth is one, so must we all share the same faith; that, as God is one, so must we all obey the same law; but that we are at the same time so distinct in our interests and so sacred in our individuality that, for the sake of millions of men, we may not tarnish our soul with the slightest blemish.

Emerson despised conformity. But is the marble abased when it is conformed to the mind of the artist and becomes an exquisite statue? Is it base to conform to that which is higher than ourselves? Only in some of his works, such as the essay on heroism, and the lecture entitled "Man the Reformer," where he rises to his highest strain, does Emerson indicate the circumstances in which alone conformity becomes disgraceful. His spirit, we must all acknowledge, was lofty and generous; and he displays it in these essays, wherein he vindicates the undeniable rights of the individual and his privilege to refuse to conform to the lower standards of life. Had he been more careful to distinguish between true and false independence of mind, the world would have profited by his nobleness without being led astray by his errors.

He claims for each man the right of refusing to be base because others are base. He examines the different professions of which a man is compelled to make his choice when starting in life. He shows how they are, to a great extent, founded on maxims of selfishness so complete that they must be termed dishonest. There seems no place left for the man who is not willing to sacrifice his principles in the ordinary routine of life.

Here there can be no difficulty in agreeing with him, if we bear in mind that he is saying nothing new, but translating into his own dialect the teaching of Christianity ever since it has been in the world.

He says, for instance, of commerce, that its employments, while

"Not intrinsically unfit for a man or less genial to his faculties, are now in their general course so vitiated by derelictions and abuses at which all connive that it requires more vigor and resources than can be expected of every young man to right himself in them; he is lost in them, he cannot move hand or foot in them. Has he genius and virtue? The less does he find them fit for him to grow in, and if he would thrive in them he must sacrifice all the brilliant dreams of boyhood and youth as dreams; he must forget the prayers of his childhood, and must take on him the harness of routine and obsequiousness."*

He goes on to say how we are all drawn to be partakers in this system of greed and dishonesty. We all deny any share in its origin, we all secretly blush at its principles; but we all, nevertheless, yield to the exigencies of daily life, adopt the low maxims of trade, and sacrifice our integrity for wealth and position.

Words like these, written for America, find application readily enough in England and the modern world at large. Men who call themselves practical may treat such ethereal notions with contempt. What will they say to the idea of a system of trade dictated by "the higher sentiments of human nature" or by "the sentiments of love and heroism"? Society, they will reply, would instantly fall into dissolution and chaos. Their doctrine is, Look to yourself; be sharp and prudent; above all things eschew extravagant ideals, if you aspire to pleasant quarters in this comfortable planet! And their doctrine has been acknowledged for so many years that it is now considered to possess the field, from which all other opinions are excluded. While a man may with impunity question the truths of revelation, the teaching of saints and sages, a single word against the mottoes of worldly wisdom may suffice to ruin the offender's social authority.

Children are taught from their infancy that, if they are to be useful citizens, they must shun with equal care the lower forms of vice and the higher forms of virtue. What wonder that heroism seldom reaches its full stature? All are not noble enough to resist scorn. Ridicule, the severest of weapons, is too frequently handled by those who have no right to use it;

* "Man the Reformer," *Miscellanies*, p. 188.

for their own views of life are in principle false, and therefore essentially ridiculous. The true only is the beautiful, and what is beautiful can never be laughed to scorn except by fools. But, in the words of Emerson:

"The heroic cannot be the common, nor the common the heroic. Yet we have the weakness to expect the sympathy of people in those actions whose excellence is that they outrun sympathy and appeal to a tardy justice." *

It is part of the tragedy of life that the great, in this world, must be judged by their inferiors. But many who might achieve some degree of greatness have not the courage to accept their destiny and defy the mob; to say with Emerson:

"Good-by, proud world; I'm going home.
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through the weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world, I'm going home.

"Good-by to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple Office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street,
To frozen hearts and hasting feet,
To those who go and those who come—
Good-by, proud world; I'm going home." †

They have not strength for this, so they yield to the general cry, adopt the common principles, and sink to the level of their contemporaries. If men knew the secret of writing biographies, it would not be necessary for them to have moved in times of great commotion to make their lives of interest. Rightly described, the commonest may so abound in the tragic element as to satisfy the highest demands of poetry and truth.

Of course the world suffers for its maxims. Mediocrity is its standard, therefore it is made up of mediocre men. There is little room in its busy circles for the generous and lofty-minded. It points exultingly to the disaster in which heroic struggles to attain and realize an ideal have so often ended. But the disaster resulted, not from attempting to reach it, but from failing to do so. And how often is the failure due to want of co-operation on the part of those whose strength would have contributed to success?

* "Heroism," *Essays*, p. 213. † "Poems," p. 41.

So far, then, we may accept what Emerson lays down for our guidance. But he goes beyond reason, he falls into excess, by declaring that, if a man is satisfied of his own goodness, he may set himself above the laws of morality. He tells us, for instance, that, though the ordinary citizen may think himself bound in justice to acquit himself, before all things, of his pecuniary debts, the man of exalted genius and virtue may have different principles, and may feel bound rather to spend himself on intellectual work for the benefit of mankind than on such paltry duties as the satisfying of his creditors.* Here he appears not to perceive the difference between bending to the low usages of a society which is beneath us and submitting to a law which is above us. He seems to overlook the possible existence of a divinely instituted authority for the guidance of mankind, and to forget that, if such an authority exist, by accepting it we conform ourselves, not to each other, but to God. His zeal against churches and creeds is due, in great part, to his distaste for everything fixed and objective. "How contracted," he would say, "does an infinite truth appear when expressed in the form of a dogma; how poor are the words of external teachers in comparison with the inward revelation of the spirit! How, then, shall a thinking man remain within the narrow bounds of a sect? The highest religion is hidden and unspeakable, secret between the soul and God. It is only by the vague contemplation of the solitary spirit that we approach those eternal truths which are lowered when we attempt to define them. How, then, shall we be other than nonconformists?"

It is undoubtedly true that by refusing definitions we escape a sense of limitation which we experience in submitting ourselves to dogmatic teaching. But this sense of limitation arises, not from the narrowness of the doctrine, but from our own bounded powers of comprehension. So long as we content ourselves with mere speculation, so long as we are satisfied to wander to and fro in an atmosphere of intellectual twilight, so long we avoid, to a great extent, the feeling of our own weakness. It is in attempting to grasp a proposition on subjects beyond our full comprehension that we become conscious of our own deficiencies. Content yourself with a surmise as to the existence of God, indulge in barren speculation as to his nature and attributes, and there is no principle to be grasped and retained, your understanding

* "Circles," *Essays*, p. 259.

is not tested, and you rejoice in a sense of endless capability. But place before yourself the established dogma of the existence of an Infinite God, and in striving to comprehend it you feel your own infirmity and learn how narrow is the human intellect. Here is the secret cause of the love of speculation, and the distaste for objective truth and external authority. So long as we remain within the narrow circle of our own ideas our capacity seems boundless; only by looking out of ourselves can we learn how small we are. But it is from this humiliation that Emerson desires to preserve us. He allows us rather to sacrifice all certain knowledge on the most vital truths than, by accepting it in an absolute form, to become conscious of our limited capacities. Speaking of the heathen mythology and the legend of Prometheus, he says:

"But where it departs from the Calvinistic Christianity, and exhibits him [Prometheus] as the defier of Jove, it represents a state of mind which readily appears where the doctrine of theism is taught in a crude, objective form, and which seems the self-defence of man against this untruth—namely, a discontent with the believed fact that God exists, and a feeling that the obligation of reverence is onerous."*

What does he express in these words, if not his determined rejection of any principle that involves intellectual submission? What does he teach us, if not to prefer the sweets of solitary independence to the yoke of religion and of truth?

The authority of revelation being thus swept away and universal reason set at naught, Emerson leaves as our sole guide the impulses that arise within us, our spontaneous promptings. He has taught us the value of inconsistency and nonconformity; he now raises the standard of spontaneity and impulse:

"What," he asks, "is the nature and power of that science-baffling star, without parallax, without calculable elements, which shoots a ray of beauty even into trivial and impure actions, if the least mark of independence appear? The inquiry leads us to that source, at once the essence of genius, of virtue, and of life, which we call spontaneity or instinct."†

The golden rule, "*Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*," is to be rejected henceforward. Those principles which have been held from the beginning of the world, which have been searched through by the labor of generations and enlightened by the wisdom of centuries, have *prima facie* not more claim on our respect, scarcely as much, as the shining new theories just hatched in the brains of a school-boy.

It is true enough that age alone does not confer value. There

* "History," *Essays*, p. 27. † "Self-Reliance," *Essays*, p. 52.

is such a thing as growing old in iniquity; there are hoary villains as well as hoary saints. And there are institutions, erected for a temporary purpose, which lose their justification when that purpose is accomplished. But there are certain truths which never alter. Emerson talks so constantly of the Infinite and the Eternal that it seems strange he should have forgotten that what is eternal must be rather old. Spontaneity, urged to the extreme to which he drives it, will make truth as changeable as a weathercock, and the moral law as brittle as the tables on which the Ten Commandments were written. It would appear that the facts are to be shaped to the mind, not the mind to the facts, and that the Divinity itself is to be subjected to the freaks of the imagination.

Of course it may be urged, in behalf of our yielding to the guidance of impulse, that the inspirations of genius are for the most part spontaneous. We must not be blind to those brilliant flashes that seem to arise suddenly, in the midst of darkness, and cast a new ray of light over the world. The man of arithmetic and logic, "the teasing *ergoteur*," as Mr. Morley, in his French fashion, calls him, is always to be relied on for his facts; but the genius, which refuses rules and reasons, will sometimes clear in an instant the mist which no number of syllogisms will dissolve. But this is by forestalling, not by contradicting, reason. We can perceive much more rapidly than we can conclude; and we sometimes seem to oppose the rules of logic, merely because we have travelled by a shorter road. But even our intellectual prophets may be overrated. Genius is frequently one-sided. Like a flash of lightning it illumines a subject, but often only in one limited portion. A man is born with a keen perception for certain relations. Contemplating an object from his point of view, he casts so keen a light on one particular side that the object seems changed in all its bearings, and it appears as though the belief of centuries had been without foundation. But in a little while another seer arises, of directly opposite perceptions. In his turn he examines the doctrine from his own vantage-ground, enlightens it in a contrary direction, and it seems as though we should have to yield to this new master, as we surrendered to his predecessor. But years pass by and still the original dogma remains. Again and again it seemed to totter under the blows aimed at it by philosophers and poets; but poets and philosophers all have passed away, while it stands firm as ever. Why is this? Were the inspirations of genius but the dreams of fools? No; but the mind of man is limited and his sight is weak. The words

our great men spoke contained truth, but only a partial truth; what we took for an illumination was indeed a ray of light, but it fell on one side only. Then age does its work. The lights are adjusted, and everything is relegated to its proper place. We can now contemplate the whole with its parts properly balanced. How much error and confusion should we be saved if, before attacking an old established doctrine, we made quite sure that we had examined it in all directions, and not on the side facing ourselves only!

People who are merely clever sometimes spend their lives in doubts and questionings. If they were rather more clever they would see deeper and be satisfied. If they were rather less clever they would profit by the wisdom of others as well as their own. I cannot help surmising that mankind might be divided into three layers. Uppermost is the humble, contented portion of the community, which believes because it sees no reason to doubt. Deepest of all are those who may have met with a hundred difficulties, but have also solved those difficulties, so far at least as they are of vital interest, either singly or by means of some general principle. Between these two classes we have a very restless set of men. They call those in the former division ignorant fools; those in the latter, antiquated, dogmatic pedants; and they consider both fools and pedants in a state of degrading slavery. For themselves, they are free, but rather nomadic. They never hold the same opinion for any length of time. They contradict one day what they said another. They love questions; they hate answers. They always drop one truth in laying hold of another. They attack everything and remedy nothing. Altogether our best wish for them is, either more brains or more docility.

As regards Mr. Emerson, it is clear that he was extremely well satisfied with this world, with human nature, and with his own doctrines. No one will deny the simplicity and frugality of his habits, but he had, at the same time, a lively appreciation of all the comforts of civilization. He was of a placid, amiable disposition; life ran smoothly with him, and he enjoyed it. Boats, telegrams, steam-engines, newspapers, canals—all were to his taste. He had a further source of contentment in his opinion of human nature. What wonder that he should have had faith in it, since he considered it divine? In plain language, he thought that, if we yielded ourselves entirely to our own natural impulses, we should all be perfect.

"Our moral nature," he says, "is vitiated by any interference of our will." * And again: "The less we have to do with our

* "Spiritual Saws," *Essays*, p. 107.

sins the better. No man can afford to waste his moments in compunctions." *

Why, then, should not thieves and murderers follow their instincts? Are they not also acts of the Godhead to which no man is entitled to say nay? Humanity, abandoned to itself, is perfect; and we must be satisfied with it, for we shall get nothing better outside. We are fractions of the Divinity, and, as one part of the Divinity cannot be better than another, we shall find as good in ourselves as we can get anywhere else. The kingdom of heaven is within us by reason of our own celestial nature, not in the Christian sense of union with a God who is above us.

All this is flattering to the passion of self-love; but I doubt whether it will satisfy the loftier cravings of the spirit. If I can reach nothing higher than myself, to what purpose are the wings with which I fancied I was endowed? I long to fly, but whither? The heaven above is a dream of the past. My heaven, I now learn, is within myself. I never found it so before. In my most selfish moments I have ever longed for something more than self. Paradise is not at all the paradise I hoped for; but if it be so, let me sit where I am and die, for in striving upward there is nothing to be gained.

Are these Emerson's doctrines—the teaching he propounded to the world with so much satisfaction? His admirers may charge me with misunderstanding him, and with having been misled as to his principles by what is paradoxical in his style; but, allowing for exaggeration in expression, if he did not mean what I have here attributed to him, what, then, did he mean? It seems to me, nothing at all. His writings tend to the subversion of objective religion, and to the setting up in its place the divinity of nature and of man. And if man be divine what can he seek beyond himself? Vague, undefined, and unsatisfactory as may be this teaching, it is the sum of what he offers in exchange for the truths of revelation. It may be urged that we are justified in pulling down what is false, though we may not be able to erect in its place what is true. This may be just, but our complaint against Emerson is, that he attacked objective doctrine in itself, not troubling himself much whether it were true or false, and, thus confining himself to negative teaching, excluded man from positive truth.

How long will his disciples be contented with a master who leaves them in suspense on the most vital subjects, and seems to raise questions in order to leave them unanswered? Indeed, were we to omit from a summary of Emerson's teaching the

* "Swedenborg," *Representative Men*, p. 258.

questions he has asked and not answered, the volume would be so attenuated that it would altogether escape the eye of the public.

This is the age of conundrums and acrostics. The more humble-minded are satisfied with those to be found weekly in one of the fashionable papers, with those artful puzzles by means of which we obtain a little easy instruction in drawing-room politics. But there are others, of more aspiring nature, who claim their share of riddles; therefore for them the great questions of eternity are clothed in fancy garb, and philosophers vie with each other as to who shall put the awful inquiries of the existence of God and the immortality of the soul in the most problematic form.

Unhappily the two classes of riddle are analogous only as to the question; in the answer they are no longer parallel. You may vex your brain over a puzzle in a society paper, but you know that an answer is forthcoming; your darkness need only last a week. But the philosophers are generally so enamored of their question that they think better to leave it without an answer. They propound the difficulty, and there they leave us. They entice us into a labyrinth, and know nothing themselves of the way out again. Clue they have none.

When children play blind-man's buff one of them is placed in the centre with his eyes bandaged; he turns around till he has lost his bearings, then catches whom he can. This game has its intellectual counterpart. If you wish to join the band of religious inquirers at the present day, you must first shut your eyes to the light of human experience and natural reason, and to the brightness of revelation; next cast yourself into a whirlpool of speculation until your mind becomes giddy; then begin your game and catch what truth you can.

Is not this due to forgetfulness of the danger that lurks in vertigo? Let us not stare over a precipice till we are tempted to throw ourselves down! Any subject may be urged to the incomprehensible. We might go mad in attempting to divine the essence of a primrose; how much more if we attempt to comprehend what is infinite, being ourselves finite! As is the compass of our mind, so much and no more can we understand. But we need not be dismayed. In spite of our limitations there is more to be learned than we can achieve in a lifetime.

I have now touched on one or two of Emerson's leading characteristics, and we may fairly ask, What was the secret of his popularity? Not his style of writing; for, though it may be frequently well adapted to his thoughts, and pleasing by its quaintness, it is too often tedious and involved, sometimes quite laughable in its oddity. He is the author of many ingenious, bright,

and lofty passages—witness some of the English sketches, the essay on "Heroism," the lectures entitled "Man the Reformer" and the "Conservative"—but, for the most part, his language is unnatural and his thought indistinct. However, reasons there must undoubtedly be for the influence he has exercised. He was generous and stimulating; he held up to scorn the false institutions of society, and strove to free men from the slavery of base conventionalities. His writings are suggestive, and awake in the reader a sense of power and freedom. But does he not chiefly owe his position to the fact that he represented rather than formed contemporary opinion by giving free expression to the craving of the age for complete emancipation from all intellectual subjection? Last of all, I cannot help suspecting that there is a secret attraction in his vagueness, and that, translated into plain English, his ideas would not have commanded so large an audience.

I have spoken of the *creed* of Emerson, but it is rather negative than positive. It very absolutely contradicts the Apostles' Creed, but gives us little in its place. It sweeps away the old faith and the old law, and heeds us not when we cry out for something instead. It casts a veil in front of our eyes and a mist over the sun. Yet, such as it is, there are not wanting disciples and advocates of Emerson; nor will be, so long as there are men who prefer twilight to sunshine, dreams to waking, and doubt to certainty.

MAUDE PETRE.

FROM THE ENCHEIRIDION OF EPICTETUS.

(ROLLESTON'S TRANSLATION.)

WE are but sailors on an unknown sea,
  Who furl their weary sails a little while
  To seek sweet water on some pleasant isle
Where many curious shells and fair flowers be;
  With eager grasp we seize them one by one,
  Then cast them all away—our errand done—
When sounds the Master's summons. Tho' their name
  Be friend or wife or children, loose thy hand
  And look not back, but hasten to the strand,
Lest, disobedient, thou be brought to shame;
  And when day darkens and the shadows fall
  Stray not afar, but wait the Master's call!

M. B. M.

A BOY FROM GARRYOWEN.

In the case of Algernon Murphy there was nothing calamitous except the sudden ending of a career which might have been brilliant. He lost in a few years much of that happiness which makes a common life endurable, and if he did not lose his soul it was because God's mercy saved it; but under the circumstances this was nearly miraculous, and I am convinced that, in following the curiously uncertain path which Mr. Murphy trod for a few years, *often a soul is lost.* The losing of a soul is an idea which brings a smile to many a lip in our day. It is known to be an idea which causes mental suffering to Catholics, but not to certain scientists who know there are no souls to lose, and not to certain Protestants who know of no desert in which to lose them. Mr. Murphy was often willing to accept the conclusions of these parties, and, had he been a cleverer or a less clever man, might to-day have been a Unitarian or a sceptic. But fate forbade: fate, the handmaid of modern crankism, insisted on Mr. Murphy's dying in the faith of his childhood, and Mr. Murphy obeyed fate with the docility of a pagan who hears the snip of the fatal scissors and knows all is over with him. Perhaps this is a light way of describing the death of my earliest friend, but let me assure you that the friendship died long before Mr. Murphy did, and I thought myself well rid of both when death took them.

It was my first year in college that we met, I a solemn youth of nineteen and he a satirical baby five years younger. The college-bell had sent three score of boys tumbling into the campus on a bright morning in September. From the pump the crowd had rushed to the ball-ground, and he and I were left standing together, lonely strangers, not caring to drink, much drier than the pump in many ways, and given to discourse only when some violent questioner treated us as the boys treated the pump-handle.

"You don't care for ball?" I ventured to say.

"No," said he, "never cared for it. If it was cricket now!"

"My name is Tom Hinchy," said I; "what's yours?"

"Algernon Murphy," was the reply. I had no right to laugh at his name, though it had been Pizarro or Bohemond; but the combination tickled me. I remembered that I was in Canada,

where all things are English, even the Irish, and where an American, if he wishes to get on at all, must tie the national bird in his woodshed, and, arrayed in tweed, straddle the British lion in public.

"Do you know what you make me think of?" said little Algernon Murphy, sidling up to me with an eye like Dean Swift's.

"No," said I innocently; "how should I?"

"You look like Uriah Heep—Dickens' Uriah Heep," he replied maliciously.

"Well, I don't know the man," said I, for I had never read a novel in my life. He stared at me curiously after I had spoken.

"Didn't you ever read *David Copperfield*," said he, "nor *Little Dorrit*, nor *Oliver Twist*, nor any of Dickens?" he added, as I shook my head at each name. "Well, you're a queer duck. Brought up in the woods?"

"No. Brought up in America, American America, which has no woods," said I, nettled.

"What do you mean by American America?"

"What isn't Canadian," I replied tartly.

Algernon looked at the trees somewhat uneasily, and seemed on the point of settling into silence.

"Perhaps," said I, "you don't know the country I speak of."

"I read Dickens' *American Notes*," he replied saucily, "which was enough for me. Come over here and sit down. There's nothing else to do in this beastly hole."

"Ah! ha!" thought I, "Algernon is English in his adjectives also"; and aloud I said, when we were seated in the shade of a fine pine grove that adorned the campus, "Who is this Dickens you talk of?"

"He's the dickens," replied Algernon.

An hour's quiet talk under the pines discovered to me that there were attractions in the child's character. He was short and plump-limbed, with a fighting nose, a pair of watery eyes, and a vacant, very vacant face. It was a surprise to me that nature should have taken such liberties with his countenance after giving him a mind brimful of talent. For I had a theory then, and time has given it strength, that the great or clever soul must have a great and clever face, one that will in some light or other impress you pleasantly. Algernon's face belonged by right to a superficial, snarling cynic. And he made it plain that the cynical quality might easily be developed in him. But still he was a child, generous in some degree, not simple or innocent,

however, as a boy at fourteen should be. He talked well, and had a very old head on his small shoulders, and it took but little effort on the part of this old head to make me his most devoted slave. His extensive reading first attracted me. I do not think there was any well-known book in English literature which he did not know as a critic might know it. He was brought up in Garryowen, a place remarkable for its public library, and for some other public notorieties which only a Dead Sea could decently obliterate. In this library, labelled and exalted, were the poisons of every erratic mind the human race had suffered from since Arius, and the most undiluted filth dumped upon the earth since Juvenal—poisons and filth being generously distributed to the public for whose greater culture the library had gathered and stored its extracts of diabolism. Algernon had read them all, with approval from superiors.

"But," said I in astonishment, "there are many books unfit for us to read—lying books, and indecent books, and books that are forbidden by the *Index*."

"What's the *Index?*" said Algernon. I explained. "Pshaw! we don't hear of such things in Garryowen."

"But your father and mother?"

"They never bothered about what I read; and if they did sometimes look at a book, what did they know about it?" he replied with a sort of contempt.

"And when you went to confession?" I said in despair. He shrugged his shoulders and laughed, but did not answer the implied accusation. I was disappointed. The boy had lost his innocence thoroughly.

"What do you think of this place?" he asked.

"It is very beautiful and peaceful, I think."

"Too much of a hole for my taste," said he.

"Do they have such holes in Garryowen?" I hinted. "And if not, how was your taste formed by comparison?"

He looked at me with a sneering, laughing grimace.

"Well," he announced, "you haven't read much, Hinchy, but you can say things like a book. Do you really like this hole?"

The college was not imposing or splendid, for poverty had laid the bricks and designed the decorations. The dormer windows had travelled, it might be, from a *petit séminaire* in Brittany, and settled dove-like on an American rectangle. There was a curious but not unpleasant mingling of Bourbon tradition and the smartness of the Western Continent in win-

dows which opened inward, like those of an ancient castle, and windows which slid up and down on patent pulleys and weights in the wall. But the air of peace was about the place, and the sweetness of simplicity; and if it was not grand, it was, as a Frenchman would say, touching. Certainly I liked it, and my liking was a bone of contention between Algernon and the Hon. John McIntyre for a full year and a half.

I am a peaceable man and a lover of the law of liberty. Algernon's failings were pointed out by me gently without bitterness, and I was careful never to intrude too violently upon his prejudices. Not thus was it, however, with the Hon. John, who hailed from Rhode Island, where he had been a member of the legislature, and had been seized, at the age of thirty-five, with a desire to receive a classical training. The first day of his arrival at college, seeing in me a want of practicality, as young Algernon had discovered a lack of literary stuffing, he had taken me under his protection. Algernon laughed at me and loaned me novels, while sound advice and much scolding were given me by the Hon. John, who had considerable humor in him, dipped in the honey of a delicious brogue. His first attention to Algernon was an emphatic slap in the face for some impertinence; and when feeling had in time subsided, and the boy had come to see the justice of the slap, they joined hands in a sort of European friendship—that is, with a standing army in reserve to strengthen their tempers. The manner in which the Hon. John demolished the household gods of Garryowen and the queer prejudices of Algernon was purely political in its wrath and intensity.

"Have you a father and mother?" he asked Murphy one day after listening to his crooked talk for some time.

"Both living," said Algernon tersely.

"Was it they tot [taught] you these notions?" with that odd inflection peculiar to the people of Kerry.

"May be, and perhaps not," sneered Murphy.

"John McIntyre," said I, "don't give your opinion of Algernon's parents. It's not asked, and you're not now on a Rhode Island stump pitching into the Puritans. This boy hasn't much respect for his parents as it is, for they never read Dickens or Thackeray. Leave him what little respect he has."

"Algernon," said John, and the name, in his mouth, was the wickedest satire on Anglomania that ever struck the ear—"Algernon Murphy," he repeated, with a stress of breath for the Hibernian term, "if you presint any more o' your poisonous re-

marks in my company, I'll lay you on the table till the end o' the session."

"Well, what do you ask them for?" said the boy hotly. "You and Hinchy may like this place, but I don't, and I have the right to say so, haven't I?"

"Not on such grounds, sir, not on such grounds. You ought to be glad o' the chance to live in a place where your mind' ll grow straight instead o' crosswise. Here's Hinchy has more grit in him than all the Algernons that ever ate potatiz with an English sauce. He likes it, and says it improves him. Don't you need improvin'?"

"You be—" but Algernon paused and then swallowed the adjective.

"If you have any control over that boy," said John to me afterwards, "you must use it for his good. You're spoilin' him."

"Not at all," was my defence. "His only chance is to stay here for the full classical course, till his foolish ideas die for want of nourishment. I am trying to give him a love for the place, and to shake his prejudices one by one. Your way is only strengthening them."

"Well, let me tell you," said John McIntyre impressively, "that boy is already ruined, and will do big mischief in the world if he lives long enough."

Of which I had no doubt, and tried the more to anchor him in a good harbor, as I knew the college to be. But where was the use of all my trying? In those days our professors were either men of the simplest necessary attainments or clever fellows muzzled by the old Bourbon tradition. Algernon despised them. When we entered the college portal no prisoner's separation from the world could be more complete. It was rare to see a newspaper, for these were supposed to interfere with study, and the college library was sadly deficient. It had but one sensational volume, *Rosemary*, upon which Hon. John McIntyre hung all his arguments with the unblushing effrontery of a partisan. He did not hesitate to declare when he gave the library's dimensions, 6x10, that if its contents could lodge in such parts of Algernon's brain as were yet un-Voltaired and un-Gibboned, there was still hope for him. We finished our first year and began the second under the same conditions. Algernon was quietly cynical during his first quarter, avoiding his last year's intimates successfully and treating John McIntyre with effective scorn. A vacation in Garryowen had had a bad effect upon

him, but he seemed to have more mental balance than before.

It happened that he fell sick on the approach of the holidays, and could not get away from our kind attentions. I brought him apples and cakes, and Hon. John a batch of Rhode Island newspapers in which his great name was often mentioned in furious praise and blame. Algernon was slightly touched.

"Thank you, fellows," he said. "I'm glad I won't try your kindness too long."

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"I am going home at Christmas to stay. I've had enough of a saintly education, and I'm going back to the high-school that I was such a fool to leave."

McIntyre began to whistle "Garryowen," and, not to hurt Algernon's feelings by rough sayings, went out. I need not describe how long and earnestly I labored to keep the boy at the college. I never understood so well as after those vain efforts what a power to right is the mammon of iniquity. Had we cultured professors, elegant quarters, grand libraries, and aristocratic pupils, instead of a Spartan simplicity in our very vices, my arguments would have prevailed. I did not know then, as I now know, that I was fighting the sentiment not only of Garryowen but of Upper Canada, and even of all North America, in my effort to save Algernon from danger; that my opponents were the greatest minds of the day, and many of them virtuous. It was the innocence of youth and enthusiasm. Algernon laughed at me, as usual, but said kindly and shrewdly:

"What I am going to do they all do, Tom Hinchy, and you must change the world to turn me back. You'll try it, no doubt."

So Algernon Murphy went home to the high-school.

THE view from the big hill behind Garryowen showed a flat, dull plain covered with houses in one corner, and vast stretches of pine woods spreading out towards the sky. John McIntyre and I were crossing this hill in the month of August following Algernon's return to the flesh-pots of Egypt—that is, the beautiful high-school—after his manna repast in the desert of the college. The ex-member from Rhode Island protested against spending any time in a backwoods village, but my interest in Algernon was strong enough to urge me out of our settled route of travel, and I ignored his protest.

"Here," said I, "is a chance for a statesman like you to see

the Canadian in his primitive wilderness, untainted by association with the savage American. I can study the development of Algernon, and make notes for the ambitious boys of all countries. He is an extreme case, but extremities are illustrations of the text, and if Christians *will* let their boys read everything, *will* educate them anyhow and anywhere, we must teach them the consequences."

Algernon welcomed us heartily, and promised to make our stay pleasant enough to suit even a Puritan legislator, and I think he succeeded. Garryowen was, however, suffering from the tyranny of the dress-coat. No one was anybody who did not attend in society arrayed in the swallow-tail—an article of dress which had not only named every member of the Murphy family, but had directed the course of their entire lives. We felt that it was to direct ours during our stay in Garryowen. The Murphys were poor people, and had dinner at five o'clock, lunch at noon, tea at eight, and breakfast any time. So the dress-coat had decreed, and we ate accordingly four times a day, whereas we had been born and brought up on the rule of three. Hon. John, as a legislator, took it as a matter of course, and I, as a social student, on the principle which made Mr. Buckle eat caterpillars; but when it came to wearing a dress-coat at the entertainments to which we were sometimes asked, we stood on our Americanism and declined the honor.

Algernon treated us hospitably while we were with him. We were his curiosities, and he was ours. We had never seen life in a Canadian town, among the pro-British Irishmen who vegetated there and who fainted away at the mention of a shillalah, while the people of Garryowen gazed with interest on the traditional enemies of the queen, who scorned the glorious insignia of a dress-coat from pure patriotism. Algernon was not afraid of us. He really liked to let the Hon. John loose among a few fine old gentlemen who believed the world was run on British ideas. The girls thought us delightfully radical and original, and we were in request for croquet parties and the like. The canoe club gave us a supper on the strength of a swim my friend made on a wager, and we smoked brier-root pipes in the street, and grabbed our cane by the middle as they all did, you know, which made us quite popular from the contrast of such concessions to our rampant Americanism on most occasions.

Mr. Murphy was in love with us. I spoke to him only once concerning Algernon.

"I suppose you can see the boy is going to the devil," I said to him, in as cool a tone as the warmth of the sentence permitted.

"You shock me! What do you mean?" he cried. "Algernon does not drink. He goes in the very best society. It's his idea to take up a profession, and Mr. De Lisle encourages him."

"I don't mean that, Mr. Murphy, but the boy is losing his faith among these people."

Mr. Murphy could not understand this at all. No one of his family had ever been guilty of such a thing, and why should Algernon do what his relatives had never done? Then these people were of the most excellent sort, and if the boy lost his head or his faith or anything else among them it would be his own fault, not theirs. Mr. Murphy was a very hopeless case. I turned to Mrs. Murphy, who played on the piano in a way that would bring tears to any eye. She was even more hopeless. A professional career for Algernon formed the best part of her dreaming, and her chief thought of his career in the high-school and the university was not concerning the dangers he might meet, but the sons of the great people whose acquaintance he would make. She was a very pious woman, and even shrewd, and, had she been brought up in a desert, would have made her mark in the world. Garryowen had given its uncanny twist to her sense and her piety, and held her up as a model. She was a provoking person, who did rash and wicked things on grounds of reason and conscience.

"I cannot permit you to talk like that of Algernon," she said to me when my remonstrance was ended. "You are an American and know nothing of us. Algernon is the favorite and friend of Mr. De Lisle, an Anglican who believes in our church, and declares over and over again he would not have the boy lose his faith for the world. Of course I am grateful for your interest in Algernon, but really I have no anxiety about him. If he were taking up a profession in the States I would tremble, but here—O Mr. Hinchy! please study us better and see for yourself how little danger there is for Algernon. Talk with Mr. De Lisle."

I talked first with Hon. John McIntyre. He was so deep in the dissipations of Garryowen that my allusion to an abstract subject such as personal salvation irritated him. We were on the point of retiring for the night.

"I'm not a missionory to the Canajans!" he snapped.

"You might be," I suggested, "if you utilized all the young ladies who follow in your train."

"Now *that's* personal," said he, as I tumbled off my chair from a pillow-blow. "I can't tolerate you, Hinchy, when you

talk of the ladies. You insinuate an offence against good taste because they fancy me."

"Well," said I, "then there is nothing left but to have a talk with Mr. De Lisle."

Hon. John McIntyre had just tucked himself between the sheets and disposed of his brief length in that fashion which with him meant permanency for at least eight hours, when this name touched his feelings. He sat up in bed and looked at me severely and sadly.

"Is this a game you fellows are playing on me?" he asked. "We're here a week or more now, and I've heard that name in every mouth in Garryowen. If I told a girl such a man was pious, handsome, smart, brave, an orator, a poet, a rider, an athlete, every one said, 'How much like Mr. De Lisle!' I'm sick of De Lisle! Why doesn't he show himself? Did you see him? What do you know about him?"

"He seems to be chief cook to Garryowen, but what I know about him is this: He is principal of the high-school, and has a big share in cooking Algernon Murphy to Canadian taste."

Then the ex-member of the legislature of Rhode Island, out of pure joy in locating De Lisle, took the stump against him and against all things connected with him—high-schools, oratory, young ladies who snickered and giggled, and so on—until his wrath was spent, when he returned to bed, wishing that he were on the same committee with the schoolmaster, to salt him in true Providence style. Certainly Mr. De Lisle had become an important personage long before we made his acquaintance, and his delay in appearing upon the scene heightened the interest in his character. Algernon spoke of the master with deep regard, and, when I pressed him relentlessly into a corner, would admit his defeat by declaring that I could not thus overthrow Mr. De Lisle. The lad knew very well that I was making efforts to destroy his plans of a professional career, and, acquainted as he was with Garryowen society, enjoyed my daily discomfiture; but he was pleased with the affection I showed for him. He came often to sit at my bedside, and while Hon. John was snoring—mention this not in Garryowen—to chat of various subjects and satirize my earnestness. These midnight discourses are my best memories of Algernon. He was a boy in this one hour of the twenty-four, without ambition, frolicsome, even frank and innocent in appearance. Every other hour he was the artificial demon which British arrogance and modern eclecticism, pounded in a Garryowen mortar and plastered on

the human soul by a vicious Anglican, is able to produce. A vicious Anglican was Mr. De Lisle's last analysis. We met him soon enough, Hon. John McIntyre and I. It was the last day of our stay in Garryowen, and we were part of a crowd at an afternoon tea. The tea was good and the party very foolish. Its foolishness was not peculiar to Garryowen. Afternoon teas are insipidities anywhere. Some one was picking a harp when the master came in, and he moved across the room to its accompaniment like the hero in a play. It chanced that he sat down too close to Hon. John McIntyre to avoid an introduction, and the two heroes of Garryowen were thus brought into violent contrast. No one suffered from it but the ladies. The principal of the high-school had an amiable and elegant appearance that was almost distinguished at the first glance, while the tall form and fine mustachios of McIntyre were as attractive as such things can be without a military uniform. Their lady friends almost wept with emotion on seeing them together.

"How do you like Garryowen?" said Mr. De Lisle.

"Immensely," John replied. "It's novel and," with a glance towards his admirers, "beautiful."

"To you it must be so," Mr. De Lisle went on graciously. "I fancy republican society of this grade must lack spiciness."

"On the contrary," said the patriotic McIntyre, "it's too spicy, if anything. Ye have a dead level of sameness here."

The principal seemed surprised at the un-American brogue, and politely changed the topic of conversation.

"Before you leave town, Mr. McIntyre, I would like to see you at a function in our little church. The service, adapted from your ritual in part, would have an attraction for you."

"Not as the real thing would," said John pointedly. "But I thank you for your kindness. This is our last night, and we are engaged for the evening."

Mr. De Lisle pulled himself together and hoped they would meet again in circumstances more favorable to acquaintance.

"It'll have to be in the woods, then," answered the gallant John. "The ladies have all my time here."

Algernon after a little brought his principal to the corner where I was killing time with an album and an old lady of great toughness and wiry eloquence.

"Algernon's friend," said Mr. De Lisle, "is sure to be a friend of mine. He has told me all about you."

"Then you know my fears for him," I returned. "Don't you think some of them well grounded? I am told you are a good judge in many matters."

"You see," said Algernon, "Tom Hinchy must go straight to the point without thinking of one's feelings."

"I am an Anglican," said Mr. De Lisle, "and I can assure you our young friend will keep his faith pure and intact. He may not be Ultramontane, but he will be safe."

We talked a long time together, and I heard some very free opinions from the principal on his own faith, on our faith, and on things in general. He handled them as a botanist handles plants under a microscope. He was above them, not having found anything in modern faiths which seemed to him as perfect as himself. I slipped away from him in disgust. The man had less religion than an ape. He was really a sceptic posing in an Anglican vestry, and so I described him to Algernon that evening when Hon. John had gone into permanent oblivion. The tea went on to its close. On all sides I caught the odor of the deadly gases escaping from Garryowen society.

"Mr. Hinchy," said one lady, "it's too absurd how many nice young men enter the priesthood nowadays."

"And the good they will do, Miss Busby? How about that?"

"But to take so many! And then leave us the ugly boys!"

"Would you believe it," from another, "young Elliott has gone to learn blacksmithing."

Little exclamations of horror arose from the hearers.

"Algernon Murphy is such a bright boy and so sensible! He is going to the university in the fall."

"These Americans are so *outré*."

"Father O'Shaughnessy is an elegant man, but oh! such a name, and of no family, my dear!"

McIntyre came home from the last dissipation partly in ecstasy, partly enraged. He had set himself the task of uprooting the life-long beliefs of two old gentlemen as to the speedy dissolution of the American Union, and had found them immovable except by act of Parliament. But his dear young friends had soothed his irritation, and the memory of their flattering attentions kept the smiles on his face and the frowns away. He slept like an angel. I made another appeal to Algernon, and raked Garryowen severely. He looked down upon me from the serene heights to which Mr. De Lisle had lifted him, and pitied my narrow mind and deep-seated bigotry.

"I shall see you in the city next fall," he said, "and we can talk things over. I am going to take up philosophy and history —they have good professors, you see."

"Let me advise you," I broke in, "take up scepticism as your profession at once."

When Algernon came to the city in October and called at the college, I proposed to him the following parable: A number of very respectable and wealthy people accused a certain woman of grave untruthfulness, and built a university to commemorate her wickedness. In it they placed a library whose ten thousand volumes denounced her falsehood in elegant English, sang it in good verse, proved it by fact and logic, and took it for a fact when they did not sing, prove, or denounce. The professors taught it and showed its evil effects on society. The pupils spoke of it as a dogma. On the supposition of her wickedness the houses of the city were built, its paintings painted, its books written, its music composed, and its wine fermented. To this city and its university came the son of the untruthful woman, fully aware of his mother's reputation. He is received with courtesy. No one shouts in his ear her crime, but he breathes it like infected air. It is the secret wish of his teachers, friends, associates that he will come some day to believe in his mother's guilt. What shall we say of him, and what are his chances of escaping without injury to that confidence and love he should hold toward a woman he knows to be spotless?

Algernon snapped his fingers at the parable, and settled himself comfortably into the mud of university life. His training in Garryowen society under Mr. De Lisle's æsthetic functions fitted him eminently for his position. The cool scepticism of the entire university, which showed itself on the soul as moisture on a cellar-wall, was the breath of the boy's nostrils, and the wild, sometimes debauched, life of the students suited a mind which had hankered for these things but had not the courage to indulge them. My strongest recollections of university students in a body are whiskey and indecency, which, with their intense political antipathies to anything not English, made them disagreeable to me. Algernon's boarding-house was a witness to their frailties. Hon. John McIntyre and I were frequent visitors to the two stuffy rooms, whose woodwork seemed to have been wiped with a moist dish-cloth. On our first visit a maid swinging the dish-cloth admitted us, and directed us to a room in the second story where a tremendous racket was going on. Our knocking put an end to it, but brought no one to the door, and, presuming upon our friendship for Algernon, we entered.

"The boy is out, that's plain," said John, as he tilted an empty bottle with a grin.

"How could I have forgotten it?" said a smothered voice. McIntyre put down the bottle and looked at a fan-light in one wall of the room.

"People there," he said; "that is where the racket was. Let's make ourselves comfortable."

"Yanks, I'll bet," the smothered voice observed.

"Now, that's personal," John said; "but we're here like fish out of water, and let us be patient."

We sat down and began to discuss Algernon.

"Stay all night, I presume," came through the fan-light.

"Well, no," McIntyre replied, "not when the cellar's in this weak state." And he tapped the odorous bottle.

"It takes these Methodists to drink," said the voice.

"Well, if it does," John whispered to me, "there must be Methodists in this room."

"Right, right, sir!" shouted the voice at our very ears. We rose and looked about us. I was the first to notice a screen in one corner, and a curious, grinning face above it which rolled its eyes and winked them very gaily. A roar of laughter burst from a long gown hanging against the wall.

"We can get out," said the face over the screen, and at the words two young men in shirt-sleeves appeared, one from the shadow of the screen, the other from the folds of the gown on the wall.

"Murphy told us you might come at any moment," said the gentleman of the screen, "and ordered us to disappear when you did. You got the start of us. We'll take our property and retire."

He gravely put the bottle under his arm and the two walked out of the room unsteadily.

Algernon afterwards explained that they were good fellows, and I suppose they were. I met them again on a more formal occasion. Having dropped in by accident to see my friend, I found them a very intoxicated part of a crowd of students who had assembled to make a night of it. I was greeted with a shout as I entered. The room was full of smoke and the fumes of whiskey, and every face was flushed with drink. Algernon looked awkward at my entrance, but made the best of a bad situation.

"One of the dried fish on the hill," he said to the crowd, who received the news with curiosity.

"Here's a theological principle," said one showing a bottle. "And here's a syllogism," shouted another. He held up the bottle and said gravely: "The major." Took up a glass and in the same tone said: "The minor." Filled the glass and tossed it into his throat, shouting: "The conclusion." Applause followed this sentiment, after which I received no further particular attention, except the usual invitation to drink. During the hour I spent in their company the 'Varsity men consumed a large quantity of whiskey without suffering any loss of intelligence or spirits, which Algernon accounted for by saying that the night was still young and they had only begun to imbibe.

"A few of the juniors," he explained, "may heel over in a short time, but the seniors will drink till midnight and yet have wit enough to smash a few doors on their way home."

"And is all their other wit washed out by that time?" I innocently inquired.

As I walked home before ten o'clock I wondered greatly over the parents of the 'Varsity men. Were they the ordinary parents who wept when they saw their sons in bad company or drunk two or three times a month? Or were they of a class which risks souls that culture may have the aristocratic stamp of a national university upon it? The college boys were in bed an hour when I reached the gate, and would be up at five o'clock the next morning to begin another day with prayer and sacrifice, while the lads I had just left would tumble into tainted couches at three o'clock A.M., and sleep the drunkard's sleep until the next noon. I knew that this life was called honorable by the world, and its viciousness palliated, while ours was supposed to be born of Jesuitism and was named illiberal and soul-depressing. Every one to his taste. The difference, to my mind, was the difference between whiskey and water.

Drunkenness was traditional and popular with the 'Varsity men, not as a habitual thing, but as a bit of bravado, although because of this folly too many afterwards lost honor, virtue, and life. At a certain election annually held in the university the drunken orgy connected with it was almost a custom.

Mr. De Lisle came down to the city one year at election-time, and, not finding Algernon at his rooms, was kind enough to spend an hour with me and Hon. John McIntyre. We talked Algernon mostly.

"The university improves him," said the Anglican.

"Humph!" said McIntyre.

"In what way?" I asked.

"His views are broadening," replied the master.

"Which means," said I with a sneer, "that he won't know anything for certain after a while."

Mr. De Lisle looked at us in mild surprise.

"I noticed during the vacation," he continued mildly, "that he was more sociable than before, and his ideas on various matters had enlarged."

"Oh! he's sociable," said John, whose memory fell back on the scenes in Algernon's room. "And if enlargement o' the head enlarges ideas I could bet on the expansion of his."

The master was sadly mystified. We were standing at the front entrance of the college, and the darkness hid the smiles on McIntyre's face. A carriage came dashing up the gravel-walk with some tumult and sonorous shouting from its occupant. It stopped so close to us that the pair of shoes resting on the window of the carriage seemed to stare us in the face. The singing and shouting continued within until the driver opened the door and invited his fare to step out. Algernon stepped out. He was quite overcome with drink, hugged us all, and insisted that we should accompany him to the university and vote for his candidate. He was very desperate, laughed and swore by turns, until Hon. John put an end to the scene by throwing him into the carriage and sending Mr. De Lisle home with him. The master took it very lightly, but only the darkness concealed his mortification.

Nevertheless Algernon passed his examinations creditably. His room in the boarding-house was a most instructive one for me. His superficial ability drew to it the shining lights among the students, and I often had the pleasure of testing the scholastic and Bourbon method of study in sharp tilts with the best representatives of the modern style. Both were poor enough, I must admit, but I am certain my party held its own. Algernon freely poured out his ideas on student-life, into my sympathetic ear. He had fallen in love with the professor of philosophy and history, and took me occasionally to hear him. In various ways I soon concluded that he was to philosophy what Mr. De Lisle was to religion—an impartial observer, a clever propounder of problems which he could not solve, and denied that others could solve. He had the poor boy already entangled in a hundred difficulties, and the chief pride of the lad was to make out a case against Pope Liberius and show contempt for the scholastics and their belongings. The only drawback to his earnestness in the pursuit of learning was that whiskey seemed

to be a strong support of his earnestness. It may be imagined how sincerely, how steadily I tried to save him from the fate which threatened him. Mental ruin was of course accomplished. Nothing but a light from heaven could ever illumine his darkened mind. Physical ruin was threatening, and spiritual destruction was on every side. From this last I saved him, as he himself afterwards informed me. I took him to hear our college preachers. I spoke with burning scorn and real horror of the last stage of dissipation. I forced him to read the choicest sermons of Newman, so simple, so penetrating, so full of light and strength. I did not know till later how I succeeded, but I felt comforted over one fact. Algernon saw no place to go on leaving the church, and he had a sincere reverence for the mystery of the Master's Presence on the altar. It was the last tie which kept him to the truth.

In due time, all irregularities to the contrary, he graduated with honors. His degree was taken easily, and Garryowen went wild with delight, for in those days degrees were rare birds in that cold climate. Besides his degree the poor fellow had little else worthy of carrying. He had a taste for drink as well as for law, and was a sceptic in all but his fear to accept the conclusions of his own reasoning. He returned home, went into his profession, and married a lady of the dress-coat party.

By our modern processes it takes a long time to send a man to the devil. The processes are secret and the going gradual, so that I advise you never to prophesy in public, as I did of Algernon, that any particular person is bound hellward. Mr. Murphy took me to task in a pleasantly severe way for that remark, made during my first visit to Garryowen. I had just arrived in the town to celebrate the nuptials of Hon. John McIntyre with a Canadian beauty.

"You were only a boy at the time," said Mr. Murphy, "and I am glad you have lived to be ashamed of yourself."

"It is only a matter of ten years," I replied; "there's plenty of time yet."

"Absurd," said Mr. Murphy, "to be going to the devil for ten years, and no sign of getting there! The boy is a model husband for his years, and has a practice, and every one thinks well of him; and you see you are not a good prophet, and every one will tell you so."

Mr. Murphy was a prophet, surely, for every one did remind me of my failure while I remained at Garryowen. The mere

sight of me seemed to revive recollections which I heartily wished for ever dead, and I had to run the gauntlet of a hundred criticisms. Mrs. Murphy was the least severe.

"We all live," she said very charitably, "to regret many things we have said and done. You see now, of course, how a warm-hearted youth can exaggerate impressions. Algernon is doing very well. His wife is a dear woman, and they are so happy, and the bishop has taken a fancy to him and discusses points of doctrine with him; and for you to suppose that the dear boy would lose his faith, and so many other horrible things! Don't let us make you feel hurt by reminding you of your little mistakes."

"I am so glad of Algernon's escape," said I smilingly, playing a very good card to the lady's knave, "that I cannot be reminded of my mistake too often. What does Mr. De Lisle think about his success?"

This question brought out a bit of gossip with which I was already acquainted. Mrs. Murphy spoke of it in a tone of suppressed horror. The very High-Churchman and society favorite had become a sceptic; no longer talked of functions or led the anthems in Trinity, but sat home Sundays and read Voltaire and Tyndall and Harrison. He still taught the high-school, however, and when I wondered thereat, "Oh!" said Mrs. Murphy, "these things do not come into arithmetic. You are not acquainted with us yet, Mr. Hinchy. Pray study us more closely."

Thus the ladies bothered me as I went the round of visits called for by my position. Hon. John McIntyre dealt me a morsel of consolation.

"Algernon," he said, "is the same superficial, conceited little bummer he was at the university. He drinks like a fish—secretly, you know, and it doesn't affect his business so far, but in time it must out. He is a crony of De Lisle's. Anything cussedder than that Anglican-sceptical swell I haven't seen in a lifetime. Long after he got to the bottom of the High-Church business and switched off nowhere he kept up the function and vestry doings. He argued on the sly with the youngsters, and broke up the belief of a dozen, so that the matter got whispered about and he had to resign or get kicked out. But the school he kept. He played the innocent-guilty dodge, said he was still a believer of the Stanley stripe and distasteful to the bigoted class of Anglicans. So some one held him on, and now he smokes pipes, drinks beer, and talks rot when he dares. I'd like to punch him."

Hon. John had made such efforts to strangle his brogue that I hardly knew his speech, and protested against the ruin of a thing so unique and ticklish.

"Well, you see, Tom," he explained, "Angela used to blush so when I spoke to strangers, because she saw their inclination to laugh at me, that for her sake I tried to reform; but when we get back to Rhode Island *I'll recover my speech.*"

It struck me, after meditating upon these various utterances of Algernon's most interested friends, that a visit to the master of the high-school might throw more light on my friend's present mental state. A young man who was a successful lawyer and a model husband, who argued with a bishop one evening and drank beer with an infidel the next, who still drank like a fish and persuaded society that he was a sober man, must surely be moved by curious principles. Mr. De Lisle welcomed me with dignity.

"So you have deserted the church," I said promptly, after a significant glance at the volumes on his shelves. "Ah! professor, what a change of ideas in so short a time."

"It is what you must all come to," he replied gently.

"A, B, C," I said, laughing. "A—departure from authority; B—confusion; C—chaotic scepticism. But how do you find Algernon, Mr. De Lisle? Does he fulfil the promise of his youth, and give signs of a fair return for the labor lavished on him?"

"Will you have a pipe?" said the professor. Having filled it, he continued:

"You always took an interest in the young fellow, the more, I suspect, that he never accepted any of your ideas, and was educated on principles altogether opposed to yours. Have you seen him?"

"No. I have heard of him. He is not now at home. All men praise him. I am a prophet come to see my prophecies unfulfilled."

"No doubt you are glad of that." And the tone was as vicious as an assassin's stab. No wonder sincere John McIntyre detested this mask of deceit.

"If I were certain of it I would not be sorry," I replied. "But I have heard things—"

"You could not have heard anything worse than this," he interrupted, "that Algernon is a coward. He knows enough to throw the shackles of superstition aside, but he dare not. Every straw can hold him—his wife, his mother, his partner, his practice—and he goes like a pendulum from the same excuse to

the same excuse. He is prosperous, yes, but one cannot play the hypocrite long with success."

I thought the professor had played it long enough to give the lie to his own words.

"Then you are one of the doubters," I said. He shrugged his shoulders. "I cannot get a unanimous opinion about Algernon, so that I shall have to see him and study him for myself."

"A word from you *now*," replied Mr. De Lisle with gentle emphasis, "might end his hesitation. You have had that effect on him before."

Evidently Algernon had not given his patron deep satisfaction, and this was the most hopeful sign of his condition. When we met I was overwhelmed with the earnest and affectionate attentions he showered upon me. I was installed in his house during my stay, and almost given the freedom of the city; and, best of all, seeing that he was married and had matrimonial cares by the score, he was lavish of those confidences which had brightened the years of our boyhood. The dress-coat had taken hold of him, and was vigorously shaping his ideas and sympathies. He sneered, as usual, at points of religion, and flirted with all kinds of error, but for all that I could see he was better as man than boy. He must have been careful to conceal his weaknesses, knowing how many of them I looked for, since I was not able to discover in him any alarming tendencies such as McIntyre had described. And yet they flourished at that moment powerfully, and had already dug for the unfortunate the pit into which he afterwards tumbled. I remember when the Hon. John McIntyre had led his bride to the altar, and we were pledging the pair in generous wine, he looked at me with a kind of sadness, and said:

"Hinchy, you are awfully positive. It makes a fellow creep to hear you get off a dogma. You talk as if these things were eternal—the way we talk of mountains, in fact. It's painful."

"I see that remorse is after you," I replied, and he received the hint in silence.

Once in a while untoward circumstances crowd together in one brief hour of a man's life and make a fool or a ruin of him. Narrowly did Algernon escape public detection of his drinking habits on many occasions; but by good luck he avoided it for years. Mr. De Lisle was still shrewd enough to hold to his school by the loud profession of adherence to Dean Stanley. But the hour came when the chances of exposure suddenly in-

creased, and the number of circumstances furthering it too many to be overcome. The schoolmaster in his private room had often drank to excess, and the lawyer had taxed the best wit of his wife to hide his indulgence and her own suffering. She succeeded very well. They kept up a certain state in Garryowen, and gave occasional dinners, at which Mr. De Lisle was a conspicuous ornament. It was unfortunate that he should have chosen one of these domestic festivals to push his fond scheme of making Algernon a professed sceptic. They became somewhat excited over a discussion, and so personal that only repeated gulps of raw whiskey could keep them within gentlemanly bounds. When argument had passed into mutual reproach the two gentlemen were sufficiently drunk to be unintelligible, and in this state they stumbled into the parlor and revealed themselves finally to astonished Garryowen.

It is hardly necessary to dwell on the few bitter years that followed. The drunkard's career is well known, its beastliness, its meanness, its disgusting trickery. Algernon ran the entire length, sometimes in company with the villanous De Lisle, who was now an outcast also, but mostly alone. His wife and his mother wept, and wrote to me for advice and help. They had a right to both, since, having prophesied this outcome, I probably knew better than any living man how to prevent the accomplishment of my own prophecy. After an interview with Algernon I counselled them to wait and all would be well. Death was the only remedy for this graduate of Garryowen library and the national university. It came soon enough. When mind and body were so enfeebled from whiskey that he had not the capacity, mental or physical, of a child, they sent for me to see him take his degree in misfortune. The last days brought him back part of that mind which in its young strength was able to find serious fault with Aquinas and Liguori. He knew me standing at his bedside and curiously studying the mystery of the life that would soon vanish from his face like a frightful ghost. He knew me, smiled, and pressed my hand. His eyes said that he loved the friend who from first to last had been patient with him. There was no need to tell him how time had changed our places, how in this hour I mourned a dead friendship while he rejoiced in a helpful friend. When he could speak he said:

"I think it is time for me to be getting up, Tom."

"Algernon," I said gently, "you are too weak to stand. You will never rise again. My boy, you are soon to die."

It sounded cruel to be so abrupt, but I was vicious at that

moment. For fifteen years all sorts of forces had stood between me and this man's soul, and had pushed me aside. False ideas of life and art had done him so much mischief that a little sincerity at the last might do him good. He looked at me dazed.

"Is it so bad as that?" he asked humbly.

"It is, Algernon. Perhaps you have a week to prepare; certainly not more. I suggest that you make ready for a good confession and the last sacraments as soon as you can collect your thoughts sufficiently." He smiled in the old cynical fashion at my hot bluntness.

"Don't hurry me if I have a week," he replied, and turned away to think and sleep a little. I was anxious and fretful lest some new trick of Satan's should cheat me as before, and prayed heartily to our Lord, whose Presence on the altar had been the one belief which no logic could disturb in Algernon's heart and mind. When next he spoke to me it was to ask that the priest be sent for. I regretted my messenger had no wings. While he was gone I undertook to prepare the dying man for his last duties.

"Tom Hinchy," he said, with another cynical look, "you have conquered at last. You fought this town, the university, and the opinion of the time, and you won. It's wonderful. You will see me swallow all my pride and learning as I swallowed everything else in my miserable life. I hope you are satisfied."

"Let me remind you, Murphy," I said with dignity, "that I came here to assist you in your last moments, not to reproach you. If you have been a fool all your life you are going to die wisely at least."

"Tom Hinchy always," he said gently, "the same chip of dogmatism and metaphysical certainty! Don't flare up. I am ready to do now whatever you bid, and I do it because I see the right as I never saw it before."

"Do you see," I said, trembling, "the wrong of your whole life—wrong from the beginning to the end?"

"I see it, Tom. What a fool a man can be in spite of his reason! I knew you were right when you urged me to stay at the old college, when you protested against my reading everything, against my going to the university, and against my life there. You were beaten every time, poor fellow! But one thing you saved me from, though you did not know it: you shamed me, frightened me from the dissolute habits of the student crowd. I was never worse than a drunkard, thank God! and that I was always ashamed of. Tell me," with sudden energy, "what in my life should I be most sorry for?"

"For the good which you might have done," I replied.

The days flew quickly to the end. Restored in reason and anointed with the holy oils, he received his viaticum with the fervor of a poor soul saved from shipwreck. Doubts had disappeared. He seemed to have received all the light and strength which grace could give him, and once in a gentle humor prayed aloud an apology to Pope Liberius and St. Thomas Aquinas for the bad opinion he had once held of them. Finally he recommended to me his young son, and with deep pain, but great resignation, turned his face from us and died.

I think Hon. John McIntyre, who had now recovered his speech in the Providence plantations, hugged me when I described that happy death.

"Why, ye know," said John, "the poor little divil always had a good spot in him that ye could like, d'ye see? An' he never would give in altogether to that curse De Lisle, an' I could see he wasn't as bad as the crowd he went with. Long life to him where he is!"

There is no moral on Algernon's tombstone, and if there were how many readers would heed it? In the same town and country many a noble boy is treading the same unholy path, applauded and smiled at by the seniors of the land, through the jungles of error, drunkenness, and lust, to come out at the other side a horrible spectacle to angels or die on the way in his sins.

JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

A CHAT ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THE two English reprinted novels most seen on the bookstands are Miss Braddon's *Like and Unlike* and Miss Florence Warden's *Scheherezade*. *Like and Unlike* is a story of adultery. It purports to be a description of the manners and customs of good English society. In spite of the luxurious surroundings of most of the personages in it, they are very ill-bred people. They take tea and they break the Sixth Commandment, and Miss Braddon's verbiage cannot conceal the dreadful vulgarity that distinguishes them while doing either. "Since France has become a republic everything new has been detestable," Lady Treducey says in this book, "and England is very little better than a republic. All our fashions have an American taint. The day is fast coming when London and Paris will be only suburbs of

New York." If reprints of English novels continue to flood us New York will soon be only a suburb of London. But let us pray that an international copyright law may give American writers a chance to drive much of this nasty literature out of the market. The sort of heroine Miss Braddon introduces to young ladies is thus described: "She could still hold up her head and say to herself, 'I may be passionately in love with St. Anstell, as he is with me; but I am true to my husband all the same.'"

Scheherezade is by the author of the popular *House in the Marsh*, which was a bold attempt to imitate Charlotte Brontë's manner and matter—not excluding the hatred of priests that showed particularly in *Villette*. Nouna, the heroine of *Scheherezade*, is a kittenish and disagreeable creature, without either sense, sentiment, or any other attribute that a woman ought to possess. She develops, by means of lurid and terrible incidents, into something resembling a woman. Nouna's father is a major in the English army, who has married a second wife while his first is living. Her mother is a female of infamous reputation; she is without religion, although the Catholic Church attracts her because she thinks she would find relief in confession. Her husband, a truly idiotic young officer, says:

"'You would never do for a Catholic, Nouna. They have to confess all their sins, even very little ones that you think nothing of.' 'Well, that's what you are always wanting me to do.' 'See, then. You shall go to Mass every Sunday, and then confess your sins to me, and you will be the very best of Catholics.'

"'But, George, George,' she began, almost in a whisper, holding his arm tighter, and looking away over the Place de la Concorde, which they were now crossing, to the trees of the Tuileries, 'there are some things—not sins—that one doesn't like to tell—I don't know why—but they make one think of so many things—that all seem new—and make one feel like a different person. I suppose a man never feels like that, but I am a woman—quite a woman—now, George.'"

Nouna probably regarded the confessional as a place where she could gossip with impunity; if George had not been so utterly foolish he might have let his wife learn something further about the church. There is just enough nature in this book to make its impossibilities interesting. It is a wild and fantastic narrative, and the people in it are generally such as any decent man or woman would avoid in real life. It is almost as long as the new German novel, *Was will das Werden?* by Spielhagen, which, we warn our readers in advance of its translation and publication, is as dull as it is long. It is a pretended effort to give a remedy for the social ills that are crying aloud for redress.

It has as little bearing on the society of to-day as *Wilhelm Meister* had. After many pages Spielhagen coolly ends by saying that if we see what we will see, "something grand" will happen! The mountain has labored and the mouse is very, very small.

A Fair Crusader, by William Westall (New York: Harper & Bros.), is a silly English reprinted novel. The heroine is a member of the Salvation Army. The hero hears her preach and drops into French—"*Comme elle est fine et spirituelle, c'est la figure d'une Vierge de Raphael.*" After this the hero wants to marry the heroine. She confesses that she is already married. Still she declares that she loves him, and there are some love-passages which, outside of an English novel, might be considered improper; but we can only conclude that the Salvation Army may have granted her a temporary dispensation. She piously tells her adorer that "they may hope"—for the death of her present husband, of course. The author evidently believes this to be beautiful and heroic. The heroine is told that her first husband is dead. She at once marries the hero. Her husband comes to life again; but they may still hope. And the hero's servant, Ali Baba, a Mohammedan, kindly "knifes" the cruel first husband. Ali then flees for a time, and the hero says to the heroine:

"'Stay here until the inquest is over; then go back to Scotland and get married over again. We can do it in such a way that nobody will be the wiser, yet be able to prove the second marriage if the first should ever be called in question.'"

The "fair crusader" and her husband-elect are both romantic and business-like to the end. It is an example of how utterly silly a novel can be.

Tony the Maid, by Blanche Willis Howard, author of *One Summer*, *Guenn*, etc. (New York: Harper & Bros.), is a pleasant contrast to the English reprints. There is a smile in every page of it. Tony is a young German girl who devotes herself to the service of Miss Aurelia Vanderpool. Miss Aurelia is a rather weak-minded American lady of a certain age. She has been travelling under the protection of her uncle John. This personage deserts her and goes his own way as soon as he finds the trustworthy Tony, whose real name is Antonina Tchorcher. Tony devotes herself, in the most artfully artless way, to the aggrandizement and comfort of Miss Vanderpool. She has all the best possibilities of a Becky Sharp, without any of her evil characteristics. The exclusive English at the hotel at Constance put the unconscious Miss Vanderpool under the impression that she is

a great personage. Tony's only intention is to make her mistress comfortable. She captures the butler of the High-Dudgeons, the great potentate, by her adroit insinuations that Miss Vanderpool is of the highest social rank:

"Momentary opposition only made Tony's claims surer and safer. A transient and light-minded Frenchman answering to the name of the Baron"—this was at the servants' table—"and wearing an insolent little imperial, suddenly appeared in that sedate and select circle down-stairs where Britannic ideas prevailed. Turning towards Tony, before the whole assemblage, he remarked superciliously: 'Vanderpool? The name is not in the *Almanach de Gotha*. We never travel without one, and I looked.' Not one of the honored names represented at that convivial board happened to adorn the Gotha almanac. The more reason why every eye should now glare accusingly at Tony. 'A gentleman of your education, Baron,' she replied, with the composure of an easy conscience, 'is undoubtedly aware that we have a different almanac in America. We, too, always travel with ours, and our name is in it.' This was strictly true. Tony had seen Miss Aurelia repeatedly take from her portfolio a yellow pamphlet, upon whose fly-leaf Aurelia Vanderpool was written in lead-pencil, and upon whose back 'Ayer's Cherry Pectoral' shone out in commanding characters. 'Of course,' coughed the Baron, 'America is a great country.'"

Miss Vanderpool, thanks to Tony's harmless manœuvres, takes her place in the very centre of the British fort of High-Dudgeon's exclusiveness. Her reputation as an heiress and celebrity becomes great:

"An enchantingly pretty American girl of seventeen, whose mamma was a candidate for the outer chair of the next to the High-Dudgeon group, had the temerity to peep in to get a glimpse of the phenomenon! She was, for various reasons, not in favor at court, and the ambitious mamma, fearing the downfall of her schemes, reproved her daughter for so much as showing her saucy head within the precincts. 'Well, mamma, it wasn't worth while. She's homely enough, I must say.'

"'Jessie, how often have I told you to say ugly! Homely, in that sense, isn't English.'

"'Neither am I, thank goodness, and neither's Bob. But, mamma, why do they make so much fuss over her? She's mild as a lamb, but not a bit smart, I guess.'

"'"Clever,"' corrected the much-tried mother, 'and "think," not "guess."'"

Miss Vanderpool finds Sunday, under the strict rule of the English, unendurable. "And what have you done to-day, Tony? Have you enjoyed yourself?" Miss Vanderpool had been compelled to attend three English services, so she had reason for her wistfulness. "And how much!" exclaimed the girl. "First, I went to Mass, and then I arranged everything for the gracious fräulein, knowing my duty, and this afternoon, with gracious

permission to go out, I enjoyed myself vastly. The garden was breezy and cool, the people so kind, the music beautiful. Then the sail over and back!" Miss Vanderpool hesitatingly asks Tony if she knows a place where there are no English. Tony answers that she knows where there are some nice Germans and French people, "so amiable, and of excellent family." Miss Vanderpool intimates that she has had enough of "family." Tony says that now and then an English-speaking person "might happen along." But Miss Vanderpool answers that she could endure that if she did not stay too long. Miss Howard's *Tony the Maid* is a good-natured satire on the manners of a certain class of English when on the Continent, and the motto, "*Ad bonam fidem recta omnis via*," refers to Tony, whose knowledge of her duty is rewarded by a happy emigration to America.

It is with a sudden shock that the sensitive reader descends from *Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife: a Biography*, by Julian Hawthorne (Boston: Ticknor & Co.), to *The Great Bank Robbery*, by Julian Hawthorne and Inspector Byrnes (Cassell & Co.)

In the *Biography* one lives in the atmosphere with which the genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne surrounded itself. It used to be the fashion to sneer at New England. But now that the great coterie is melting away, what have we in its place? Are we to accept *The Great Bank Robbery*, from the son of the author of the incomparable *Marble Faun*, as an example of literary progress? Julian Hawthorne has done some fine work in *Garth* and *Dust*. These books are not without gleams of "the light that never was on sea or shore," which, glowing on the statues of the elder Hawthorne, make them unique and unapproachable by other men. *The Great Bank Robbery* is a bit of police-reporting, in which the truth spoils the fiction, and the fiction the truth. It is a pity that the "Julian" of the *Biography*, who appears in such an engaging light in his mother's and father's letters, should have consented to put his name to *The Great Bank Robbery*, which has been already quite as well told in the daily papers. Mr. Julian Hawthorne, speaking of his father's failure to make the legend of the Bloody Footstep impressive, says: "The symbol of the Scarlet Letter will be memorable and fearful while our literature lasts; but the Bloody Footstep is a comparatively crude and shallow idea, not fine and subtile enough to be properly assimilated by a genius so pure and profound as Hawthorne's." But Nathaniel Hawthorne never consciously lowered his genius to baser things. His son, who has great talent, if not genius, must have delibe-

rately dropped from his former height to adorn police reports with patches of incongruous writing.

The *Biography* is charming. Mrs. Hawthorne's letters to her son are delightfully womanly in the best sense. She evidently had the art of letter-writing in perfection. The second volume contains the Lisbon letters—Mrs. Hawthorne having spent some time there while her husband was at his post in England—which are graphic descriptions of court-life, marked by shrewdness, good taste, and sympathy. The *Biography*, which is very honestly, ingenuously, and lovingly written, is an exception to the biographies of men of letters. It leaves with us the most exalted impressions of Hawthorne. It is remarkable that his spirit, so sensitive, was not overbalanced by transient enthusiasm and turmoil around him. He was self-poised, but not self-centred. And his letters during the war are admirable examples of this. He was patriotic, but he had nothing of the violence of the times which allowed no man a right to his opinions as to the methods of the government:

"He did not hope for the preservation of the Union; because if it came peacefully it would sooner or later involve the extension of slavery over the United States, over the Northern States, and if by war it seemed to him that it would be only superficial and temporary. The essence of all true union being mutual good-will, it would follow that compulsion could effect nothing worth having. At the same time the prospect of the dissolution of that mighty nation which had embodied the best hopes of mankind was a deep pain to him. He regarded slavery as an evil, and would have made any personal sacrifice to be rid of it as an element in the national existence; but to maintain that we were ready to imperil our life merely out of regard for the liberation of the negroes, was, in his opinion, to utter sentimental nonsense. The best reason that he could give for going to war was that the arrogance of the slave-holders would otherwise reach a pitch that the republic in effect would be transformed into an oligarchy, or possibly something worse."

The *Saturday Review*, in its first notice of *The Marble Faun*, interpreted, at least with apparent truth, Hawthorne's position towards the church: "Mr. Hawthorne seems greatly attracted by Catholicism. No one could fall more entirely than Mr. Hawthorne into the modern fashion of asking, not whether a religion is true, but whether it is suitable to a particular individual. His Protestantism seems to have been greatly indebted to the theory in which he finally rested—that the papal system is dying out." The *Saturday Reviewer* was inclined to find fault with Hawthorne's admiration for the spirituality of the church, as well as with his inability to make allowances for some of the defects in

temporal government he saw in Rome—defects exaggerated by the habitual grumblings of the Romans, who are notorious for discontent.

Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife is a mine of riches—riches made ready by the affectionate care of their son, so that he who reads may possess them.

The Cossacks: a Tale of the Caucasus in 1852, by Count Leo Tolstoï, translated by Eugene Schuyler (New York: William S. Gottsberger), is the latest issued of this Russian novelist and philosopher's works. It was written in 1861. It is a sort of a pastoral of Cossack life. It bears the marks of truth, it is realistic—everything is put down—and the only idealism in the book is Olenin's attempt at self-sacrifice. Olenin is a young Russian officer, who, longing for something beyond the gay and sophisticated life of a great city, exiles himself in a remote Cossack village. The people are rude, semi-barbarous; the stealing of horses is a mere imperfection; drunkenness is a virtue and chastity a matter of indifference. Still, they are devout in the Russian fashion. Olenin's friends of his own class look on female virtue as a commodity; he rises above this, and offers to marry a Cossack girl from pure love, although she is already engaged to Lukaska, one of the boldest of land buccaneers. But, though Marianka encourages his advances, she refuses to marry him when she hears that her lover has been injured while on one of his expeditions. He has suffered much during his struggles against his own inclinations and the laxity of his friends, and now he suffers more. But he says good-by to Uncle Eroshka and the rest who have been part of his life. Going, "Olenin looked round once. Uncle Eroshka was talking with Marianka, evidently about his own affairs; and neither the old man nor the girl paid the slightest attention to him." *The Cossacks* ends in this way—hopelessly, disappointedly. While the descriptions of a wild, strange life are interesting—as interesting and as vigorous as in Gogol's *Taras Bulba*—yet it is hard to understand why Tolstoï's *Cossacks* should be vaunted as a masterpiece. In fact, it is hard to understand why Count Tolstoï's pessimism, affectation of realism, and general mistiness should be hailed with such effusion by the critics.

Miss May Laffan, the author of *Hogan, M.P.*, *The Hon. Miss Ferrard*, etc., is not a *persona grata* with Irish Nationalists. But she is a very clever writer—which is perhaps one of the reasons, for we do not like her way of putting things. One is more likely to be offended by witty sneers than by stupid jeers. *Ismay's Chil-*

dren (New York: Macmillan & Co.) is her best book. It has all the cleverness of *Hogan, M.P.*, without the cynicism and hardness—so strange in an Irishwoman—which spoiled that brilliant novel.

Ismay's children are Marion, Gertrude, and Godfrey Mauleverer. Their father was a wild Irish officer, who died leaving his affairs in such a tangle that the testimony as to his marriage with Ismay D'Arcy was lost. He told the name of the place in Scotland where the marriage took place to Ismay's aunt, Juliet D'Arcy, but the old lady, under the stress of terrible emotion, forgot it, and, when the children were left orphans, they were unable to make valid their claims to the estate they should have inherited. Brought up in France, they are Catholics. Old Miss D'Arcy and Father Paul Conroy are delightful pictures of an Irish gentleman and gentlewoman of the old school, which is unhappily rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Godfrey Mauleverer is not well defined; his involvement in a Fenian conspiracy and his death are *coups de théâtre*, for which Miss Laffan shows a weakness when her plot gives her trouble. Tighe O'Malley—who has possession of the estate which should belong to Godfrey—Lady Blanche, and the rest of the gentry are very stupid and uninteresting people, of whom no lesser novelist than Trollope could have made anything. But Miss D'Arcy, the Mauleverer girls, Father Conroy, the beggars, the Ahearnes, and the Quins are characters full of life and worthy of Gerald Griffin. The pretences of Peggy, professional beggar and professional letter-writer to Barrettstown, who, on the American mail day, begins to read a letter from Mrs. Kelly's daughter, beginning "My Dear Mother, this is all to tell you—" and, puzzled, cries out, "She's ded!" are characteristically humorous. The system of marriage-making among Irish farmers is explained without exaggeration. Mary Ahearne wants to enter a convent, but her parents insist on her marriage. She escapes the latter alternative with the help of Father Conroy. Miss Laffan, sketching the interior of Mary Ahearne's room, states a sad truth which is the cause of much of the disregard of the outward beauty of things which even the most sympathetic tourists have noticed in Ireland:

"On the chimney-piece was a statue of the Madonna, with candlesticks and vases at either side. Beyond this there was not an attempt even of the humblest kind at decoration, not a flower, though the garden held a spring crop of blossoms. And it was not that Mary Ahearne did not love flowers; it was her secret wish on entering the convent to be given the charge of

the green house, where the nuns grew the flowers for the altar. But she did not attempt to grow flowers or decorate the farm-house. This was because she shared the same feeling of unrest and insecurity that hindered her father from imitating the Scotch farmer's pretty garden and tidy approach. Old Ahearne never drove past McNeil's farm without stopping to admire the roses and the creepers trained on the house-front, and the pretty, bright flower-beds in the grass before it, yet he never dared to imitate McNeil's example. *Some one would be attracted by it, and bid over his head for the lease of the farm, as had been the case with the Scotchman.*"

Miss Laffan sees and acknowledges the fact that in Ireland, among the middle-classes, the convents have kept "alive the graces and decencies of life" which oppression made penal. Another instance of the love of the Irish poor for the beautiful things they seldom see is shown when Molly comes to see Marion Mauleverer:

"She never saw a flower save at Mass. Her own house, a cabin on the bog edge, had a manure-heap before its one window, and the approach to the door lay through a pool of liquid filth. The same kind of feeling came over her again, only not so intense, that she felt at High Mass on Easter Sunday or Corpus Christi—a sense of rest, of peace, almost amounting to joy. The purple wrappings that symbolized suffering and travail were gone, and in their place were flowers, lights, incense, music. A foreshadowing of heaven, if only a transient one, was vouchsafed to her grateful eyes."

But neither Molly nor the other poor of Barrettstown could leave their hunger outside the church-door. It was always with them, though in church they forgot it.

One of the charms of *Ismay's Children* is the tender and careful treatment of the atmosphere around the young Mauleverer girls; Miss Laffan never lets us forget that their poverty only serves to make their unconscious refinement more apparent.

The Unknown Country (Harper & Bros.), by the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, and other good novels, is the record of a tour in the North of Ireland. It is full of nice observation, quick sympathy, and Christian charity. Once when this womanly author—who died only the other day—says a thoughtless thing about devotion to Our Lady, she corrects it as soon as she can. It is a beautiful book, outside and inside. Catholics who read it will deeply regret that the author of it, so high in principle and pure in thought, did not die in the visible church, which, once knowing, she would have loved.

Maurice Francis Egan.

TO LEO XIII.,

SERVANT OF THE SERVANTS OF GOD.

December, 1887.

I. **L**o! fifty years have passed since Jesus Christ
II. **E**lected thee to bear His yoke, and make
III. **O**blation of thy life and love: and find

IV. **T**hy heritage among the blest who give—
V. **H**umanity's best friends—whose motto reads,
VI. "**I** serve God's servants." Such thy name and work,
VII. **R**eminding thee, enthroned, of Him who left
VIII. **T**he throne of Heav'n to serve a suffering world.
IX. **E**mployment all divine! Work God and man
X. **E**xalts. The nations of the earth to-day
XI. **N**ame thee their noblest head and wisest guide,
XII. **T**rue to God's rights and theirs; and breathe the prayer,
XIII. **H**eav'n bless and spare the thirteenth Leo, Pope,
Priest, Pastor, Pontiff—
Servant names them all!

ALFRED YOUNG.

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

STORY OF A CONVERSION.

You ask me to write an account of my conversion, but, in truth, I think it is hardly worth telling. If there is anything peculiar about it, it is that what made me a Catholic was what first made me a Congregationalist; my joining the Catholic Church was but the completion of that act. This happened when I was nineteen years old. I was born and brought up in a New England village, my parents being of exemplary lives; but my father never joined church, and my mother did so only when I was about eleven years old. I saw her baptized in the orthodox church, and it was a great event to me, being the earliest of my strong religious impressions. Of course I considered myself as too young to become a Christian, but hoped that God would spare me till I was old enough: there is no use for children in Calvinism. At the age of nineteen I professed religion and was baptized. The Bible was the cause of it. I read it from earliest childhood, and, after the ripening of my faculties, followed the rational process of discovering the truth, proving Christianity historically and then Scripturally, not the least argument, however, being the need I found of it to keep the natural law of God. *The Pil-*

grim's Progress had a powerful influence on me, which has ever remained—a book full of truth, of graphic narrative, proving the need of repentance for sin.

I cannot remember that when I stood before the church committee for examination, to be admitted to membership, I had a single heresy. I believed what Christ revealed, and I repented of my sins. This belief and repentance I affirmed and explained to the committee with the deepest sincerity, keeping nothing back. I was accepted and deemed worthy of baptism and membership, and was accordingly baptized.

This was a truly marvellous awakening in my life; the powerful graces then received, and the emotions aroused within me, were the chief cause of my becoming a Catholic afterwards.

I had nothing of Congregationalism in particular, but only Christianity in general, yet orthodox, as we say of it in New England to distinguish it from Unitarianism: holding the Trinity, the Incarnation, and Redemption as taught in Scripture. On the hot points of human depravity, predestination, and justification by faith alone, the church committee did not examine me much. I was sound and right on them, in the Catholic sense. As to eternal punishment, I believed it as firmly as Bunyan, and the necessity of escaping from it by faith and works. No revival meeting had anything to do with my joining; the human side of the work was all my own. I felt perfectly satisfied, and was convinced I had the true Christian religion. And I don't think that I held explicitly to any error. My whole frame of mind was shaped by the Scripture. I remember that I believed firmly in baptismal regeneration, because the Lord said he that believeth and *is baptized* shall be saved. I didn't know enough of the Catholic Church to form any belief about it.

When, then, did my mind begin to stir on that question? In my last year at college, to which I went shortly after "becoming a Christian." Somewhere about Christmas a college mate, a member of the Baptist Church, called me aside and said: "I very much fear that I am not right in my religion, and that the Catholic Church is true." I replied: "The matter is well worth investigating." It flashed upon me that perhaps my friend's doubts were well founded. I began to study the big question that very evening. The very next morning I went to the miserable little Catholic book-store of the town, kept by a lame man, and bought a Catholic prayer-book, *Key of Heaven*, also *The Mission-Book* of St. Liguori, Challoner's *Catholic Christian Instructed*, and the Little Catechism. This last was the first Catholic book I ever read. Challoner I read through and found of immense help. *The Mission-Book* helped me greatly; I learned from it that the Catholic religion is primarily interior. I expected to find it mainly external. I found that for every ceremony or practice sanctioned by the church there was a reason that was interior and intrinsic, and that the interior was the primary object of the exterior. Right after this I read the *Pope and Maguire* discussion and found it useful. It was loaned me by a young Catholic friend at college, since then become a man of much distinction.

Another impulse, and at about the same time, came from the history class. Our professor, a learned and distinguished man, was also honest with us. In the course of my private study I came to know that in the fifth century the pope was universally recognized in Christendom as the successor of St. Peter; this was the teaching, too, of our professor. Then I asked myself, Can I suppose an error on such a fundamental point believed by all Christians, universally? That cannot be. All Christendom cannot err. They could not so err even humanly speaking; four

hundred years after Christ men had means of knowing what his Apostles taught as good as we have of knowing what the first Reformers taught. They were within hand's reach of the primitive Christians and still in the heroic age of the religion of Christ.

What helped me all through that winter of study, argument, and prayer (for I prayed to God for light continually) was my Bible training. I had not been mistaught by my use of Scripture. I had got no errors from the Bible, and it gave me no trouble in my investigations. I never was an infidel. Nor had I much difficulty on the score of human respect. My parents were ever kind, my prospects in life were entirely undefined. I knew I had to earn my own living, and I have always done it. My main thought in all religious matters was the one that took hold of me when I read Bunyan and joined the orthodox church. *I was determined to save my soul.*

Yet I had a struggle; my greatest difficulty was Papal Infallibility. My early surroundings had kept the papal question so entirely out of my way that the bearings of Scripture on it had not arrested my attention. It was just after the Vatican Council and the air was full of discussion. Although the Catholic doctrine of Infallibility is as plainly in the New Testament as the Trinity is, yet I spent many hard hours of debate with myself and others over it.

Just here it was that I came in contact first with Catholics. I had played sometimes with a little Irish boy at school, and had known a few Irish laborers in our town, and never had thought what their religion might be. Now I began to look around for Catholics, and found two of them, students in the college. One of them helped me somewhat, explaining to me the doctrine of the sacraments intelligently. I never needed anything more to believe that doctrine than to have it explained. Meantime the struggle about infallibility went on. Finally I called on the bishop of the diocese (I remember it was on Saturday) and asked him plumply: "Can one become a Catholic and not believe in infallibility?" "No," he answered. "Was the Vatican Council free?" I asked, knowing that the bishop had attended it. "Yes, it was," he answered; and yes he answered when I questioned him as to whether that subject had been freely and sufficiently discussed. This had a good effect on me.

Then I carefully read a book against infallibility, *Quirinus* I think it was called—a book something like the famous *Janus*. I saw that the book was unfair and fallacious from beginning to end. I then visited a priest of the city to whom the bishop had referred me. During a course of several interviews we settled down to the study of the typical case of Pope Honorius, fully and elaborately going through the whole evidence, and at the end I was completely settled in favor of the doctrine of infallibility. An article in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, by Rev. Augustine F. Hewit, on the apostasy of Dr. Döllinger, helped me very much. Rev. J. Kent Stone's *Invitation Heeded* fell into my hands, and by the time I got through with it I was as much a Catholic as I am to-day.

I was received into the church in rather a public manner, the evening before I graduated, reciting the creed of Pius IV. with as little misgiving as the Lord's Prayer, and have been in the same state of mind ever since. I had had no agonies of mind in my progress to the full truth, but much rational questioning of mind. Yet there is one book, *The Aspirations of Nature*, by Rev. I. T. Hecker, which, if I had had it, would have greatly smoothed my way. I had more than enough of Scripture proof; this book would have put Catholicity on a rational basis to start with. I was really a Catholic all my life and didn't know it, being anchored in the Scriptures all through.

It is always a curious question how much nature and grace have relatively to do with a conversion. In my case I am inclined to think that a special grace was given me, because I remember, before going to college, attending a lecture on the church by an intelligent priest, which simply had no manner of effect whatever in inducing me to examine Catholic claims.

Not to have become a Catholic when I did would have been apostasy from my vows of baptism as a Congregationalist and from the principles I learned in Bunyan; a particularly wilful apostasy from my allegiance to Holy Scriptures, and a most grievous sin. If I had not then become a Catholic, I am persuaded I should thereby have done something to shut the door of heaven against me for ever.

My great difficulties were really moral ones. In the course of my search, I soon perceived that Catholicity is a hard religion, and I was distressed with the dread that I should not have the courage to live up to my conscience. How can I persevere, I thought, in that high moral life which this faith demands? I conquered this difficulty (I say it in no boastful spirit), as St. Augustine did, by prayer.

I found my first confession very difficult and every confession since has been difficult to me, but always beneficial. Whose experience has not been similar, from St. Augustine, yes, from Magdalen, to this day? The hardness of the Catholic religion was a dominant impression in my mind; I was convinced that I had got as hard a religion in my day as Anthony of the Desert had in his. I also found a difficulty in accepting fellowship in a society ruled by Irish bishops and priests, as St. Augustine did in Ambrose and the bishops and priests of his day, and a fair share of the same consolations. I have got along famously, but, being a Yankee, in a rather dry way.

LEO THE PEACEMAKER.

It is a fact that the lay and the ecclesiastical mind habitually see religion under different aspects. The ecclesiastic, from his standpoint, has the interior side of the church's organization before him. To a certain extent he has a kind of professional interest in the mechanism, if it may be so called, of the church; an interest which the layman, occupying quite another sphere in the economy of the church, cannot be expected to possess to the same degree. Not that both the ecclesiastic and educated layman do not see both aspects of the church at times, but as a matter of habit each is more inclined to regard the aspect from his own side rather than the other. Thus, as to Leo XIII.'s pontificate, laymen and the world generally, while fully appreciating the great value of the Pope's encyclical letters and other utterances on faith, morals, and ecclesiastical discipline, are most attracted by an entirely different side of his career.

It is beyond question that the world loves peace as an ideal, even though it do not adhere to peace in practice. The world admires in a special manner those virtues it does not itself possess. In a priest, for example, it admires softness of heart and sweetness of manner, just in proportion as it dislikes a meek or argumentative soldier. There is the fitness of things in all this. To the church it looks for peace and good-will. The Catholic Church has always been a voice for peace in the world. From the very beginning most of the popes have endeavored to be "wise as serpents and harmless as doves." It is to this policy of the church and its chief pastors that we owe the art of diplomacy; not statecraft of the treacherous sort associated with the teachings of Machiavelli, but that skilful accommodation of conflicting or jarring interests so as to minimize injury

on all hands and at the same time preserve good feeling. From Pope St. Leo, who in the fifth century persuaded Attila to cease his depredations on the Christian people of Italy, to the present illustrious occupant of Peter's chair, the popes have been masters of the art of diplomacy as a civilized substitute for barbarous war. What Leo XIII. has done towards reconciling seemingly irreconcilable interests is notorious. The Oriental rites, Spain, the Uniates of south-eastern Europe, Belgium, Poland, Germany, Ireland, all these are witnesses.

No Catholic of intelligence believes that a return of mediæval conditions is possible. For it is only in a highly figurative sense that history can be said to repeat itself. Besides, if it be true that Christ is to abide until the end, our century is in some sense an "age of faith" equally with any of the centuries. The times have changed, and men have changed with the times, but the faith of Catholicity is the same now, and as strong and efficient, as it was in the days of St. Bernard and Pope Gregory VII., when not merely emperors and kings but petty barons assumed the right to put a veto on the action of the church of God. In our day an Emperor of Germany pays a sincere and respectful tribute of affection to the Holy See, and millions of the people of our own republic, the completest and most logical democratic political system ever devised, are preparing to pay a most loyal homage to that See. When the history of our epoch comes to be written in later times, by those who, standing afar off, can take in the whole perspective of events, it can be predicted that Leo XIII. will appear as a peacemaker. For what the whole civilized world to-day seems most to admire in Leo as man, priest, scholar, and statesman, is that he has shown himself a worthy representative of the Prince of Peace.

T. F. Galwey.

Conversion of a Colored Woman.

Many years ago a respectable colored woman of New Haven, Conn., came to Father O'Brien to ask him to instruct her and receive her into the church. When he questioned her on her motives and reasons for desiring to become a Catholic, she gave this account of her religious experience: She had always had "an empty spot in her heart." She had gone about from one sect to another, and had asked counsel of different ministers, but could never find anything to fill that empty spot. She was quite discouraged in seeking for religion, when she happened one day to talk with an Irish servant-girl about her inward doubts and troubles. The girl said some things to her which caused her to ask in surprise where she had learned those things. She said that it was in her catechism. The good woman found that these Catholic truths filled the empty spot in her heart. She thought it very strange that this poor girl could answer questions which learned ministers could not answer to her satisfaction. She concluded that a religion which could put such wisdom into the simple and ignorant must be the true one. Accordingly she applied for instruction, was received, and declared that the empty spot in her heart was completely filled. This good woman, in our opinion, had much more sense than has Lord Robert Montagu, whose reasons for abjuring the Catholic religion the American Tract Society has lately published along with the rest of its miserable trash. His chief reasons seem to be that he dislikes the Irish excessively and does not consider the Catholic religion fit for an English gentleman. Our Blessed Lord thanked his Heavenly Father that he had hidden from the wise and prudent what he had revealed to babes and sucklings. Which of the two is right?

RUSSIA AND ROME.

Every one of us is familiar with the fruitful mission of Father Spencer, the English Passionist. He spent his days in begging prayers for the conversion of England, and wide-spread is the conviction that the revival of Catholicity which has been going on in England during the past fifty years is chiefly owing to the blessings won from heaven by these incessant petitions. Stimulated by this noble example, the Rev. C. Tondini, of the Order of the Barnabites, is trying to secure prayers for the return of Russia to Rome.

In a sermon delivered in St. John's Cathedral, Salford, Manchester, Eng., on the second Sunday of last September, at which the writer was present, Father Tondini described how he became interested in the reunion of Russia. In 1855 a Russian nobleman, Count Schoualoff, who was a Uniate, through the unconscious instrumentality of Father Tondini, then a lad of sixteen years, became a Barnabite. He was on a visit to the convent of that order in Turin, in which young Tondini was a novice. Very soon the boy became a great favorite of the nobleman, who begged him to join in a novena, the object of which was to learn what were God's designs in regard to the Russians. The result was that Count Schoualoff, although he was fifty years of age, joined the Barnabites. No sooner had the sacerdotal unction been poured upon his hands than a burning desire rose up in the Russian's heart for the return of his native land to union with the Latin Church. Going to Rome, he laid open his soul to Pius IX., who strongly encouraged him and bade him not to hesitate to offer up even his life as a sacrifice for so noble a purpose. Father Schoualoff made the offering, and, strange to say, very shortly afterwards was summoned to continue in heaven, let us hope, the divine work that had engaged him on earth. But he did not die before he had instilled into the young Italian the same heart-yearning for Russia's return. Novice, professed, and priest, the faithful pupil has never allowed the desire to slacken, but has steadily striven to carry out his noble master's lifelong dream. It must, then, be regarded as providential that most of Father Tondini's career has been passed among the Slav peoples of the Balkan Peninsula. Of his labors the most important was the arrangement entered into between Montenegro and the Vatican, which secured for the Catholics of that small principality equal rights and privileges with the orthodox Greeks, although these latter are in an excess of about forty to one in a population of, I believe, nearly two hundred thousand.

According to Father Tondini, moreover, there is even a growing movement Romeward going on in Russia itself. A metropolitan, lately deceased, had prayers publicly said for reunion, and was not ashamed nor afraid to be known as a sympathizer with the Western Church. Just now in a Russian convent, numbering two hundred nuns, prayers are publicly said and the Holy Sacrifice is weekly offered for the same intention. These holy souls are longing to see again the days of Basil and Gregory, when the seamless garment of Christ's church will again be whole. A leading professor of St. Petersburg has been writing up and urging in every way, both in public and private, and as fearlessly as would Chrysostom himself, union with Rome.

It is argued that to accomplish her Christian mission Russia must go hand-in-hand with Rome. Father Tondini, like many others, sees the finger of God in the growth of Russian power in the East, for the Muscovites are looked upon as the people of the North, foretold by the prophet, who are to restore God's king-

dom. Nor, moreover, can the struggle between Russia and England for the mastery of Asia be very far off. The war-clouds seem thicker near the Arabian Sea than near the Black. Who knows how great a part Rome may yet play between the Bear and the Lion? Readers of *Les Annales des Écoles d'Orient* —the work so dear to Leo XIII.'s heart—are familiar with the wide-spread influence of these schools among the native populations, not only as far as education goes, but also in spreading the church. And those peoples are all very friendly to Russia.

Of course, prayers are the means proposed to accomplish the hoped-for reunion. But of all prayers, the particular one which is the special feature of this work is the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, either by hearing it or having it offered up, or, in case of priests, by saying it themselves for that intention. The Russian clergy are veritable priests. The Christian Sacrifice is the common property of the Eastern and Western Churches. Should it not be the knot of the bond of reunion, making the two but one and holding them fast? So the laity are asked to hear Mass and to have it offered up for the speedy tying of that blessed knot of reunion, while priests are implored to offer up the Adorable Sacrifice so that soon no schismatical hand will touch the Holy of Holies. A Plenary Indulgence can be gained once every month by the priest who offers and those who hear the Holy Sacrifice when offered up for this so weighty object, that Russia and Rome be one—"That they may be one." Such is the substance of the discourse of the Barnabite, who, although his eyes were closed all the while and his English very imperfect, made a deep impression on the large congregation, and upon none more than on

J. R. S.

Liverpool, Sept. 15.

THE CURSE OF A MODERN BALAAM.

In a late number of the New York *Observer*, a newspaper which is regarded as an official organ of the Presbyterian Church, there appeared a singular attempt to solve a problem that has hitherto seemed to defy the sages of the children of Calvin. That problem is: "Why Romanism Endures?" The modern soothsayer of the *Observer* thus enlightens his brethren:

"First, Romanism recognizes, emphasizes, and utilizes the supernatural. It not only accepts the miraculous in the Scriptures and Christian history, but it presents this as a continual manifestation and evidence of divine power in her present administration. This gives an immense weight to her authority, not only among the ignorant but among all classes, from the lowest to the highest. . . . Second, Romanism recognizes and emphasizes the sense of sin and provides for its remission. This sense of sin is one of the root elements of universal religion, in one form or another as universal as the impression of a future state and a Creator. . . . Third, Romanism recognizes, emphasizes, and provides for the external and the visible in all religious exercises. It is impossible to exaggerate the power of this feature in its character and history. By ceremonials, symbols, images, pictures, costumes, imposing buildings, and above all, always and everywhere, the miraculous uplifting of the real body of Jesus Christ in the sacrifice of Mass, this marvellous religion makes the invisible visible, the infinite finite, the inconceivable present, the unreal actual, the spiritual material, the heavenly earthly, the ideal practical, the eternal temporal. . . . All its religious provision has this material, practical character, which makes it appreciated by the most ignorant and feared by the most learned. Its churches are places where Christ abides in the flesh by the Holy Sacrament. Its ministers, however degraded personally, are officials of Christ's Vicar on earth, who rules here as God does in heaven (*sic*). Its holy persons work miracles now just as the prophets and the apostles did in earlier ages. Its relics of the saints are as powerful as the bones of Elisha, and its waters are more healing than those of Bethesda, for they do not wait for the troubling of an angel. It has a

place for everything and everything in its place—rosaries, confessionals, sacrifices, adorations, labors, offerings, absolutions, extreme unctions, posthumous prayers beyond enumeration, and every conceivable advantage hereafter for being purified for heaven. All these things without exception are more than mere abstract notions and spiritual exercises. They are all identified with certain objects, movements, visible demonstrations, actual performances, all of which give reality and body to what is otherwise merely spiritual and consequently to a great extent intangible and unreal. In this translation of the unseen and eternal into terms of the seen and temporal, Romanism has a tremendous power with the masses."

We turn to the Bible for fitting comment on this:

"And Balac the son of Sephor, seeing all that Israel had done to the Amorrhite, and that the Moabites were in great fear of them and were not able to sustain their assault, he said to the elders of Madian: 'So will this people destroy all that dwell in our borders, as the ox is wont to eat the grass to the very roots.' He sent, therefore, messengers to Balaam the son of Beor, a soothsayer, to say to him: 'Behold a people is come out of Egypt, that have covered the face of the earth, sitting over against me. Come, therefore, and curse this people, because it is mightier than I; if by any means I may beat them and drive them out of my land.' . . .

"And lifting up his eyes Balaam saw Israel abiding in their tents by their tribes: and the spirit of God rushing upon him, he took up his parable and said: 'How beautiful are thy tabernacles, O Jacob! and thy tents, O Israel! As woody valleys, as watered gardens near the rivers, as tabernacles which the Lord hath pitched, as cedars by the water-side. Who can count the dust of Jacob, and know the number of the stock of Israel? Let my soul die the death of the just, and let my last end be like unto them. God hath brought him out of Egypt, whose strength is like to the rhinoceros. Lying down he hath slept as a lion and as a lioness, whom none shall dare to rouse. He that blesseth thee shall also himself be blessed, and he that curseth thee shall also be reckoned accursed.' And Balac being angry against Balaam, clapped his hands together and said: 'I called thee to curse my enemies, and thou on the contrary hast blessed them three times. Return to thy place" (Numbers, chaps. xxii., xxiv.)

We are inclined to think that there will be a position of soothsayer soon vacant in the editorial rooms of the New York *Observer*.

FROM BERLIN VIA ROME TO CANOSSA.

Suggested by a sudden change in her course of the Prussian ship of state.

CAPTAIN WILHELM:

"Herr Pilot, said you not you knew
All dang'rous rocks that lie perdue
Within this harbor's mouth?
Just now I felt an awful shock.
The ship has surely struck a Rock!"

PILOT BISMARCK:

"I know them like a marlin'-spike;
That's one of them I meant to strike—
It lies, point off, due south.
Down helm! No channel here for me:
I'll 'bout the ship and put to C——."

A. Y.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HAND-BOOK OF THE HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY. By Dr. Albert Stöckl. Part I. Pre-Scholastic Philosophy. Translated by T. A. Finlay, S.J., M.A., Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland, Professor of Mental Science, University College, Dublin. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1887.

Dr. Stöckl was formerly a professor in the college at Münster, but was crowded out of his chair by the intrigues of men to whom he had made himself obnoxious by his thorough loyalty to the Holy See and zeal in behalf of the dogma of Papal Infallibility, during the time of the Vatican Council. Since that time he has filled a chair at Eichstädt. His greatest work is a *History of Philosophy* which we have not seen. With the *Hand-Book*, which is a compendium of the larger work, we have been familiar for many years. It is by far the best text-book with which we are acquainted. No book by a non-Catholic author, in philosophy or the history of philosophy, is fit for use in Catholic schools. There is more than one reason for this. There are many ways in which both heresy and infidelity are openly or covertly introduced through philosophy. The pseudo-Reformation perverted and degraded philosophy as well as theology, and its vagaries are such as to have brought philosophy itself into general contempt. The English language is very poor in philosophical works, and even the most meritorious among the few writings of a high class in this department are inadequate and deficient. There has been a degeneracy even in Catholic schools, especially since the time of Descartes, from which we are only now beginning to recover, thanks to the efforts of Liberatore, Kleutgen, and a few other pioneers on the way of return to scholastic philosophy, but above all to the direction which the reigning pontiff, Leo XIII., has given to philosophical studies.

Dr. Stöckl has the honor to belong to that small class of learned and able men who inaugurated a true reform in philosophy more than a quarter of a century ago, during the reign of Pius IX., before ecclesiastical authority had given its sanction to the movement. His *Text-Book of Philosophy* is a very excellent work, constructed on sound scholastic principles. We need very much a similar text-book in English, in fact several, adapted to different grades of students. Meanwhile, Father Finlay, by his excellent translation of Dr. Stöckl's compendium of the history of philosophy, supplies one important want in this line.

A correct analysis of the philosophical systems of Plato, Aristotle, and St. Thomas goes very far toward establishing the main outlines of a philosophical system which is substantially certain and satisfactory. The history of other schools of Greek and mediæval philosophy, and of the modern systems, makes up the chief and most valuable part of the work. Chinese, Hindoo, Persian, and in general oriental and ancient systems are lightly and briefly treated. The original researches of De Harlez and other scholars have thrown much light on this department, and would have to be made use of in a critical and thorough manner, in a separate work, in order to give students accurate knowledge of these subjects. Dr. Stöckl's analysis of Origen and St. Gregory of Nyssa, although it is a fair abstract

of the more common and current opinions of Catholic scholars, is one which we cannot accept as correct, and which we have taken occasion in some former numbers of this magazine to controvert.

As a text-book for students, and having had the experience of ten years in using it for instructing classes in philosophy, we recommend cordially this *Hand-Book* to all teachers and students as the best manual extant. Father Finlay and the publishers have done their work extremely well.

OWNERSHIP AND NATURAL RIGHT. An Examination of the Land Theories of Messrs. Herbert Spencer and Henry George. By Rev. R. I. Holaind, S J., Professor of Ethics, Woodstock College, Md. Baltimore and New York: Hill & Harvey.

If Father Holaind entertains his young philosophers in class with as fine a play of fancy and as much wit as he here addresses the public on the ethics of land ownership, happy are his pupils. And his little work is as solid as it is witty. He has a knowledge of the literature of the subject embracing, seemingly, everything from the Mosaic system of land tenure to the latest contribution in the reviews and magazines; and this knowledge appears to be by no means superficial.

The refutation of Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Henry George here given is based upon principles of ethics and political expediency. The author opposes to Georgian communism the individualism of natural right, as he understands it. He maintains that man is so constituted by nature that he is bound to personal proprietorship. The ownership of material goods is but the extension of the human personality upon its environment, and is something so necessary to human existence that in the long run it must assert itself. This law or necessity of individual ownership is not, according to Father Holaind, of primary or universal obligation. Noting the well-understood distinction between preceptive laws binding *semper et pro semper*, and directive laws binding, indeed, but by no means so strictly, he ranks the natural law of individual ownership under the latter head. Speaking of a communistic state, he says: "Unless such a society were under very exceptional circumstances, it would act in defiance, not of an *imperative*, but of a *directive* mandate of reason—*naturæ suadentis*."

This is a far milder view of the theory of individual ownership as a mandate of nature than, we fancy, Liberatore, Zigliara, and their school would tolerate. Our reading of them leads us to conclude that they demand something like the distribution of wealth into individual tenures under pain of mortal sin against natural right. There are other mitigations of the stiff anti-communism of the modern Italian school perceptible in Father Holaind's treatment of the question. For example, on pages 64 and 65 he says that the objects to be really owned must be appropriated or stamped with the owner's individuality; not undefined, exhaustless, or unlimited; "they must be seized upon, apprehended, and in some way confined. They must be limited in quantity." Again on page 142, after what seems to us a departure from consistency for the sake of getting rid of the Irish phase of the problem, he explains: "When we said that private ownership of land, sanctioned by just laws (meaning, we suppose, of state enactment), is perfectly legitimate, we never meant to say that every sort of land-ownership, in whatever manner obtained, is equally entitled to our consideration."

Also, a very important concession to civil jurists is found on pages 72 and 106, where the author concedes the rights of eminent domain and uses that phrase to describe them.

We consider that Mr. George is both more easily and more thoroughly refuted by the true view of state ownership than by such an extravagant theory of individual ownership as is here so pleasantly presented. Extravagant it is, even reduced to fighting weight for the exigencies of dealing with resistless popular movements towards distribution like the present one against feudal landlordism in Ireland, and the plainly impending one in America against our mammoth incorporated monopolies. If the sacredness of the human personality can be extended over every manageable aggregation of the means of existence, as this treatise maintains, then the masses of men are going to be but as parasites upon the "personalities" of the few. They will be looked upon and treated as vermin. It is idle to answer that the government can "control" the use of wealth: the government is in the hands of the strong, the strong many or the strong few, and wealth has ever been an element of strength seldom overcome but by disastrous civil commotion.

Professor Holaind is entitled to honestly choose his view, and is well equipped to defend it. But we are moved to say that it is not fair for a Catholic professor of ethics to proclaim to the general public that he is giving them the "orthodox principles," when he should know that by such terms they will be misled to think that he is expounding a theory closed to debate among Catholics. Suarez, Billuart, Cajetan, and the common run of commentators on St. Thomas are squarely opposed to this "orthodox" theory. And how explain the total omission in this book of any reference to the words of St. Thomas, "*communitas rerum tribuitur juri naturali*," though they occur in immediate conjunction with St. Thomas' reasons for distribution—reasons very carefully lopped off from their context and made to do duty as an exhibit of the Angelic Doctor's full meaning, though they are but part of it? Nor should the author forget that the philosophy of Father Hill, S.J., at present the best English hand-book of ethics in American Catholic schools, repudiates the Individualism he here proclaims as the "orthodox."

We hold Georgian communism to be a desperate attempt to rob honest men of their legitimate property. It is bad; but nothing can be bad enough to justify a misleading statement of the "orthodox" principles of ethics.

ELEMENTS OF ECCLESIASTICAL LAW, compiled with reference to the Syllabus, etc. Adapted especially to the discipline of the Church in the United States. By the Rev. S. B. Smith, D.D. Vol. II. Ecclesiastical Trials. Second edition. New York: Benziger Bros. 1888.

This edition has been thoroughly revised according to the Instruction *Cum magnopere* and the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. This Third Council took many important steps towards the realization of the desire expressed by the fathers of the Second Council that the discipline of the church in this country should be brought into closer conformity with the canons of the church, and especially with those of the Council of Trent. In nothing was a more important assimilation accomplished than by the establishment of courts for the determination of matrimonial cases. Before these courts were established many questions of the most delicate

and important character had to be decided by bishops or by rectors in the best way in their power under the circumstances, and sometimes on the *ex parte* statements of the parties interested. Every one concerned will rejoice at the change now made, for it will remove responsibility from the ordinary pastors and give to the faithful authoritative and well-weighed decisions. In his former edition Dr. Smith explained the canonical procedure and had to point out that it did not apply to our country; in this edition he has to point out and explain how it does apply. The changes he has had to make are not numerous, but are of importance—of such importance, indeed, that we do not see how any one can well be satisfied with the former edition.

The greater part of this volume, however, treats of the procedure in the trial of ecclesiastics. The changes made in this part are not so numerous as might have been expected. The Instruction *Cum magnopere* (the provisions of which were incorporated into the decrees of the council) forms now the established method of procedure. However, it has not been possible to adopt it in all the dioceses, and the council itself contemplates this case; it being provided that the Holy See should suspend the establishment of the new method where necessary. Accordingly, the two procedures exist side by side in the United States. For this reason Dr. Smith has not suppressed all in his former edition which treated of trials as conducted by the Commissioners of Investigation; but, leaving it as before, has added in the proper places the provisions and regulations of the new courts. So that this edition will be useful both for the old and the new state of things. In a special work recently published Dr. Smith has commented in detail upon the Instruction *Cum magnopere*, and to it and to the work of Droste, edited by Dr. Messmer, those who want a fuller commentary must be referred.

ANCIENT HISTORY, from the Dispersion of the Sons of Noe to the Battle of Actium and the Change of the Roman Republic into an Empire. With questions, adapted to the use of schools. By Peter Fredet, D.D. New edition, revised and enlarged. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1887.

One of the curiosities of literature is the singular immortality possessed by a school-book which has once gained a vogue. Two hundred years ago the Abbé Rollin published his interesting discourse on ancient history. Many years ago the late Dr. Fredet, of Baltimore, prepared a text-book of ancient history based on Rollin. Now, after many years, the same book, with some additions drawn from recent discoveries in Egypt and Assyria, but with no improvement in the mechanical make-up of the older editions, has been presented by the publishers for criticism. An instructive exercise for classes in rhetoric will be the following mixed metaphor from the "Publishers' Preface": "... The preservation of Fredet's plan ... has been deemed essential, as this *feature* constitutes probably the *keynote* to the well-deserved popularity of the work, inasmuch as it is most apt to *fasten* on the juvenile mind a proper *concatenation of facts*." A plan which, at the same time that it is a "feature" is also a "keynote," and which, being a keynote, can *fasten a concatenation of facts* on the juvenile mind, is certainly a remarkable plan.

The arrangement of matter in this book is convenient, and of considerable assistance to the study of the ancient races and epochs. The style is rather dry but clear, and the author has managed to condense into a moderate bulk the events most important to be remembered.

DIRECTORIUM SACERDOTALE: A guide for priests in their public and private life. By Father Benedict Valuy, S.J. With an appendix for the use of Seminarists. Fourth edition. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

A valuable little book, useful for priests, especially during their first years on the mission. Better advice is hardly to be found anywhere than that of Père Valuy, addressed to all kinds of priests on the mission, plain, direct, full of unction.

A singular thing is that the appendix, by another hand, plainly an English-speaking priest, is bigger than the work it is bound up with. It contains some suggestions worth knowing, but is marred by an extravagant meticulosity on the score of propriety of manners for clergymen when moving in the social world. It is, however, useful in some respects. But as to Valuy's work itself, no recommendation can over-praise it.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

MATTHEW GALBRAITH PERRY, a typical American naval officer. By Wm. Elliot Griffis. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

THE LIFE AND ACTS OF POPE LEO XIII. New and enlarged edition, with supplementary chapters containing the latest and most interesting events of the Holy Father's pontificate up to the end of July, 1887. Compiled and translated from authentic sources by Rev. Joseph E. Keller, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

COMPENDIUM SACRÆ LITURGIÆ JUXTA RITUM ROMANUM, una cum appendice de jure Ecclesiastico particulari in America Fœd. Sept. vigente. Scripsit P. I. Wapelhorst, O.S.F., S. Theol. Lector. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE NORMAL COLLEGE of the City of New York, June 30, 1887. By J. Edward Simmons, LL.D., President of the Board of Education. Published by order of the Board.

READINGS WITH THE SAINTS. Compiled from their writings for the use of priests, religious, and Christians in the world, by a Priest of the Diocese of Clifton. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

CHRISTIAN MAXIMS; or, Tiny Flowers of Ars. Consisting of selected thoughts of M. Vianney, the Curé d'Ars. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

QUARTERLY REPORT OF THE CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF STATISTICS, Treasury Department, Relative to the Imports, Exports, Immigration, and Navigation of the United States for the three months ending June 30, 1887; also containing other Statistics relative to the Trade and Industry of the Country. Washington: Government Printing-Office. 1887.

FEDERAL TAXES AND STATE EXPENSES. By Wm. H. Jones. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

INDIFFERENTISM; OR, IS ONE RELIGION AS GOOD AS ANOTHER? By the Rev. John MacLaughlin. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

BIBLE STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN. With the approbation of His Eminence the Cardinal. New York: Benziger Bros.

ÇA IRA! OR, DANTON IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. A Study. By Lawrence Gronlund, A.M. New York: Chas. T. Dillingham; Boston: Lee & Shepard.

THE INCARNATE WORD AND THE DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART. By the Rev. George Tickell, S.J. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

EXPLANATION OF THE PSALMS AND CANTICLES IN THE DIVINE OFFICE. By St. Alphonsus Liguori, Doctor of the Church. Translated by the Rev. T. Levins, C.SS.R. With a Preface by His Eminence Cardinal Manning. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

REGINALD POLE, CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. An Historical Sketch, with an Introductory Prologue and Practical Epilogue By Frederick George Lee, D.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; London: John C. Nimmo.

NOVENA FOR THE RELIEF OF THE POOR SOULS IN PURGATORY. By a Missionary of the Sacred Heart. Milwaukee and Chicago: Hoffmann Bros.

TENURE OF LAND AND EMINENT DOMAIN. A Lecture before the Leonine Union of Indianapolis, October 3, 1887. By Rt. Rev. F. S. Chatard, D.D., Bishop of Vincennes. Indianapolis: Carlon & Hollenbeck.

MEN AND LETTERS: Essays in Characterizations and Criticism. By Horace E. Scudder. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. Translated from the Italian, and edited by his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Second edition. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

QUESTIONES MECHLINENSES IN RUBRICAS BREVIARII ET MISSALIS ROMANI. H. Gabriels, S.T.D. New York and Cincinnati: Pustet & Co.

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"HEARTLESS, HEADLESS, AND GODLESS."

THE *Journal of Education* of October 20, 1887, calls our attention to the apothegm, "Heartless, Headless, Godless," which gives title to this article, and which, it appears, owes its origin to the Rev. Mr. Kennerney, a Catholic priest who preached at the laying of the corner-stone of a parochial school at Middletown, Conn.

Bacon calls apothegms "the edge-tools of speech, which cut and penetrate," and Sydney Smith says that "it is astonishing the influence which even foolish apothegms have on the mass of mankind"; and, to judge by the comments of the above journal, it seems clear that "the edge-tool" of Father Kennerney has "cut" rather deeply into the pachydermatous editor, and is likely to have some influence on his readers, and so much the more, we hope, as it has a truth behind it. The good editor has evidently slept on undisturbed by all that has been said and written on the subject of the defects of American public schools for the last thirty years, and it is now, under the rude awakening thrust of this priest, that finally he rubs his eyes and begs to be informed what that noise is which greets his ears, for the first time apparently. Well! although somewhat hurt in our feelings by the discovery that this great man has been tranquilly slumbering all through our long sermons, and in his perfect innocence and good faith begs us to be so good as to begin over for his special benefit, still we count as nothing our new labor if it, but partially even, enlighten him on this most important subject—important not only for the cause of religion and morality, but for the welfare and good order of our country, on the love of which he discourses so well.

Let us, then, repeat that a large number of his fellow-citizens

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have been building school-houses for many long years out of their poor resources, with a view to giving an education to their offspring, and this in a land which is famous for the grand provision made by the State for that very purpose, and often within a stone's throw of the airy and roomy edifices reared by it. Nay, what is more, they have continued in this practice while paying their share of the State's disbursements for its schools and refusing to avail themselves of the benefits which result therefrom. The editor speaks of Protestant parents, than whom "there are no more loyal supporters of public schools in the world" (he should have added, "for other people's children"), "who for special reasons send one or more children to private schools," against whose conduct there is "no opposition" because they do not keep away their children on account of the conviction that the common-school system is "headless, heartless, and godless."

Let us assure the gentleman that the citizens who are engaged in the above-described opposition are actuated by no light whim or caprice like that; for, being the hard-working toilers of the land, they are too poor to be able, even if willing, to gratify it. Further, that they would be only too glad to get rid of the diversion of building schools of their own. Nor are they very nice or particular about the literary fame of teachers, or about branches taught, or localities whether fashionable or not. If these things were all that stood in their way, they would be ready to-morrow to thankfully share in the advantages for which they are taxed. What, then, is the matter? It cannot certainly be that they love ignorance, since in most respects their schools are the same as others, and they voluntarily and with much sacrifice support them. Neither is it likely that they are so different from other men that they set no value on money, but choose to throw it away in this style while possessing so little of it. Either, then, they must be lunatics all—seven millions of them—or they have some *good* and *substantial* reason for their unaccountable action which it is worth the editor's while to find out. He evidently, and to his credit, suspects that this is the case, and he says: "It is due to the American people that they [the Catholics] file a bill of particulars and let us know definitely wherein the public schools of America are not good enough for their children. If it be simply an individual personal preference of a parent, as in the case of a Baptist or Unitarian, no one cares; but if there be in our system such radical defects that Catholics, because they are Catholics, cannot patronize them, it ought to be known, not simply that justice may be done them, but that justice be done the taxpayers."

We are not in the confidence of the priest whose hand has written on the wall those three mysterious words which have so mystified and shaken up this new Baltassar. Yet we think we may venture with becoming modesty to be a Daniel for the occasion.

This then, O editor, "is the writing that is written," Heartless, Headless, Godless. "And this is the interpretation of the word" "Heartless."

Your public-school system is one which ignores "the heart" and has the effect of drying it up, as it is parched rationalism and science on which the dews and rains of heavenly religion do not fall. It consequently is not calculated to bring forth Christian men and women, who will believe in God and in his commandments, and in future rewards and punishments, and who will value right and honesty above temporal advantages, and who will be spiritually strong enough to conquer their animal passions. Man has affections as well as intelligence, and if he is to be educated it does not do to train his *head* only. Inside the family no father would ever think of bringing up his boy in that way. He is even more solicitous to make him reverence God and his parents, to make him honest and pure, than he is to provide him with a trick or craft by which to earn his bread. Catholics believe that this branch of education is so much more difficult to impart that, far from requiring less time than the other, it needs more, and so they think that it ought not to be relegated to the Sunday or to the home—especially when there is often no home worthy of the name—but should have its place daily, and hourly even, in the school. It cannot be taught by memory-lessons merely nor by books merely, "but by every word that proceedeth" from the parent and teacher. Like the salt which seasons our food, it may not be taken in doses once a week, nor even every night, but must be in the food at every meal. It must be in history, in geography, in reading-lessons, in the manners and example of the teacher, ay, in her very eyes. The child learns as much, perhaps more, from her by sight than by hearing. Now, in your common-schools the Catholic child has a teacher who may be a scoffing infidel, or at least may have no belief in the doctrines of its church; and even where no opposite doctrines are taught openly, or by the many secret ways which can be investigated and shut off by no inspectors, since to do so it would be necessary to annihilate all character in the teacher, even then there is a cold negative and neutral tone in the *most important* of all branches of education, which must produce on the child's piety and faith a blighting influence, and, as we can see in the

men and women who are graduates of this system, the effect is agnosticism or indifferentism to all religious belief, which is hailed as noble charity and broad brotherly love by those who do not understand it rightly. Let those who are now Christians, whether Catholics or Protestants, and who still believe and practise as their parents did before them, look back for a moment to their youth, and they will perceive that it was not thus that they were brought up, and that what kept them in their church was not the formal lesson learnt, but the whole *entourage* of apparent nothings in which they lived—the accidental remarks of parent or teacher, the little events of their every-day life, which were great ones to their young minds, and gradually and imperceptibly made them what they are to-day. Who would plant a shrub in one soil on Sunday and in another on Monday? Who would keep pulling it up and transferring it from place to place, now to a warm patch and then to a cold one, now in the sun and then in the shade? Who would put a roof over it for six days or parts of days in the week to keep off the rain and dew? The result of his labor would not be a healthy tree but a dwarfed and sickly one, if not a mere dry stick. So in education. Like the Lord himself, the child advances "in wisdom, age, and grace." The age increases by *hours* and *days* and *weeks*, and so its wisdom. There are no halts or stops in the process of growth. Where a halting plan is in use the child has one example at home which is Catholic, and another at school which is Protestant or agnostic. It looks up to the teacher as its model and loves her; and it also looks up to the mother and loves her too. Will it not take its stand in the neutral or middle ground of indifference and doubt? Catholics say it will, and so they are not satisfied with the public-school system. They want unity and sympathy between the *two* mothers—the teacher and the natural mother.

We have no objection to make to the individual teachers, many of whom are even good Catholics, who would be glad to teach their religion but are forbidden to do so by the law. Neither do we care so much about the faults of the system as regards secular branches, although, in the opinion of most people whom we have met, there is a want of practical common sense displayed, at least in some places, in giving at the public expense a training which will not fit the children of the toilers at manual labor for their prospective occupations. This probably is what was meant by *Headless* in the writing on the wall. Sometimes we have thought that Commissioners of Education are novel-struck, they are so fanciful in their notions. Possibly it has

occurred sometimes that a poor child was picked up and given opportunities which developed in him such spirit and genius that he ended by becoming President or something like it. But in more than ninety-nine cases in a hundred we shall have reason to rejoice if the son turn out as well as his father. We say, let the common schools teach only the common branches, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and history, leaving out the 'ogonies and the 'ologies. If it happens that a poor man should have a son of extraordinary ability, in most cases he will himself be able to push him forward, or, if not, the philanthropists who are willing to do it are as numerous as such children, and the worst that will happen is the loss of an occasional great man, which we can better afford than all this expense. "Great men" are not scarce.

The system is also *headless* from the very fact of its being *heartless*, and so, since it proposes to get along without religion, it is also *godless*. We would be far from saying that commissioners, teachers, or scholars are worthy of such a title; but if the last, through extremely favorable circumstances of home and example, continue to fear and hope in and love God, they have not the school to thank for it. They will not, generally speaking, be good Catholics, and if they are good Protestants—which we do not believe—we cannot be expected to hail it as a satisfactory result.

Hence the system, not approving itself to Christians, ought to be changed, or its days are numbered.

Mane, thecel, phares is also written on its wall by the hand of God.

Mane—"God hath numbered thy days and shall finish it."

Thecel—"Thou art weighed in the balance and art found wanting."

Phares—Things will never work well till the system is divided and diversified to suit different interests, and made *broader*, so that all citizens may be able to adopt it. A way may be found where there is a will.

Let us make the public schools more American.

Patrick F. McSweeny.

SALTILLO.

SALTILLO is a Mexican city of eight or ten thousand inhabitants, the capital of the State of Coahuila. It is some eighty miles from the Rio Grande, and about four hundred and thirty from the capital of the country. It is on the main road from the American frontier to the City of Mexico, and was on Zachary Taylor's road to the Presidency of the United States. For seven miles south of Saltillo, at Buena Vista, he, on February 23, 1847, with less than five thousand American volunteers, defeated General Santa Anna with four times that number of Mexican soldiers; and the following year with the echoes of that victory he routed General Lewis Cass, with the whole Democratic party, in the contest for the American Presidency.

This little city of Saltillo, for the possession of which Santa Anna so vainly struggled at Buena Vista, deserves to be better known to Americans than it now is, for it offers advantages to the health-seeker which it would be difficult to surpass, and many who seek the Riviera, Algiers, or Egypt to escape winter's snows might find what they need at their own door. Less than two degrees from the northern tropic, and nearly six thousand feet above the sea-level, this favored spot enjoys a complete immunity from extremes of climate, and an American physician gives as the result of three years' daily observation of temperatures a maximum of 86° Fahrenheit and a minimum of 50°. The air being extremely dry, the restorative effect of a residence here on consumptives is marvellous, and fevers of all kinds are unknown. To a stranger to Mexico the novelty of costume, architecture, and manners will prove a diversion; and, as life is mainly out of doors, to sit in the plaza and watch the motley concourse of idlers and the unending procession of water-drawers at the fountain will in itself form an occupation. This Plaza de la Independencia, the centre of the city, has of late been very tastefully laid out with abundance of shade-trees, refreshing green turf, and fragrant roses; a handsome fountain plays in the centre, and commodious iron seats are ranged along the foot-paths.

It is surrounded also by imposing buildings. On the west is a fine block of government offices; on the north a palatial building with broad colonnade occupies the whole of that side of the square; opposite are stores, with a hotel; and on the east the

governor's palace, completely dwarfed by the principal church, a most striking edifice, whether we consider its size or the harmonious effect of the whole. It is built in the style of the Spanish renaissance invariably found in Mexico, and its western towers, its huge central dome, its paucity of windows and abundance of ornate decorative work forcibly recall the marvellous masterpieces of old Spain. An inscription on the western wall states that it was commenced in 1745 and finished in 1800, but who had the questionable taste to add that it cost $93,000 and ticket it like a winter mantle in Stewart's store? We will not quarrel with the apparel of two little angels who act as supporters to some external decoration, for who can prove that angels have not little blue frocks, white socks, black shoes, and plump, pink little knees? But within, our criticisms cannot be so lenient. Who ever heard before of suspending a pair of huge mirrors in gaudy frames on either side of the high altar? and why introduce paintings and images of our Saviour which, by emphasizing the physical suffering whilst totally neglecting to portray the dignified power mastering such suffering, give a meagre, if not erroneous, representation of the Passion?—for the aspect of extreme agony in itself excites feelings of horror, perhaps of commiseration, certainly not of awe, reverence, enthusiastic allegiance. But such considerations never occur to the large throngs of poor but devout worshippers who crowd the nave and transepts on Sundays and festivals, and overflow into the external courts. A few of the wealthier classes have their pews, but the masses are content to kneel on the pavement with no other support. They appear exceedingly earnest, and except at mid-day, when the siesta practically suspends all business and the church is closed, the sacred edifice is never empty. There is, however, a humorous side to the picture, and should any irreverent Panurge appear on the scene he would not fail to make merry over the contrasts he would witness—a religious peon paying his devotions to an image of Our Lady, and a vagrant cur smelling at his boots; a mother saying her beads before the mission cross, and her child, in the same attitude of prayer, busily engaged on a luscious peach; on the conclusion of the Mass a little old man with enormous goggles, who stands at a table, bestrewn with rosaries and scapulars, at the west end of the nave, commencing a brisk trade in his wares, and the half-dozen kneeling beggars at the porch stretching out their hands for coppers, roaring out their monotonous plaint, supported by all the mysteries of the faith. Question: Did beg-

gars suggest the mediæval gargoyle? In any case they forcibly remind one of it. The stranger should avoid High Mass and all services at which music is employed—that is, if he has a musical ear; for fog-horns at Sandy Hook in a dense mist, the braying of asses, the screams of peacocks, the croaking of frogs—all these, and all combined, give but a faint conception of ecclesiastical music as it is at Saltillo. There is indeed a fine organ, which maintains a losing struggle against a discordant array of wind and string instruments, and the priests have true voices; but what are they against the pious roarings of half-civilized Indians, with the lungs of stentors, whose vocal education has been sadly neglected? Still, the most captious must allow that the church is a power, though it is strange to find the market crowded, the store-keepers busily employed, and the streets filled with draught and luggage animals as one goes to Mass on Sunday. We also hear of much drunkenness in both sexes amongst the poor; the people have the character of failing to distinguish between *meum* and *tuum*, and their reputation for veracity is none of the first. These are the vices of the weak; doubtless the Spaniards, by centuries of oppression and misrule, made the people suspicious, and the long period of anarchy and bloodshed which ensued on the fall of the Spanish power did not tend to improve matters.

But the Mexicans are frugal, patient, good parents, and to be relied on for carrying out a contract; it is common to hear ranchmen in Texas say that they would rather employ Mexicans than their own people, because the former, unlike the latter, can be relied on to work for the period agreed on, though higher wages be offered elsewhere. One cannot accept all one hears on the frontier for truth, for "gringo" and "greaser" bear each other no good-will. Many years ago the writer was belated on the prairie near the Rio Grande, and with dire misgivings craved a night's lodging from a Mexican ranchero. The horse was carefully tended by a boy, supper prepared by the women, and every attention displayed, with the sole effect of increasing the apprehension of the guest, who, fearing treachery, passed a sleepless night, and if the host rose on any occasion, grasped his bowie-knife and prepared for the worst. When in the morning the good man, after reciting the Litany of the Saints with his family, served up an excellent breakfast, and on parting made a most moderate charge, a revulsion of feeling set in, and a committee of one passed a resolution that all Mexicans are not thieves, bandits, and cut-throats, and that blood is thicker than water.

To return to Saltillo. In addition to the principal church there are three smaller ones—those of San Esteban, San Francisco, and San Juan. San Esteban is in course of restoration, and some six or eight very creditable stone altars are replacing the massive but cumbrous erections of the old time. This church was the centre of the pueblo of San Esteban, where the Spanish conquerors of the district located the Indians of the neighborhood. The little church of San Francisco once belonged to a house of Franciscan friars, and a Catholic boys' school adjoins it, on the other side of which is a neat little Gothic chapel of stone in course of erection, and probably destined to be the domicile of some Protestant sect; for Presbyterians, Baptists, and Wesleyans have their preachers and congregations at Saltillo. But the quaint little church of San Juan, more than a hundred years old, is more pleasing than any of the others. Its only light is from a window in a small dome over the high altar; the effect of this is very striking, and recalls Napoleon's tomb at the Hôtel des Invalides at Paris. Much of the tawdry decoration so common in these churches has evidently been removed, the Masses and Rosary are well attended, and the conduct of the service is marked by a propriety not found elsewhere. One ceases to wonder on learning that this church is served by the fathers of the Society of Jesus. They have been established here only five years, but their college of San Juan Nepomuceno, adjacent to the church, is a marvel of order and without exception the most noteworthy feature of Saltillo to-day. The grounds of the college are very extensive and kept in excellent order; they reach back to the southern outskirts of the town, climbing the rising ground which forms its boundary on that side. From this point a splendid view of the mountains by which Saltillo is surrounded is obtainable, and such a panorama of rugged grandeur is not often to be witnessed.

The first inquiry of the intending visitor to Saltillo will naturally relate to the lodgment he is to expect; and, truth to tell, he might fare better at the Palmer House in Chicago, or at the Continental in Paris. So, if he be an exceedingly fastidious person, he had better not attempt Saltillo at present. The ordinary resort of Americans is the San Esteban Hotel in the Calle de Victoria. The building consists of two quadrangles surrounded by cloisters or galleries on to which the chambers open—in fact, the aspect is monastic. But the rooms are carpeted and adorned with pictures, and contain all that is necessary in a warm climate. A fountain with gold and silver fish stands in the

centre of the court, there is a good dining-room and snug parlors, and in the rear is the garden, where, amidst a perfect entanglement of bananas, fruit-trees, and flowering shrubs, one may enjoy the luxury of a refreshing plunge-bath in the open air. The charges for visitors are ridiculously low—some thirty or forty dollars a month—and the person who is unable to endure a few months here, escaping the summer's heat or the winter's cold, and revelling in a profusion of fruits and roses, does not deserve to be happy. However, a larger and more magnificent caravansary is contemplated, towards which the railway company is prepared to subscribe handsomely, and when this project has taken shape a large influx of visitors may be expected. There is also an excellent boarding-house kept by an American. But in many respects a small hotel kept by a most deserving Venetian named Tomasichi bears off the palm. It stands on the central plaza, and one can pass the evening most pleasantly in a rocking-chair at the drawing-room window listening to the band, which is fairly good, and watching the unending progress of the two processions, the one of men, the other of women, which, moving in opposite directions, crawl round the plaza till near midnight. The absence of windows is a serious drawback to all but the natives, and the foreigner had better secure a room facing the plaza, from which he will have a cheerful outlook. This hotel has an excellent kitchen, which, combined with its central position, attracts a number of outsiders to dinner. If the visitor thinks it worth his while to study the manners of the country he might do well to stay at this hotel.

But Mexican table etiquette is exemplified by some unique customs, and it is but fair that the foreigner should be prepared for it. Of course there are Mexicans enough with good manners; but let not the visitor be surprised at his neighbor's conduct at table. Employing his knife as a saw to divide his mutton into convenient morsels, he suddenly converts it into a fork and thrusts it down his throat like a Japanese juggler; he then clears his throat with much guttural effort and expectorates on all sides like the Yankee of Dickens's *American Notes*. Finally, filling his mouth with water, he discharges it like a small Niagara towards, perhaps, some lady acquaintance who may be seated at an adjoining table. It is then in order to thrust his fist into his mouth to remove relics of the feast which may have effected a lodgment amongst his back teeth; then, tying his napkin round the neck of his bottle and inserting a cigar between his teeth, he

proceeds to stare the ladies out of countenance, more serious matters being disposed of.

The Alameda, the Central Park of the city, is a pleasant lounge with abundance of seats and shade-trees, and broad drives where of an afternoon the inhabitants find delight in careering round by the hour in closed hacks drawn by pairs of mules; certes, there is no accounting for taste. The men ride their spirited little horses, not contenting themselves with mere rapid progression, but practising their steeds in all manner of tricks, sudden halts, curves, and the like. A Mexican caballero mounted and in national costume is a picturesque figure. His face shaded by the broad brim of a huge sombrero, adorned with silver bands, jewels, or tinsel; his short jacket with silver buttons as large as dollars; his loose trousers slashed to display the white drawers, and braided or bejewelled from waist to instep—these, with enormous jingling spurs, a sabre tucked under the left leg and a carbine, produce a *tout ensemble* unique and worthy of an artist's brush. Some of the more progressive inhabitants have adopted English saddles, but the majority employ the huge, unsightly silla of the country, which excited Mayne Reid's contempt, and which nearly hides the poor little animal beneath. Around the Alameda and reaching well into the town are a number of pleasant orchards; these are surrounded by high walls and guarded by noisy watch-dogs, but the luxuriant vegetation shows itself above house and wall alike, the corn overtopping the peach-trees, and the pecan-trees attaining the altitude of a church-tower. A well-kept fruit-garden at Saltillo, which with the house may often be purchased for comparatively a trifling sum, would be a pleasant, possibly a profitable, possession for one desirous of repose. The broad walks, the shaded seats, the fountains and cool swimming-baths, are most enticing, and the fruits of the temperate zone flourish to an extraordinary degree.

The quince, or membrillo, is the characteristic fruit, and often weighs half a pound; it is made into a delicious preserve, which is retailed at the street-corners and resembles guava jelly. There are also apples and pears, but ordinarily the two are blended into a fruit called perone, produced by grafting the pear on to the apple, and the result is a large, crisp, juicy fruit, very sweet when ripe, and much valued in Monterey and other neighboring places of less elevation where the climate is inimical to its growth. Figs, grapes, and peaches also abound, and a quantity of walnuts and pecans are grown. The fruit is packed for carriage in little open crates called guacoles, and made by tying

together sticks of the bamboo-like cane which grows near the streams. They hold about eighty pounds of fruit each, and are closed at the opening by portions of the pulpy leaf of the maguey. Plantations of this remarkable plant are found on the hills around the town, and a singular thing about it is that, though it produces such an abundance of juice, it thrives admirably in dry, rocky soil. On attaining maturity, at five or six years old, a large white flower appears; this is removed and a hole dug into the centre of the plant with a rough iron spoon; the juice is now drawn off into a goat-skin bag by means of a rude siphon, and for months several quarts are obtained two or three times daily. From it pulque, a light beer much drunk by the poorer classes, is made; it smells like putrid meat, but one soon grows accustomed to it.

Mescal, the Mexican whiskey, is also distilled from this plant. The maguey when killed is still of value, for ixtle, a tough fibre superior to hemp for rope-making, is obtained from the leaves, and this is a leading article of commerce. One often sees trains of asses arriving from the country with loads of ixtle on their backs. These animals are the ordinary beasts of burden; they bear in loads of pine wood from the mountains for firing; they carry guacoles of fruit to market; sometimes they are converted into foundations for movable haystacks, and, being completely hidden by the fodder, strange horses are sometimes driven almost wild by having to face a pile of corn-stalks moving along the street, apparently of its own accord. There are few wagons, but two-wheeled carts with clumsy, lumbering wheels, drawn by oxen or half-starved bulls, transport cotton-bales, wine-casks, and other heavy merchandise. The different stage-lines are well served, and heavily-loaded Concord coaches, drawn by eight well-kept mules, attract as much attention as the Brighton coach in Piccadilly during the London season. But railway construction is being pushed in all directions; within a year Saltillo is to be connected with the capital by the iron road *via* San Luis Potosi, and the diligencia here, as elsewhere, will yield to the palace-car.

There are no large animals in the country, and the mules are better than the horses. The cavalry chargers—if such they can be termed—are ponies of less than fourteen hands high; the officers, however, are pretty well mounted. But the troops that I have seen are a badly-drilled, slouching array, and on seeing them sneak along the streets, with heads poked forward and every one keeping his own step or shuffle, one does not wonder at the ease with

which the Americans disposed of them at the neighboring field of Buena Vista, or whenever they had occasion to do so. By the way, there are some old American earthworks on the heights to the south of the town where an action once took place. The Mexicans are very fond of soldiering, though one suspects some of them of being swashbucklers of the Ancient Pistol order. As before mentioned, their riding costume is not complete without sword and firearms, and the very lamplighters cannnot trim the oil-lamps in the streets without revolver and staff. One sees these and such like minor officials, engaged with trowel and mortar repairing public buildings, armed, as if fearing instant attack—reminding one of the restorers of Jerusalem after the Captivity. The social status of officers is not very high, and an officer and a gentleman are not necessarily synonymous terms. On arriving in Mexico years ago the writer asked an old Irishman whether he could obtain a commission in the army. "Easily enough," was the reply, "if you have friends of influence and can speak the language; but I would not do so. Choose something respectable." "But is not an officer a gentleman here as elsewhere?" was asked. "Well, perhaps so, sometimes; I was a colonel and on the staff in the palmy days of the army, but I couldn't stand it, so gave it up and opened a little store." But doubtless matters are greatly changed for the better in the army since those days.

The men who have held the helm of state for some few years past have vigor enough to maintain order in the land; they have "invited" the various revolutionary chiefs, whose breath was anarchy and bloodshed, to the capital, where they draw their pay, live at ease, and are prevented from giving any further trouble. The country is being opened up by railways, immigration is invited, and when a new law is made it is in the right direction. But how absurd it is that one pays twice as much to send a letter to the next town as to send it to the State of Maine, U. S. A.! Customs dues are very preposterous. The people are poor, and there are hardly any efficient factories in the country, and this lovely system has the effect of keeping the houses even of the well-to-do classes in a condition of squalor. There is literally no variety in furniture. The rooms are surrounded by a quantity of chairs of native manufacture; they are rush-seated and the woodwork colored with a stain which if one chance to touch it with a wet hand will turn one as brown as the natives themselves. So light and badly balanced are these seats that a touch will overturn them. On the least pressure the little tables which occupy the corners of the apartment would follow the example of

the chairs. Some coarse reed matting, or even a wretchedly made carpet, may by chance cover the floor of tile or earth, and an engraving of Hidalgo and some rude religious prints will be found on the walls. This is a gentleman's drawing-room, and its noble dimensions—for it is mostly large and lofty—make it appear still more forlorn and prison-like.

In fact, these houses are often prisons, the occupants being voluntarily incarcerated from fear of their neighbors and of air and sunlight. Windows are few, but these apertures, when there happen to be any, are heavily barred, and that not without reason: the writer has a lively recollection of awakening one morning, in a Mexican chamber not so safeguarded, to find clothes, money, everything gone, and himself reduced to a condition of evangelical poverty such as even a Francis of Assisi might envy. In these darksome, chill cellars the Mexican lives "like an old badger in his earth"; and it is not etiquette for the women of the better classes to appear out of doors, except after sundown, when they venture forth like bats or night-hawks and join the lugubrious procession of vestals that glides around and around the plaza like ghosts in the moonlight.

A Mexican town, with its long, deserted streets of adobe, or sun-dried earth, its flat roofs and drab hue, forcibly recalls the city on which Parsifal chanced in his quest of the Holy Grail, which, on a closer inspection, turned into earth and crumbled away. In fact, the Mexican house is the same that one finds in Egypt, Syria, and other Scriptural lands. There is much else suggestive of the East; the women drawing water at the fountain with loosely hanging robes, their heads wrapped in a shawl and the earthen pitcher dexterously poised on the hand; the peon wrapped in his blanket, which serves him as a bed at night; the flocks of goats, the army of half-starved curs that infests the streets, the rocky, barren hills with scrub and date palms—these and many more characteristics constantly recall Palestine and the Holy City. Such points of resemblance have led some to attribute an Eastern origin to the Aztec race; but surely this does not follow, for like conditions lead to like results in places utterly unconnected. Still, a person who has lived in the East finds it renewed in Mexico in many ways. Take trading customs, for instance. An American or Englishman asks the price of his wares, and that is final; a Mexican, like an Arab, starts at double what he expects to obtain, and half an hour's haggling follows. These Saltillo stores, by the way, are dreary, grewsome dens, and one pities the luckless wight condemned for his sins to spend seven days a week in their

darksome recesses. Through open doors the pedestrian catches a glimpse of shelves piled with a heterogeneous array of dry-goods, crockery, bottles, and odds and ends. One street is dedicated to the sartorial art, the sons of St. Crispin monopolize another, whilst a third is devoted to the manufacture of the huge pyramidal headgear in which the Mexican's soul delights.

The hardware business and the more intricate walks of commerce are in the hands of foreigners; but in simple industries it is hard to cope with the frugal Mexican, and as a proof of this the almond-eyed denizen of the Central Flowery Land declines the contest—not a Chinaman to be seen in the place. The attractive, gaily-dressed shop-window is unknown, but one or two enterprising tradesmen have gone so far as to place glass cases filled with samples of their goods in some of their doorways; one such, in which ladies' hats and revolvers, dress-improvers and spurs, struggle for the mastery, may be cited, and the gaily-dressed wax doll which presides over the motley collection always commands an admiring crowd.

The East again is suggested by the construction of society. One finds the wealthy land-owner, the aristocrat, the money-grabbing official; between these and the peon with his three bits a day for sole maintenance there is no middle class. It is true the country is nominally a republic, and the people are flattered by their rulers into a firm belief in their freedom; one hears even educated natives compassionating the down-trodden peoples of England, Italy, Belgium, who groan under a tyrannical monarchy. The fact is that, with the exception of Russia and perhaps Turkey, no European nation endures such a despotism as do these denizens of "the land of God and liberty." A military dictator sometimes uses the country for his own personal aggrandizement. A recent president entered on his term of office with nothing, and is now reputed to be worth fifty millions. The peon and the grandee of Mexico are the fellah and the pasha of Egypt. Take the duties on imported goods, for instance. The poor products of the country cost quite enough; on these the lower orders subsist in a sort of way, but imported goods one purchases at three times their original price. It may be said that these are luxuries and superfluities. Are medicines luxuries? are nails? These latter cost the hardware merchant fifteen cents a pound by the time he has paid all the charges in which they involve him. It may be said that these are protective dues imposed to foster native industries in their infancy. Why, there are no native industries but of the very crudest de-

scription; the people haven't got it in them to turn out any but the crudest products; and let the foreign manufacturer attempt to establish works in the country, and see what encouragement the government will accord to him. The fact is, the higher officials too often care nothing for the people or their welfare. Government is the game of grab; it is the petty states of the mediæval Rhineland reproduced in modern times. But by grasping at too much the custom-house often ends by getting nothing; extortionate import dues mean a flourishing contraband trade, and there are several large houses at Laredo, Texas, the American port of entry, largely engaged in smuggling. They keep bales of goods packed in convenient hundred-pound cases, and when opportunity occurs these are conveyed to a suitable point on the Rio Grande, cautiously taken over the river, and, packed on the backs of asses, transported at night into the interior by an armed escort which is often strong enough to repel interference on the part of the guards.

But the officials—who might almost be called the licensed brigands—on the frontier are worse in many respects than the smugglers; to this any luckless traveller who has had his mails ransacked and made hay of at the frontier can testify. These officials play for their own hand. One has heard of a consignment of sardines being opened box by box to ascertain their contents, and a family with a young infant, for whose sustenance cans of preserved milk had been provided, was ruthlessly deprived of them all, even of one that was open and being used; a hundred miles further on, the American railroad conductor (all the conductors, engineers, in fact all officials but porters and firemen, are foreigners) stopped the train at an American mining company's works and procured some milk for the child to keep it from starvation. As a consequence of this systematized selfishness which pervades Mexican society the utmost suspicion prevails; co-operation is impossible, and gratitude seems almost an unknown virtue.

It is, then, no wonder that land on the east of the Rio Grande is worth ten times as much as on the other side of the river. The lands, of course, are identical in character; the governments alone differ. Consequently a number of Mexican land-owners desire absorption into the American Union, in order to give an augmented value to their property; and it is not impossible that some day these people may come cap in hand to Washington, acknowledging their unfitness for rule, and asking that the tools may be taken by those who can use them.

A redeeming feature about this country are the names by which the early settlers have distinguished mountain, river, hacienda; twice out of three times it is the name of some saint or mystery of the faith, and, if not so, it is at least euphonious. On entering Texas from Louisiana you soon reach the Trinity River, then the Brazos (Brazos de Dios, arm of the Lord), the Guadalupe, and San Antonio; what a contrast to the "stinking water," "old woman," "tin cup," and similar designations by which our people distinguish creeks and streams in Colorado and Wyoming! However, the cemetery at Saltillo does not witness to much spirituality or belief in a future resurrection, as much as the pious dead deserve; it is a barren yard, without flower, turf, or tree; here and there huge, cumbrous masses of adobe distinguish the resting-place of some departed citizen, remorselessly crushing him beneath its unlovely bulk, and the bones of the commonalty are strewn around and disdainfully kicked aside by the passer-by.

To sum up, there is ample room for improvement, but the Indian, baptized, devout, with a surface polish of civilization, is an advance on his progenitor of the age of Montezuma, when each township was annually assessed in its quota of youths and virgins to be offered in sacrifice to the national divinity. These considerations, however, do not concern the American health-seeker. The writer can conscientiously aver that during a lifetime's experience of the four quarters of the globe he has never chanced on so desirable a climate; it gives to life a new charm, renders existence a pleasure, and to many would mean a prolongation of life for many years. It is reached by way of St. Louis or New Orleans readily enough. You leave San Antonio, Texas, about noon, and reach Laredo, on the frontier, in time for supper. Proceeding the next morning, you cross the turbid Rio Grande, passing through brushy solitudes devoted to grazing, but with little sign of life or activity. After a while the magnificent mountains of Nuevo Leon are reached, and through these the railroad threads its way. Near Lampazos is a remarkable freak of nature—the Mesa, a table-land fifteen hundred feet above the surrounding country and many miles in extent. The only approach to it is by a winding path along the side of the cliff; this is closed at the top by a gate, and thus the large herds of cattle, horses, and hogs that graze on the summit are effectually prevented from escaping. It is the property of a Señor Don Patricio Milmo, the magnate of the frontier. A poor Irish clerk in a store, he had the address to marry a governor's daughter;

aptitude for affairs did the rest, and his fortune was made. He has built a charming Gothic chapel on the Mesa, and made the place his summer residence. Before the confiscation of monastic property it belonged to the Carmelites, and their cloister still remains. Leaving this, signs of human habitation become more frequent, corn-fields implying the presence of streams, without which, for irrigation, cultivation is impossible. A Pennsylvanian mining company have a station near Villaldama, from which they ship the ore, brought by a tramway from their mine in the neighboring mountains, to Laredo, Texas, where it is melted, and these works give the railroad a great proportion of its traffic. The palm-trees now become a striking feature of the landscape, and very grotesque they appear with their gaunt, unshapely trunks. Monterey, the capital of the State of Nuevo Leon, is reached in the afternoon; it has a population of some 40,000, and is surrounded by a wide extent of fertile country. From this to Saltillo is a distance of seventy-five miles, and there is an ascent of 3,000 feet. One winds in and out through marvellous mountain-passes, going through tunnels, crossing gorges, and making sharp turns, the train sometimes being curved into a bow. At sunset one reaches Saltillo, and is annoyed by the stupid custom-house regulation which insists on the re-inspection of all one's baggage, examined some few hours before at Laredo. Bungling with one's keys in the dark, and vainly endeavoring to restore order amongst one's disarranged coats and shirts, so as to close the trunks again, is a dismal termination to the day's journey; but, after bumping in a wretched hack over the cobble-stones, one at length reaches Tomasichi's hospitable roof. Discussing a good supper, the traveller makes merry over his troubles, and in the cool, refreshing night hugs himself at his escape from Laredo, and blesses the lucky chance that has enabled him to evade the sultry days of midsummer.

Saltillo, Mexico. C. E. HODSON.

PARSEEISM AND BUDDHISM.

MANY of the more intelligent class of unbelievers refer to the religions of the East, such as Confucianism, Brahmanism, Buddhism, Parseeism, and Mohammedanism, as being so nearly on the same plane with Christianity that it is impossible to accept it to the exclusion of their claims. Without considering here the numerous marks by which the Catholic and divine religion is separated from all systems and creeds merely human, we may arm ourselves against cavils of this kind by a glance at the real character of two of the most vaunted of the great Oriental cults; not, however, condemning them with the hastiness of ignorance, but rather taking them in their most favorable aspect. It must be premised that all of these systems embody portions of the primitive traditions of the race, and are so far true and similar to the Catholic religion; but, on the other hand, they have two great evils, apart from the crowning one of their very existence outside the church's pale: first, the divine traditions are only partially retained, and are often so distorted and corrupted as to be nearly unrecognizable; and, second, their special claims have little or no logical foundation, and utterly vanish under a rigid application of the laws of evidence. We have here to consider the latter of these characteristics, referring only incidentally to the doctrinal features of the religions whose bases we examine.

Both of the names at the head of this article represent reformed religions which branched off from the ancient Brahmanical stock centuries before the birth of Christ. Zoroaster, about twelve centuries B.C., revived a pure monotheism which admitted no rival to the one Supreme Deity, not even Ahriman, who is far from holding the conspicuous place which is given him in the dualistic theology falsely attributed to the Zoroastrian or Parsee religion. Buddha, seven hundred years later, founded an atheistic philosophy which denied the reality of all things, admitting neither immortality nor a soul to be immortal, neither an actual universe nor a God to create it. So the devas, or gods of the Brahmans, became the divs, or demons of the Parsees, and with the Buddhists degenerated into mere legendary beings or goblins, treated with contempt and only carried about in puppet-shows as servants to Buddha.

The religion of Zoroaster, which more than once threatened to overspread the globe, is now of small extent. About seven thousand of the Parsees are to be found in the vicinity of Yezd, in their original country, Persia, but the principal part of them, now numbering only from one hundred to one hundred and fifty thousand, inhabit Bombay and a few other places in India. "The descendants of those who remained in Persia have gradually decreased in numbers and sunk in ignorance and poverty, though still preserving a reputation for honesty, chastity, industry, and obedience to law superior to that of the other Persians."* The Parsees of India are considered a very superior people, and some of the wealthiest merchants of that country are numbered among them. Their religious tenets, too, are remarkably pure, and, contrary to popular notions, include neither dualism nor the worship of the elements. This, then, may be taken as one of the best of Asiatic religions; and, fortunately, we have at hand a means of acquiring a very accurate knowledge of it. In addition to the investigations of European scholars we have from the pen of Dadabhai Naaroji, an enlightened Parsee of the priestly caste, two works, written some years ago while he was professor of Guzerati at the University College, London, and treating respectively of the manners and customs and of the religion of his people. All their sacred books and all their prayers are composed in the ancient Zend, and there is not, according to this unexceptionable authority, a single person among them, either priest or layman, who is able to read that language. "The whole religious education of a Parsee child consists in preparing by rote a certain number of prayers in Zend, without understanding a word of them; the knowledge of the doctrines of their religion being left to be picked up from casual conversation." Until about 1835 there was no book from which the doctrines of the Parsee religion could be gathered; but about that time a kind of a catechism was written in Guzerati, the popular language, with the view, it is said, of counteracting the influence of Christian missionaries. From this work we extract the following:

"Q. What is our religion?

"A. Our religion is the worship of God.

"Q. Whence did we receive our religion?

"A. God's true prophet—the true Zurthost Ashantamân Anashirwân—brought the religion to us from God.

. . . . . .

"Q. What religion has our prophet brought us from God?

* *American Cyclopædia*, art. "Guebres."

"A. The disciples of our prophet have recorded in several books that religion. Many of these books were destroyed during Alexander's conquest; the remainder of the books were preserved with great care and respect by the Sassanian kings. Of these again the greater portion were destroyed at the Mohammedan conquest by Khalif Omar, so that we have now very few books remaining—viz., the Vandidad, the Yazashné, the Visparad, the Khardeh Avesta, the Vistasp Nusk, and a few Pehlevi books. Resting our faith upon these few books, we now remain devoted to our good Mazdiashna religion. We consider these books as heavenly books, because God sent the tidings of these books to us through the holy Zurthost."

It will be seen from this that the Parsee religion depends solely upon the interpretation of a few books, written in a language which is intelligible only to a handful of European scholars —who have deciphered it, after incalculable labor, during the present century—deriving their authority from their presumed conformity to the teachings of Zurdosht, or Zoroaster, who, as Max Müller observes, is considered, not a divine being nor even a son of God, but "simply a wise man, a prophet favored by God, and admitted into God's immediate presence; but all this on his own showing only, and without any supernatural credentials, except some few miracles recorded of him in books of doubtful authority."

Buddhism, though originating in India, has in that country, as well as in China, Tartary, and elsewhere, been greatly corrupted, and, in the course of its long and, in India itself, unsuccessful struggle with Brahmanism and other cults, has been in some cases badly confused with them and impregnated with their doctrines. It must be judged, however, by its own proper tenets, and by its state in Thibet and Ceylon, the northern and southern centres of the pure and ancient teaching. We need not give any special consideration to the paradoxical nihilism of its metaphysics, and it is also necessary to exclude the esoteric philosophy known to the initiated, which rests upon a different basis and has a significance too profound and an affiliation too startling for it to be here unmasked. Even as an exoteric religion Buddhism has a special interest, on account of its aggressive character, and the fact that numbers of highly intelligent Americans and Europeans have recently given in their adhesion to it. It is possible that it may spread to an alarming extent in the near future.

"Various agencies—among them conspicuously the wide circulation of Mr. Edwin Arnold's beautiful poem, *The Light of Asia*—have created a sentiment in favor of Buddhistic philosophy which constantly gains

strength. It seems to commend itself especially to free-thinkers of every shade of opinion. Three French gentlemen of high position, who recently visited Ceylon and made public profession of Buddhism by taking the 'Three Refuges' at Colombo and Galle temples, told the high-priest that the whole school of French Positivists were practically Buddhists and would not hesitate to follow the example set by themselves. And it is reported to the author [of Olcott's *Buddhist Catechism*, whose preface we are quoting] by a Singhalese gentleman of high birth that the eminent Prof. Ernst Haeckel, in a conversation which occurred during his recent visit to Ceylon, told him that, so far as explained to him, the Buddhistic theory of the eternity of matter and force, and other particulars, were identical with the latest inductions of science." Col. Olcott adds: "This good opinion of Buddhism must increase in strength among scientific men as its corruptions are cleared away and the veritable teaching of the Lord Buddha is discovered."

Passing over the absurdity of speaking of the eternity of matter as an *induction* of science, and not stopping to reconcile this with the Buddhist metaphysics, these extracts show that the main strength of the system is in its general agreement with the rationalistic schools of European thought, to whose soul-starved votaries it offers a means of satisfying their innate spiritual cravings without conforming their lives to an inflexible code of morals or bowing their intellects to the yoke of divine faith. There is, however, an absence of guarantees for its objective truth almost as complete as we have already noticed in the case of Parseeism. It is not said that any divine revelation was made to its founder; indeed, Buddhism knows no Supreme Being from whom to expect such a revelation.

Let us appeal to the latest and most reliable authority, and see what this greatest of Oriental cults, which claims to number within its ranks considerably more than a third of the human race, has to say of its own origin. Such an authority we find in the publication quoted above, *A Buddhist Catechism, according to the canon of the Southern Church*, by Henry S. Olcott. This work "has been revised and criticised by a committee of 'elders' who are thoroughly orthodox Buddhists," and its correctness is vouched for by H. Sumangala, "High-Priest of the Sripada and Galle, and Principal of the Widyodaya Parwina," of Ceylon, and recommended by him for use in Buddhist schools. Up to the spring of 1885, 17,000 copies of it in Singhalese and 15,000 in Burmese have been distributed through the Buddhist homes and schools of Ceylon and Burmah. It has also been translated into the French, German, Japanese, Siamese, Tamil, and other languages. Being written by a European con-

vert and intended largely for circulation in Christian countries, it would naturally contain the strongest possible presentation of the case. Referring to the first American, from the fourteenth Singhalese, edition, edited by Prof. Elliott Coues, one of the most learned and talented of American scientists, we find that Gautama, Prince Siddârtha, the head of the Sâkya tribe, after seeking unsuccessfully through the Brahmans, and afterwards by independent experiments, to attain to a knowledge "of the causes of sorrow and the nature of man," finally went one evening to the Bôdhi or Asvattha tree. We then read:

"Q. 48. What did he do there? A. He determined not to leave the spot until he attained the Buddhaship.

"Q. 49. At what side of the tree did he seat himself? A. The side facing the east.

"Q. 50. What did he obtain that night? A. The knowledge of his previous births, of the causes of re-birth, and of the way to extinguish desires. Just before the break of the next day his mind was entirely opened like the full-blown lotus-flower; the light of supreme knowledge, or the Four Truths, poured in upon him; he had become Buddha—the Enlightened, the All-knowing."

This is supplemented in questions 102 and 103 by the statement that the entire system of Buddhism came to his mind during this great meditation of forty-nine days under the Bô tree. Now, there is in the whole book not a single word of evidence that Gautama Buddha's experience was anything more than a delusion, and there seems to be actually no defence of the system possible, except on purely rational grounds as a body of philosophy, every element in which is to be accepted or rejected on its own merits. This is clearly stated in the *Catechism*, Q. 131:

"Are there any dogmas in Buddhism which we are required to accept on faith? A. No; we are earnestly enjoined to accept nothing whatever on faith, whether it be written in books, handed down from our ancestors, or taught by the sages. Our Lord Buddha has said that we must not believe a thing said merely because it is said; nor traditions because they have been handed down from antiquity; nor rumors, as such; nor writings by sages because sages wrote them; nor fancies, that we may suspect to have been inspired in us by a deva; nor from inferences drawn from some hap-hazard assumption we may have made; nor because of what seems an analogical necessity; nor on the mere authority of our teachers or masters. But we are to believe when the writing, doctrine, or saying is corroborated by reason and consciousness."

Of the sacred books, the Tripitikas, the answers to questions 94 and 97 show that, though they are revered "as containing all the parts of the Most Excellent Law, by the

knowing of which man can save himself [from the miseries of existence and of re-births, Q. 64]," they are not considered to be inspired.

The Four Truths referred to above are the summing-up of the whole system on its practical side. These are enumerated by Col. Olcott, but are more clearly stated by Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire in the following language: "1. Pain is the inevitable heritage of man in life; 2. The cause of pain arises from acts, activity, desires, passions, and faults; 3. Pain for man may cease for ever through Nirvana; 4. The way to reach this final end of pain is that taught by Buddha." The same author, who is the foremost of the scientific students of Buddhism, explains, on the authority of the sacred books and the modern priesthood, that "Nirvana had for Buddha no other meaning than nothingness, from which man never returns because he no longer exists." The way taught by Buddha consists in "complete conquest over and destruction of this eager thirst for life and pleasures, which cause sorrow" (Q. 61), and this conquest is attained by following certain prescribed rules of thought and conduct. The whole is based upon what looks very much like what the Lord Buddha calls a "hap-hazard assumption" of the transmigration of souls (or, less incorrectly, metempsychosis), which no Buddhist seems to dream of either questioning or attempting to prove, and which is unprovable on account of the admitted fact that there is ordinarily not the slightest recollection of the events of any former passage through earth-life.

One who stands within the temple of Catholic Truth, with its broad and mighty foundations under his feet, its beautiful and radiant domes above him, and the serene influence within his breast of the unspeakable Presence by which it is pervaded, will not fail in properly characterizing such a system, which teaches (Q. 128) "goodness without a God; a continued existence without what goes by the name of 'soul'; happiness without an objective heaven; a method of salvation without any vicarious Saviour; a redemption by one's self as the redeemer, and without rites, prayers, penances, priests, or intercessory saints; and a *summum bonum* attainable in this life and in this world."

When we see on what slight grounds are built these mighty Babels of human pride, we realize how true is that bold assertion of Donoso Cortes that there has been established since the prevarication of man, between the truth and human reason,

"a lasting repugnance and an invincible repulsion. . . . On the contrary, between human reason and the absurd there is a secret affinity and

a close relationship. Sin has united them with the bond of indissoluble matrimony. The absurd triumphs over man precisely because it is devoid of all rights anterior and superior to human reason. Man accepts it precisely because it comes naked; because, being devoid of rights, it has no pretensions. His will accepts it because it is the offspring of his understanding, and his understanding takes delight in it because it is its own offspring, its own *verbum*, because it is a living testimony of its creative power. In the act of its creation man is like unto God and calls himself God. And if he be God, like unto God, in man's estimation all else is nothing. What matters it that the other be the God of truth, if he is himself the God of the absurd? At least he will be independent like God, he will be sovereign like God; by adoring his own production he will adore himself; by magnifying it he will be the magnifier of himself."

MERWIN-MARIE SNELL.

RONAIN ON HIS ISLAND.

"And putting to sea he sailed, and came after many days to an island, the which the birds had builded, bringing thereto leaves and mould through many centuries till that became solid land; and here he abode, beloved of the birds and loving them, even to an extreme old age."
—*The Story of St. Ronain.*

THEREFORE fly south, my swallows, and some day
'Twixt dawn and dusk ye will come certainly
To a green island washed with silvery spray—
Erin, the loveliest daughter of the sea.
Tell her I pray for her on bended knee.

In a mild vale of hers, one summer morning,
Bathed in gray mists, I heard the thrushes sing,
And far o'erhead the eagle screamed for scorning,
Hearing, like me, the hunting-bugles ring
That told the pastime of my lord the king.

But I went onward, weaving my wild rhymes;
A blackbird on my shoulder trilled his mirth;
A linnet on my hair rang out his chimes:
I was the greatest lover of birds on earth,
Even from the hour my mother gave me birth.

I loved them, and they loved me—I, their brother.
I talked with them and fathomed each bright mind,
And heard the laughter of words they sang each other.

No wall of human ignorance rose to blind
My heart to a bird's heart so merry and kind.

But the king was my father. Nay, in truth,
What should I do with kingship—I, so weak
In body and heart from childhood that for ruth
Of a dead bird the tears poured down my cheek,
Or a slain stag, or hunted hare's death-shriek?

Therefore I left my kingdom very gladly
To Hugh, my brother—he was strong and tall—
And stole away one dawn whose fires rose sadly,
And reached at last that Abbey with gray wall
Facing the sea, and sun at evenfall;

And found indeed abundant peace and rest:
I left mine idle songs and sang God's praise,
And the cowl hid me from my father's quest.
There came a day, the last of stormy days,
When sea and sky were all one orange blaze.

I read mine Hours beside the turbulent ocean,
When lo! a light-winged bark came drifting by,
Laden, it seemed, with birds that in commotion
Wheeled o'er it; with an eager, passionate cry
They cried my name, I thought, to sea and sky.

It touched the shore. I, with some impulse strange,
Stepped through the waves, and so aboard, and heard
The whispering of a wind that told a change;
With the south's breath the small boat rocked and stirred,
And leaned, and swept the breakers white as curd.

But I sat still and felt as one that slumbered,
And watched with sleep-sealed eyes the silver sails
Flapping and filling; then the birds unnumbered
Sang with one voice—the larks and nightingales,
And mine own birds that haunt the Irish vales.

Down fell the dark as the shore slid from sight.
We sailed afar and farther, and the moon
Swung like a lily in the fields of night;
And the strange triumph of that joyful tune
Swelled o'er the wind's song and the sad waves' croon.

So in a dawn we reached this happy island,
At which the birds did toil through centuries,
Bearing the clay for lowland and for highland
In their small beaks, and leaves and bark of trees,
Till there was solid earth in leaping seas.

And here I bide. Our flowers are passing sweet,
And the trees grow a woodland, and God sent
A little purling stream below my feet;
The south wind from some far warm continent
Brings spice, and balm, and many a wholesome scent.

Yea, and the birds bring seeds of corn and cotton,
And fruit hangs ruddy in the azure air.
So I, by all the human world forgotten,
Reign o'er my birds—a kingdom free from care.
Last night a mermaid combed her golden hair

And sang—but then my birds sing better far.
When dawn was stealing rosy o'er the deep
I watched the waning of the latest star,
And the birds woke, as one from dreams will leap,
And praised the Lord who kept them in their sleep.

They chant his blessèd praise at morn and evening;
They take his laws from me and keep them well;
They plan small pleasures for my exile's leavening,
Placing an iris feather or bright shell
Upon the narrow window of my cell.

And I rejoice, and keep for treasures still
My Crucifix and mine Hours, and take good cheer
In my small subjects' love that doth not chill.
I am unspent, though beard and hair are sere,
And centuries have gone by since I sailed here.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

Whitehall, Clondalkin, Dublin.

THE COMING INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC CONGRESS OF CATHOLICS.

THIS congress was first announced to be held during the Easter Week of 1887. The meeting was postponed for various weighty reasons, and is now appointed for the week beginning April 8, 1888. The place of meeting is Paris. The project was proposed and approved at the Second Catholic Congress of Normandy, held at Rouen during the month of December, 1886. A commission of organization was appointed, which is composed of fifty-two members, one-half of whom reside in Paris, which is their centre of operations.

The specific end and object of this congress is to promote the development of science for the defence of the faith. Theology, in the strict sense of the word, is excluded from its circle of topics. Its direct scope is not Apologetics. It is intended to furnish materials and aids to those who professedly engage in the great work of Christian Apologetics, by directly laboring for the development of the various branches of science. It will occupy itself with the impulse and direction which ought to be given, at the present time, to the scientific researches of Catholics, and with the method to be followed in order to make these researches subservient to the Christian cause without sacrificing anything of the most frank orthodoxy or the most entire scientific sincerity.

Natural Theology is included in the programme as a department of Rational Philosophy; and Biblical Science, so far as it is concerned with the relations of the Scriptures to the sciences and secular history, excluding all questions concerning the extent of their inspiration.

The commission has invited Catholic scholars and scientists to prepare memoirs and reports, which, after being examined and approved, will be presented to the congress for discussion, but there will be no votes taken or decisions formulated on their respective topics. The principal object to be aimed at in these papers will be to determine the actual state of science, in respect to those questions which, by their relations to Christian faith, have a special interest for Catholics. The acts of the congress will be published, including such papers as may be selected, or abstracts of the same. In this way will gradually be collected an encyclopædia which will be of the greatest value and interest.

The congress will include in its general object three principal classes of topics, each subdivided into five distinct sections. The following is the provisional arrangement formulated and published by the commission, subject to future alteration and improvement:

FIRST CLASS.

Philosophical and Social Sciences.

First Section,	Theodicy.
Second Section,	General Metaphysics and Cosmology.
Third Section,	Psychology and Psycho-Physiology.
Fourth Section,	Law.
Fifth Section,	Political and Social Economy.

SECOND CLASS.

Exact and Natural Sciences.

First Section,	Mathematics, Mechanics, Astronomy.
Second Section,	Physics and Chemistry.
Third Section,	Zoölogy, Biology, and Physiology.
Fourth Section,	Geology and Paleontology.
Fifth Section,	Anthropology, Ethnography, Philology.

THIRD CLASS.

Historical Sciences.

First Section,	Biblical History (Old Testament): its relations with results of Studies in Ancient Oriental History.
Second Section,	Beginnings of Christianity.
Third Section,	History of the Church: its social influence.
Fourth Section,	Comparative History of Religions.
Fifth Section,	Christian Archæology.

The commission has issued what it calls a Questionary, containing a list of 184 questions under the foregoing heads, which are proposed for discussion, without, however, limiting writers of articles in their choice of topics. A mere perusal of these questions shows how extensive and comprehensive is the scope of the congress, and it is a pity that the space they would occupy, some eighteen pages, prevents our reprinting them entire. One thing is evident, that there is no disposition to blink difficult and disputed questions. On the contrary, these are the very matters which have been selected by preference, with a manifest determination to look them all boldly in the face, and to do the utmost to find a satisfactory solution by combined efforts of intellectual energy, learning, and science. One congress can do no more than make a beginning in such a vast work, which

would seem to be sufficient to employ all men of thought and research in all civilized nations to the end of the world. This will doubtless be the case, and the work still be left unfinished. Nevertheless, even one congress containing a few hundred members under the direction of a sufficient number of highly competent leaders, dividing their labors and meeting at regular intervals for a series of years, may advance the allied causes of religion and science in a really substantial and useful manner.

Some specimens of the proposed questions will give our readers a more precise understanding and an illustration of what has just been said of their general scope and character.

Under the head of Theodicy there is proposed for examination the manner of treating the notion of God in the various modern schools represented by Hegel, John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, Darwin, Büchner, etc. Also, a criticism of the various classes and modes of argument and proofs employed by theists and Christians. Among these are the arguments of St. Anselm, Descartes, Malebranche, Bossuet, and Kant. Also, the so-called antinomies of reason, respecting the ideas of simplicity and infinity, eternity and time, immensity and space, activity of first cause and second causes, divine foreknowledge and human liberty. Under the head of Metaphysics there are questions proposed concerning the relation of metaphysics to the interpretation of scientific facts, and the theories of Hegel, Spencer, Schopenhauer, Büchner, etc. Also, concerning the various interpretations and modifications of the philosophy of Aristotle, and the revival of this philosophy in the present period. Under the head of Psychology, one of the questions relates to the doctrine of evolution applied to the slow transformation of egoistic into altruistic inclinations, and the future disappearance of the former as an effect of social progress. Another relates to moral liberty or free-will and responsibility, the answers to ancient and modern objections, and the criticism of the views of Mill, Bain, Spencer, Taine, etc. Under the head of Juridical Sciences, from the fifty questions proposed, which cover a large part of the field of discussion, we select three: 1. Concerning institutions which, in the modern conditions of social order and industry, could assure to artisans and operatives moral and material advantages analogous to those which were procured for them by the mediæval corporations. 2. Concerning the relief of the poor, and charitable organizations in great cities and industrial centres. 3. Concerning the different socialistic systems, such as mutualism, collectivism,

nationalization of the soil and mines, anarchism, and state-socialism.

Under the head of Mathematics, Mechanics, and Astronomy we will give all the proposed questions: 1. On mathematics, considered as a branch of philosophy and a means of investigation in the different parts of the domain of human knowledge. Its place, utility, the abuse which can be made of it. 2. The true signification of what are called incommensurable and imaginary quantities: their relations to reality. 3. Does mathematics give us any insight into the possibility of an actually infinite quantity? 4. The non-Euclidian geometry: its real value; practical consequences to be drawn from it. 5. Spaces of more than three dimensions. Do they present anything more than a system of purely algebraic relations? 6. Non-Euclidian mechanics. 7. The true notion of force. Can it be dispensed with in mechanics according to a recent tendency? Does it admit of a generalization corresponding to that of acceleration (acceleration of a superior order)? 8. The character of the fundamental principles of mechanics, and are these reducible to others more simple or general? 9. Existence of absolute movement and rest. 10. Can it be demonstrated by mechanics, relying so far as needful on the theorems of thermo-dynamics, that the world has had a beginning and must have a natural end? 11. Does the study of the distribution and properties of the diverse heavenly bodies, stars, masses, nebulæ, indicate that the universe forms a whole having a common origin and development, or that it is a series of independent systems? 12. Does observation authorize any conclusion as to the limited or boundless extent of the universe? 13. What is to be thought of the different systems of cosmogony proposed by scientists? Distinguish that which seems to be made certain by scientific discoveries from that which is more or less hypothetical. 14. Orgin of solar heat. Constitution of the sun and the planets. 15. Age and probable duration of the solar system, and particularly of the earth, according to astronomy. 16. Constitution of the inter-planetary and inter-stellar spaces. 17. Universal attraction. What is matter of demonstration and what is hypothetical in regard to it. Value of the different systems which have been devised for its explanation. 18. Probability that other stars besides the earth, particularly other bodies in the solar system, may be inhabited by beings having a constitution somewhat analogous to that of terrestrial organized beings.

Under the head of Physics and Chemistry there are questions relating to conservation of force; luminiferous ether; the con-

tinuous or discrete constitution of matter; the nature of atoms whether extended or unextended; so-called simple bodies, whether really simple or composite. Under the head of Biology the principal questions proposed relate to the definition of life and its conditions, the differences between inorganic and organic substances, and between plants and animals. Origin of life and various hypotheses concerning it. Components of human life. Origin of species. Transformism, evolution, natural selection and fixity of species, heredity, atavism, distribution of plants and animals in time and space.

Under the head of Geology and Paleontology we transcribe all the questions literally: 1. Formulate the general conclusions which can be considered as properly belonging to science in respect to the succession of the geological periods. 2. Determine the present state of the controversy between the *actualist* or *uniformitarian* school and the school which maintains a beginning very different from the actual order of things, as well as the existence of a *primitive* period before the appearance of living beings. 3. Indicate what seems to be the more probable opinion respecting the duration of periods. Discuss facts which tend to restrict the computations made by certain schools. 4. Define the lessons taught by paleontology regarding the renewal of vital forms and the variation of physical environments. 5. Determine the true significance of the deposits qualified as diluvian. 6. Furnish all the bibliographical indications concerning the relations of the geological and paleontological sciences with the Holy Scripture.

Under the head of Anthropology the following are some of the questions proposed: 1. The specific nature of man. The human kingdom, hominians, anthropoids, and pithecians. 2. The origin of man. At what geological epoch did man appear on the earth? What proofs have been produced of the existence of man during the tertiary epoch? 3. What is the geological date of the most ancient human fossils? 9. Which are the primitive human races? 11. How was America peopled? Which are the most ancient populations of whom there are remaining traces? 12. The origin of language. Formation of the diverse languages.

These specimens may suffice to give a general idea of the extent and minuteness of the work laid out for the congress and its members. There are fifteen sections, each one of which is confided to the special direction of a delegate appointed by the commission. They will hold their separate sessions during the four working days of the congress, so that the time devoted to their labors in common will be equivalent to sixty days spent in hearing

and discussing the papers which will be presented, treating of the topics proposed or similar ones. Making the necessary allowance for the time which will be devoted to general business of the whole congress, and also for the reunion of several sections allowed by the regulations, it would seem that there might be from 100 to 150 such papers read and discussed. This is, however, hazarded as a mere conjecture; and as the regulations provide for more than sixty officials to be elected by ballot—a very injudicious provision, as it seems to us—it may turn out that a large portion of the rather short time of four days which has been assigned for the sessions of the congress will be used up in getting the machinery into working order.

Each evening there will be a general assembly of the members, at which addresses will be delivered by orators chosen for that purpose by the commission.

Something remains to be said respecting the quality and number of the active co-operators in this excellent undertaking. Since the congress is international, adhesion to it and a share in its active labors are invited from all parts of the world. Naturally, as the project originated in France and as Paris is the centre of operations, the French element predominates for the present. In the report of the commission issued April 30, 1887, the number of adherents registered is given as 237, 183 of whom are from France and Belgium, 14 from Italy, 12 from England, 11 from Spain, 15 from other countries. Much more account must be taken of quality than of quantity in such an affair as this, and of course the possibility and hope of successful achievement in such a high and arduous line of movement depend on the real and even extraordinary competence of a few men in each of the separate branches of science, acting in union and harmony, and giving impulse and direction to the labors of those who belong to the second rank. The names of those only who are members of the commission are published, and at this great distance the majority of these are necessarily unknown. Some of them, however, are known to us by reputation as men whose presence will give lustre to a scientific assembly.

The president is Monsignor D'Hulst, Rector of the Catholic Institute of Paris, to whose exertions the hopeful progress which the enterprise has thus far made is chiefly due. The Abbé Duilhé de Saint-Projet, whose masterly work on the harmony of faith and science has been reviewed in this magazine, was equally zealous and active, until his removal from Paris to Toulouse, and is still acting, so far as his present position permits, as

a member of the commission. Five of Monsignor D'Hulst's associates are members of the Institute of France—viz., M. Antoine d'Abbadie, M. Hermite, professors in the Faculty of Sciences of Paris, Admiral de Jonquières, M. de Wailly, and the Count Riant; and two others—viz., the Marquis de Nadaillac and M. Robiou—are correspondents of the same Institute. Among the clerical members of the commission we find the names of the Abbé de Broglie, of MM. Martin, Vigouroux, Fouard, Hamard, F. de Smedt the Bollandist, Monsignor de Harlez, Monsignor Talamo, Prefect of the Roman Seminary, and Monsignor Van Weddingen. Among the lay members are Dr. Ferrand, M. Claudio Jannet, M. Lapparent, the celebrated geologist, MM. Allard, Arcelin, and the Chevalier de Rossi. Besides these members, whose names are selected for special mention because they are the best known to the present writer, there are twenty-nine other professors in various faculties of respectable colleges or members of scientific societies. Thirty-six out of fifty-two members are laymen, so far as appears by the manner of their designation in the list. The only criterion which the writer of this article possesses for judging of the competence in matters of science and scholarship of the gentlemen engaged in promoting the congress, aside from the positions they occupy and their general reputation, is found in the books and published papers in periodicals of a high class, on scientific topics, which have emanated from the body of learned Catholics to which they belong. Judging by this criterion, we feel authorized to predict that the congress will not fail or come short through a lack of competence in its members. Besides the contributions actually presented at its sessions and afterwards published, the impulse and direction given by meeting and conversing together will doubtless produce a great effect on the instruction given to the studious youth and to more general audiences in class-rooms and lecture-halls. Another result will be reached by the multiplication and improvement of works published on all the principal topics embraced in the vast programme of the congress.

It is most wisely provided that the entrance to two roads on which there might be a temptation to dangerous deviation is carefully closed and barred. Discussion of dogma is absolutely forbidden; so also is discussion of politics. Of this last matter there is no need to speak. In respect to the other, the failure, and we may even say the mischievous effect, of the congress of Munich is a warning example. An effort was designed in that

congress, and was begun, although happily thwarted, to make innovations in theology on the line which Dr. Döllinger and his associates have since followed into open schism and heresy. Dogma belongs to the domain of the Councils of the Church. Private associations of theologians may with profit pursue studies in theology in common; but congresses, especially of a mixed composition, cannot profitably or safely enter upon this field. The queen of natural sciences is philosophy. Philosophy is subject to the supreme dominion of revealed theology, whose dogmas are interpreted and defined by the authority of the church, and protected by disciplinary enactments which extend beyond the strict limits of Catholic and divine faith and must be obeyed and respected. The ultimate object of Catholic savants must always be to promote, at least indirectly, the cause of faith and religion, for the highest good of their fellow-men and the glory of God. In order to fulfil this purpose they must avoid making inroads upon consecrated ground. In view of this end, which is the chief object of the congress, three regulations have been made:

1. "The congress is composed exclusively of Catholics." 2. "The commission of organization shall exclude every memoir sustaining opinions contrary either to decisions of the Councils or the Holy See, or to the common and authorized theological doctrine, conformably to the rules prescribed by His Holiness Pius IX. in the brief *Tuas libenter*, addressed to the Archbishop of Munich (December 21, 1863)." 3. "Memoirs treating of purely theological questions are absolutely excluded." It may be difficult to draw a precise line of exclusion, but there will be doubtless enough of theological science and of good-will in the congress to determine practically all doubtful cases.

The one and only way of successful effort in the line proposed by the congress is by the union of perfect, unreserved loyalty and obedience to the church, with an honest and courageous determination to search for all facts and truths in the natural order which can be discovered and proved; patiently enduring, meanwhile, such doubts and difficulties as cannot, for the present at least, be satisfactorily solved.

Of course infidel and sceptical scientists will scout the notion of giving unreserved and absolute assent to supernatural and revealed truths, or even to the truths of the higher rational philosophy. Rationalists, in their turn, will disdain to subject their philosophy to divine revelation. Their attitude is inept and unreasonable, and must be calmly disregarded. They will deny that genuine and thorough science can be attained without an

unrestricted liberty of doubting, denying, and theorizing. Let them be surpassed and vanquished in all the domains which they claim for their own, and religion will always have conquered in all successively arising conflicts, when they are over.

Probably some Catholics, devoted to various sciences and distinguished in them, will hold back from open co-operation through fear of compromising their scientific credit in the world at large. And, again, there may be other Catholics, not only most respectable but even highly intelligent and learned in several branches of sacred science, who confound a number of human opinions which have floated down on the stream of ancient tradition with Catholic and divinely revealed doctrine, and are afraid that these will be compromised and discredited. They are unbelievers in certain sciences, or strongly disposed to scepticism. Both these classes may, and of course, unless they change their minds, will, stand aloof. Let them serve the cause of science, or that of faith, in their own way to the best of their ability. There will be enough who will combine their energies on the genuinely religious and philosophical principle of St. Anselm as their motto and watchword, *Fides quærens intellectum*—Faith searching for understanding.

Philosophy without faith is inadequate to the office of a teacher of mankind. The sciences which have to do with matter cannot of themselves rise above its inferior and, apart from its relation to mind, ignoble sphere. "The physical sciences," writes Cardinal Manning, "are the only sciences that men of culture will recognize as worthy of the name. But what are they? They are like the foundation-stones of an arch, upon which stone upon stone is laid; the piers rise until the arch begins to spring; and the arch is not perfected in the beauty of its form and the solidity of its strength until the keystone is let in to tie it all together. What is the keystone of all knowledge? It is theology, the science of God. When the natural sciences, physical and moral, are read in the light of God, they form one perfect whole. All is order and symmetry, and beauty and light. Such is the house that wisdom has built for herself." *

Faith certainly suffices for the spiritual good of those who possess and preserve it firmly. Theology suffices to give the highest wisdom to its diligent students, and is fully capable of vindicating itself as not only founded on absolute verities which are objects of divine faith, but also as including within itself all the most evident or certain truths of natural reason. Yet, in order to accomplish their complete work, faith and theology

* *Internal Working of the Holy Ghost*, chap. xi. § 3.

need to avail themselves of the services of their handmaid philosophy and of all sciences and branches of human knowledge. This is especially necessary for carrying on the war against unbelief and every kind of error directly or indirectly opposed to faith and theology.

At present heresy and rationalistic philosophy are not the most formidable antagonists to be encountered. The really dangerous foe is a form of unbelief which professes to be science, though it springs from and conducts to, by the avowal of its adepts, nescience; is in principle agnostic, and leaves to the intellect nothing but a bewildered, despairing stare at the unknowable. The dangerous importance of this enemy of all theism and all Christianity is to be measured, not by that which it really is, in itself, but by that which it appears to be in the apprehension of a multitude who are attracted or overawed by its pretensions. Unhappily, there are even many Catholics, having a tincture of education in scientific branches, but a very insufficient instruction in the grounds of their religion, who are in danger of being made by its influence to waver in their faith or to lose it altogether. For the sake both of those who are within and those who are without the pale of the church, it is incumbent on her advocates and defenders to repel this foe and to protect the easily-deluded multitude from its open and its insidious attacks. There is no real conflict between faith and science. The apparent conflict is, we believe, only temporary.. We are confident that science can and will be made subservient to the cause of faith and religion. The work of the proposed International Scientific Congress of Catholics is one well adapted to promote this most desirable result. Therefore we regard it as one of the most necessary and laudable undertakings in which the corps of learned men in the Catholic Church can engage. We desire and hope for it an auspicious beginning, a continued permanence, and a great success. We add in conclusion that the Holy Father has given it his approbation and blessing in a special brief, and has expressed the warm personal interest which he takes in the congress to Monsignor D'Hulst, in a private audience.

Any one who wishes to receive the printed documents which have been issued, or any further information respecting the congress, should apply to the secretary of the commission at the address of Monsignor D'Hulst, Rue de Vaugirard, 74, Paris. The transmission of the report of the acts of the congress can be secured by sending ten francs to M. l'Abbé Pisani, treasurer, at the same address.

Augustine F. Hewit.

DOLORES.

TALBOT is a large old town in one of the northern counties of England, a very old town indeed. The grand seigneurs who took their name from it, and called themselves Earls of Talbot and Knebb, were always getting mixed up with history, now leading revolutions and now reaching out a hand to steady a tottering throne. Before these Norman barons there had been Saxon thanes in the grim old castle, and before the Saxons Romans, who had left their mark on the place in the shape of sundry baths and a vast amphitheatre; this last was some distance outside the town walls, which were also of Roman construction and were built as a protection against the Celts, who would come swooping down from their fastnesses to make raids on the cattle and stray belongings of their prosperous neighbors.

For centuries after the Romans had disappeared the walls were kept up; at certain hours the gates of the town were closed, and sentries paced to and fro on the watch for enemies—for even in the most piping times of peace Talbot would have a neat little feud of its own going on. The place stood more sieges than any other in the United Kingdom, but, in spite of the numerous sackings, plunderings, and free fights that have gone on in its streets, it still maintains a remarkably well-preserved appearance. In no other English town are there more beautiful half-timbered houses, more overhanging upper stories, or more curiously carved joists and beams. Traces of the old fortifications are still to be seen in the broad bed of the moat which encircles three sides of the town; the river forms a natural defence on the fourth. The moat, dry long ago, is now used by astute market gardeners, its sloping sides affording the best possible beds for early strawberries; on hot summer evenings the fragrance of the fruit comes tantalizingly to the nostrils of the promenaders on the town walls. The broad road made on the walls is a favorite walk; from it one gets a magnificent view across the green, undulating country to where the Welsh hills lie hazy and blue in the distance.

There are many fine houses on the walls, lived in by the rich merchants and professional men who add to, and participate in, the city's prosperity. Among the large houses there is a little one, so tiny that one wonders it has not been crushed out of existence by those on either side of it. It is far older than its pom-

pous neighbors, and is an irregular red brick slip of a thing that is somehow suggestive of tight lacing. It looks as if all its shape had been squeezed out of it; it has a high-pitched roof that bulges in and out in the queerest manner, with a one-sided attic window in it, below which comes another window, a modern sash affair, and beneath it a dumpy little bow and a front door, to reach which one mounts a flight of steps all angles and corners. The house is called "The Garden House," and was probably once a pavilion in the grounds of a long pulled-down mansion. At the time I am writing of it was occupied by the two Misses Tanner, and was as irrational inside as out. The front door opened on to a square half-yard of passage, then came more steps, with, immediately on the top of them, the parlor and kitchen doors, and beyond a break-neck staircase leading to Miss Tanner's bedroom. Miss Sarah's, smaller and more plainly furnished than her sister's, opened from it, and on the floor above was one more room, unused and seldom visited.

Miss Tanner had gone out for her daily constitutional, and Miss Sarah was cleaning up the kitchen—an occupation which always took her an hour and a half after dinner—when she was startled by a violent ring at the bell. After trying to get a peep at the intruder from the scullery window, and failing, she took off her apron, pulled down her sleeves, and opened the door just as a second and more impatient peal rang through the house. A girl was standing on the step, who hardly waited for Miss Sarah's invitation to walk in; she seemed to fill the little parlor, to dwarf everything in it, and to make its poor little ornaments look meaner than ever. She was a very tall girl, with large, dark eyes and a quantity of fair hair rolled up under a big Gainsborough hat—a very handsome girl, handsomely dressed in a long sealskin paletôt and muff.

"When will she be in?" she asked in answer to Miss Sarah's repeated remark that her sister was out.

"She always walks for an hour after dinner, and we have generally finished by one; but to-day we were later because we had a beefsteak pudding, and that's always so long cooking." Miss Sarah, as she was wont to inform people, was not well educated like Miss Charlotte; her small domestic duties formed the absorbing interest of her life, and she could rarely keep the details of the *ménage* out of her conversation.

"It is half-past one now," said the girl; "I think I will wait. I've walked in from Gately and I'm tired." And she settled herself in the stiff arm-chair, from whose horse-hair back a woollen

antimacassar went sliding gaily on to the floor and lay there unnoticed by her. Miss Sarah eyed it timidly, longing to pick it up, but not daring to. With a little sigh, relative to her pots and pans, and many misgivings that the kitchen fire would suddenly expire, she set herself to work to entertain her visitor. She was very much overawed by her, and wished fervently that her sister had been at home; *she* knew how to talk, but Sarah could think of nothing to say to this elegant young lady. She was dying to slip away, if only for five minutes, and afraid that if she did so she would seem wanting in politeness, in which case what would Charlotte say? She was always so particular, and if Sarah ever made, as she expressed it, "a hole in her manners," she was sure to be pretty sharply rebuked.

By and by a slow, deliberate step was heard outside, and Sarah flew to open the door to her sister and to convey to her by much facial contortion and pantomime the fact of there being a visitor in the parlor, and her own supreme joy at being relieved from the task of entertainment.

Dolores Fergusson was almost as great an anomaly as her name; her mother was Spanish, her father Scotch. Both parents died when she was an infant, and she was left to the care of her only near relative, a young uncle. To Macdonald Fergusson, then a subaltern in a marching regiment, she had been somewhat of a tie and an encumbrance, but none the less a delight; the good fellow had taken her straight to his heart and had spared her a large share of his narrow income. She had necessarily been away from him a great deal, for he would not allow her to follow the regiment; he placed her while still a child with a French family settled in Bonn, where she remained for many years, growing up somewhat of a cosmopolitan, speaking three languages equally well, with but few friends and none of them resident in England. It was the dream of Major Fergusson's life to retire from his dreary barrack existence to a home of his own, with Dolores as housekeeper, and he was coming back from India to the realization of his hopes when a cruel bank failure swallowed up all his savings. There was nothing left for him but to remain in the army and rejoin his regiment in the Punjaub; and at the same time Dolores declared that she could and would earn her own living: she would teach, if Uncle Mac would only let her. After much hesitation Uncle Mac came round to her way of thinking that perhaps it would be better than staying on *en pension* at Bonn. With some difficulty a situation was found which he was willing for her to take, and to which he personally conducted her,

to assure himself that she would be comfortable and well cared for. After all, he could put by the money he would have otherwise allowed her, so that their term of separation would be the shorter; so, having settled her as far as possible to his satisfaction, he left England with a heavy heart.

Gately Manor was a fine old place three miles out of Talbot, and the Bathursts, who lived there, were decidedly agreeable specimens of the genus "county family." There were many growing and half-grown daughters, for whom their mother was anxious to provide a companion and instructress with good manners and appearance. She saw Dolores in London, and fell in love with her on the spot.

For five months everything was *couleur de rose;* then things began to go a little crookedly. Perhaps Mrs. Bathurst thought Miss Fergusson absorbed more than her fair share of attention; perhaps she thought that, charming as it was, for many things, to have a handsome, amusing governess, yet where constant work and application to lessons was desirable, it might have been better had she been plainer; perhaps she found that instead of diminishing she had increased her own responsibility by adding one more headstrong girl to her team; or perhaps all these reasons combined and fretted her into losing her patience one day.

Dolores had been brought up in her mother's faith, and, there being no Catholic church at Gately, she was in the habit of going to Talbot to Mass, walking in when the weather was fine, and being fetched after service. As the carriage had to go to the parish church of Gately for the other members of the household, it was often late in arriving at Talbot. Good little Miss Tanner, seeing Dolores pacing about one cold October day, ventured to ask her in—the Garden House was so close to the church they must see the carriage pass—and so an acquaintance sprang up, Dolores availing herself of this shelter every Sunday. She had never been in on a week-day before, however, and her sudden appearance flustered the sisters considerably.

"O Miss Tanner!" she began as soon as the old lady was fairly in the parlor, "I don't know what to do. I have come to you for advice. I have left Gately Manor and I have nowhere to go."

"Left Gately? Nowhere to go?" echoed the puzzled spinster.

"Mrs. Bathurst and I had a difference of opinion this morning; she was extremely insolent to me, so of course I left."

In the days of her youth, and indeed far into her middle age, Miss Tanner had been a governess herself, but not such a one as this; and she looked, half in disapproval, half in admiration, at the brilliant young creature who talked about her employer's insolence!

"Yes," continued Dolores; "I asked for my lunch to be served in my own room and my boxes taken to the station, and I departed, I flatter myself, with a good deal of dignity. But the worst of it is, Miss Tanner, one cannot *live* on dignity, and I have only got a very little money. What do you think I had better do?"

"You must take another situation, my dear, I suppose. But it is a pity you have quarrelled with Mrs. Bathurst, because perhaps she won't care to give you a reference now."

"As if I should *ask* her!" flashed Dolores. "No, *indeed!* But, Miss Tanner, situations don't grow in the hedgerows; I was two months before I found this one. What am I to do while I am looking about?"

"Why, go to your friends or relations, of course; and you had better apply to an agent."

"Miss Tanner," said Dolores, rising and looking down impressively from her height of five feet seven inches—"Miss Tanner, I *have* no friends, and I *have* no relations except Uncle Mac; and I can't go to him, for seven and sixpence won't take one to the Punjaub, and that's all I possess in the world!"

"But surely your salary—Mrs. Bathurst cannot avoid giving you that!"

"Mrs. Bathurst gave it me all in advance ten days ago."

"And what did you do with it?"

"I bought my coat."

Miss Tanner was dumb. The improvidence which could spend its all upon sealskins was incomprehensible to her. If she had wasted her earnings in like manner she and Sarah would have been in the work-house now instead of enjoying a small annuity tenable on the life of the survivor and bought by her savings. Yet she had been a pretty girl once and had liked pretty clothes.

"Of course," went on Dolores, "my uncle, Major Fergusson, will send me some money directly he knows I want some, but it will be ages before I can get it. What must I do in the meanwhile? I can't go to London, unless I walk; and I don't know that *that* would do me any good. I suppose I must stay at a hotel in Talbot; how much do you think it would cost for a week or two at the Magpie?"

Miss Tanner shook her head; her imagination could not carry her so far; the Magpie was to her mind a palatial place of entertainment chiefly affected by gilded youths who squandered fortunes on "the board of green cloth," as she loved to call a billiard-table.

"You had better consult Father Steele," she said at last.

"I have just come from him."

"What did he say?"

"Well, he said—he said—" and Dolores blushed—"he said a good deal, but the upshot of it was that I ought not to go into rooms by myself, and that I had better come and ask you if you could suggest a plan. Dear Miss Tanner!" and her large eyes filled with tears, "it is so dreadful to be alone in the world. And suppose Uncle Mac never gets my letter! I may starve to death!"

"Don't cry, my dear, don't cry! There, there, dry your eyes, and sit quietly here while I talk to my sister." And soft-hearted Miss Tanner went off to hold a hurried consultation in a low, constrained voice with Sarah, whose flushing face and trembling hand would in a less interesting moment have betrayed her guilt; she had only just had time to scamper away from the key-hole and bend over the kitchen cupboard when her sister joined her.

"Don't you think she might stay with us for a little while?" asked Miss Charlotte.

Miss Sarah was scared stiff at the thought. "That fine lady stay with us!"

"Come to *that*," said Miss Tanner, "one lady is no better than another, and I shall be glad of some one intellectual to talk to—for a change."

This little side-wipe subdued Miss Sarah.

"Very well," she replied meekly. "I'd better put a bit of fire in the parlor, and there will be her sheets to air and the room to get ready. It isn't much of a place for her, anyhow. Perhaps I had better go up-stairs myself?"

"Certainly not; if any one is to be inconvenienced she must be the person," returned Miss Charlotte grandly. But when later on her sister summoned her to an inspection of the guest-chamber, and she saw how barren and meagre it was, she concluded that perhaps, if Sarah didn't mind, she *had* better give up her room; it was unnecessary for all the world to know the limited resources of the establishment.

I am afraid Miss Sarah's room, with its desert of scrubbed floor

and small oasis of Kidderminster carpet, its painted chest of drawers, its tiny toilet-table, and its bare walls—whose sole attempts at decoration consisted of some faded ferrotypes of hideously ugly people, one or two lace-paper pictures illustrative of highly mystical piety, and a china holy-water stoup—did not strike Dolores as a desirable abiding-place. She could not repress a little shiver when conducted to this apartment, or a mental comparison between it and her comfortable one at Gately. Again, when she sat down to supper on baked potatoes and eggs (the latter added to the *menu* in her honor), her thoughts flew to the dinner that was being consumed *la bas*, and she had a keenly accurate vision of the brilliantly lighted table, the blazing fire, the soft-footed servants, and above all the delicious smell of well-cooked game that was apt to pervade the manor-house from September to February.

However, when one is young and hungry, one can eat baked potatoes with a relish and drink small beer with a thankful soul.

There was no fault to be found with Miss Sarah's bed; it was soft, springy, warm, and eminently all that a bed should be, and Dolores rolled over in it with glee when she heard eight o'clock chime and remembered that there was no need for her to turn out and see that sundry reluctant worshippers should be in time for family prayers. She slept for another hour or more, and it was past ten when she went down-stairs to find that her tea had been put on the hob to keep warm, that both sisters had been to Mass, and that their work for the day was half over. She was still taking her breakfast when she saw the Gately carriage drive by. For one moment she hoped it was coming to her with a message of peace, but it rolled on, and she persuaded herself that on no condition would she have taken in an olive-branch had one been proffered her.

As a matter of fact, the brougham stopped at the presbytery, and Mrs. Bathurst, descending from it, asked for Father Steele. She was much distressed, she told him, at the manner in which Miss Fergusson had left her, she having in a way accepted the charge of her from her uncle, and never having treated her as an ordinary governess. Both she and Mr. Bathurst felt very anxious about her, and, badly as she had behaved, they could not rid themselves of a sense of responsibility, and they would prefer to overlook everything and take her back than feel that she was wandering round at a loose end.

Father Steele's report was reassuring. He told Mrs. Bathurst

that Dolores had come to him for advice, that he had recommended her to stay with some old lady parishioners of his until she was suited with another situation, and that at their house she would be quite safe and well looked after. What he did not tell her —for what, indeed, he did not know himself—was that Dolores was regarded by Miss Tanner as a visitor, not as a boarder. She had not been so frank with him concerning her money matters as she had been with her hostess, and he imagined that from the first there would be a business arrangement.

The brougham took Mrs. Bathurst home in a very bad temper. She was a clever, good-hearted, capable creature, with a family to manage whose size and "contrariness" did not in the least prevent her undertaking to manage the affairs of alien households and individuals; the more she had to do for her fellow-creatures the better she was pleased, only she expected a certain amount of submission in return. As I have already said, she took a great liking to Dolores at the beginning of their acquaintance, but, with her usual sharp perception, she saw that the career of a governess was one for which that young person was pre-eminently unsuited; she determined to keep her as long as possible at Gately and then provide her with a husband. Ere long the man presented himself—Mr. Arthur Hunt, a young lawyer in fairly good practice, who, to use a slang expression, "went down" before Miss Fergusson, and Mrs. Bathurst was delighted. Nothing could have been better; the girls were so fond of her, it would be delightful to have her settled near, and then when her uncle came home he could live in Talbot; there was a small house by the river, which would be just the thing for him, and Number Nine in the Crescent would admirably suit the young *ménage*. She arranged everything to her satisfaction, even to the details of the wedding, which should take place from her house, when suddenly her plans met with a check—a check as absurd as it was unexpected. Augustus, commonly called Gus, Bescobey, at one time in her Majesty's Hundred and Ninety-fourth Royal Ulster Rifles, and now captain in the West Stoneshire Militia, was not a man calculated in *any* degree to make Miss Fergusson happy, while she would simply drive him mad at the end of a month.

To begin with, he was at least fifteen years her senior; then he was as energetic, methodical, and precise in his ways as she was indolent, careless, and happy-go-lucky in hers; he was good-looking, even handsome on a small scale, but would look ridiculous by the side of her magnificent proportions; and then he

was the owner of a really fine place, one of the most compact properties about, and she, delightful as she was, was only—well, there were so many nice girls, members of old Stoneshire families, that it would really not be *right* for Bescobey of Barrow Hall to marry a governess!

For as long as she possibly could Mrs. Bathurst persuaded herself that it was only a flirtation. Captain Bescobey had always been a worshipper at many shrines, but he must not be allowed with his frivolous attentions to interfere with the serious designs of Mr. Arthur Hunt; and when Mr. Bathurst, slowest and most unobservant of men, remarked that "Gus and Miss Fergusson looked like business," his wife felt it was time to interfere.

Mr. Hunt, who had for some time come every Sunday to partake of the delightfully informal tea, which was a Sabbath institution at Gately, and had remained after tea to keep Miss Fergusson and the little ones company while the elders went to church, suddenly ceased his visits. No wonder! For three successive weeks he had found Gus Bescobey at the right hand of the tea-tray, helping Dolores with the cups and the urn, and staying afterwards to tell the children stories and prevent any one else from getting in a word!

It was a Monday morning, and Mrs. Bathurst's mind was in that peculiar state which is supposed to arise from the body having got out of bed the wrong side; her husband had not been happy in his remarks during the matutinal toilet, and before it was completed word came up from the dairy that Daisy, the best cow, was ill, and the veterinary must be sent for at once; to add to all, the children had a holiday. She had given her consent to this last night, but really it did seem absurd. It was the sixteenth of November, the feast of St. Gertrude, from whom it appeared Miss Fergusson took her second name, and in her foreign manner she was in the habit of keeping that day as her *fête*. When she mentioned this fact during tea, all the children had cried out to be let off lessons, and of course that ridiculous Gus had put in *his* oar, so there they would all be with nothing to do.

Things had in nowise improved when at half-past eleven Mrs. Bathurst swept into the school-room and found Dolores before the fire with a novel.

"How many holidays do you propose to have before Christmas, Miss Fergusson?" was the opening fire.

Dolores smiled in a rather aggravating manner.

"I don't think there are any more saints who imperatively demand recognition, Mrs. Bathurst."

"I am glad of it. I think it is very absurd to keep the feast of St. Gertrude! Who ever heard of St. Gertrude before, I wonder?"

"I am sorry you disapprove of poor St. Gertrude. If you had said so last night, of course *I* should not have urged a holiday in her honor; but you seemed quite pleased."

"It is not agreeable to have to show as a spoil-sport before a lot of people, and Captain Bescobey was so persistent. Where did you get your roses?" This rather sharply, looking at a superb bouquet on the table.

The girl flushed, and raised her eyebrows just a little, then said:

"Captain Bescobey sent them to me. Would you like to see the note that accompanied them?"

"I think," said Mrs. Bathurst, not heeding this question, "that it is time you and Captain Bescobey stopped this nonsense. It is a very bad example for the girls. Of course, you are young, and I shut my eyes to a good deal on that account, but you go too far. If it was likely to end in anything serious I should be the last person to speak; but you must be aware that he is only trifling; he is a notorious flirt, all Stoneshire knows that."

"The Stoneshire girls may have found him so. I don't think," said Dolores, rising and looking at herself complacently in the glass—"I don't think he is flirting with me."

"I don't know why you should take that superior tone over the Stoneshire girls; it is very absurd in your position. And it is evident to every one but you that he is amusing himself at your expense; and let me tell you that you are losing an excellent chance which a girl—I must repeat it—in your position has no right to throw away."

What terrible mistakes people are led into by an excess of zeal!

"I suppose you mean to be kind, Mrs. Bathurst; you only succeed in being impertinent." Mrs. Bathurst gasped. "Has it never occurred to you that *I* may be amusing myself with him?"

No, this had never occurred to the lady of Gately. It had not entered within the bounds of her imagination that a penniless governess, a girl from nowhere, could *amuse* herself with one of the best *partis* in the three counties. She was horrified. All the blood of all the landed gentry who went to make up her

ancestry revolted. Why, Alice, her own Alice, if she were a year or two older, would be glad to be mistress of Barrow; and here was this upstart minx—

Well, Mrs. Bathurst was hot-tempered, and she had a tongue not always easy to bridle. On this occasion she gave it full rein, and it must be owned that it met its match in the "little member" of Miss Dolores Fergusson. The upshot of the discussion we know. Just as the young lady was leaving the room she turned to fling this parting shaft:

"I might as well tell you that I had a letter from him this morning, with an offer of marriage in it, which I am going now to answer and decline. Not even as Mrs. Bescobey would I settle in Stoneshire. What I have seen of your very provincial society inspires me with no desire to become a permanent member of it."

Dolores spent her first day at the Garden House in answering advertisements from the *Daily News;* in writing letters, notably one to her only intimate friend in England, a Miss Colville, who lived with her parents in Kensington, and to whom she explained her embarrassing position; and in looking out of the window at the passers-by. When it grew too dark for this latter amusement, she and Miss Charlotte sat on either side the fire, the old lady dozing in her chair and the young one letting her thoughts roam over the events of the last forty-eight hours. She thought with a good deal of indignation of Mrs. Bathurst and her theory that she, *she*, Dolores Fergusson, was not good enough for that little whipper-snapper, Augustus Bescobey! To say that *he* had been trifling with her!—the sting was taken out of this suggestion, though, when she put her hand in her pocket and felt his letter. Such a characteristic letter; written on the very thickest, extra-double, superfine, hand-woven paper; emblazoned with crest and coat-of-arms and "Barrow Hall, Stoneshire" in the right-hand corner. There was nothing pompous in the epistle itself; it was manly, straightforward, and humble in its tone, as though it were addressed to a queen, whereas her answer (sent while smarting from the lash of Mrs. Bathurst's remarks) was brief, almost contemptuous, in its definite dismissal of his proposal.

It was very quiet at the Garden House, oppressively quiet. Miss Charlotte still dozed by the fire, which was a very small one, with a little mound of carefully damped ashes on the top. Every third breath she drew came from her lungs with a whistling wheeze, which Dolores caught herself watching and

listening for, and which at last became so irritating that she felt she must get up and wake her. She wondered what Miss Sarah was doing, and she went softly from the room in search of her. Miss Sarah was in the kitchen; a pile of stockings, put aside since it had grown too dark to darn them, lay on the table by her, and the beads of the rosary were slipping one by one through her knotted, work-hardened fingers.

"Why, Miss Sarah! I believe you were asleep, too," said Dolores, by way of opening the conversation.

Miss Sarah shook her head.

"No, no, I wasn't asleep. I was may be nodding a bit, but I wasn't asleep. See," she continued, holding up her chaplet in confirmation of what she said, "I had got to the seventh bead of the third Joyful Mystery."

"Well, your sister is asleep. I left her snoring."

"Charlotte often takes a nap about now. 'Blindman's holiday' I call it."

"And why don't you?"

"It is the only time I have to say my rosary. Charlotte says hers when she goes to bed, but I can't keep my eyes open."

"What time do you get up?"

"Half-past five in summer; six in winter."

"Miss Sarah! whatever makes you rise at such unearthly hours?"

"Charlotte goes to the half-past seven Mass, and it is as much as I can do to get back from the half-past six before she leaves the house."

"Why don't you go together?"

"That wouldn't do at all. Who would get her breakfast, I wonder? She needs a cup of hot tea when she comes in, I can tell you. She is delicate, you know. Always has been."

Dolores looked at the square, sturdy little figure before her, which certainly had no appearance of delicacy. Still, the strongest folks are apt to feel shivery on raw winter mornings.

Father Steele came in that evening and told them he had been called away suddenly to the further north of England, and might be absent some months. He gave Dolores, in return for a sketchy outline of the events that had led to her leaving Gately, some sound advice as to her future conduct, and he made her promise to remain where she was until she met with a satisfactory situation.

"And you are to refer the people to Mrs. Bathurst," he said, "who will in turn see that they are all they should be; and you

are not to let any absurd pride prevent your doing this. In the meanwhile, learn all you can from your hostesses here. I assure you there is much in them you might copy."

Dolores laughed.

"Aren't they quaint?" she said. "The way Miss Sarah waits on Miss Charlotte amuses me."

"That's all right. Miss Sarah likes giving attention, and Miss Tanner likes receiving it."

"But you don't know to what an extent they carry it. They are like mistress and maid. Miss Tanner has a silver fork and a dinner napkin, and Miss Sarah a three-pronged iron one and no *serviette*."

"That may be, but they are very like sisters in their unselfish devotion to one another."

"Unselfish! Miss Tanner lets Miss Sarah do all the work."

"My dear child, as I told you before, that's right enough; however, if you haven't the sense to make things out for yourself, I will explain them, at the risk of being indiscreet. Miss Sarah is very independent, and she wouldn't accept her daily bread, even from her sister, unless there was a distinct understanding that she should earn it. She has no money of her own, and if she works for Charlotte now she is only repaying her the hundreds of acts of self-denial which had to be made before she could lay up enough money for both of them."

Several days went by without bringing any answers to the letters Dolores had despatched; then came one from Miss Colville. They were all at Nice, it informed her, otherwise nothing would have given them greater pleasure than to have her stay with them for an indefinite period. Would she like to join them out there? This was of course impossible.

Perhaps Dolores was not of a highly sensitive nature, perhaps it was only her youth made her careless; certain it is that, though she never intended to remain under an obligation to Miss Tanner, she never was at the pains to explain as much. She took it for granted that they understood that as soon as Uncle Mac sent her some money she would pay them. She would have said, had you asked her, that there was no need to discuss such things.

It was very slow for her in Talbot, but, as she had nowhere else to go, she bore the slowness with philosophy and made herself very nice to the old ladies. She sang to them, read to them, and made them laugh. They had never had so charming a companion. Meantime no word came from the Punjaub.

The days rolled themselves into weeks, the weeks into a month and more, and brought no news from Major Fergusson, no

prospect of a re-engagement. Dolores grew a little bored and dull, and the cramped housekeeping began to pall on her. She was sick of tea and toast, sick of baked potatoes and rice, tiny bits of meat and plain suet puddings. She grew to hate the little stews and ragoûts, and longed for a cut from a leg of mutton or a generous sirloin, and it seemed to her also as if the food grew scantier and of a more inferior sort.

The darkest days of December had come round now, and it was very cold, yet the parlor fire was hardly ever lighted; they sat mostly in the kitchen; the two candles were reduced to one. *Why* didn't Uncle Mac write? If anything had happened to him she would have heard from his colonel. If only Father Steele were at Talbot instead of staying always at Dartington! If only she had some relations or some real friends! But she *was* a lonely girl! No one cared for her excepting Uncle Mac in India, and—well, she supposed Gus Bescobey cared for her, or he would not have wanted to marry her. When she came to think of it there was something very much alike in the characters of Captain Bescobey and Uncle Mac; both had that chivalrous way with women.

Sometimes at night she would lie staring at the darkness and wondering what would have happened if she had not known Miss Tanner. Another girl, I think, would have cried herself to sleep, but she was not easily disturbed. She *had* known Miss Tanner, and so it was all right. It was poky and horrid, but it must end soon, and she would turn over, and, going to sleep, dream that Uncle Mac had sent her a hundred pounds and that there was turkey for dinner.

But one day it happened that instead of turkey there was bread and cheese, and in the evening at supper there was no butter with the potatoes. Miss Tanner and Miss Sarah were cheerful and talked more than usual, but Dolores was put out. She felt that there was bad management somewhere, and I am afraid she showed her annoyance; the postman came with a loud knock, but he only brought a printed circular, and when the girl went slowly to the kitchen with it in her hand there was evident expectation and as evident disappointment on the sisters' faces; this again she felt called on to resent. After all, it was no business of theirs, and it was worrying to have them keep asking if she had heard from her uncle, and to see them exchange glances when she said no. Did they suppose he had deserted her? He had gone up into the hills or to some out-of-the-way place, of course.

She took her candle early that night and marched off to bed. Whether it was due to the lightness of her supper or the fact of her being rather anxious, I don't know; perhaps both these causes kept her awake. She lay tossing from side to side, and at last determined to read. She crept softly down-stairs, intending to slip into the parlor in search of a book, when a stray word from the kitchen arrested her attention.

It was her own name she heard, uttered by Miss Sarah in a tone of commiseration. Then Charlotte said:

"Poor child! I'm afraid she's gone hungry to bed. Well, she's young, she will go to sleep; but I do get so qualmish in the night."

"So do I; but what are we to do? Do you think she will ever have a letter?"

Dolores crouched nearer the door, straining her ears to catch every word, and feeling as if they were discussing some one else; it could not be her they were talking of as though she were some starving creature they had rescued from the streets!

"I don't know; I don't think so," went on Charlotte. "It is very queer, however; the girl is a good girl enough, a little vain and lazy, perhaps, but right-minded, and we must just do the best for her we can. It seems as if she had been sent to us to take care of, and we can't turn her out, a beautiful, friendless young creature like she is."

"God forbid!" ejaculated Sarah. "But we shall have to tell her to-morrow that she must not mind if the food is rather plain and pinched; we can't do more than we can, and we can't run in debt even if we would. What was just enough for two must be tightly stretched to cover three."

"I wish we could have managed without telling her," said Charlotte. "I am sure she feels it enough already, though she never says a word; that's pride, I suppose. What I *don't* like is that we can't make our usual little Christmas gifts this year. Some of them will think it very odd. There's Mrs. Donovan; she's had something from us for so long now."

"She'll have to do without for once. Dolores wants it more than she does."

The girl's beautiful head bowed very low. She—*she* was in direr need than Mrs. Donovan, the Irish charwoman!

"There's nothing we could do without for a little to make it up, is there?" asked Charlotte.

"Nothing. Since you gave up your drop of beer at night—and I doubt if you ought to have done that—you are far from strong," answered her sister. "However," she continued more cheer-

fully, "she may get a situation any time, and when we're over Christmas it won't be so hard; the days will be getting longer and warmer."

"It's a far cry to the spring yet!" said Charlotte, "and 'as the day lengthens, so the cold strengthens,' you know. Let us go to bed, Sarah; you are a dreadful hand at sitting up lately."

"The fact is, it is so draughty in the attic I'm loath to leave the warm kitchen."

"You'd better arrange to come down into my room; it's too cold for you up there."

The girl, hearing them move, flew up-stairs to her room, and, creeping into bed, lay there trembling and shaking with misery.

The morning after that night of horrid awakening and self-disenchantment found Dolores aching with mental growing-pains. It is not given to the souls of many people to develop as hers did in those few hours. Her eyes had been cruelly forced open, and she had been made to see herself and her relation to the two women whom she had been treating with a kind of condescending good-nature, and whom she had vaguely intended to "pay when Uncle Mac wrote."

She came to breakfast pale and haggard, feeling as if every morsel would choke her, yet, in her new enlightenment, realizing how it would hurt them to let them know she had overheard what they had said and so would not eat. Afterwards she went out to a murky bureau in a back street, on whose wire blind were dingy gold letters setting forth that it was a registry office for all branches of employment.

The clerk who took down her name and address told her to return in an hour's time, and, when she did so, confronted her with a man whom she recognized as the owner of a pastry cook's shop in the high street. This individual explained to her that he had the contract for the station refreshment-rooms, and that at Christmas, owing to the increased number of passengers, he was always obliged to take on extra hands. He was now in want of two or three what he called "stylish girls," and he fancied she might suit. He was satisfied with her references, while she told him that all she needed was immediate employment. So the bargain was concluded then and there; all she stipulated for was that she might go to Wexford, the neighboring junction, instead of Talbot. Her duties were to begin in two days.

Miss Tanner was terribly distressed when she heard of the step Dolores had taken, but she saw that all remonstrance would be in vain.

It was hard work for a novice. She had to rise at five to catch the workman's train, and, being a beginner, was given bottles and glasses to wash, sandwiches to cut, and the counters to dust. There were seven other girls, who all wore heavy fringes, and whose admirers were as numerous as their bangles. The manageress was the most objectionable, Dolores thought; she was so fond of a form of amusement she called "chaffin." Then they were kept so late at night, and when she got to Talbot—for it was arranged she should continue to sleep at the Garden House—she had so far to walk through the dark, deserted streets; good little Miss Sarah always sat up for her and had a bowl of bread and milk on the hob.

On Christmas Day she had a few hours' holiday, but had to be at her post in the evening.

"You look sadly tired, child," said Miss Tanner, when she rose to fetch her hat and cloak.

"That she does," said Sarah; "not fit to go to Wexford. I wish I could take her place. I don't see why I shouldn't. I could do anything she does as well, if not better. Let me go and say you aren't well."

The idea of homely, dowdy little Miss Sarah behind the buffet, accepting with as good a grace as possible the compliments of the commercial travellers and excursionists, was so irresistibly comic that Dolores burst out laughing. She could not stop her laughter, either, but went on giggling inanely till the mirth turned to tears, and, laying her head in Charlotte's lap, she sobbed like a child, and between her sobs she got out her confession of how she had listened, and how she knew now all they had done for her, and how abominably she had behaved. They soothed and kissed her, and she went off feeling happier than she had done for weeks.

Boxing Day was rough and busy on the line, many special trains passing to and fro, and the handles of the beer-machines going all day long, with an incessant accompaniment of corks popping and a clamor for buns and hard-boiled eggs.

It was very hot in the bar at night, the smoke from many pipes, the breath of many mortals, and much alcoholic vapor hanging in dense fumes above the glaring gaslight; the trains came in in quick succession, and no one seemed to have time to swallow his or her refreshment comfortably.

Miss Gregg, the manageress, lost her temper and drove her assistants about with sharp words; there was a perpetual demand for change, and a supply utterly inadequate to meet it.

Dolores, feeling as though the whole thing was a hideous dream, ran hither and thither, bearing "arf-and-arfs," "B. and S.'s," and cups of tea and coffee as expeditiously as she could, still drawing down on herself many rebukes and remarks of the "Now then, miss, look alive," and "Don't 'urry yourself, but be quick, my dear" kind, some not always good-humored in their facetiousness.

"One sherry to the gentleman over there, Miss Fergusson; and *move*, please," said Miss Gregg.

Miss Fergusson *moved* and gave the gentleman his glass so awkwardly that she upset it and sent the contents over his ulster. It was an ulster of large checks and many capes; an ulster before which she stood stupidly transfixed, for it was worn by Captain Bescobey, and he was staring at her more stonily, if possible, than she at him. She saw only his face, and she never forgot how it looked to her; how white and horror-stricken in the steaming atmosphere. She heard the roar and bustle going on around her, and above all she heard Miss Gregg scolding, and then she moved away into the room behind the bar, leaving that lady to replace the overturned sherry. The glass door of exit swung back violently, and the wine was left neglected on the counter till it was quietly absorbed by an astute bookmaker who had witnessed the whole affair.

The December morning was dawning gray and cold, and the Angelus was ringing, when a man came round the corner on to the town walls—a little man, precise and trim in every detail of his dress, despite the unseasonable hour at which he must have made his toilet. He stamped his feet in their smart, small boots, and he slapped his hands in huge ringwood gloves of a startlingly loud and hideous pattern; he shrugged the capes of his horse-cloth coat up round his ears, and he muttered something not complimentary to the weather, the while he kept his eyes fixed on the door of a red brick house until it opened and a girl came out.

Then he darted across the road, and "Dolores—Miss Fergusson," he said, and there was a tone in that small man's voice which brought the blood rushing to her cheek. Strange though it may seem, he had dwelt much in her mind lately, and had grown there until he had assumed heroic proportions.

I am ashamed to say how much she had thought about him, how often she had read and reread his letter, and how bitterly she had repented her answer to it; and here let me add that though adversity, doubtless, had a hand in bringing this about,

it was not consideration for creature comforts made her take him, but the sentiment called "true love."

There on the town walls, while the white mists rolled away from Severn's banks and revealed the valley in its winter nakedness, the old, old story was told, and the hearts of both sang with joy. It might have been a midsummer's forenoon, so fine the day appeared as it broke beyond the Welsh hills.

How came it, she wondered, that she had ever laughed at him? He was the noblest, most sympathetic, quick to understand of human beings. She found herself pouring all her troubles into his ear in the most unconstrained manner—she, who had always been reserved to him, whom she had considered typical of a certain *borné* class. He appreciated it all; he was ready to laugh at what was laughable, and positively his eyes brimmed over when she told him of the sisters.

He had flown straight from seeing her to Mrs. Bathurst, and I fancy that lady heard some home-truths on the evils of interference; but they made it up and were the best of friends afterwards, and he had resolved, he said, to try his luck once more.

As to Wexford and the station, it could go—somewhere, and Miss Gregg with it. Not for one half-hour should she return there. When Miss Sarah opened the front door to shake the mat, she found two people standing there, who said they had come to breakfast.

I think Mrs. Bathurst would have laughed—I am *sure* she would have laughed after the first shock—could she have seen Captain Bescobey, the august Captain Bescobey, seated at the little round kitchen table and enjoying himself immensely.

The sisters were in a flutter of delight, and did their best to make the meal a festival. How good the bacon was, and how strong the tea! But somehow Dolores could not eat much, only she sat with happy eyes, and held her lover's hand under the table, and smiled, and swallowed the big lump that kept coming in her throat.

Later in the day Miss Sarah called her to the parlor, and there was Mrs. Bathurst, who said: "You stupid girl! why didn't you tell me?" and then held open her arms, but scolded a little all the time.

As Mrs. Bescobey of Barrow, Dolores is an eminent success. She has recovered her good appetite and her fondness for fine clothes. She and her husband have the reputation of being the best-dressed couple in Stoneshire, and Father Steele says, with a laugh, that he always puts them in a front seat when the bishop comes, they are such a credit to his congregation, and cover a

multitude of poor people. "And that," he generally adds, "in more ways than one."

If Mrs. Donovan went without her Christmas present, she got one at the New Year that made her open her eyes, and the Garden House took on such an air of luxury that its own mistresses hardly knew it.

Major Fergusson only just got home in time for the wedding. He had been, as Dolores surmised, up in the hills with a detachment of the regiment. He lives in the small house by the river, and so one, at least, of Mrs. Bathurst's plans has met with due fulfilment.

AGNES POWER.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART—COLLECTION OF CYPRIOTE SCULPTURE.

SECOND PAPER.

THE dates of the Cypriote excavations—the most important were mainly between 1865 and 1875—have been noted in an article published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for August. The way in which the New York Museum made its acquisition of the Cypriote collections has also been noticed in that paper. The related article of the month of November contains some general considerations as to the bearing of archæologic studies on general history, as to the influence of Greek archæology on modern taste and literature, and as to the very recent development of Oriental and Egyptian studies. The present paper is devoted to the Cypriote statuary in New York from this standpoint.

The connections between Greek and Egyptian sculpture have been strenuously denied by authors of distinction as lately as 1880. This is the date of the last edition of Overbeck's *History of Greek Sculpture*, a much-quoted and highly respected authority (German, and not translated). The German authors have been much more accessible to the hypothesis of an Assyrian influence on Greek art, apparently because the Assyrians had no sculpture to speak of, aside from reliefs. Hence to admit Assyrian influence on Greek art does not include influence in sculpture, and this is the art on which the question between independent origin and foreign derivation has so far principally turned. This antagonism of many German authorities to the theory of foreign influences on the origin of Greek sculpture is a result of

conservative devotion to the school of Winckelmann and of Ottfried Müller, as to which my last paper contains some notes. It may also be said that the theory of an Egyptian influence on early Greek sculpture, as advanced, without success, by certain German scholars in past years, was not supported by the evidence of the works subsequently made known, and now that the proofs have come to hand the controversy is not easily abandoned by those who have once entered it. The inability of European students to make personal observations of the Cypriote works in New York has also contributed to prolong the controversy. Photographs and drawings are a valuable assistance in extending acquaintance with a class of works already known, but it is not the habit of scholars to publish original theories based solely on illustrations of uninspected objects.

Before taking up this question of the origins of Greek art it may be observed that the question affects equally the origins of our own art and civilization. Since the Greek culture developed there has been no other. By one channel or another, through the Roman and Byzantine empires, the Italian Renaissance, and the Greek revival of the eighteenth century, Greek forms and Greek taste, however disguised under foreign names and however propagated by later nations, have ruled European civilization. Contrast with these forms and with this taste the Egyptian and the Oriental (Assyro-Chaldæan or Assyro-Babylonian), and we enter another world. A modern traveller must visit the East to realize the unity of the modern European nations. A scholar must study the Egyptians and Assyrians to realize that all European civilization has been Greek.

In the extreme eastern basin of the Mediterranean lies the island of Cyprus, distant about fifty miles from the coast of Syria and about the same distance from the coast of Asia Minor, in the angle where the shores of these two countries join. Cast the eye on a map showing the upper Euphrates, and observe that bend of the river by which it approaches the Syrian coast at the parallel of Cyprus, and it will appear how closely this island has been related in ancient times to the culture of the Tigris-Euphrates valley. But Syria itself was for centuries a provincial dependency of Egypt in civilization. The island of Cyprus owed its entry into history to Phœnician colonists from this Syrian coast, and had paid direct tribute to Egypt as early as the eighteenth century B.C.

Let us now observe the antiquity of the Assyro-Chaldean and Egyptian culture and its long dominance in Cyprus, at

the time when Greek colonies were first established there. The most extreme estimates of the antiquity of the Greek settlements in Cyprus must allow a precedence and preduration of at least one thousand years to the Assyro-Chaldean and Egyptian influences on the island. It is known that the Greek colonies did not rise to great prosperity or power until the eighth century B.C. When they did so rise to prosperity they were in a stronghold of Oriental and Egyptian influences, themselves the military masters and the money-making power.

A fair parallel may be drawn between the ancient Greeks and the modern Japanese. These nations resemble one another in artistic capabilities, in capacity for ready assimilation of foreign elements, and in the eagerness to learn from foreigners. Can we imagine the eager, alert, inquisitive, and prosperous Greek colonists of Cyprus to have been less open to foreign influences than the modern Japanese have been? Certain centres in Japan have been most exposed to European influences and most affected by them, but do we not confidently predict the rapid extension of the Europeanizing movement throughout all the islands of Japan? Was it a different thing as between the Greeks of Cyprus and those of Rhodes and Crete, of the Ægean Islands, of the shore of Asia Minor, and of the mother-country? The art remains of Cyprus are the evidences of the influences in question, and it can be traced from them to the Greeks in general, just as the change in the art of Japan to-day is the test of the European influence, and our only conclusive means of knowing its popular extent. The Japanese Europeanizing ministers of state might be overthrown by a revolution, but the change in the national art proves that this revolution will not come.

This relation of Cypriote art to Greek history becomes clearer when we realize the very late time in Greek history at which the perfection of its art was developed. The Greek states lost their liberties in the fourth century B.C. The Parthenon and its related art in sculpture and design date only a century before this time. At the beginning of the fifth century B.C. Greek design was still as awkwardly archaic as the paintings by the father of Raphael. Italian art exhibits the same long period of incubation under foreign (Byzantine) influences of fully one thousand years; the same three centuries of independent national effort in various steps of archaic development, continuing till the time of the birth of Raphael; the same sudden flowering out of triumphant beauty, the same sudden collapse and decadence within a century.

Such a sketch of Greek history is offered by the Cypriote statues of the New York Museum, with its Greek priests and devotees of Venus figuring in the disguise of Chaldæan robes or Egyptian head-dress and tunic, posing in Egyptian or Oriental style, but showing the independent national art striving to escape from its chrysalis. This then gradually struggles into existence, culminates, and declines again. (I have noticed the large amount of Cypriote statuary of the Greco-Roman decadence in my August article.)

A curious feature of the Cypriote Greek art has tended to obscure its significance as offering a series of progressive connecting links in the development of the Greek art in general, its undeniable provincial character and technical inferiority. Hence an apparently obvious conclusion that the Cypriote art is a provincial debasement, not a connecting link. Some writers, like M. Georges Perrot,* who are most emphatic in asserting foreign influences on early Greek art, ignore the archaic art of Cyprus as a progressive one. In this view the Greeks of Cyprus were orientalized to an extent which made them incapable of a progressive activity or of progressive reaction on their western compatriots. C. T. Newton and Samuel Birch have taken the same view.

The fact is this: From the opening of the fifth century B.C. Cypriote art is a debased Greek rather than a progressive archaic art. The Cypriote Greeks headed the Ionic revolt and they shared with the Ionian cities its results, and to a still greater extent. They became vassals of Persia, and, worse, of the Phœnicians, who had been their worsted rivals in Cyprus for three centuries. Persia was an inland power, without a fleet, dependent on Phœnician galleys for its marine. Thus, under Persian rule, the Phœnicians were a favored nationality, and the home of the Ionic revolt was not a prosperous location for Oriental Greeks. It holds true of all the Greek cities of Asia Minor, whether protected from Persian ascendency or not, that their decadence set in when the fifth century began. The ninth, eighth, seventh, and sixth centuries were their periods of greatness and activity. It was the triumph over Persia which woke the Greeks of the northern country, and especially of Athens, to deploy their intellectual and artistic forces. The same contest with Persia reduced the Oriental Greeks either to vassalage or to comparative insignificance. The centre of active force, of commercial prosperity, of great power, had passed from the

* *Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité.*

Oriental Greeks to the mother-country. But to judge the Cypriote Greeks of the eighth, seventh, and sixth centuries by those of the fifth, is to judge the Florentines of the fifteenth century by those of the seventeenth century. It is to judge Pisa of the thirteenth century by Pisa in the fifteenth century, or to judge Venice in the sixteenth century by Venice in the eighteenth century. All history proves that the local centres of activity move from one point to another. Decadence sets in for one when greatness begins elsewhere. The names are the same; everything else has changed. So with the Roman Empire. Spain, Africa, Syria, and Dalmatia were successively the provinces in which the vital force of the empire lay, as the changing birth-places of its successive emperors show. These changes are evident when different nations are in question, but they are not always so clearly realized for different portions of a single country. To adduce one more instance, the greatness of the Ætolians and Acharnanians did not begin till Greek history was over.

Thus it was with Cyprus. Its provincial archaic art in the seventh century had been, with one exception, perhaps the only school of stone sculpture in Greece at that time. In the sixth century this progress continued, but the more western Greeks began to outstrip it. In the fifth century force was lacking to complete the evolution of the Greek art in Cyprus. It fell back into the arms of Oriental lassitude, and experienced, as an outlying distant province of a new centre of activity, tardy and reacting influences of the art it had helped to create and could not rival. Thus we find in later centuries of Cypriote art curious survivals of the old archaic period, just as a picturesque peasant's costume survives in the Black Forest when it has disappeared in Baden-Baden.

To come back for a moment to the time of Cypriote Greek activity, and the reasons why its importance has been underrated. These reasons are connected with the existence of Phœnician influences on the Greeks at many other points as well as in Cyprus. A valuable quality in historic researches is common sense; but this common sense has not always been applied to the problem of Phœnician influences on early Greek history. Historians find what they look for, if their intentions are just. Historians who have not looked to Cyprus as a point of evolution for Greek art have not found this evolution there, because they were not in search of the evidence. They have preferred to chase the Phœnicians all over the Mediterranean basin for

evidences of their influence on the Greeks. Certain it is that the Phœnicians had once colonized all the Greek shores and islands, and from this point of view it does not appear why Phœnician influences in one place should rate more highly than Phœnician influence in another. But common-sense considerations make the unique importance of Cyprus quite clear. It makes a difference as to influences whether or not you are ready to receive them. The Greeks could not or did not acquire the alphabet and facility in the fine arts at one and the same time. It makes a difference whether a child is five years old or fifteen, as to the results of certain kinds of schooling. Let us now remember that the Phœnicians had been expelled from all their numerous settlements around the shores and on the islands of Greece by the eighth century B.C., retaining posts only in Melos, Rhodes, Cyprus, and a few other points, and that the later Greek art did not begin to develop till after this time. Then the problem narrows down to a few places like Melos and Rhodes in the estimate of the comparative importance of Cyprus. We have next to consider that it makes a difference whether you go to visit people, or whether they come to visit you. Greek colonies in a foreign country are subjected to a stronger influence than is exercised by foreign colonists in a Greek country. It is a question of bulk, of numbers, and of atmosphere. Above all, the Phœnicians were traders. They pushed their wares and not their civilization. When the Greeks came to this civilization, it did more for them than when it came to them. In this presentation of the case we come back finally to the geographical starting-point. Assyro-Chaldæan and Egyptian influences were stronger in Cyprus than in any other Mediterranean province excepting Syria, because the island was so much nearer to them. Add that there were no Greek colonies in Syria till the times of Alexander the Great (which was the end of the evolution of Greek history and Greek art), and the importance of Cyprus becomes clear.

Only one other spot can vie with, or claim precedence over, Cyprus for epoch-making influence in early Greek history, and this spot I have so far left unconsidered for apparent reasons. To explain the less is, in this case, to explain the greater. On the principles laid down it is clear that the Greek colonies in the Delta of the Nile must have been the most important of all, and the recent excavations on the site of the Greek colony of Naucratis in the Nile Delta have abundantly demonstrated this fact. Much of the Cypriote art is in fact Naucratic Greek. The

Egyptian types of the New York Museum—those with the broad shoulders, narrow hips, head-dress falling on the back of the neck, and tunic about the loins—are undoubtedly products of a school of art which had its centre in the Greek colonies of the Delta, and which influenced a style in Rhodes which has been called Cypriote because it is like it. Both, in reality, are Naucratic.

The Chinese exclusiveness of the Egyptians is renowned, and their hatred of foreigners did not except the Greeks. The colonies of the Delta owe their existence to the necessities of the Egyptian monarchy in its death-struggle to retain its failing moral forces, and the threatening attacks of foreign powers hastening to seize the spoil of the moribund nationality. Descendants of the XXIst dynasty (of Theban priests) had taken refuge in Ethiopia, which had long been a province of Egyptian government and civilization. Under their subsequent ascendency the Ethiopian province came to be the ruler or threatening superior of Egypt itself. Against this Ethiopian ascendency a series of kings in the Delta (mainly of Sais) made good their position by the assistance of Greek mercenaries. In the sixth century these came to be the main military force of the XXVIth dynasty. The Greeks were already established on the Canopic (eastern) branch of the Nile in the eighth century. The Egyptians themselves detested the army which they could not dispense with. Not so the Egyptian kings. These favored the Greeks in all possible ways and courted by gifts the favor of the Greek states. King Amasis, of the XXVIth dynasty, owed his power as an usurper to the anti-Greek Egyptian party, and so far apparently yielded to its pressure as to fix upon Naucratis as the single port of entry at which Greek ships might trade. Other colonial sites were thus abandoned for this one, but as individuals the Greeks continued to be spread through the country in large numbers. The names scratched by the Greek mercenaries on the colossal statues of Ipsambul and on the walls of the temple of Abydos still testify to this interesting contact of the then new world with the then world which was old. Amasis, by the establishment of the Greeks at Naucratis, did himself a double favor. The anti-Greek party was propitiated for the moment, and the Greeks were placed within easy call for the suppression of possible revolts of the same party in Memphis. The importance of Naucratis lasted till the Persian conquest of Egypt, about 523 B.C. The friendly relations established were not then forgotten. Throughout the existence of the Persian Empire the Greeks are found in alliance with the Egyptian revolts and

assistants in the temporary periods of independence. The conquest of Alexander was welcome to Egypt, and the rule of the Ptolemies not distasteful to them. The excavations of Naucratis in 1885 and 1886 have revealed a Greco-Egyptian art which will ultimately have great weight in the demonstration of a progressive character in the archaic Greek styles of Cyprus. The Boston Museum, as joint subscriber to the Egypt Exploration fund, has secured a small but valuable collection from these excavations.

II.

Some few specific hints on the statues of the New York Museum may be of value. Their material is a soft limestone, an easily worked but also easily defaced material, which would not attract sculptors of distinction. Although marble is not found in Cyprus, it was no doubt imported and frequently employed by the better class of sculptors. Such marble statues have generally shared the fate of ancient marbles throughout the Turkish territories—destruction in the lime-kilns of later date. In the case of the New York statues it is the cheapness and worthlessness of the material which have proved their salvation.

As regards the subjects, these are generally portraits of temple devotees. The worshipper left his statue as a memorial of his visit and of his devotion to the shrine. A small offering is sometimes held in the hand, a cake or a fruit. A dove is also frequently represented as the offering. Many of the statues come from a temple at Athienau which was built after the Oriental fashion, still common in Syria, with sun-dried mud bricks. These crumbled in over the statues after the destruction of the temple, and formed a protecting cover. The appearance of the statues makes it probable that the temple was destroyed by Christians at the time when the pagan worship was declared illegal by Theodosius the Great. The statues were doubtless broken to pieces or mutilated at this time. Very little has been done in the way of repairs, and probably nothing that would be considered objectionable could be found in the present condition of repaired or restored statues. Of restorations, properly so-called, by which the supplying of an attribute or of a limb in some conjectural pose would be understood, there is really nothing. Noses are a debatable ground between repairs and restorations. It has been a common practice to restore them in Europe, and it does not appear that anything open to censure has been done here in this line.

As regards the dates of the pieces, it is clear, from what has been said, that they cover a period of not less than eleven hundred years. The latest statues cannot be much earlier than the time of Theodosius the Great, judged by the laws which control the relation between date and style, and making all allowances for inferior work in the provinces during the late Roman period. The latest statues thus belong to the fourth century A.D., and there are many of the second and third centuries A.D. These statues are no better and they are sometimes worse than the average provincial work of their time, which was all very poor. Even in the Roman capital, ancient stone sculpture later than the middle of the second century A.D. is very inferior. Notwithstanding their inferior quality and material, this class of Cypriote statues in the New York Museum may boast an interest which makes them quite unique. They are the only ones in the world of museums which relate by an unbroken series to the earlier periods of ancient sculpture. This continuity of illustration for a series of works of provincial art is made peculiarly interesting by the unique position in art history which may be asserted for the Greco-Asiatic and Greco-Egyptian works already noticed. I have already explained the curious set-back in Cypriote art-history which crippled its development in the period of Phidias, and which admitted the continuance of an archaic and orientalizing aspect in works of a later date. The finest large statue of good Greek style is probably later than the times of Alexander. Some of the heads of good Greek style, in the large upright cases near the entrance of the Museum, indicate a period before Alexander, but it is not likely that Cyprus recovered from the detrimental influence of its Persian ascendency before the fourth century B.C.

As regards the dates of the earliest statues, I have not ventured to speak of anything as being earlier than the seventh century B.C. It is clear, however, that possibly some of the statues may be of a much earlier time. In the matter of dates it may serve to fix other and related pieces by noting the colossal Hercules (No. 19) as being of the seventh century or probably not later than 600 B.C. The colossal "Priest of Venus" (No. 23)—possibly an important devotee—holding the dove, cannot be much later. More important than the actual antiquity of the earliest pieces, whatever it may be, is the fact that they represent types which had existed in Chaldæa and Egypt for some thousands of years before the earliest date mentioned.

A peculiar interest of the earlier Cypriote statues is the fact that they are portraits. Portraiture was mainly ignored by the developed Greek art and is not otherwise known in its archaic period. Egyptian portraits are remarkably vigorous in the earliest known stone sculpture (over 3000 B.C.), but in later Egyptian art they are frequently of a conventional and typifying character. The Assyrian portrait statues are rare and not especially realistic. Hence this collection of portraits on the border-land between two styles of art which did not affect this striking realism is very interesting.

Comparisons of the Cypriote works in New York with those in London and Paris are very much in favor of the former. The London and Paris collections are quite well off in that peculiar class of works which just precedes the Greek art proper, with the sharp-nosed, semi-smiling, and not very re-assuring faces, but they have little or nothing of the long-robed Assyro-Chaldæan class or of the more purely Egyptian types. The colossal Hercules and the colossal Priest with the Dove are absolutely unique pieces, as regards parallel statues abroad and as regards their peculiar significance in explaining the dawn of Greek art. The London and Paris collections are also poorly off in examples of the later Greek and Roman art of Cyprus. These deficiencies of foreign collections, both in the earliest and in the latest types of the New York Cypriote stone statues, bear out the internal evidence of the series itself—that it came largely from some one place and was formed under peculiar circumstances. These peculiar circumstances were those of a temple collection. From year to year and from century to century the devotees of the temple recorded their presence there. In the preservation of these statues the temple became a shrine of history as well as of worship. The rise and fall of nations, the changes of the great dynastic ascendencies, the incubation, development, culmination, decline, and death of ancient art and ancient history, are all recorded there. The constant and essential unity of a population and of a worship which lived through thousands of years are as astounding as the changes it witnessed and the revolutions it lived through. Here we learn what the words Roman and Greek mean, how much and how little they cover—the immensity of the facts and the weakness of the human mind which strives to face them with the catch-words of history.

WM. H. GOODYEAR.

STREET-PREACHING.

I AM astonished to find a writer in one of the Catholic journals of New York City condemning the practice of street-preaching, and both showing indifference to, and counselling inaction in, the apostolic work of converting non-Catholics. Can he have forgotten that the chief mission of the church is to make known the true faith of Christ to all men—to preach his divine Gospel to every creature? Where would the Catholic Church be to-day but for the conversion, by preaching, of those who were either strangers or enemies to her doctrines of salvation? Not to speak of the rest of the world, there are millions in this our own country, dear to us as children of the same native land, and bound to us by the strongest ties of blood, of friendship, and life association, to whom the Catholic religion, as necessary for their salvation as it is for ours, is quite as unknown and as unwelcome as it ever was to Jew, Greek, or barbarian. Can we say that the Gospel which Christ sent his apostles out to preach to the whole world is preached to them in any manner in which they can hear it, and, hearing it, believe?

Evidently the writer alluded to has small acquaintance with the lives of all world-renowned, heroic, and successful Christian missionaries from the apostles down, and especially St. Paul, to say nothing of the examples of our Lord himself and of his great precursor, St. John the Baptist. Has he never heard of a St. Augustine, who did so much for the conversion of England, or of a St. Boniface, a St. Patrick, a St. Dominic, a St. Francis of Assisi, a St. Anthony of Padua, or a St. Vincent Ferrer? Has he ever read of how, when, and where all these and thousands of other great missionaries preached to unbelievers? That holy Dominican monk whom I last named is credited with having converted, in the kingdom of Spain, eight thousand Moors and thirty-six thousand Jews. Did he take his stand in one or another pulpit of some Catholic church, and from there deliver this miraculous proclamation of the Catholic faith? No; he did what all successful preachers have always done. He went *to* those whom he sought to convert. He did not wait for strange and lost sheep to come back of their own will; but he went where they were to be found, and that was anywhere but within the four walls of a Catholic church.

The reason why needs little explanation. Unbelievers, as

well as evil-living Catholics, instinctively keep out of hearing of the voice that would prove to them what they do not want to believe, or call upon them to give up their life of sin and disobedience. Our Lord's parable of the king who made the great supper and invited many tells the story. Those that are invited do not come. What, then, must be done? "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in." This parable gives what I call our Lord's divine sanction to out-door preaching as an institution, and, as the history of all practical and successful missionary enterprises to spread the truths of the Gospel among the multitude has shown, as a necessary institution. No great movement resulting in the conversion of large masses of the people was ever heard of that was not begun and carried on by out-door preaching. This is a most significant fact, whose deep importance no reflecting mind can fail to observe or fail to give it its due weight.

He is not a very profound student of history who does not know that Christian society was saved from falling into Lutheranism by Pope Gregory IX. sending the Dominican and Franciscan preachers to tramp around the cities and villages of Europe, with hearty encouragement to preach wheresoever they could, and with his full permission to set up an altar and say Mass out of doors, in-doors, by the roadside, under the trees, in a wood, anywhere, if by such means they could the more readily assemble a crowd of people and preach to them.

The custom of out-door preaching inaugurated among the English people by the holy missionaries who first converted them to the faith continued as a common rule through several centuries. At the stations or places selected in the streets as suitable for a gathering of people a cross was generally erected, at whose foot the preacher stood, and before which sign of salvation all would kneel and pray. Crosses erected and used for this purpose are also found in many places throughout the Continent of Europe. Many of these preaching crosses still remain and have given their name to the particular locality in the square or street where they stand.

"Oh! that was all very good for those times," we may be told, "but the case is far different in our own day." Yes, the case *is* far different, but in what respect? The crying needs of the unbelieving multitude, and of the vast majority of our own people as well, are just what they always were and always will be; though, alas! we do not see the Heaven-inspired, self-sacrificing heralds of the cross ministering, as of old, to those needs. As things really are, can we lay our hands on our hearts

and honestly say that "the poor have the Gospel preached to them"? I am thinking of that saying of Père de Ligny when he wrote: "To preach to the poor is as great a miracle as to raise the dead. Please Heaven it may never have another resemblance to those prodigies—*that of being as rare!*" Is it not true that there are vast crowds of our people, to say nothing of the unnumbered thousands of those who are as sheep having no shepherd, who practically hear but little of the Gospel of their crucified God and Saviour?

An excellent article upon this subject has just come under my notice, while writing, from the pen of Mr. George H. Howard, in the columns of the Washington *Church News*. I cannot do better than give his own words discussing the question of a revival of out-door preaching in our own day:

"But is it expedient that such efforts should be made in this enlightened, faithless, matter-of-fact age? When I am convinced that conditions of civilization, enlightenment, and faith or scepticism change human nature, as such, I will answer in the negative. But I am not so convinced; but, on the contrary, from a broad survey of the world and its people, believe that human passions, emotions, aspirations, and susceptibilities, in short, human nature, is everywhere the same, always has been, and always will be. As our holy religion is one, and as human nature is unchangeable, if the truths of that religion were successfully presented to the people by open-air preaching and prayer in one age, they can be in this. The most powerful influence for good which sways an unthinking, irreligious man is a conviction that you are working disinterestedly for his welfare and happiness. This is the secret of the success of the church with the poor. Whatever following the present so-called evangelical street-preacher may have (and deny it who may, it is large), is based upon two considerations: First, the comparative disinterestedness of his efforts; and, secondly, the adaptation of his peculiar religious services to the capacity of his audience. Homely preaching, the singing of hymns, and offering of prayers form almost the entire service. If such services, conducted by illiterate, defectively organized, and too often dissolute novices in the art of preaching and instructing have their measure of success, could the efforts of our grand religious orders, backed by all the prestige and power of the Catholic Church, be a failure? The Litany of the Saints, recited impressively in English, the people being exhorted to respond, followed by the singing of English hymns, and by the delivery of such a stirring sermon as is characteristic of the preaching of our mission-giving orders, would produce wonderful effects; and the scenes of enthusiasm which attended the open-air preaching of ancient and mediæval times would be repeated, to the glory of God and the growth of his church. All great movements in Christendom, whether for good or evil, have had their inception in street or open-air preaching. The history of heresy sadly proves the latter proposition. Oratory and congregational singing in the vernacular will move any audience for good or for bad.

"Let our authorities try the experiment with so much of pomp and

solemnity, belonging to the church, as may be deemed advisable. One thing is certain: if the Catholic street-preacher, pointing to his uplifted crucifix, calls upon his hearers to signify their faith in Christ, many will do so who, if they were now charged with being Christian, would repudiate the name."

That the chief pastors of our own country have recognized the urgent need of an effort to enable the people to hear the word of God more frequently is shown by a decree issued in the late Plenary Council of Baltimore, making it preceptive upon pastors that at least a short sermon of a few minutes be preached at those Sunday Masses which the great majority of people attend. This is unquestionably good, and a custom so definitely established and widely spread will surely have most happy results. But it must be acknowledged that, however carefully such short sermons may be prepared, it is impossible that they should be given with that fervor and impressiveness which every one feels should distinguish the character of a sermon intended to arouse the interest of the indifferent, and force compunction upon the hardened heart. Five-minute sermons are better than no sermon at all, but such a short time, snatched between the announcement of a lot of parish notices and proclamations of all sorts of regulations, incumbent upon the parish priest at Mass, is not sufficient to present with any force the proofs for doctrine which any indiscriminate audience are capable of appreciating. If the majority are in fact unlettered they have vigorous understandings, and I believe it to be a very great mistake to suppose that one must adapt the presentation of the great truths of faith and of private or social duty to an imaginary intellectual weakness or infirmity of mind among the common people. More than once I have heard unfavorably from some such attempt, made by an ill-prepared preacher, to palm off a lot of platitudes upon those whom he thought were worthy of nothing better.

What the people want, and what they can appreciate, is sound, vigorous, earnest preaching; words falling with the charm and power of true eloquence from the lips of one whom they love and reverence as a man of God, yet not lacking in cogent and logical reasoning. It is this recognition of, and respect for, the natural intelligence of the people which distinguishes the fervid, soul-stirring, and instructive sermons of the Catholic missionary from the ranting, illogical harangues of the Methodist and Salvationist preacher of these latter days, the majority of whom are as ignorant as their hearers.

When I think of the crowded tenements lying all along and

within a few blocks of our city wharves, in which habitations are found so many thousands of mingled faithful and unbelievers who hardly ever hear one word of the Gospel, my soul cries out: "O thou Good Shepherd of the erring and the lost, thou Lover and Comforter of the poor, have mercy on these souls perishing for want of the Bread of Life, and send them some chosen servant to do the work in the way thou wouldst surely do it thyself!"

When we think of the great numbers of young and old, huddled, as they are, in their close, hot rooms, not knowing what to do with themselves between sundown and bed-time—barring that the men find something to do in the liquor-saloons which open their inviting, devilish mouths on every corner and between streets—who does not believe, who can say that he does not *know*, that an earnest, apostolic Catholic priest who would boldly go forth *in nomine Domini* and turn *wharf*-preacher would never fail of finding more people of all religions and of no religion to talk to than his voice could reach? He would surely find among that crowd hundreds who would drink in his eloquent words—and eloquent they would unquestionably be—as a thirsty traveller on the desert sands eagerly drinks in the refreshing waters of the grateful oasis!

If we do not bestir ourselves and go *to* the people, and instruct them in the way of life, we shall find the more ignorant and ill-willed, made envious and captious by their poverty and deprivation of their rights, led away by earnest fanatics or by wolves in sheep's clothing, who, like Wickliffe, Huss, Luther, or their recent imitators, *will* go to them and instruct them in the way of death, haranguing them with fiery words from the tail of a cart or from street-platforms, telling them not to hear the church, and assuring them; like Satan of old, that "they shall not surely die" because of their rebellion against the divine authority and the will of God.

And who is this counsellor of masterly inaction that tells us to let the Protestants and unbelievers alone; to wait until the "silence and impressive grandeur of our church services shall overpower them"? It had better first be shown to us that the silence and grandeur of our services do attract the masses of people. There is more reason, I think, in the pertinent question already made more than once—"Has not the *silence* of our temples of religion brought on the deplorable sleep of souls?"

If ever there was an abundant harvest and no reapers to gather it in, it is the sublime, apostolic harvest of the "other

sheep," whom our Lord, as Saviour of all men, surely wants gathered into the One Fold; and just as soon as possible, too, lest the mildew of heresy and the storms of infidelity lay it prostrate upon the earth to rot.

But I need not discuss that question. We are not Jews. Faith and race are not congenital, as some people seem to believe by the way they talk and act. We have had enough of silence in more respects than one. The people sing no more in church as they ought. That means of instructing their minds and filling their hearts full of love and enthusiasm for their divine religion is denied them, and their loss on that score is incalculable. Non-Catholics of all shades of belief and no belief are drifting farther and farther from the centre of unity, and breaking loose more completely from the guiding and restraining influences of even so much of the Christian tradition as has been spared to them by Protestant Reformation and Infidel Revolution. Can we say that we have not kept silence too long? How shall they believe unless they hear, and how shall they hear without a preacher—a street-preacher, if the street has an audience that will listen, a wharf-preacher, a court-house preacher, a field-preacher, a preacher in the lanes, the highways, and the by-ways, that they may be compelled to come in to the divine banquet of divine truth and holy living, so that the Lord's house may be full? God send us such preachers and may he send them soon! ALFRED YOUNG.

A SUMMER IN THE CARPATHIANS.

A SUMMER in the Carpathians! What an entrancing picture these words bring back to my memory—a sunny sky, pretty Swiss-looking villas with carved balconies and facings standing out from a dark background of firs and beeches, the whole nestling beneath the towering Carpathians. I imagine myself again in our delightful quarters of last summer.

Sinaïa, the fashionable summer resort of the Roumanians, though little known to Europeans and Americans, is nevertheless most worthy of notice on account of its beauty. It is a spot for artists to revel in, having enough of the comforts of western Europe to be pleasant to the luxurious, and yet far enough east to charm by its novelty. Of course, to English tourists, the distance is of consequence, but to those who have time and means at disposal, twenty-four hours from Vienna in a com-

fortable railway carriage is not such a terrible undertaking. From Bucharest the journey is only a matter of four hours, and during the intense heat from the middle of July to the end of September Sinaïa attracts all the more wealthy inhabitants of that capital. To us foreigners the June weather was already intolerable in a large city, so towards the close of the month we packed up our trunks and departed. The first two hours by rail from Bucharest led through flat country devoid of interest, except, perhaps, to the owners of the endless fields of maize on either side, which are a great source of riches to the country. But the dull landscape at last changes; a magnificent panorama unfolds before us; the Carpathians rise in a grandeur that cannot be imagined by those unacquainted with mountainous districts. What a glorious sunset lit up the scene that night—such wonderful vivid yellows and crimsons, with the mountains standing out like grand, striking thoughts of the Creator, gradually fading into soft, hazy purples and blues so calm, still, and impressive that they made one feel almost sad.

The construction of the railway line must have been an expensive and difficult undertaking, cut, as it is, through the mountains alongside the bed of the river Prahova, which, though a harmless stream in the summer, becomes in stormy weather such an angry torrent as to cause much damage and not unfrequently impede all traffic.

Sinaïa is built on the left bank of the Prahova, in a long, narrow valley. At its head are the hotels, casino, and bath establishment, with public gardens in front terminating in a high-road lined on either side, for about a mile and a half, with pretty Swiss-looking villas, all more or less ornamented with balconies and verandas. This is the side of Sinaïa daily on the increase; new houses spring up with marvellous rapidity. Although the distance from the gardens is a drawback, the village is close by, and a very good market, where, besides fruit, meat, groceries, and vegetables, common clothes, stuffs, and every necessity of life can be obtained. Other villas are dotted about the hills, while a monastery towers over the entire place. The gardens are very pleasant of an afternoon; the fountains play and a lively band tends to cheer the whole scene. The monastery is a charming residence for the monks. It is built in a square with the parish church in the centre; its whitewashed walls, by their striking contrast on a fine day with the deep blue of the sky, must conquer even an artist's dislike to whitewash. One side of the monastery is a school; another, flanked by a long veranda (the

residence of the king and queen during the building of their château), is the guest-house, for the hospitable habits of ecclesiastical establishments of olden times are still in full force in Roumania. Any wayfarer or traveller is housed and fed for a few days, without any money being asked, although, of course, with richer folk a backsheesh is understood. The side occupied by the monks opens again into an inner square with a private chapel in the middle; whilst the front of each cell is adorned with the beautifully kept flowers and shrubs of each little strip of garden. The inner walls of both churches are covered with frescos; part of the exterior is ornamented in the same fashion, paintings over the doorways as a kind of façade, and on the flat pillars of the arcaded entrances. As one enters, these paintings, set off and toned down by the dark tint of the splendidly carved monks' stalls, give warmth and coloring to the buildings. The frescos on the walls are well in place, for the lack of benches might cause a somewhat bare appearance, more particularly as the Greek rite forbids the high altar to be really visible to the laity, so that it is partially hidden behind a carved screen or golden gateway. The monks, with their long beards, floating crape veils, sober brown gowns, black overcoats, and square high caps, strike one as a very solemn community. Whatever may be their high virtues, the homely but important one of cleanliness is to all appearances very low down in their category. The greater number are gentlemen, for in the Greek Church monks hold the highest rank and alone can aspire to ecclesiastical dignities. They follow the rule of St. Basil. Secular priests are generally simple peasants, leading the same life, working hard for the support of their families, and cultivating the ground. Their religious duties consist in daily reciting the divine office and reading the Gospels in the national tongue. The ignorance of many is astonishing. Large numbers cannot even read, and learn their office by heart.

The hotels at Sinaïa are excellent; airy, clean, with very good cooking; their only drawback is that they are decidedly expensive. There are three at present, all kept by Germans or Hungarians, and the site is chosen for a fourth. At all these establishments a *déjeûner à la fourchette* is served at twelve and a *table d'hôte* dinner at seven. On fine days the tables are laid on the veranda fronting each hotel. This is a delightful arrangement, for it would be difficult to dine in a pleasanter spot—mountains all round, a cloudless, deep blue sky above, and everything bathed in the bright, beautiful eastern light. For those who care

for music, add to this another enjoyment: musicians settle at Sinaïa in the summer, and during dinner or breakfast hours divide their attentions between the different hotels.

These musicians, or *laûtari*, as they are called, have a history of their own, so I will say a few words about them. They are tsigans, a foreign race of Asiatic origin, who first arrived from the Crimea in Roumania about 1400. The Roumanians reduced them to slavery, calling them *tsigani* (pagans). They suffered all the horrors of serfdom until they were liberated some forty or fifty years ago. Their talent for music is marvellous; without study or culture of any kind, without knowing a note, they can play, after one hearing, most difficult and complicated pieces. It is thanks to these *laûtari* that the old Roumanian national airs have been preserved. The Hungarian music is very like the Roumanian, only perhaps the former has become more modernized, while the latter still keeps its national individuality. Among its peculiar charms are its frequent sudden transitions from bright, gay, dancing tunes into wild, highly toned minor keys plaintive and strong with feeling and power. Summer at Sinaïa must be a golden season to strolling players or beggars, for the Roumanians seem very charitable. The hat never went round the tables without every one giving something, however small. Most of the villas and two of the hotels are built like Swiss châlets, very pretty and in suitable taste for a mountain resort; but unfortunately the bath, railway station, and largest and most prominent hotel are regular French, high-roofed, white plaster buildings, very much out of place in such a picturesque spot.

For pleasant climbing excursions Sinaïa has a delightful neighborhood. It is very amusing to go out for some days with guides and horses, relying for night-quarters on the hospitable monasteries. There are also, however, charming places more easily reached for those who wish to climb a few hours, to eat a well-earned *déjeûner*, and be back for dinner at seven. One favorite resort for a day out is the Hermitage of St. Anne—a tumble-down little hut up in the mountains, with a square hollow cell in the rock behind, where the story says St. Anne slept. What penitential nights she must have passed, as the cell could never have been long enough for any one to lie at full length! The Hermitage commands a magnificent view of the surrounding mountains and royal château beneath, while the air so high up is deliciously pûre and light. Another short excursion to the *Vacherie de la Reine*, a little higher up the mountains, although a terribly steep climb on a hot day, is still very popular on account

of the great beauty of the scenery. The path follows the course of the Prahova, which comes tearing and rushing down the mountain-side, and as it dashes every here and there over some projecting rock forms magnificent cascades.

Spring is very late at Sinaïa, for not till June are the flowers in full blossom. Ox-eyed daisies, poppies, wild crocuses, and forget-me-nots are strewn in luxurious profusion and form a carpet far more beautiful than those for which the Roumanians are renowned. In the autumn the peasants pick edelweiss and curious grasses high up on the mountains and make a profitable trade by selling them. But all flowers are far surpassed by the lovely silver thistles, objects of admiration to travellers.

Sunday is a very entertaining day at Sinaïa. All the peasants come from round about with carpets, costumes, and towels, fruits of their industry during the long winter. They station themselves in the gardens, opposite the most central hotel, and there expose their goods over the balconies and benches to tempt the visitors. On a saint's day peasants come from very long distances with their goods packed on mules, and hold quite a fair. Roumanian carpets are of a rougher texture than most Oriental work, hardly bigger than large rugs, and of every shade. The costumes are often most beautifully worked in different colors and ornamented with gold and silver spangles. They find a great sale at Sinaïa, as the national costume is popular among the Roumanian ladies. They think little of paying many hundred francs for one costume. The chief beauty of this dress is its extreme simplicity, but the effect is very picturesque, as it suits the dark eyes and coloring of the Roumanians. They say it dates back to the Roman days. Of course ladies wear very elaborate editions beautifully worked; so do the richer peasants on gala occasions. The ordinary national dress of a Roumanian peasant woman consists of a coarse white linen shirt, embroidered on the breast, neck, shoulders, and wrists in blue, black, or red wool. A petticoat reaching to the ankles, also embroidered round the bottom, is of the same white linen, and over this an apron, or *catrina*, of coarse, strong stuff, dark blue or black, generally bordered with a red or yellow stripe; the whole is confined round the waist by a broad band of different colors. In winter they wear an overcoat or sleeveless skin waistcoat beautifully worked in wools. During the warm weather they generally go barefoot. An unmarried girl either leaves her head uncovered or ties on a handkerchief, while married women wear long veils. It is a very simple dress, which seems to suit

their primitive sort of life, for the peasant woman weaves all the linen and cloth used by the family. In the Carpathians the women are, as a rule, fine and handsome, with a natural free, noble bearing and gait. They seem very strong and do not mind hard work. I have seen them divide with the men the labor of making roads and building houses. The men's dress consists of a coarse white linen shirt, like a short tunic, worn outside the pantaloons, and fastened round the waist with a strong, broad leather belt. The rather full pantaloons are confined from the knee by the thongs of the sandals, or, as the Roumanians call them, *opinci*—soles made of goat-skin, cut the size of the foot, and bound on by crossed bands. The mountaineers wear picturesque large hats or sheep-skin caps (*caciolas*). The addition in winter is the sleeveless embroidered waistcoat, or an enormous sheep-skin jacket, doubtless very warm, but which has often seen too many generations to recommend it to fastidious tastes.

The fête-days in the Greek Church certainly occur on an average two days a week, but they vary in importance. The greatest in the summer-time is the *Ste. Marie* on the 15th of August. On that feast Sinaïa is simply crowded with excursionists. Last year the weather was lovely, and to us strangers the scene was most enjoyable. Eager crowds of excursionists, groups of picturesque peasants in their most beautiful and treasured costumes, the indispensable *laûtari*, fountains playing, and the gardens gay with the bright colors of the goods laid out for sale, together form an ideal picture of rustic enjoyment.

The one drawback to Sinaïa during July and August is the weather. Hardly a day passes without rain and terrific, incessant storms of wind and thunder, regular hurricanes blowing up in a quarter of an hour. In June, however, there were some really hot days, although never oppressive, as the nights are so cool. September and October are really the enjoyable months at Sinaïa, though perhaps not the gayest, for after the 15th of September people desert it for Kustendje or some other sea-bathing place.

I have not yet mentioned the great sight of Sinaïa, the royal château of Pelesch, built in the hills about a mile from the station, the favorite residence of the king and queen. It is an ideal mountain palace, beautifully ornamented with carvings, interiorly and exteriorly. Wood-carving, in fact, is quite the specialty of the place, and those in the palace are really wonderful. Such a palace in the heart of the Carpathians, furnished with every

luxury, including the electric light, shows to what an extent modern appliances of every kind are now carried. At a short distance from the château is a large châlet, built in the same style, where many of the dependants of the household are lodged; and a little further on again the *Pavillon de Chasse*, surrounded by a flower-garden. The road through the woods from Sinaïa to the palace is a cool afternoon resort, its chief attraction being a charmingly pretty confectionery, where coffee, ices, chocolate, and cakes, rivalling those of the best Paris shops, can be procured at any hour of the day.

Round about Sinaïa there are several pretty little villages. Assouka, about two miles along the road towards the Hungarian frontier, has a glass manufactory. The glass is of a bad quality, but that used at table is very effectively ornamented with quantities of golden circles. A table laid out with this glass and plenty of lights is quite dazzling. The peasants' cottages are neat, clean, whitewashed dwellings, and have, as a rule, an arcade or a raised balcony which shelters the inhabitants from the scorching summer sun and the driving winter snow. I have seen many houses ornamented with broad red and blue stripes of paint round the windows and doorways, which brighten them up immensely. Each cottage consists of three rooms, containing hardly anything but a bed, stove, one or two boxes, and a few wooden plates and spoons. The women wash in curious wooden troughs, shaped like boats, and these troughs become at night the resting-place of some small member of the family. The ordinary food of the peasantry is a kind of thick porridge made from maize boiled in water with a little salt, and on fête-days mixed with cream or butter. This *mamiliga*, as they term it, takes the place of the bread and cheese of English peasantry, as, although meat is only six cents a pound in Roumania, it is little in request among the lower classes. Water is their usual beverage, except on festive occasions, when both men and women drink large quantities of a strong kind of brandy made of prunes and called *rakiou*.

The characteristics of the Roumanian peasantry are in keeping with their often sad history. Ground down and oppressed by taxation and the harsh treatment of the boyards or nobles of by-gone days, their character has become impressed with a certain tone of sadness and depression. They seem incapable of forming any idea of a happier state and are patient and resigned. The old warlike ardor which characterized their race may be somewhat lessened, but they still conserve the qualities of good

soldiers—sobriety, discipline, courage, and an impassioned love of their country. All have the greatest faith in the indestructibility of their race—"*Cette vaillante et forte race qui couvre le sol des Carpathes au Danube.*" "*Roman no péré*" is a favorite maxim. Wallachians, Moldavians, and Transylvanians still mutually salute each other as *frate* in token of their common descent from their father Trajan. Everything seems to combine to prevent the memory of this renowned emperor from being obliterated —tradition, language, and even the heavens. Thus, the Milky Way is called "Trajan's path"; the storm is his voice, the avalanche his thunder, the plain his camp, and the mountains the towers of this "*Romain fort et vaillant par excellence.*" The Roumanians are a very superstitious race. They attach the greatest importance to good and bad omens, to the influence of certain days and to that of the stars. Their belief is that each man's destiny is linked to a particular star; when a man is menaced with a great evil his star is veiled, and when he dies it falls into space. Their superstitious ideas are most visible in certain old pagan customs with regard to burying the dead which are still kept up. Again, a peasant girl, on filling her pitcher, or *cofitza*, at the fountain, always throws a few drops over her shoulder, on the earth, as a libation to the nymph of the spring. If one peasant on meeting another compliments his friend immensely on his health, the latter spits on the earth and, with his foot on the saliva, crosses himself to avert the jealbusy of the gods.

The Roumanian language is very musical and has preserved so much of its Latin origin that by those conversant with the latter tongue, or even Italian, it can easily be understood or learned; but the opportunities to visitors or travellers are few, as the Roumanian language is only used by the lower classes. French is always spoken in society, and either that or German in most of the shops and hotels.

I regretted very much not having a greater knowledge of Roumanian, as this hindered me from enjoying the many beautiful national legends and songs in the original; everything loses so immensely in translation. However, I will conclude this short sketch by one of the most popular and naïve of Roumanian legends, which I read in French. The subject is how the sun and the moon found their place in the heavens:

"The sun was a splendid young god, with a face so bright and beautiful that it seemed almost to illumine those of mortals when he looked upon them. One day he felt a desire to marry, and for the space of nine years he traversed heaven and earth, in a chariot drawn by nine prancing,

glorious steeds, searching high and low for a maiden pure and beautiful, worthy to be his bride.

"But in vain the search. Nowhere could the young god find any one pure and beautiful enough except his own sister Helen." (She is well known and beloved in Roumanian villages, and her name is the greatest compliment one can address to a woman. According to the legend, Helen first appeared from a fairy lake, fresh as a rose, with eyes of so deep a turquoise blue that no one could withstand their charm; her golden tresses reached to the knee.) "But Helen's heart was already given to another before her brother, the young sun, after his weary search, finds that she has not her equal. On first emerging from the lake Helen had perceived a young prince on its banks, sleeping a magic sleep. Going up, she awakened him by three kisses, presented him with a ring engraven with her name, Helen Cosenza, and bade him, as proof of love, search for her all over the earth. She then left him, wondering if for her sake he would undertake such a wearisome task. Helen was so beautiful that flowers bent before her; even the birds loved her and dragons prostrated themselves at her feet. She also possessed treasures more numerous than the flowers of the earth or the stars of the heavens, so that it is not surprising that the young prince favored by her love gallantly undertook his weary travel, armed with a wondrous steel lance, forged on purpose for this expedition; nor is it astonishing that the young sun preferred her to all beauties on heaven or earth. As a god he went forthwith and proposed to her, telling her proudly that each of them is more beautiful than any other living creatures, and that the glory of her golden locks is only rivalled by the brightness of his rays. But Helen, mindful of the young prince and horrified at the idea of such a sin, refused him, thunderstruck, saying: 'Brother and sister can never marry!' The sun angrily mounted to the throne of God Almighty and earnestly pleaded his cause. God, wishing to save him, descended from his celestial throne and conducted the sun through heaven with all its pleasures and glory. Then he showed him the fathomless, terrible abyss of the eternal hell, and bade him choose. The impetuous young sun, infatuated by Helen and blind to every consequence, returned with his mind unchanged. He finally overcame the scruples of his lovely and gentle sister, conducted her to church, crowned with the bridal wreath, and ordered the ceremony to commence. It began, but the priests had hardly spoken the first words when the brilliant lights were extinguished, the merry bells ceased pealing, and crack! the very church-towers trembled from their foundations; the terrified priests lost their voices, and as if by magic their vestments fell from them. Then an invisible hand seized the beautiful Helen and whirled her into the sea, where she was immediately changed into a golden fish. The sun, unable even yet to resign himself to the decrees and commandments of the Almighty, mounted undaunted into the heavens and looked at his lost Helen in the midst of the waves. Then God in his wrath removed Helen from the seas and threw her into space, and pronounced a final sentence upon her and her proud, infatuated brother.

"'Behold,' he said, 'I condemn you to look at each other for ever in space, yet never to meet. Follow each other for all eternity, traversing the heavens and lighting the world.'"

DOROTHY KING.

JOHN VAN ALSTYNE'S FACTORY.

X.

A MORNING TALK.

A RELATION singular in character and strength had been growing up between John Van Alstyne and his young manager from the date of their acquaintance. The circumstances which had brought them together were in themselves favorable to the formation of some tie of gratitude; for Paul Murray had not merely rescued the old man from the horrors of a railway collision in midwinter, but had done so at the imminent peril of his own life and the cost of scars which he would always bear. But that fact would not by itself have accounted for all the consequences which had followed their more intimate knowledge of each other. Mr. Van Alstyne was too good a judge of men to have allowed a mere sentiment to have influenced him so far. He would doubtless have hit upon some way of permanently benefiting the young engineer, but had he not believed himself to have discovered in him something more than general good intentions, even though added to thorough probity, his benefits would have stopped short at those he had already conferred. At present these were, in his own mind, but an earnest of those to come.

At the time when their relations began, John Van Alstyne felt himself approaching the term of a life which had known few real satisfactions. His wife had disappointed him by her frivolity and want of heart; his son by the mania for speculation into which he was led by his lust for wealth, and by his consequent inability or unwillingness to aid in the development of schemes which, in the father's mind as he grew older, were slowly consolidating from the nebulæ of tendency into tangible ideas and definite plans. William had been a heavy drain upon the paternal resources all his life, but even his recklessness and unfilial disregard of consequences had never succeeded in alienating the old man's almost motherly affection. He had once put in jeopardy all he owned, and with it his most cherished projects, simply with the hope of lifting from his son the pressure

of nervous anxiety which converted an apparently trifling ailment into a fatal brain trouble; but the step which he had taken with so many misgivings ended by placing him in a position where, for the first time, he felt himself a perfectly free agent. Perhaps he never consciously admitted that his efforts to obtain a clear view of wide and abstract justice had hitherto been impeded by what he thought a private and special claim lying clearly in his path of duty. His son's demands in the present he owned to having unduly honored, but the young man's lien on the future was of a sort which all the father's family traditions went to make him regard as sacred. But whether he avowed it to himself or not, his actions thenceforward were those of a man no longer hampered by private misgivings.

There had always been some points on which he was inflexible alike to persuasion and to argument. His landed estates, which once comprised nearly the whole area of the village, had long been confined to the home farm, which he let on shares, and the large tract of woodland through which flowed a stream whose abrupt descent gave a water-power which had been eagerly coveted by the neighboring manufacturers. Early in life John Van Alstyne had left his native village, engaged in trade, and amassed a fortune, on whose proceeds he retired thither at about the period when the factories began to be erected at intervals along the course of the Milton Kill. He might have doubled and tripled his bank deposits if he would have sold out this tract, but he would neither do that nor build himself upon it. What deterred him so long from the latter plan, which he engaged in almost immediately after his son's death, was the risk and uncertainty in which William's speculations had begun to make him live. The son was not only a gambler by instinct, but there was a dishonest strain in his blood, which, though it had been hidden from public notice, yet kept his father in a nervous terror. He knew his own weakness too well to doubt that at any crisis he would feel unable to refuse to honor his son's paper to the extent of his means, and that he might live to see all he owned swept from him in a day. The land, therefore, remained unimproved, though growing in value every year with the steady increase of manufacturing interests in the neighborhood. Nevertheless it was not useless. For half a century there had not been a dweller in the village who was not free to cut his firewood there, under certain necessary restrictions, and a good deal of grumbling had followed when, as he began to clear it in good earnest, the old man began also to

sell his wood and to utilize every one of the natural advantages of his property for the growth of his embryonic schemes.

His mill had been running now for several years, and gave employment, in one way or another, to between two and three hundred people. Some of his actions with regard to it had been of a nature to cause unfavorable comment of the sort which Squire Cadwallader had expressed to Mr. Colton; but they were generally laid to the account of his somewhat eccentric benevolence, and, when the industrial crisis was over, had been privately put to his credit even by his critics. His critics, in fact, were not wrong in attributing them to that motive. What he wished to do was tolerably clear in John Van Alstyne's mind, but how to accomplish it was a problem which he still turned over daily, without arriving at any satisfactory solution.

But at the period when this story opens the question of how to do the greatest permanent good in his power to the greatest number of people was no longer the only one with which the old man's thoughts were busy. He passes for a cynic who declared that in this matter the greatest number is always the number one; but it is, nevertheless, certain that the first digit is always the primary factor in its solution. What is good for the hive is doubtless good for the bee, but the important point is to make each bee sure of it. While his benevolent dreams had remained in the land of vision John Van Alstyne had been sustained by the hopes that they excited; afterward, when his beneficent action began to give them a body, there was the pleasure of fulfilment, of incessant effort, and the problem of how to perpetuate what he had effected, to occupy his mind and satisfy his heart. That problem still occupied him, but no longer so fully that he had not recognized that, were it solved, not merely for the limited area which he could himself control, but for all the world, the solution would not insure his satisfaction. There had never been a day when he had not himself enjoyed far more than all that he was endeavoring to procure for his neighbor; but, as he looked back, he reflected that there had also never been a day when his content had been so unalloyed that he would have desired to say to the passing moment, "Stay, thou art fair." Still, ever since the time when his inward discontent had driven him out of himself to a consideration of the evils which affect society, he had not untruly credited a large share of his own dissatisfaction to his outraged sense of justice, and he had been very slow in arriving at the

conviction that fair play and equal rights will of themselves secure to no man more than their equivalents had procured for him. But of late that truth had confronted him full in face, and he had lowered his eyes before it.

When Zipporah came down the next morning Mr. Van Alstyne was still pacing back and forth on the gravel which separated the house from a neatly kept lawn. She had seen him there through her blinds while she was dressing, and went out at once to join him.

"Ah!" he said, in what she thought a disappointed tone, "so you have grown lazy and abandoned Miss Murray! I was on the lookout for your return together."

"I lay awake so long last night that I overslept this morning. And, anyway, I don't see how I can count on being always in time. While I was there she always came and waked me."

"I will rap at your door, if that is all. I am always up by half-past four. When we grow old there is no more morning sleep for us."

Zip expressed her thanks, but not the mild surprise with which this offer moved her. She presently reflected that he probably thought it imprudent for Mary Anne Murray to go alone so early along the road. A servant came at that moment to summon them to breakfast—a meal which they sat down to by themselves, as Mrs. Van Alstyne's hours were much later than theirs.

"Well, what do you think of Paul Murray?" said the old man as he received his cup from Zipporah's hand. "A good deal of a man, isn't he?"

"He has a good deal of voice," conceded the girl.

"Is that all you have to say about him? Not that it isn't true as far as it goes—it is one of his expressions."

"It is the only one I could be any judge of, isn't it? He is not like either his father or his sister."

"Not in looks, I admit, but still he springs out of the same root. I never fairly understood him until I began to study them. Well, now, I'm disappointed. I thought you would see at once what a good fellow he is."

Zip began to find the situation embarrassing; she was quite willing to listen to a monologue on the subject of Paul Murray, but to be called on for responsive or critical remarks was not pleasant. She devoted herself to her fried chicken and cream toast with silent assiduity for a minute or two, and then the old man, whose appetite was very quickly appeased, returned by

an unexpected detour to what she was learning to consider his favorite topic.

"By the way," he said, "do you think you could manage a half-holiday next Friday? I want to go to Riverside and to take you along."

Zip's eyes sparkled. "Oh! that would be lovely. But I don't see what excuse I could offer."

"Don't offer any," counselled Mr. Van Alstyne with the air of a conspirator. "Just wait until Thursday night or Friday noon, and then tell the children you are going to catch the train and will be back on Monday as usual."

"All right; but why?" This consideration occurred to her only at that instant. "It would be delightful to go home, of course, but you don't need me, and perhaps I oughtn't."

"There's where you mistake; I do need you. I want you to help me select a piano. I can only judge of them by the price, and, since I want it for Fanny Murray, I suppose I must mind my p's and q's about the quality of it. Now, you would know exactly what would answer."

"Ah!" said Zip inadvertently, "that is just what Mrs. Van Alstyne thought you meant to do."

"And didn't approve, probably. Fortunately, I am too old to be sat in judgment on to any purpose. I was casting about in my mind what to give those children for their birthday. I had been thinking of a rather larger scheme, but that may come later. Do you see any reason why my hands should have so far to go to church?"

"That is a very easy one," said the girl, laughing. "The church is a long way off, and they won't stay at home. If they had ever got such a dose of church as I did, they would probably take a different view of it. But then their church *is* different, anyway."

"Yes, so it is. I am like you: I got my fill of church at a very early period of my existence. I have sometimes thought, though, that it was a mistake not to have repeated it, in some modified form, when I became a father myself. By the way, there isn't one of those youngsters down at the mill who is not taken to church every Sunday as regularly as ever you or I were, so I conclude that their parents must have been so before them. Now, why shouldn't they have thrown off the yoke as well as we?"

"Perhaps it never was as heavy," conjectured Zip, with a little shrug.

"I asked the dominie that question last Sunday morning," continued Mr. Van Alstyne. "A good many of the people at the mill are not Catholics, but scarcely a dozen of them ever come to listen to him. Before any of his congregation arrived he stood at my gate watching the rest of the hands stream by."

"And what did he say?"

"Said they were priest-ridden, and had got it drilled into their heads that hell was the certain punishment of disobedience to clerical injunctions. I don't know how much truth there may be in that when you look at it all round, but I do know that not merely in the case of a feeble old man like Mr. Murray, who may be supposed to be thinking of death, or in that of a saint like his daughter, but also with that vigorous young giant, Paul, there is something different or, at all events, more than that to be taken into account."

"What is it?" said Zip. "Did you ever ask Mr. Paul Murray?"

"Yes; intellectual conviction of the truth of Christianity was the reason he gave me."

"I can't quite see why it should work that way," said Zip. "I haven't any doubts that I know of, but I really don't like listening to sermons."

"Murray," went on Mr. Van Alstyne, "says that his conviction of the truth of Christianity is identical with his persuasion that the Church of Rome is the only external embodiment of Christianity. That being the case, his obedience to the laws of his church ceases to be astonishing. The others have doubtless the same conviction at bottom, whether they ever reasoned it out or not. The dominie says their obedience to the priests is the great danger that threatens the Republic; but since they only obey because they believe, what is anybody going to do about it? By the way, it is a pity you are not afraid of Brother Meeker. He complains bitterly because you do not stay here and go to church. He says you ought to set a better example."

"I *am* afraid—horribly," said Zip, with a laugh and a slight flush. "My fears are so great that they would keep me at home, even if I did not go over to the Corners to spend Sunday."

"He told me he was to be married to Miss Silvernail next week," continued Mr. Van Alstyne; "I must look up something for a wedding present when we go to town next Friday. It is settled that we are to go, then?"

"I don't know about that. I would be afraid to select an in-

strument for Mr. Murray; he is too severe a critic. Why don't you invent some pretext by which he should choose it himself? That would be much more satisfactory—to me, at all events."

"I'll tell you what I have been thinking of," the old man said, as they left the table and went out of doors again. "I am going to build a new factory; they begin breaking ground next week. In the end there will be two or three times as many operatives as there are now. Why shouldn't I build them a church? I gave the ground for that one yonder, and, as I told you before, I pretty nearly run it to this day, though I was obliged to shut down on the supplies a little to insure obedience about the school. To be sure, all my hands are not Catholics, but the majority are, and with a little diplomacy the proportion might be kept up, I suppose,"

"Why should you care about that?"

"There would be fewer disputes; besides, when they had once got their church they could all help support it. I think it is right for people to pay for their own necessities; and as a church seems to be a real necessity for Catholics, they ought to take care of it for themselves. Now, as a preliminary step, there is a sort of shed that I covered in so that the young folks might have a place to dance and what not. I wonder if it could be altered and utilized for their worship until something better can be done? What do you think? Suppose I bought a piano and sent it down there? You know I don't feel at all certain that the Murrays would not rather resent accepting such a present for their own house. What do you think?"

Zip would have laughed at the idea of being consulted on the subject, if it had not been plain that Mr. Van Alstyne was merely thinking aloud. That he was doing so in her presence, however, was more flattering to her than she was quite aware of, although she was not wholly unconscious of the compliment. There were many people before whom he would have been dumb.

"I think," she said presently, "that you can dispense me from that trip to Riverside, much as I would like to go. With such a pretext, I am sure Mr. Murray would select a piano for himself. But for a church he would probably prefer an organ."

"Oh! I have more things than that for you to do. If you don't select a piano, you can at least choose a pin-cushion for the Reverend Mrs. Meeker, can't you? The other thing I will consider more fully. The fact is, the more I think about that delicate young girl going back and forth over the road every day

this winter as she did last, the less I like it. If I can't prevent it any other way, I shall have to take to driving her in myself every morning."

At this moment Mr. Van Alstyne was appealed to by some one from the farm, and walked away in that direction.

The Murray twins were the first pupils on hand that day. They came flying down the road together while Zipporah still stood at the front gate. Fanny slid her hand confidingly into that of her young teacher and put up her cheek for a kiss, while Davie, whose male dignity was at the age which scorns such weaknesses, capered around, or stood on one foot and dug the other into the roadside dust. The little girl's eyes were big with repressed confidences for which her brother speedily found a tongue.

"Teacher!"

"Well, Davie."

"D'ye remember the day Mr. Van Alstyne told about his birthday? Me an' Fanny 'd like to do something to celebrate it, an' Sissy said p'raps you could give us a hint, or something. Can you think of anything we could get for him he'd like? We've got a dollar we've been savin' up for Christmas, but we'd rather take it for that."

"Decidedly," thought Zip, "the birthday fever is becoming epidemic in Milton Centre." Then aloud: "I am afraid that a dollar wouldn't go very far. Perhaps we can think of something else that would be nicer than a present. Almost everybody would like to keep Mr. Van Alstyne's birthday, I should think."

"Teacher," said Fanny shyly, "in New York we had some tableaux once—didn't we, Davie?—in the school. An' they were real nice; weren't they, Davie?"

"Fanny, you are a little witch. That is just what I was thinking of myself, only it didn't occur to me that any of you children had ever seen any. We shall have to get them up in the school-house, I suppose. It isn't very convenient, but I think there is no better place."

"There's a big room we might have at the mill, I guess, if Paul 'ud let us," said Davie.

"Well, we'll think about it, and have a grand consultation after school. Only, everybody must promise to be as still as mice; it would spoil everything if Mr. Van Alstyne should get the very least bit of a hint beforehand. Can we trust everybody in the school?"

"D'no," said Davie; "'Mandy Pulver she blabs 'most everything, an' so does 'Mimy Crandall. P'raps they wouldn't if you said they couldn't come if they did."

"We won't say a word to a soul just yet," said Zip; "wait until I think out a plan, and then I will select the children I want, and nobody else need know until the very last."

"We asked brother Paul," whispered Fanny at afternoon recess; "he was dreadful busy, but he looked real pleased. I guess he'll let us have the room. He said he'd see about it."

Now, seeing about it proved in the end a rather complicated process for Zipporah Colton and Paul Murray. It occurred to the latter, in the course of a hasty review of the time which would elapse between that day and Michaelmas, not only that not a minute must be lost, but that opportunities for consulting that black-haired young lady with the voice would be uncommonly difficult to get at the house of Mr. Van Alstyne, seeing that the latter was to be kept in ignorance of the scheme. He rendered himself at the school-house therefore, at the close of the session, with a promptness which might have suggested that the propriety of celebrating his chief's natal day had struck him with the force of a great conviction. Zipporah felt herself getting nervously uncomfortable when she saw him on the green, out of the corner of her eye, just as she was marshalling her troop for dismissal. She dallied unnecessarily over that performance, and was so long afterwards in setting her desk to rights and tying on her hat, and wondering just how long he meant to stand there and keep her from going home, that Fanny ran in to find her. By that time the other children had all dispersed.

"Please, teacher," she began, with a very important face, "brother Paul says won't you please take a little walk down the road with me an' Davie an' him? He wants to tell you about the room at the mill."

XI.

IN THE PINE WOODS.

NERVOUSNESS takes different forms with different people, and even with the same people at different times. At this juncture it suddenly provided Zipporah Colton with a spurious backbone of self-possession on which she afterward congratulated herself. A pretty girl in blushing confusion is apt to be a charming sight

to most men, and Paul Murray's thoughts had been lingering over the picture of embarrassment this one had presented under his criticisms the night before with singular persistence. Certainly, as he had already assured himself several times since noonday, the matter on which he was about to consult her was of real importance. An attention of the kind contemplated would naturally give pleasure to Mr. Van Alstyne, who seemed to have few private satisfactions, and in order to get it up properly it would have been necessary for him to interview Miss Colton had she been fifty, and cross-eyed, and endowed with a voice like a peacock's. He inclined to believe that he would have precipitated a second meeting with her even under those circumstances, and possibly it did not occur to him to reflect that in such a contingency he might have offered himself fewer apologies for his haste. The only thing that did occur to him in the moments which immediately preceded Miss Colton's egress from the school-house was that he would very much like to see her lower her eyes and blush again. And as Zipporah, instead of blushing, came out with head erect and eyes level, and a serious, unsmiling composure, it was he who flushed and came very near a stammer. Whereupon the girl's self-possession passed at once out of the nervous into the normal state, and even became a trifle mischievous.

Paul Murray had been living in the country for some years now. His mind, throughout the whole of them, had been preoccupied, not merely with his work and the material cares with which he had voluntarily burdened himself, but with the consideration of those industrial problems whose solution Mr. Van Alstyne was seeking. For his leisure hours he had had the enormous solace afforded by a passion for art in almost any of its forms, when such a passion is accompanied by executive skill. The piano which he coveted but had denied himself thus far was not his only instrument, nor even his favorite one. He was an admirable violinist, and did duty, moreover, as organist for Father Seetin at the Corners every Sunday. And as he was emphatically not what is called "a ladies' man," he had not availed himself to any great extent of such opportunities for young society as that village afforded. Some little conversation on the subject had taken place between him and his brother John when the latter had passed a fortnight at home before being assigned to his first clerical duties.

"But you will be marrying some of these days, old fellow," the young priest said, after having noted with surprise how com-

pletely that purpose seemed to have been omitted from his brother's plans.

"Marry? Nonsense! I am twenty-six now, and I give you my word I have never yet seen a girl who has caused me a palpitation of the heart, or awakened in me the slightest desire to make her Mrs. Paul Murray."

"There are other and more serious things than palpitations to be considered in that connection."

"Agreed; but I shall never consider them, at least not as they relate to me, until they have been suggested in that manner."

"In that case I recommend you to keep out of danger."

"Don't be too cheeky," said Paul, laughing; "your cassock is very new yet. Five minutes ago you seemed to think me wise beyond what is written. What is the matter now?"

"Oh! nothing much. Only, 'Let him who standeth take heed lest he fall.' Men of your age and in your position are better off and safer if they marry. When I get settled down in New York, sha'n't I look about for an eligible sister-in-law, and send for you to come and pay me a visit?"

"Thank you for nothing. I believe you are more than half-serious, but I want no wife as yet. My violin suffices for my pleasure and Sissy for my comfort; my work and my thoughts supply what else is necessary."

John looked so youthfully serious over this remark that Paul laughed again, and gave him an elder-brotherly clap on the shoulder.

"Come," he said, "explain to me, if you can, why you think a man shouldn't have a vocation to celibacy outside of the priesthood as well as in it. The question of my calling to a robe like yours was settled once for all in the negative some years ago. I have not yet been called to marriage, and I don't propose to concern myself about it until I am. I have considered the question 'in the aibstract,' as the Scotch lassie considered love, and have arrived at only one definite conclusion."

"And that?"

"Is that there is only one good excuse for marriage, and that until I can plead it I shall never marry. I may not do so even in that case; I certainly will not in any other."

And then, as John still looked preternaturally grave, his elder presently went on again.

"Don't look so like an owl, Jack, nor magnify your office so unduly. Father Seetin, besides having nearly thrice your

years, has had experience in both states of life, and he is quite of my way of thinking—or, rather, I am of his. You would scout the idea of priesting a man whose vocation was not clear and undeniable. Very well; to my mind, marriage, to be either a holy state or even a moderately safe one, requires as positive a vocation as the priesthood. If ever I receive it I feel sure that I shall know it; and meantime I would rather not discuss it further."

In this unassailed security Paul Murray had remained until the previous night; nor did he fully admit having passed out of it until he found himself awaiting Zipporah Colton at the school-house door. Up to that moment he had kept up the form of scoffing at a certain irrepressible suggestion which insisted on perking up its head and warning him of danger. Now he suddenly turned round and admitted the impeachment, but stoutly denied that there was any danger in it. Miss Colton's name had been mentioned at home several times since his return, not merely by the children, who were enthusiastic in her praise, but by his father, who had, indeed, been somewhat loquacious on the topic of her assiduity in going to daily Mass with Mary Anne. The latter had said little, but then Sissy was always a very silent person, and the fact that she had been not only willing but pleased to keep her in the house when the necessity for doing so had passed spoke volumes.

Paul was a man of principles, but he was a man of impulses also; and just at this moment the former were buttressed more forcibly than was at first quite pleasant by the conviction that he had been even impertinently premature in considering a contingency in which danger might arise to so cool and self-poised a young person as she who now stood before him, waiting to hear his errand explained. Later on, and after mature reflection, he drew a comfortable assurance of safety from her composed indifference—it left him so free to run his own head into what might otherwise have proved a double snare. But at the first instant his mind was so ill-regulated that he drew no manner of satisfaction from it.

LEWIS R. DORSAY.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF LOUVAIN.

The brief by which His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. gives his solemn approbation to the establishment of the Catholic University of America, breathes throughout the Holy Father's desire that its educational advantages should be shared in by all classes, by clergy and laity alike. He proposes as our models "the universities which, in the middle ages and in the centuries following, enriched church and state with multitudes of men of learning." He tells us that his own efforts for the improvement of philosophical studies were prompted by his conviction that, under the guidance of sound philosophy, "the study even of letters and of the other branches of human learning, joined with regard for religion, would redound greatly to the advantage of civil society." He "most gladly welcomes and heartily approves the project of the bishops of America for the erection of a university," because of their being moved thereto "by a desire to promote the welfare of all and the interests of their illustrious Republic." And so he cheers and spurs them on to the work, and exclaims: "Let not any one of you be deterred by any difficulty or labor, but let all take courage from the assured hope that they will receive an abundant return for their cares and solicitudes, having laid the foundations of an institute destined to provide the church with worthy ministers for the salvation of souls and the propagation of religion, and to give to the Republic her best citizens." He entirely approved our laying the foundations of the university in the faculty of Divinity and our giving its first-fruits to the holy ministry; but his great heart, whose sympathies are as wide as humanity, has unmistakably manifested its wish that the laity should, with as little delay as possible, be made sharers in the same blessings.

On all sides we find abundant evidence that such is likewise the ardent hope of all our Catholic people. They rejoice that the throne of sacred science should be erected first, and that the aspirants to the ministry of the divine word should first be provided for; but they are not less solicitous for the highest welfare of their other sons, to whom Providence does not grant a vocation to the ecclesiastical state, but whom they are anxious to fit for the best and noblest usefulness in their future career, whatever it may be, by the deepest and broadest and purest

learning that can be bestowed upon them. Very many parents are now asking whether the university will not be ready for their boys when they are sufficiently advanced to be fit for it; and from our hearts we answer that we hope it may be.

Thus there rises before us a question of the greatest interest and importance: How this development and expansion of the university from its exclusively ecclesiastical beginnings can best be effected. That we may answer it safely, it behooves us to note carefully the experience of older institutions of a similar character; and among these there is none whose past career and whose present standing render it so fit to be our mentor as the Catholic University of Louvain. While rich in the traditions of more than four centuries of honorable existence, it is fresh in the vigor of its new birth in recent times, and is actively and successfully engaged in meeting all the intellectual demands of the age we live in. We are well assured indeed that neither it nor any other institution can serve as a model to be copied by us in all details; for each nation and each generation has its own special character, to which its university must be adapted. But in so long and diversified and successful a career we cannot fail to find lessons of practical experience, rich in suggestions for our guidance. Let us briefly glance at them.

The University of Louvain was founded in the first quarter of the fifteenth century. It had been preceded by the great universities of Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, and by other renowned institutions, and could profit by their experience. Hence it did not start, as they did, from rude and unformed elements, groping upward towards shape and consistency, but stood forth from its very origin in full university organization, with well-ordered faculties and wisely-regulated college discipline. It was therefore spared most of the disorders and critical vicissitudes which marked the history of the older institutions, and it uniformly maintained so high a grade of excellence that many of the best scholars of Europe declared it second only to Paris as a seat of sacred and classical learning.

When the religious revolution of the sixteenth century burst upon Europe, the University of Louvain not only continued to be an oracle of untainted truth, bravely protesting both against the assaults of error from without, and against all that was unworthy of the spouse of Christ within her household, but it gave its rector to occupy the chair of Peter as the saintly Adrian VI., who was to check the heathenish tendencies of the Renaissance, which were supplying a pretence and an argument

to Protestantism, and to inaugurate that true reformation which was to be accomplished by the Council of Trent.

The succeeding centuries of controversy and strife and apostasy brought disaster to many a noble institution; but Louvain stood firm, the very embodiment of Flemish sturdiness and honesty and faith, till Belgium itself was submerged in the red torrent of the French Revolution. Before that awful flood all things pure and holy went down in ruin, and so the university was suppressed in 1797. After the fall of Napoleon, Belgium became subject to Holland. But it soon was evident that their relationship could not last. Holland was as bitterly and aggressively Protestant as Belgium was devotedly and unflinchingly Catholic. The Protestant king endeavored to control the education of the Catholic clergy, and to shape it in an anti-Catholic mould. It was the attempt that Bismarck has renewed in our day, and it met with the same fate. The failure of the king's educational enterprise was soon followed by the downfall of his rule in Belgium. His forces were expelled and Belgian independence proclaimed in 1831. The struggle for freedom ended successfully in May, 1833, and Belgium, in the very glow of victory, resolved that the first-fruit of recovered independence should be the restoration of the grand old university that had been her glory and her blessing in the past. In that same year, 1833, Pope Gregory XVI. was applied to for the necessary authorization, which was readily granted, and the work was begun without delay.

It is most interesting to read the series of pastorals issued by the bishops of Belgium during the following year. They tell of the enthusiasm with which all classes pressed forward to the great undertaking; how every bishop and priest in the country voluntarily pledged himself to a certain annual contribution; how the generosity of the Belgian people vied with that of the people of God in olden times, bringing all their precious possessions and adornments for the furnishing of the tabernacle of the Lord, or working with devoted zeal for the rebuilding of the walls of Jerusalem. Success, both full and speedy, was the inevitable result of such energy and unanimity. The university was reopened, we may say re-established, in November, 1834. It began with the faculty of Divinity. To this was added, in the very first year, the faculty of Philosophy and Letters, which was meant to give a finished education to non-professional students, and to lay a broad and noble foundation for the professional training of those who aspired to law

and medicine. These latter faculties were added in the second year of the university's existence. Since then each faculty has gone on, adding chair after chair and perfecting its methods, as the advance of science and the increase of means made it practicable. It is one of the happiest memories of Leo XIII. that when he was nuncio at Brussels he did all in his power to help on the University of Louvain in its steady advance towards its perfect development.

To-day, the University of Louvain stands without an educational rival in Belgium. Three other universities, of a non-Catholic character, have indeed been established in Ghent, Liege, and Brussels; but the Catholic university so far outstrips them in the number of its professors and students, and in the excellence of its training, that no reasonable comparison can be made. Last year its students numbered seventeen hundred, and this year they are still more numerous, while seventy-seven professors carry on with splendid success the highest education in the faculties of Theology, Philosophy and Letters, Law, Medicine, and Science. At every step through the quaint old town of Louvain one sees that, in the glorious days gone by, it was as exclusively a university town as either Oxford or Cambridge. Even now, although only part of the confiscated structures have been restored to their original use, it is evident that the university is the heart and life of Louvain, while majestic edifices of quite recent construction rise here and there, to show how the university, like a wise householder, not only uses the old, but adopts and adds on the new. These buildings comprise not only stately halls and richly-stored laboratories and museums, but also numerous colleges or residences for the students. For while the lay students are free to take lodgings in the town, the great bulk of them prefer to reside in the colleges; and in this they are, of course, encouraged both by their parents and by their professors, who well know the great advantages, both for study and for morals, of the paternal discipline and supervision found in the collegiate homes.

A noteworthy feature of Louvain is the college of students for the missions of the United States, founded by the zeal of the venerable Mgr. de Neve, who still worthily presides over it. Its studies are the elementary course usual in seminaries, at the end of which the students can, if so desired by their bishops, pass through one or another of the university courses, which are exclusively of a higher or post-graduate order.

The late rector, Mgr. Pieraerts, who died during the last

scholastic year, during the two years that he filled his high office breathed new life and energy into all the work of the university. This manifests itself not only by a remarkable multiplication of university societies, in which students and professors meet familiarly to elaborate together subjects kindred to their class work, and with admirable results, but also, and especially, by the wide expansion and the marked influence given to the faculty of Philosophy and Letters, in which Mgr. Pieraerts himself had been a professor. This is greatly owing to the wise direction and fostering care of Leo XIII., who has so untiringly urged the advancement of philosophical studies to their highest excellence and their widest reach, and at whose request it was that the school of higher philosophy was recently established over which Mgr. Mercier so ably presides. But it must also be largely attributed to the late rector's own wise appreciation of the necessity of very thorough philosophical and historical training, in order to fit his alumni to grapple safely and usefully with the great scientific and social questions which are now engrossing the world, and which, unless handled judiciously and with enlightenment, must shake the very foundations of faith and of human society. His annual address of last year was chiefly taken up with these great problems, and clearly indicated his desire and determination that the university should fit men for their solution. The present rector is Mgr. Abbeloos, a man of distinguished ability and an Oriental scholar of the first rank. He has already displayed his enterprise and his freedom from over-conservatism. He has recognized the necessity of modifying the method of study hitherto followed in the Divinity course, so that students, instead of being obliged to follow all the branches taught by the faculty, may be free to choose only a few or even one alone, in order that, by concentrated study, there may be formed in the sacred sciences, as in other branches of learning, those specialists from whom alone superior excellence can be expected.

And so this grand old university goes steadily on, in the freshness of its renewed life, the boast and the glory of the Catholics of Belgium, every year adding to the number of its students and to the excellence of its educational methods, unceasingly sending forth bands of thoroughly formed young ecclesiastics, whose breadth of learning and elevation of character make them an honor to the church of God, and placing in every rank of society hundreds of splendidly-educated laymen, well fitted to be the intellectual leaders of a people who are

equally distinguished by love of religion and love of liberty. From this rich and prosperous experience let us now gather a few lessons for our own guidance.

In the first place, then, it is a striking fact that, both in its mediæval origin and in its recent restoration, this famous seat of learning was, from the very commencement of its work, distinctively organized as a university, and equipped for the superior education which a university imparts. In this it differed widely from many other schools of renown, and that because of the widely different circumstances in which they had their birth. It is the common law of normal growth that the germ must be suited to its environment. In the tenth or eleventh century learning was in so rudimentary a condition and educational facilities so limited that any school, no matter what might be its aspiration or its destiny, was forced to begin in very rudimentary shape, and from simplest elements develop as more favorable circumstances might allow. But in the fifteenth century elementary schools existed in abundance and intermediate schools were not uncommon; hence the new institution could presuppose them, and start at once on the higher level for which it was destined. Still more, when reorganized in the nineteenth century, it took at once the shape neither of school, nor of college, nor of seminary, but of university; because institutions of those lower grades already existed in sufficient number, and so the university was free to simply supplement their work and confine itself to the higher learning which alone it was meant to impart.

Here we find a practical answer, of the very highest authority, to the question or the objection so often raised in reference to our undertaking: "Why do you aspire so high? Why not begin, as other universities have begun, in the simplest form, and develop by degrees?" Plainly because the simpler forms already exist in abundance, and an addition to their number is not called for; nay rather, the establishment of another institution in college or seminary form would be rightly considered an unwelcome intrusion on older institutions, already quite sufficiently and honorably occupying the field. Very recently, President Gilman has found it necessary to impress upon the public mind again and again that the Johns Hopkins University, which he is so ably organizing, was not meant to be an addition to the number of colleges or technical schools, for these are both numerous and excellent enough; that young men were to enter the university after having received a college education,

or its equivalent, in order to find there that higher learning which the fullest intellectual development calls for, and which colleges and technical schools are inadequate to bestow.

The same may be said with at least equal force in regard to our Catholic University. In decreeing its establishment, neither the bishops of the United States nor our Holy Father the Pope had any thought of opening to the youth of our country another college or another seminary, like to those with which it is already so abundantly blessed. Nor did they ever imagine that, in order to start upward on its career, it must first begin by imparting that same order of learning which is already so sufficiently imparted by institutions in different parts of the country. This would suppose a want of considerateness and of practical sense of which the authors of the project would have been incapable. They have done full justice to these excellent institutions, by presupposing their sufficiency for their own work and their own sphere, and by at once providing facilities for that higher and deeper and broader education which a young man, when graduating from college or seminary, has become fit to appreciate and perhaps to aspire after, but which he is yet far from having attained to. On any lower level there is no need of it, and it would have no right to exist. How limited soever therefore may be, at first, the compass of its curriculum, and how few soever its professorial chairs, its curriculum must be, from the very beginning, distinctively of a university character, and its chairs must all stand on a university level. It is only in this sense that it can be truly said that the university ought to be content with small beginnings and to develop by degrees. And this is precisely what the Catholic University of America hopes to do, to start only with the faculty of Divinity, and only with the most important chairs in that faculty, and then gradually to develop that faculty to its perfection, and to add on the other faculties just as the blessing of God and our people's generous and intelligent appreciation of the work will make it possible.

And this leads us to the second practical lesson which the experience of Louvain teaches us. Both in its early and in its recent organization, it lost no time in throwing open its academic halls to lay students. In 1834, we see it starting with Divinity, but adding on a faculty for the laity in the first year of its existence. And it is noteworthy that this faculty was not that of Law or of Medicine, but the faculty of Philosophy and Letters. Such was also the method of the Johns Hopkins University. It

had no faculty of Divinity, being meant only for secular studies; but in organizing these, its first care was to lay the foundation of them all in the faculty of Philosophy and Letters. A brief review of the studies comprised in that faculty will show the reasonableness of such a course.

The university faculty of Philosophy and Letters has for its scope, as its name signifies, the profound study of all philosophical, literary, and linguistic subjects. The geography of this vast region has been briefly sketched to the student during his college course; but now he is to explore fully one or another of its provinces, according to the taste and the ability developed by his previous studies. The university takes the student whose elementary studies in philosophy have awaked in him a love for this mother of all the sciences, and leads him through all her wondrous domains; investigates with him all that reason can know of the nature, the origin, and the destiny of all things; searches especially the depths of that marvellous compendium of them all, human nature, dwelling on man's nature, origin, end, duties and rights, the organization, capabilities, and operations of his whole complex being, intellectual, moral, spiritual, physical, and prying as far as human ken can reach into that mysterious, labyrinthine border-land of man's nature where spirit and matter meet and interact, whose windings the philosophers of our day are so laboriously and often so erringly endeavoring to unravel. This is a sublime realm, alluring to noble minds, but engulfing rash ones that rush into it without guide or compass; and if the student's intellect proves to have the temper that can make him master there, he is fitted to be a benefactor to mankind by being a wise leader in the philosophic thought of his day.

Another student has had developed in him by his classical course a relish and aptness for literary pursuits. Now he has placed before him the fascinating study, historical, philosophical, analytical and comparative, of human thought and expression in all their forms of language and of literature, both ancient and modern, with all their tempting stores of poetic, historic, legendary, philosophic, and sacred lore. From these studies again naturally open up the vast avenues which lead to the field of ethnological inquiry, and to the comparative study of ancient forms of creed and worship, which is now often called the science of religion—regions of surpassing interest, in which wisely-directed researches throw floods of light on the sacred record of the ways of Providence and the devious fortunes of

mankind, while unguided or misguided wanderings would all most surely end in the morass of scepticism.

Inquiries like these are obviously connected with profound historical studies, which, accordingly, form an integral part of the usual curriculum of this faculty. And these naturally lead to the examination of the governmental organizations of ancient and modern nations, and of the fundamental laws underlying them; of the internal conditions and the external complications which occasioned their prosperity or their reverses; and thus is spread out the vast and deeply interesting panorama of the social, political, and international institutions and relationships which have built up the wondrous fabric of human society.

In a word, the faculty of Philosophy and Letters has for its object a complete and comprehensive study of man, both individually and socially; of his entire nature, of his checkered existence, of his achievements in thought and in action, of his mistakes and his successes, his good and his evil ways, of his various relationships with God, with his fellow-men, and with surrounding nature. No one can help recognizing how sublime and important is the realm of study here presented. The poet was indeed not quite right in saying that "the noblest study of mankind is man"; but surely it is second only to the study of God and of his Divine Revelation.

In such a compass are comprised all the branches of a finished liberal education. Moreover, these are the great fundamental studies which are necessary to whosoever wishes for a complete and philosophical grasp of any special line of professional study to which he may devote himself. This is the common ground on which all can meet and stand together. All professions have to deal with some department of human life and relationships; and the common centre and basis of them all, if they are to be understood thoroughly and profoundly, is this fundamental study of man.

Here the student of Divinity finds the *præambula fidei*, the preliminaries and conditions of faith, the intellectual foundations which constitute religion our "reasonable service" to God, the practical working and test of all teachings and of all laws human and divine. It needs no elaboration to make it evident that the mastery of such stores of knowledge must be of invaluable aid to the minister of God in appealing to man's intellectual, moral, and spiritual nature, and in placing the truth and beauty of religion in that light in which they need but to be seen in order to be appreciated and loved by the intelligent and honest.

Here the law student has the magnificent apparatus of the ethical, the social, the historical, and the political studies which are simply essential to him if he desires to be a scholar in his profession, to be not a mere attorney but a jurist. And here the citizen, who wishes to take an intelligent and useful part in the political life of his country, finds the light of the world's experience, the practical wisdom which will enable him to act prudently, to advise judiciously, to lead safely, instead of being a mere experimentalist, an erring guide, or the dupe of clamor or of blind enthusiasm.

Here too the medical student finds an admirable preparation for his noble profession. The philosophical study of man's spiritual nature not only is a safeguard against materialism, but gives him a better comprehension of man's physical nature, with which the spiritual is so intimately and essentially connected, and fits him to deal more intelligently with innumerable ailments in which the action of mind and that of matter bear an almost equal part. Thus from psychology he passes by an almost imperceptible bridge to physiology, and from this can gaze out upon, and can begin to explore, the astonishing vista of biological science, of all those countless forms of life which reach their summit and their compendium in man.

The faculty of Philosophy and Letters is indeed, then, a universal trysting-ground, where all eager aspirants after learning, be they ecclesiastics or be they seculars, can mingle in the noble strife for intellectual excellence, spurred by generous rivalry to highest achievements, and finding in the contact a closer fraternal linking, a better mutual understanding, and a fuller comprehension of many-sided truth than can be attained to in any other way. No wonder that we see it, in Louvain and elsewhere, either the first to be organized or the first to be added to the faculty of Divinity. No wonder that from this latter it branches out as it were instinctively and naturally. No wonder, then, that we should fondly cherish the hope that, very soon after the formation of our faculty of Divinity, we should realize the desire of our Holy Father and of the parents of America, by the establishment of our faculty of Philosophy and Letters. But on this we may not dwell longer at present, but must leave further consideration of this interesting theme for another article.

JOHN J. KEANE.

"WHAT SHALL BE THE TREATMENT OF CONVERTED POLYGAMISTS?"

SEND them to jail, says the United States government, converted or unconverted; and it proceeds to do it, with the applause of the whole civilized world. Who, then, asks the above question? Rev. Edward A. Lawrence, in the *Andover Review* of September last, and he asks it on behalf of the Protestant missionaries of the American Board in India. We quote from the article:

"At the first glance and as viewed from the home field the answer to this question seems easy enough: 'Let all wives but one be dismissed with proper provision, and let that one be the first wife.' As a matter of fact, however, the decision of this matter in India is very difficult. . . . The opinion of missionaries on this subject is much divided, and the matter has been discussed at various conferences. An excellent statement of both sides of the question is made in the *Indian Evangelical Review* of April, 1886, by Rev. J. J. Lucas, who has taken pains to inform himself of the opinions of many leading missionaries. My own impression, formed from conversation with a large number, is that a majority of the missionaries in India, especially of those longest in the field, would decline to advise a man to dismiss one of two wives, and that many of them would baptize him in that state, while protesting against polygamy as unchristian.

". . . The Madura mission not long ago decided to baptize converted polygamists who had acted in ignorance of Christian ideas in cases where there was no way of separation without injustice. Of this decision the American Board has expressed its disapproval. But Mr. Jones, of that mission, avows the belief that the policy of refusing to baptize such candidates must in time be reversed. . . .

"To more than sixty representatives of different missions Mr. Lucas sent the question: 'Would you, under any circumstances, baptize a convert with more than one wife, allowing him to retain his wives?' From the great majority there came back an answer in the affirmative. Some of these *have* baptized such converts; others have been deterred only by the rules of their societies. Here is one case. A man professing to be a Christian requested baptism. He was deemed worthy to be received into the church. He had, however, two wives. His first wife, then an old woman, had no children. She, I believe, had urged her husband to take a second wife. By this last marriage he had five or six children. The first wife seemed as fond of the children as their own mother. Which of these wives, then, should he put away? We did not require him to dismiss either of them. . . ."

Rev. Dr. Bissell, of Ahmednagar, reports:

"'The reason for taking the second wife is, in the majority of cases, because the first wife is barren, or her children are girls, or they have died

in childhood. In view of these difficulties I began to doubt whether I had a right to insist that a man should send away his second wife and all his children as a condition of baptism. To do this would be in effect a refusal to receive him to the church. I have in two instances baptized men with two wives, doing this with instructions as to the nature of this relation, and what is required by the teaching of Christ, so that it is understood that we only allow it under protest.' Mr. Lucas himself opposes baptism in such a case, because of the apparent sanction given to polygamy, the temptation laid in the way of inquirers, the formation of two classes of Christians within the church, and the injury done to the church itself. Yet he would not ask the husband to put away either wife, but would say, 'Wait. Your first outward step towards Christ must not be marred by a cruel wrong and flagrant injustice. Wait, holding fast your faith, and time will bring a change.' Yet, as Mr. Lucas admits, the majority of missionaries, if left free to act, would go further than this, though leaving much to be determined by the circumstances of the case."

Wordsworth wrote of

"Pure religion breathing household laws"—

inseparable, evidently, from morality purely Christian in the poet's mind; and such has been the boast of Protestant, especially Anglo-Saxon, communities. But this article by Rev. Mr. Lawrence ought to open the eyes of many conscientious Protestants to the curious kind of gospel which their missionaries (men who have been their ideals of holiness) have been propagating, and the species of morality to be established in converted India. There is a moral cancer here which cannot be covered up. It is universally admitted that in the Christian system of morals there is no name for polygamy but *adultery*. A man who can draw any other conclusion from the New Testament teaching must be morally and spiritually blind. A plurality of wives was permitted by the law of Moses, but the law of Christ has made it, *under all circumstances*, a crime. By the law of Christ it is distinctly branded as adultery, and its toleration in a Christian community is an outrage upon the purity of the Gospel.

The whole spirit of the Christian religion is one of restraint upon the passions. Self-denial lies at the very door of the Christian's life. St. Peter speaks of the "fleshly lusts" which "war against the soul." And what a mockery it is for men who profess to have and teach the doctrine of Jesus Christ, born of a Virgin, to permit that embodiment of self-indulgence, polygamous marriage, among newly-converted Christians, and hold that, for any temporal reasons whatever, it may be lawful to do what the religion of the Son of God has declared to be impurity.

Yet the problem, say the zealous missionaries, is not easy. And this is not strange, since the terms of the problem as they propound it are as follows: How can a man become a Christian and his family relations remain polygamous? "At first glance" Christianity and polygamy are incompatible. "Viewed from the home field" the path of the polygamist is not from the harem to the font of baptism, but rather to the jail. But first glances and home fields may blow very chilly winds across the sunny fields of India and upon the hot blood of the Hindu converts—ay, and upon the hot zeal of the subsidiaries of the American Board. What troubles them is zeal for souls. They must have converts to Christ, and here are honest catechumens who want to be baptized, who are full of faith in Christ, and yet are entangled with duplicate wives. "If t'other dear charmer were away" all would be well. Put her away? Ah! your "first glances" and your "home fields"! You don't understand things as second glances reveal them in the foreign field.

Let us see: Polygamy was allowed under the Old Law, but under the New Law it is forbidden. The follower of Christ must be husband of but one wife; home field or foreign field, first glance or last, monogamy is a law of Christian life.

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain."

Who call? Women call, and women more loudly than men. The whole race of man is degraded by women being penned up together as the common slaves of the same man's passions. There can be no Christian religion without the total emancipation of woman from promiscuous matrimony. The woman of heathen lands has a right to look forward to the cross of Christ as the banner of liberty in every relation of life, most of all in that little world of the family whose horizon bounds her every joy. There is an indescribable dignity in the wife, the mother, as known to the Christian household. Error's chain galls no neck so sorely as that of a woman, whether she be of a simple or of a noble temperament, who must have but a divided share of the heart and home of a many-wived husband. And before this big curse of heathenism the Protestant missionary quails, has his doubts, and to

it he finally succumbs. How petty, then, do the pretensions of Protestantism seem when it undertakes by a missionary career to play the universal! How mean a mouth is that which has one tongue for India and another for Massachusetts! "The mouth with a double tongue I detest," says the Lord.

The American Board is now in conflict with Andover, which champions a "New Orthodoxy," a "Progressive Orthodoxy," and which longs to extend to the unevangelized heathen a probation after death. At the general convention of the Board held last autumn at Springfield, Massachusetts, Rev. Mr. MacKenzie, of Cambridge, took sides against the Board's rejecting missionary applicants who hold the new opinions, and in the course of his remarks said: "There is not a pastor in a church in old Boston to-day, with possibly one exception, who could go" [to India or elsewhere as a missionary of the Board]. "I ask why the time has not come when we may say, What is good enough for the churches at home is good enough for the churches abroad." Just so; and exactly the same mighty difference between "viewed from the home field" and viewed from the coral strand of distant India exists in reference to Christian matrimony as in reference to Christian probation. There is one Christ for the women of America, a Redeemer who, in spite of divorce laws, still holds back the name and substance of polygamy from their homes; and another Christ for the sad women of India, an accommodating Christ, who studies "difficulties" and weighs objections, and finally gives up the fight for the Christian home. "A false balance is an abomination to the Lord."

But, as says Mr. Howells in *Indian Summer*, "after nineteen centuries the man is still very imperfectly monogamous." You must be strong to overcome nature, and one of the greatest difficulties of the Catholic missionary has been to make polygamous heathen men monogamous Christians. The Catholic religion can do it, has done it over nearly the whole world, is now doing it. Dr. Hurst, a Protestant minister and, we think, a missionary, in a recent number of *Harper's Magazine* sneers at the simplicity of the Hindu Catholics, descendants of Xavier's converts; they are dirty, they openly wear medals and crosses and other tokens of superstition, he says, and they are of low social rank. But, doctor, they are genuine Christians. They are children of heroic martyrs, and in every part of Hindostan their pagan countrymen are daily overcoming those "difficulties" at which the sham converts of the American Board blench; they put away all wives but one, and that, too, without failing to justly

provide for every soul dependent on them. "They are a people who never rise above a very low level," says Dr. Hurst. They are on a higher plane than Dr. Hurst's Christianity. We think that the lowest social level is polygamy. There are no polygamous Catholics possible, whether in the home field or foreign field of Catholic evangelization, under first glances or last glances of Catholic discipline and morality.

But why not try the converse of Mr. MacKenzie's proposition? Why not say, What is good enough Christianity for the primitive fervor of the Indian convert is good enough for the relaxed and tepid Yankee? Or why not offer polygamy as an inducement in "evangelizing papal lands"? There are sure to be various men in Mexico, South America, and in Spain and Italy with matrimonial "difficulties" who would gladly embrace a Christianity more accommodating than the papal. We see, indeed, that the American Board has condemned the receiving of polygamous converts, in spite of a large majority of the missionaries themselves favoring it; but we do not learn that the Board has "withdrawn their faculties," *i.e.*, revoked their appointments and stopped their remittances.

Let us hear from Gail Hamilton. She is an able defender of the "Progressive Orthodoxy"; she has the floor on the subject of polygamous orthodoxy, and we should be glad to learn her views on progressive matrimony.

We have quoted Dr. Hurst's statement that Hindu Catholics are on a low social plane in India. But what, dear doctor, do you say to the fact that your "Church of Christ" in India is on a lower plane, social, political, and religious, than the secular state in America? Here is the American idea: The social unit is the family; there is no other. The disturbance of society is certain and chronic until its foundations are laid on the unbroken basis of one man and one woman, joined in equal and sacred wedlock to form one moral personality; this has been ever taken for granted and often publicly affirmed among us. The Chicago Convention, representing the great party which elected Abraham Lincoln in the autumn of 1860, in its platform denounced slavery and polygamy as "twin relics of barbarism." One of these relics it cost us several billions of dollars and hundreds of thousands of precious lives to tear from its shrine in the American state and destroy; the other relic the heavy arm of the American law is still battering against in Utah. Not so the "Christian" missionary in India. He is placing that relic of filthy barbarism on the altar of Christ. A practical solution of

the question would be to bring back both relics in the New Orthodoxy in India. Accommodate the convert. Let him pick out his wife, his affinity—the young and handsome, or the one who, like Lady Macbeth, "should bear men-children only"—and call her *wife*, and make the barren or the girl-bearing remainder of the household *bondwomen!* And, of a truth, polygamy is hardly possible without the twin evil of the slavery of the weaker sex to the stronger. Mr. Lucas's solution of the difficulty is, "Wait!" Wait, he says to the polygamous Hindu who has experienced a change of heart. Wait, that is, till one of your "difficulties" elopes, or can present you with a boy as her credentials, or dies. "Wait, holding fast your faith" (and your wives), "and time will bring a change"! Or perhaps one of them will resign her place as an undivided fraction of your better half, and be content to step down into the hardly lower state of bondwoman.

We hope the American Board will recognize that Progressive Orthodoxy has a twin difficulty—Progressive Matrimony. And here is our advice: Advertise in the Utah gentile press for a godly deputy United States marshal of unprogressive orthodoxy and the husband of one wife; ordain him and send him to India to set things right.

But, in sober earnest, is it not an outrage that honest American Protestants—for of such we are sure the constituency of the American Board is made up—should be putting the cross of Christ into the hands of such feeble champions and sending them to the ends of the earth to introduce into the bosom of Christian society a most unchristian and uncivilized family life? Never was a bigamist or a polygamist deemed worthy the name of Christian from the day the Virgin Mary heard "Hail, full of grace" to this hour. The elevation of the female sex is absolutely a concomitant of Christian civilization, necessary to the development of the Christian character even in its most incipient stages, and that elevation is absolutely dependent on monogamy. None having in custody the honor of the Christian name have ever thought of breaking the unity of the marriage relation, except those who have strayed from the unity of the one faith.

"As for me," said Martin Luther* in 1524, "I avow that I cannot set myself in opposition to men marrying several wives, or assert that such a course is repugnant to Holy Scripture."

* For an excellent statement of the doctrine and practice of the primitive Reformers on the question in hand see *A History of the Baptists*, by Thos. Armitage, D.D., LL.D., Pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, N. Y.—Bryan, Taylor & Co.—p. 376.

And again, in 1539, in his certificate of the lawfulness of polygamy, signed by himself, Melanchthon, Bucer, and four other leaders of the New Orthodoxy of that time, and addressed to Philip, Landgrave of Hesse: "If, however, your highness is utterly determined upon marrying a second wife, we are of opinion that it ought to be done secretly."

To the Protestant missionaries in India we send greeting: Hail, ye worthy children of Luther! Hail, ye messengers of licensed discord in church and home, ye ambassadors of consecrated self-indulgence! All hail, ye preachers of the new gospel of woman's * bondage!

THE SEMINARY FOR THE COLORED MISSIONS.

TWENTY years ago, and in words really pathetic, the Second Plenary Council appealed, *per viscera misericordiæ Dei*, for priests who would devote themselves to the negro missions. The appeal was heard beyond the ocean and answered from an unexpected quarter—England. Five years later priests from Mill Hill, England, began to labor among the blacks, and have continued on with steady aim and some success. Again the Third Plenary Council renews the cry: Missionaries for the negroes! Again, too, the fathers of St. Joseph's Society, whose labors seemed forgotten, answer this second appeal by proposing to open in Baltimore a seminary for priests for the colored missions:

"We have for a long time greatly desired to give to the missionary work among the negroes of the United States a more effective assistance than we have yet been able to offer. The time seems now to have come when we should begin to establish a house of studies in America for training priests for the negro missions. We have now had an experience of the colored missions extending over sixteen or seventeen years. We have gained an insight into the qualities requisite in the missioner and into the

*[It is not our habit to comment upon faults of either omission or commission in accepted articles. But has not the fiery zeal of our esteemed contributor made him totally overlook one side of this question—the side of the converted but polygamous woman? What do the missionaries of the American Board do with her, especially when, as must sometimes happen, she is not only the spouse most acceptable to her converted or unconverted lord, but the one most anxious to leave him in order to conform her life to her newly-accepted creed? Does she, or ought she, in the opinion of the American Board, have any voice in the decision as to which of his "wives" he shall retain? Perhaps this is a point on which Gail Hamilton's judgment would carry less weight than that of one or other of the female married missionaries.—ED. C. W.]

character and needs of the colored people. This experience and insight may now be utilized upon a larger scale and for the benefit of the whole work. We have also learned during the past years how difficult it is to obtain a sufficient number of vocations, or, at least, a sufficient number of persons who are attracted to the colored missions while their education is being carried on in the midst of brethren whose great desire is to devote themselves to the Eastern missions of the church. The urgent need, then, of a greater number of priests for the colored missions, and the experience and insight already gained by our priests in America, have led to the determination to begin without further delay a college in America for the negro missions" (Letter of Rt. Rev. Herbert Vaughan, Bishop of Salford and Superior of St. Joseph's Society).

So ready a response is chiefly owing to the zeal of Cardinal Gibbons, who, while abroad on matters connected with his high office, did not lose sight of the lowliest and most despised of his countrymen, but interrupted his journey in London in order to secure the establishment of this seminary. His eminence thus refers to it in a letter of approval addressed to the present writer:

"It is scarcely necessary for me to say to you how dear to my heart is the pious project which you have undertaken. The plan was conceived last May during an interview which I had in London with the Rt. Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Bishop of Salford, the Superior of your community, to whose unselfish zeal this country is so much indebted."

To prepare missionaries for the negroes is the object of the new seminary. The black harvest of the sunny South must be reaped and gathered in. It is an unattractive field, for it is difficult to fancy a people in a worse plight than the negroes of the South. Living amid our civilization, yet vast numbers of them are not of it; men by civil law, yet in very great part actually children; citizens by constitutional amendment, yet babes in the exercise of their rights; apparently Christian, they are really of no religion; naturally religious, they may be said to be without supernatural religion; before the eyes of the law they are everything, in its hands they are nothing. These poor people become members of the Methodist or Baptist sects, and for the most part are ignorant of the first truths of Revelation; ignorant, too, of the Commandments, while their knowledge of our Blessed Lord seems to go no further than a glib and offensive use of the holy name. Morality may have a name among them, but in how many localities *præterea nihil?* Knowledge, after a fashion, is becoming theirs, but of what kind? The common schools bring them up godless. "With desolation is the land made desolate."

But to come directly to the question of Catholic missionaries.

It may be asked: Is it necessary to have priests specially devoted to the negro missions? Upon this question both the Second and Third National Councils of Baltimore have spoken with no uncertain sound. Both have recognized this necessity:

"By the bowels of the mercy of God, we beg and implore priests, as far as they can, to consecrate their thoughts, their time, and themselves wholly and entirely, if possible, to the service of the colored people" (Sec. Conc. Balt.)

The Third Council (tit. viii. No. 239), going a step further, urges on the superiors of seminaries to foster vocations for this mission, and often to set before their seminarians that promise of our Lord which applies most especially to this apostolate. "No man who has left house or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the Gospel's, but he shall receive a hundredfold in this life . . . with persecutions, and in the world to come eternal life. Such, too, is the opinion of the bishops of the South, who best of all know the needs of the colored people. The Rt. Rev. J. J. Kain, Bishop of Wheeling, W. Va., himself a native of the Old Dominion, thus writes:

"The spiritual desolation of our large negro population is an object of deepest concern to all the bishops of the South, on whom mainly rests the duty of providing these millions of souls with the means of attaining a knowledge of our holy religion. Many difficulties must be encountered and overcome. Though possessing now all the rights of American citizens, the negroes of the South are still a distinct class with characteristics peculiarly their own. Little progress therefore can be made until separate churches and schools are provided for them, and until men, endowed with the apostolic spirit and familiar with the negro character, are specially trained for this missionary field. . . . The seminary which your fathers of St. Joseph's Society purpose opening in Baltimore for the education of priests consecrated to the exclusive service of the negroes, is, in my opinion, the most essential step in the evangelization of that race. Subjects will not be wanting, for the church of God has ever shown herself fruitful in supplying fitting laborers for every sphere of her world-wide mission."

The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Wilmington, A. A. Curtis, who is a native of the Eastern Shore of Maryland, which is largely inhabited by negroes, thus writes:

"I hear with exceeding pleasure that you have actually begun to provide a house wherein priests are to be educated who will convert our colored people. We must do something for these colored people or run the risk of provoking our Lord's malediction. But we can do little till we have men called to, and educated for, this particular mission. In the diocese of Wilmington alone there must be more than one hundred thousand

colored people, and yet I doubt whether among them all one hundred be Catholics. And at present little is doing or can be done towards winning them to the church. May the Lord then signally bless and prosper you in your undertaking, and enable you to furnish us with men who will give themselves to the work of rescuing a people deserving so much at our hands, and moreover more readily to be won, I am convinced, than others, more cultured if you please, but at the same time far from being so religiously disposed."

When, in 1878, the Rt. Rev. J. J. Keane became Bishop of Richmond, he found in his episcopal city a negro population of thirty thousand, of whom *but six individuals were Catholics*, and on extending his gaze throughout his diocese he saw among the six hundred and fifty thousand negroes of Virginia not over a dozen Catholics outside of Alexandria and Norfolk, in which two cities together there were about three hundred. At once he threw open his cathedral to this poor people and began personally to instruct them. Six years afterwards the writer was sent to Richmond to take charge of the nucleus formed by the unwearied labors of the zealous bishop and his devoted clergy. His own personal experience greatly enhances the subjoined testimony of Bishop Keane:

"My desire for the evangelization of the colored race is by no means confined within the limits of my own jurisdiction and responsibility; and I feel sure that the great multitude of needy souls for whose salvation we must crave and strive will be more benefited by you as rector of St. Joseph's Mission College than they could be in any other way. Those poor benighted millions need an army of apostolic men, devoted to them alone, and filled with that special spirit of self-sacrifice and zeal, that untiring patience, that peculiar tact and energy, which the peculiar nature of the work absolutely demands. The Master of the vineyard, who knows the need, must surely provide laborers to supply it."

There can be no doubt of the need of men who will give themselves entirely to the negroes. In the North the colored people are few, for in the whole United States, outside of the former slave States, there is but one-half a million of negroes. In such places is heard at times an expression of wonder that the priests of the South do not look after the negroes. This is very unfair and unjust to the priests of the South, few, widely scattered, and mostly in straitened circumstances. In Mississippi there are six negroes for every four whites, and surely the bishop of its episcopal see, Natchez, the Rt. Rev. F. Janssens, is well qualified to give an opinion, and his cautious words deserve great weight:

"The bishops of the South must feel the great responsibility that burdens their consciences for the salvation of the millions of the colored race

within the limits of their dioceses. I, for one, feel also the difficulties that surround the accomplishment of this task. Our priests everywhere in the Southern States are devoted to their duty, and willing, too, to work for the colored people as well as for the white. But the work for the one and for the other is quite different, and it is almost impossible to do much good for the salvation of the negro whilst engaged in the ministry for the whites. Again, all the Southern dioceses stand greatly in need of priests to keep up the work that has already been established and needs to be continued. Consequently it is next to impossible to obtain priests willing and possessing the necessary requisites to devote themselves to this peculiar work."

Among the visitors to the last Plenary Council was one of the vicars-apostolic from Japan. He was asked one day by a rector of one of our churches, "How many Catholics in your vicariate?" "About five thousand," was the answer. "And how many priests?" "Twenty-seven," he answered. The American pastor looked puzzled. "Ah!" said the old bishop, whose hair had whitened serving his Master in those Eastern lands, "*My priests have sixteen millions of pagans.*" We know very well that there are two types and two classes of the church's ministers. The one is taken up chiefly with the sheep of the fold, the second with those "other sheep that are not of the fold." Both spirits are good; both are necessary. Nor does the one exclude the other, for in a true priest both always are found, one, however, being predominant. The majority of priests are for the home work. But at home or abroad they are always missionaries. To Paul was committed the Gospel of the uncircumcision, to Peter that of the circumcision; yet it was the latter who received the first gentile and even established his see in the centre of gentilism. In the martyrs of the first centuries is seen the eager missionary spirit which bleeds for Christ, thus sowing the seed of Christianity. In the deserts of the Thebaid were hidden saintly souls of altogether another spirit. While St. Patrick went to Ireland to convert its pagan inhabitants, his former masters and companions continued at Lerins their calm life of study, and died chanting the praises of God in echo to the gentle murmurs of the Mediterranean. St. Gregory remained in Rome and sent St. Augustin to England. St. Philip Neri, St. Charles Borromeo, and St. Ignatius won their crowns among the faithful, while St. Francis Xavier, St. Francis Solano, and Peter Claver were God's heroes among the nations. St. Francis Xavier, as we learn from his letters, found among his missionaries that some were better fitted for the quiet life of teaching in the college at Goa, while he brought others

with him on his apostolic journeys, leaving them after him to water the plant which he had sown. One and all were doing the work of the Holy Spirit; one and all were apostles, "not from men, neither by men, but by Jesus Christ and God the Father."

It is the same in our day and land. Here in the United States are millions of Catholics who, being children of the household, have had the first claim. Mixed marriages, irreligious schools, remote neighborhoods, the changed conditions of life experienced by emigrants, and kindred causes, have made the lives of all true priests in the North of a missionary type. Besides, apostles are needed for our white countrymen outside the true fold—men of all shades of belief and no belief, Jew as well as gentile, twin-worshippers of the golden calf. But the spirit of God is not bound to geographical lines, nor chronological order, nor ethnological varieties. "The Spirit breatheth where it listeth." The conversion of the negro must go on *pari passu* with the other. The blacks enjoy the civil advantages and school privileges together with the whites; so also they should enjoy spiritual rights.

The negro, too, is here to stay. Doubts may exist whether the red man will die out, but the only doubt in regard to the black man is, Where is he going to stop in his increase? Thirty years, it is said, will decide whether the Indian will remain. The same time will reveal unexpected developments in the negro. To-day, between the Potomac and the Gulf, there are as many blacks as whites; with the former doubling every fifteen years, and the latter steadily migrating, what will not thirty years effect?

"For the third of a century, engrossed with the work in Virginia of missionary amongst the whites, I could not see my way to labor for the African. The Caucasians, with the light of faith imperilled, and charity waxing cold, and dangers to their souls imminent on all sides, had the first claim."

Thus writes the V. Rev. H. F. Parke, formerly vicar-general of the diocese of Wheeling. Father Parke's experience is that of every Southern priest. The journeys they have to make, the fewness of the Catholics, their remote and widely scattered dwellings, the scarcity of railroads, the poverty of the land—all combine to render a priest's life in the South very trying and leave but scant time to fulfil even the strictest obligations.

It is precisely to secure men with a special call to this field that the new seminary will be different from others. The priests

trained in it, though in point of fact of the secular priesthood, must have a peculiar vocation and follow a rule of life peculiar to themselves.

The priests on the negro missions form, therefore, a community, known as St. Joseph's Society, with just as many devotional exercises in common as are needed for a bond of personal union, not offering any impediment to the most unbounded missionary activity. This solidarity renders their efforts constant and uniform.

A breath will sever a thread of flax, yet when many threads are twisted into one a cable is formed which will moor the largest vessel afloat. "A three-ply cord is hardly broken." Here and there priests have taken hold of the negro missions and won many of the poor people to the church. At best these efforts are spasmodic. Sickness, death, transferal, or any one of the thousand vicissitudes of life may deprive the negroes of their missionary. A community dies not. One will drop out of the ranks, another will die in the attack, a third will be temporarily disabled, but the vacancy will always be filled.

Let me for a moment glance at what may easily become the practical working of an organized missionary society of priests engaged on the colored missions. They are to be devoted solely and entirely to that work and bound to the same by vow.

By having a house centrally located in any Southern State, with five or six missionaries in it who would radiate in fixed directions, the seed would be regularly sown. Every one of them would have a number of schools in his charge, utilizing the school-house for preaching at night and for Mass in the morning. The catechism, of course, would be included in the daily curriculum of studies. After, say, a month's absence on his missionary excursion, the priest returns to the central house for a short rest—a rest which is very necessary, as the writer knows from personal experience in Virginia. These schools would serve also as means of testing the fitness of colored aspirants to the sanctuary.

The writer, after ten years of labor among the negroes, heartily endorses the subjoined words of Bishop Janssens, taken from the letter already quoted:

"I think that in order fully to succeed in this admirable and necessary work we should have negro priests and teachers. And the more I have observed the condition of the negro race, at least in the State of Mississippi, the more the thought has been strengthened."

But, we may ask in passing, where will colored boys, after

being fully tested, make their preparatory college course? Scores of Protestant colleges for them might be named: Yale, Harvard, Cornell, etc., are open to negroes. For Catholics, no matter how good or how anxious to enter the sanctuary—and the writer knows many devout and pure colored boys—there is no Catholic college in the United States, as far as he is aware, into which they can enter. In my Virginia missions I was frequently told by negroes that I was a white man: it was meant as an argument against the faith.

But to return to our seminary. No sooner was the proposal to establish it publicly known than the sects took alarm. How they appreciate it may be seen from the following extract, taken from the New York *Churchman* (Episcopal) for October 29, 1887:

"So the work goes on. On the one hand, the agents of a disorganized Protestantism have set apart this race of children into sects, which now count their bishops and ministers by thousands, and have colleges and seminaries, newspapers and reviews, all under the control and direction of negroes. On the other hand, the Church of Rome, stately and slow in her movements, building for the future, is laying in faith these foundations for future development. We are not prepared to say that the iron hand of Rome is not a better instrument for fashioning this crude material into Christian likeness than the feather-duster of Protestant exhortation. Though they believe that Romanism is but a caricature of Christianity, and rejoice in the individual freedom that Christ has given, yet can men fail to be persuaded that *training* is the necessary character of all successful Christian instruction to the rude and uncultivated? But alas! the negro Protestant religion knows not the meaning of the word. Unrestrained Protestantism among them means not liberty, but license of thought, word, and deed. Romanism among them, while it measurably guarantees moral teaching and direction, yet means slavery to a foreign priesthood in all things. How shall this ancient church be aroused to give to these brethren the guidance of her systematic teaching, the training into freedom and Christian manhood?"

In the above quotation "church" and "this ancient church" mean Episcopalianism. Every one at all acquainted with the South will give the broadest sort of smile at the thought of the Episcopalians training the negroes "into freedom and Christian manhood." The colored people belonging to that sect often have but that veneer of respectability which knows how to cloak the most filthy depravity. As an offset as well as a fitting answer to this Episcopal paper, the following, taken from a colored weekly paper, voices the pretty generally received opinion of colored men who are not tied down to the sects:

"The Protestant Church can never be a power in the conversion of Afro-Americans to Christ until they begin upon the fundamental princi-

ples of the Gospel and preach good-will toward and equality among all men. To the Catholic Church is due the credit of seeing deeper into human nature and the motives that sway its will. The equality of men before God will not be accepted by men who practise inequality among themselves. Humanity is next to godliness—in fact, it is the natural consequence of it. Men who tell us we are degraded, and act toward us as if we were hopelessly so, are sent to imbue us with moral principles, who by their acts declare that if we possessed them they would not recognize our worth as men. Some of these men feel called upon to excuse their course for introducing men to audiences whom they admitted to be learned, eloquent, and refined. The whole course of nature not tinged with godliness rebels against such two-faced proceedings; every conception of manhood is nauseated by them. If the Catholic Church is to set an example to the world in this matter, that church is an age in advance of Protestant ideas. Earnest, self-sacrificing work bears fruit among the heathens of Africa; can it fail among an acknowledged religiously inclined people? Eliminate prejudice from religious practices and the world is open for the greatest religious revival since Luther. Prejudice sits in high places; it excludes the poor from our fashionable churches and the Afro-American from common worship—except to himself" (*Detroit Plaindealer*).

Where are the young men to come from who will go on the negro mission? "Here and now" seems the only answer.

"As far as nationality is concerned, a house of studies under the charge of St Joseph's Society in America will be naturally American in its character. And it is well it should be so. The elements that will compose it and its definite end and object will necessarily render it American. It will be all the more vigorous and fruitful if it be racy of the soil" (Bishop Vaughan's letter to the writer).

Americans must do this work. Our Lord has left these millions in our hands, and we must convert them. They are our fellow-citizens; we must make them our brother-Catholics. Thus writes Bishop Keane:

"Among the myriads of our American youth there must be chosen souls whom God has destined for so noble and meritorious an apostolate. Your appeal will be the voice that will tell them of their vocation; your mission college will be the magnet that will draw their hearts toward their providential destiny—the training-school that will fit them for it. May your college ever be crowded with young levites, as noble-hearted and generous as so arduous a vocation will require; and may all the bishops of the South have reason to bless it for the devoted missionaries whom it will send forth!"

And in a letter of encouragement to the writer the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, recognizing also the need of Americans for this work, cheerfully grants permission to any of his own students to enter upon it, although the very many wants of his own great see demand more priests. The self-sacrificing

spirit of our Catholic youth must fill it and the generosity of Catholics must maintain it. As Bishop Janssens so well puts it:

"I hope and trust that the seminary may awake Catholics to the necessity of rearing the negro race in true Christian morality; for not only the welfare of souls but even the future material and political welfare of this great republic is at stake."

For us Catholics it is more. It is a work of reparation, and thus the Most Rev. Archbishop of Philadelphia looks at it. I quote from his letter to me:

"I agree most cordially with the prelates who have encouraged you to establish a House of Studies adjoining the Seminary of St. Sulpice in Baltimore, for the training of priests to be wholly dedicated to the evangelization of the colored people of the United States. Whilst acknowledging our debt of gratitude to the devoted priests of St. Joseph's Society who were educated at Mill Hill College, in England, we cannot but feel convinced that the young levites destined for this peculiar mission should be educated in this country, where they will become acquainted with the children of the race to whom they shall have in the future to minister, as also with the other races and general environment that must influence them. I feel that we have not done our full duty to the colored people of these States, and that the building up of the institution contemplated is an act of reparation which should not be neglected."

The priests of the colored mission must be "called of God as Aaron was." It must be the whispering of the Holy Spirit urging the young man to go forth, like Abraham, from his father's house to a strange people. Prayer is the one power to move the Spirit. Hence the writer desires to entrust the vocations for this abandoned field to the religious communities of women of our country. Let them make vocations to the negro apostolate a constant prayer. "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he send forth laborers into his harvest." Thus the act of reparation which the Archbishop of Philadelphia recognizes in this seminary will become as broad as America and as universal as the church of God, and "Ethiopia will soon stretch out her hands to God."

In conclusion the writer wishes to inform the Catholic public that at the instance of Cardinal Gibbons the hotel building and property adjoining St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, have been purchased for the seminary for colored missions, and in part paid for. The studies of the seminarians will be under direction of the Sulpician Fathers of St. Mary's, and it is the intention to open the institution next autumn.

JOHN R. SLATTERY.

A CHAT ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

The New Antigone (London: Macmillan & Co.) is a long and somewhat gloomy romance. The *dramatis personæ* are of that high and exclusive set in English society to which Mr. Mallock does, and the late Lord Beaconsfield did, introduce us. Mr. Rupert Glanville is an artist, who has been invited by Lord Trelingham to decorate a room in his house at Trelingham Court.

"'Lord Trelingham,' the artist says to a travelling companion, 'does not want pictures in which he cannot believe. He is no artist; but of all the men I have come across he has the finest sense of what is genuine art and what is mere make-up and pretence. He went to certain old masters and asked them how they would paint the epic of King Arthur; and they designed, every man of them, an impossible boudoir idyl, a mediæval dream, in the style of Tennyson. He looked round for some one that professed, at all events, to paint realities; and I know how astonished he was on finding the 'paganism' of my canvases more real than the 'dim rich' Christianity of Launcelot and Guinevere in the Laureate's blank verse. So we are going to make trial whether I can paint the Arthurian history as it must have happened, if it happened at all.'"

This seems like nonsense, and there is a great deal of this kind of talk. In fact, every time the artist, who is also the hero of the romance, opens his mouth he is almost certain to drop dubious pearls of conversation. At Trelingham Court the artist meets the earl's daughter. The earl and his Tory friend, Lord Hallamshire, are high Ritualists. At the dinner-table the latter tells what has been accomplished by the Guild of St. Anstell to get the orders of the Eastern Church fully recognized by their Eastern brethren. Their success with the Catholicus had been all they could wish.

"The Catholicus of Babylon!" said Glanville; "is that the same as the Pope of Rome?" Lord Trelingham explains that the Catholicus is independent of Rome, "like our own archbishop." He then tries to remember the name of the first occupant of his see, but fails, and Lady May Trelingham amazes the artist by saying glibly, "St. Paphnutius." A young relative of the Trelinghams suddenly recalls the fact that she met the Catholicus at an assembly in Paris and that he was called Monseigneur Sidarlik.

"He came to consult a great firm in Paris which gives young girls a *dot*—what are they called? Ah, yes, the *Prix Montyon de l'Orient;* they send

them to the East, and by way of Armenia to Russia, where they marry into the households of our great nobles. The Catholicus is their agent in his part of the world; and the number exported had fallen off, and he came to make fresh arrangements."

This assertion of the young Russian countess is a bombshell which scatters the Ritualistic chat about orders. Mr. Glanville, who, like the majority of novelists' heroes, begins to show how conceited he is very early in the book, is asked to paint Lady May's portrait, and to restore a magnificent picture of the Assumption at the same time. Lady Alice, an aunt of Lady May's, had been in love with a certain Edgar Valence. Valence was an atheist and anarchist. He, failing to gain Lady Alice's hand, went to Spain, joined the revolutionists, and amused himself by wrecking churches and sacking convents. In one convent he found the picture of the Assumption, the face of the Blessed Virgin having been painted from the Lady Elizabeth, a relative of Lady Alice's and Lady May's. Lady Elizabeth had been a novice in the convent. He saved this picture and sent it to Trelingham Court. An accident ruins it, and Mr. Glanville volunteers to restore it by painting Lady May's portrait in place of the beautiful features of Lady Elizabeth, whom Lady May closely resembles. During the process Lady May makes up her mind that he is the one man in all the world whom she will marry—if he will have her. But Rupert Glanville, again like most novelists' heroes, is incapable of making up his mind. He meets Hippolyta Valence, the daughter of the atheist, who has now, in his old age, become a Nihilist. Hippolyta has been brought up without a God. Her father has taught her to despise marriage and to believe in free love. Or, as she expresses it herself, "there should be no slavery in marriage, no women shut up in a moral seraglio with the bolts and the bars of the law keeping them in durance while their husbands are free. They should cease to be chattels. Where there was love there should be marriage, and when love ended marriage should end too."

Hippolyta is not more than nineteen when she says this. A little later the artist offers to marry her. She refuses marriage, in accordance with her father's theories, but goes with him to London. And then experience began to overturn those theories. She goes among the outcasts of London, who know no law.

"She had expected to find an outburst of love, wild and exuberant as springs on the plains of the East. She found the very opposite. Instead of tropical heat and the quick succession of sentiments which might be

justified in the poet's eyes by their warmth and intensity, what she perceived was—how shall I express it?—a cold fury, a chill and dreary animalism, in which the embers of human feeling were hardly to be discerned."

Hippolyta goes into a Catholic church. She is inexpressibly moved by the sermon. Seeing the priest enter a confessional, she follows him. He hears that she is of no church, and that she has never been baptized, and of her sin.

"You must repent," he answers, "as Magdalen repented of a lesser fault. For she yielded to passion; and you, my sister, have perverted the very principle on which purity and all human affections rest."

Hippolyta rushes from the church, thinking only of the crucifix to which the priest had pointed. She leaves Rupert for ever. He searches for her madly. During this search he penetrates into a Nihilistic meeting, in the hope of finding a clue to her whereabouts through her father. He gets into a camp of sybaritic anarchists, presided over by a duke, who probably modelled himself after that wretched creature Philippe Égalité.

"They denied, doubted, disparaged; they had nothing but refined scorn for all that makes life worth living. They called nothing into existence; they satirized nothing that was not sensuous feeling, that did not find delightful moments. Glanville had long hated *morbidezza* in painting; he saw it here and hated it in literature and life. . . . In like manner the high thoughts which for him made the literature of the world an inspired heroic Bible sank down here to the wine-crowned parables of Hafiz."

This is a very close description of a set of *dilettanti* who have come to infest the world, and who prophesy by Schopenhauer, whose artistic and poetic *cults* may be found in the pages of Vernon Lee, and whose discourse trembles between the phosphorescence of Baudelaire and those dark things which Christians do not even mention. At last Rupert marries Lady May—and then finds Hippolyta. She is a novice in the convent which her father once sacked. She is preparing at San Lucas to join a new order, instituted for the conversion of Eastern women. Rupert, forgetting Lady May, claims her. She reminds him of her duty and of his duty, and through her efforts and example even that crime-stained anarchist, her father, almost believes. Rupert—who certainly is very inconstant even for a hero—becomes very happy with Lady May.

The New Antigone contains many fine passages. It is inartistic and melodramatic. It is evidently the work of a man of talent, of principle, and of ripe experience. It is possibly by

the author of *Mostly Fools*, which we reviewed some time ago. It has all that author's virtues and some of his faults.

In *Narka*, by Kathleen O'Meara (New York: Harper & Bros.), we are presented to several Nihilists, including the heroine, who does not deserve the name. The hero, Basil, declares that he is in love with Narka, protests to Sœur Marguerite—and this would be an exceedingly improper proceeding, if Sœur Marguerite were not so eminently pious and sensible—that he loves her to distraction, and then coolly marries a Russian princess. As Miss O'Meara hints that this princess has not the most amiable temper in the world, we take leave of Basil with a sense of satisfaction. It is not often that the inconstant hero is served by the novelist with even a hint of poetic justice. The awful contrast between the lives of the rich and the poor occupy the author of *Narka* as well as the author of *The New Antigone*. Both propose the same answer to the outcries and discontent of the poor and to the callousness and selfishness of the rich. It is the answer of Christianity—love and self-sacrifice. But Miss O'Meara puts her answer more satisfactorily. Sœur Marguerite, formerly Mademoiselle de Beaucrillon, is a type of hundreds of women who enter the religious life, thrusting aside luxuries and all those amusements, pleasures, and occupations which the highest civilization offers, to live with the poor, to suffer with them, and to love them in imitation of their divine Saviour. Miss O'Meara is one of the few modern authors of talent and taste who understand the meaning of the word vocation. She unfolds the character of Sœur Marguerite with such skill that we enjoy it as if we were present at the gradual opening of some lovely blossom. Narka is a noble personage—badly rewarded at the end, however, by being made to be a great *prima donna;* Madame de Beaucrillon is a careful sketch of the Russian aristocrat who would sacrifice her friend to save her brother from a *mésalliance;* Father Christopher and Ivan Gorff are admirably done, but Sœur Marguerite dwarfs them all. She is a new personage in fiction. She is described, too, without cant. She is not once called "the good sister" or "the pious woman"—phrases good in themselves, but sometimes having an unpleasant air of mechanism about them. She has conquered the secret of living. For her, death has veritably no sting. She has left the world, not to cease from loving, but to love more.

"'What a tiring life you lead, Marguerite! Do you never weary of it?'
"'Never for a minute!' the Sister of Charity answers. 'That is the

happiness in God's service: it may tire one's body, but it keeps one's heart merry.'

"'I wish I could think the poor were grateful to you,' says Narka.

"'Who says they are not grateful?' demands Marguerite. Narka answers: 'It seems to me everybody says it; it is the constant complaint of all the good people who do for the poor that they get no return.' 'What nonsense!' cries Marguerite. 'I wonder what sort of return they expect? If they gave love, the poor would give them love; but they only give alms, and I don't suppose they expect the poor to give them back alms. It is so silly of people to be always looking for gratitude, and then to go about complaining that they don't get it; the disappointment sours themselves, and the complaining sours other people, for nine people out of ten are ungrateful, and the complaining hits home and hurts their self-love.'"

If Miss O'Meara had deliberately set out to show non-Catholics—who have not yet entirely gotten rid of the idea that every religious leaves the world because of unrequited love—that a true vocation is the happiest, most blessed, most cheerful thing in life, she could not have done it more skilfully than by describing Sœur Marguerite as she has done. Who can help loving this loving sister, who has the cunning of the serpent where the good of souls is involved, and the innocence of the dove? Sœur Marguerite's charity is a very large mantle. She says that when the Pharisees are stripped of their shams even the "poor devils" will laugh. "The poor devils?" some one retorts. "Well, if you are going to stand up for the devils!" "It would be a good thing if we had their zeal and perseverance," answers Marguerite.

Narka, who has a magnificent voice and who is poor, receives an offer from an operatic manager. He thinks he has secured a great vocalist. Narka goes to Marguerite for advice. She expects the little sister to be horrified, but she is not.

"'I expected you would have shrieked at the bare notion of my risking my soul in such a wicked place as the theatre.' 'Is it such a wicked place?' Marguerite asks. 'I don't know. A school friend of mine, a very pious girl, lost her fortune, and went on the stage and sang for a year at the *Opéra Comique*, and she remained as pious as ever, and died like a little saint. But that was in Paris; perhaps at Naples it is worse.'"

Marguerite's love for the terrible people of the *quartier* knows no bounds. They love her and her community in return. She has more than the heroism of a Romola and all the womanliness and wit of a Catherine Seton. Miss O'Meara has added a new character to the gallery of fiction. *The Old House in Picardy* (London: Bentley & Son) is a pleasant novel of French life, also by Miss O'Meara.

Mr. Marion Crawford's *Marzio's Crucifix* (New York: Macmillan & Co.) is a little masterpiece. Marzio, the carver of wonderfully beautiful things, is a desperate villain—one of those villains so extremely bad that it is possible for a good Christian to hate him with a clear conscience. This is a luxury which one cannot always indulge in, for the modern romancer's villain, like his hero, is generally the victim of circumstances. Marzio is an Italian anarchist of the worst type. Mr. Crawford tells us truly that genius, to produce great works of art, must be religious, and that the marvels of silver-work seen in certain churches of the Old World could not have been produced by any goldsmith who made jewelry for a living. Then he sketches a kind of God-hater whom Americans—thank Heaven!—may yet look for in vain among themselves, but who is not unknown in Continental countries, where the sight of a priest is to him like water to a mad dog:

"Marzio Pandolfi knew all this better than any one"—knew that true art is religious—"and he could no more have separated himself from his passion for making chalices and crucifixes than he could have changed the height of his stature or the color of his eyes. But at the same time he hated the church, the priests, and every one who was to use the beautiful things over which he spent so much time and labor. Had he been indifferent, a careless, good-natured sceptic, he would have been a bad artist. As it was, the very violence of his hatred lent spirit and vigor to his eye and hand. He was willing to work upon the figure, perfecting every detail of expression, until he fancied he could feel and see the silver limbs of the dead Christ suffering upon the cross under the diabolical skill of his long fingers. The monstrous horror of the thought made him work marvels, and the fancied realization of an idea that would startle even a hardened unbeliever lent a feverish impulse to this strange man's genius."

Marzio hates his brother, the priest, Don Paolo, for no other reason than that he is good and a priest. He breaks off the proposed marriage between his pupil, Gianbattista, and his daughter, simply because he thinks that Gianbattista, under Don Paolo's influence, is beginning to believe in God. Don Paolo, in an episode managed with rare reticence and truth, interferes in behalf of the lovers. Marzio resolves to kill him and almost succeeds. Everything comes right in the end—even Marzio, though he certainly does not deserve it. It would perhaps prevent some of our friends from reading *Marzio's Crucifix* if we told how; and it is well worth reading. Mr. Crawford's versatility has not as yet showed that he is weak. The persons in *Marzio's Crucifix* are exquisitely clear-cut and true; and the bits of wit and wisdom scattered through its pages are veritable gems. Mr.

Crawford's Cardinal—how delightful it is to find in a novel cardinals and priests in whose company one can feel as safe as if they were in real life!—says that

"'It would take a long time to build a church if you only employed masons who were in a state of grace.' 'Your brother,' continues the Cardinal, speaking to Don Paolo, 'represents an idea. That idea is the subversion of all social principle. It is an idea which must spread, because there is an enormous number of depraved men in the world who have a very great interest in the destruction of law. The watchword of that party will always be, "There is no God," because God is order, and they desire disorder. They will, it is true, always be a minority, because the greater part of mankind are determined that order shall not be destroyed. But those fellows will fight to the death, because they know that in that battle there will be no quarter for the vanquished. It will be a mighty struggle and will last long, but it will be decisive, and will perhaps never be revived when it is once over. Men will kill each other wherever they meet, during months and years, before the end comes; for all men who say that there is a God in heaven will be upon the one side, and all those who say there is no God will be upon the other."

It is remarkable that in *The New Antigone*, in *Narka*, in *Marzio's Crucifix* the church is recognized as the only stronghold of faith against the rising of unbelief.

Mr. Frank Stockton's *Hundredth Man* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons) is unequal. The passages that treat of life in a New York restaurant are full of the quaint realism, the art of which Mr. Stockton alone possesses; but other parts of the story are not so interesting. They have an air of being incongruous padding. *April Hopes*, by W. D. Howells (New York: Harper & Bros.), is a story of American life. It was once said of Anthony Trollope that so long as common-place people continued to be born he would be well supplied with characters. The same thing may be said of Mr. Howells, whose practice, however, is much better than his theories. If his people talk as people do talk in every-day life—platitudes and trivialities in doubtful English—it is the worst that can be said of them. They are innocent-minded and innocent-tongued people. Suppose he should follow up his expressed admiration of the Russian novelists by giving us pictures of the evil that works around us! Let us not find fault with the silly young collegian and the clever young Ritualistic girl in *April Hopes*. They are true to nature, so far as they go. Whether they are worth the pages they get is a question. At any rate, Mr. Howells has the art of making stupid people so interesting that one follows them, although grumbling at the exertion.

Seth's Brother's Wife, by Harold Frederic (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons), and *Her Two Millions*, by William Westall (Harper & Bros.), are novels which serve to show that a journalist has a hard time in this world to keep his place in his profession without surrendering his principles. Seth manages to do it; Balmaine does it, too—but accepts the probability of starvation in order to do it. The early chapters of *Seth's Brother's Wife* are delightful. Seth, newly come into a newspaper office, trembles before the tasks set him—those of compiling "Society Jottings" and "Art, Music, and the Drama."

"'Well, at any rate,' said an editor, 'you can do "Agricultural"; you must know that right down to the ground.' Seth assents and declares that the stuff the papers print for farmers is pure rubbish. 'I suppose it is,' assents Mr. Tyler. 'I know that Dent—he is a New York City boy, who doesn't know clover from cabbage—once put in a paragraph about the importance of feeding chickens on rock-salt, and an old farmer from Baltus came in early one morning and whaled the bookkeeper out of his boots because he had followed the advice and killed all his hens. There must be some funny man out West somewhere who makes up these bad agricultural paragraphs, and of course they get copied. How can fellows like Dent, for instance, tell which are good and which not? Then there's "Religious." You can do that easily enough.' 'Yes,' interposed Murtagh, 'all you have to do is to lay for the Obogo *Evening Mercury*. Every Saturday that has a column of "Religious." Alec Watson, a fellow in that office, has fifty-two of these columns, extracts from Thomas à Kempis, and Wesley, and Spurgeon, and that sort of thing, which have been running in the *Mercury* since before the war. When New Year's comes he starts 'em going again, round and round. Nobody knows the difference.' . . . 'Then there ought to be some originality about it, too,' said Tom Watts. 'It is just as well to sling in some items of your own, I think, such as "There is a growing desire among the Baptists to have bishops, like other people," or, "It is understood that at the coming consistory the Pope will create seven new American cardinals." That last is a particularly good point. Every once in a while predict more cardinals. It doesn't hurt anybody and it makes you solid when the thing does happen. There's nothing like original news to show the influence of journalism. One morning, after the cakes had been bad for a week, heavy, sour, or something else, I said to my landlady that the fault must be in the buckwheat. She said no, she didn't think so, for the flour looked very nice indeed. I put a line in "Local Glimpses" that day, saying that unfortunately the buckwheat this year was of inferior quality, and the very next morning she apologized to me: said I was right; the buckwheat *was* bad; she had read so in the *Chronicle*. Can you imagine a nobler example of the power of the press?'"

Seth, like all the heroes, dangles between a very nice girl and his brother's wife, who is a bad woman, not well described. He finally chooses the nice girl. Mr. Frederic's narrative is good and his perception of the dramatic quick. The scene between Seth

and his brother's wife, when she thinks that he has murdered his brother for her sake, has terrible elements in it; but somehow it is not terrible. Seth is interesting until he begins to make love to his brother's wife. If Mr. Frederic could cut out half his novel and add matter half as good as the first part, his work would justify the great expectations based on his previous reputation.

Mr. Westall's *Her Two Millions* is an improvement on his other story, *A Fair Crusader*. Its moral is a good one—that no journal can be honest and independent which must trim and sway according to the interests of its business department. The change in opinion among novelists on Italian affairs is indicated by the villain of the book being a Garibaldian. If novels are what comedy used to be, a mirror of contemporary opinion, Conservatism will shortly be the fashion and Religion replace the pretentious Agnosticism so recently considered a very proper state of mind. *Damen's Ghost*, by Edwin Lassetter Bynner (Boston: Ticknor & Co.), is a slight novel, with no points worth special notice.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

STORY OF A CONVERSION.

I was brought up in the Episcopal Church, and about the first thing I learned from it was to hate "Popery." I was early taught that the Church of Rome was the *Scarlet Woman* of the Apocalypse, and the Pope "that Man of Sin." Like the Pharisee in the parable, I thanked God I was not as those poor "papists," ignorant of the Gospel, superstitious, and "priest-ridden." I never was frightened, however, by the fanatics and demagogues who were for ever sounding the alarm that the liberties of our country were in danger from "Romanism." On the contrary, I was led to believe that "Popery" was in its last days, as harmless as Bunyan's toothless giants, and that Pius IX. was probably the last of the popes. This must have been at the time he was in exile.

When about twenty-eight years of age, under extraordinary excitement of feeling I was confirmed in the Episcopal Church, and for a while went to communion, but soon subsided into a more temperate and normal state of feeling. I was never for a moment taken with High-Church notions, and had a positive aversion to Ritualists, who, it seemed to me, were simply masquerading, as Mr. Wilfred Ward would say, in "the clothes of Catholicism." My mother, when a girl, had joined the Congregational Church, and, although she used to attend the Episcopal Church with my father, she always refused to receive the Episcopal rite of confirmation. She would not, even by this implication, express a doubt as to the valid status of the church of her childhood. I have no doubt her conduct in this matter, and my father's full concurrence—for he was thoroughly up in

the theology of the Episcopal Church—greatly influenced my view of the relation of Protestant churches to each other.

Excepting in the matter of ritual, I never thought the Episcopal Church essentially different from other "orthodox" Protestant churches, and could not see that it possessed any religious advantages more than they. I have often heard intelligent Protestants express the conviction, which I myself always entertained ever since I began to think about such matters, that if it once be conceded that there is anywhere in existence a church commissioned by Christ to teach with divine authority, binding the conscience in matters of faith and morals, it must be the old historic Roman Catholic Church, whose claim to infallibility is to-day accepted, as it ever has been, by a majority of the Christian world. But as this was to my mind preposterous, I was quite ready to accept the only logical alternative, and reject altogether the claim of any church to speak with divine authority. Another notion I came to hold as a sort of first principle was that, in religious matters, objective truth was not of much importance, and was perhaps beyond the reach of certainty. The search after truth was, indeed, a healthy exercise, but if one were only honest in the search it was immaterial what result he reached. From such principles it was entirely rational on my part to eliminate from the religious system in which I was brought up everything but the baldest natural religion. A strong impetus to do this had been given me by the famous *Essays and Reviews*, which I read with intense delight. Thereafter I settled down into an external conformity with the church in which I was born, feeling I was at perfect liberty to interpret and modify, receive or reject, its articles and formularies, just as I chose, without ceasing to be a good average Episcopalian. But I was conscious of being in good society, and very proud of the *Protestantism* of my church, which I looked upon as the sole and sufficient reason of its existence. Those Episcopalians who disclaimed the name of Protestant, as something they were ashamed of, I regarded as little better than traitors. One of its bishops has lately said of the Episcopal Church that it is "inclusive and not exclusive." I can bear testimony to the truth of this remark. Rationalist and Ritualist are equally at home within its pale. It makes no requisition whatever upon the reason of its laity. Its clergy, indeed, are supposed to accept the Thirty-nine Articles, but are, apparently, at liberty to interpret them as they please. Intellectual laxity or indifference is the condition of its existence as an organization, its strength and its weakness. Disturb this, and it would crumble to pieces like a rope of sand.

There came at last a time to me, as it comes, I think, to multitudes of non-Catholics, when I awoke to a terrible consciousness of a want in my spiritual nature for which Protestantism has nothing to offer. The Catholic Church could alone satisfy this want, but it was a long time before I found this out, for my vision was blinded by Protestant bias, and I could not see the Catholic Church as it is.

A belief in God was about all that was left of my creed, but this was a good beginning for a better faith. The soliloquies of Frothingham and the rhetoric of Adler, to which I listened for a while (having meanwhile ceased altogether attending the Episcopal Church), were for all practical purposes but "as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." I became convinced there was, after all, such a thing as objective truth, and that it was a matter of the utmost importance to find it out and embrace it. Newman's *Grammar of Assent*, which a Presbyterian friend induced me to read, brushed away a good many cobwebs from

my brain. I not only came to look upon revealed religion as altogether probable, but also to expect that it would be confided to a church which could never fail to speak with the present voice of divine authority. The Catholic Church alone so much as claimed to speak with such a voice. It occurred to me that a church so much abused, so hated and feared by infidels and the licentious (who never seemed to trouble themselves about any Protestant church), must be their natural enemy. It alone seemed to answer the prophecy of our Lord, "Ye shall be despised and hated of all nations for my sake." The definition of papal infallibility, then evoking much controversy, seemed to me the keystone of the Catholic arch, and the rational development of the commission of our Lord to St. Peter. Dr. Schaff's *Creeds of Christendom*, which I found in the library of a Protestant clergyman, enabled me to compare the Catholic creed with the symbols of all other churches, and satisfied my mind of its vast superiority to all of them, and especially to the repulsive Calvinism of the Thirty-nine Articles. But all this only prepared the way. My intellect was convinced; but my will yielded its assent only after I obeyed the invitation, "Come and see."

About the last time I heard Prof. Adler he spoke, in some well-rounded phrase, of our new cathedral as "the beautiful mausoleum of a dead religion." I thought it a very pretty figure. But I did not then suspect, what I soon afterwards learned from personal observation, that this eloquent atheist was speaking at random, to an audience presumably as ignorant as himself, and that he apparently knew as little of Catholic life here in New York as he did of what was then transpiring on the farther side of the moon. The scales at last fell from my eyes. The end came about in this way. One Christmas afternoon my wife proposed we should go to St. Francis Xavier's Church to hear the Vesper music. Her religious experience had been similar to my own, only she had found out sooner than I the hollowness of the Episcopal Church, and had bright recollections of school-days at a convent of the Visitation. The music was beautiful that Christmas afternoon, but more impressive still was the reality and fervor of worship manifested by that Catholic congregation. After that, with increasing frequency, we attended Vespers at first, and afterwards High Mass at St. Stephen's, drawn by the beautiful music. Then I bought an English missal, and we learned what that service was, the Scriptural beauty and simplicity of its ritual, and the great central truth of the sacrifice of the Mass.

A very near friend of mine said to me shortly after my conversion: "Ah! you have fallen under the mystic, magic spell of Rome." Well, he was right. But he had no idea what that spell was. My reason was satisfied, but it was, I believe, the silent call of divine love in the Blessed Sacrament, ever present on the altar, which won my heart. This was the only spell. Catholics all feel it. Protestants can never understand it until they also "come and see."

There was no reason why I should longer hesitate. But, because I realized the vast importance of the step I was about to take, I shrank for a moment from taking it. At last, one Saturday afternoon in January, 1881, at the old Paulist church, we renounced Protestantism for ever—for my wife was with me—and were received into the Catholic fold. Late that night, in the same church, we made our confessions, and the next morning, the Feast of the Holy Name, we made our first communion at St. Stephen's. Since that day no cloud of doubt has thrown a shadow on my faith. After a few months our daughter, then at the School of Notre Dame in Maryland, without a suggestion from either of us, but manifestly drawn by the Sacred Heart, was received into the church. And a

little later our son, then a student at Yale, and who when he heard of our conversion had said, "Of course you cannot expect me to follow you," was led, in his own way, into the same fold, and is now a member of the Society of Jesus and a scholastic at Woodstock.

DIVES AND LAZARUS.

MR. EDITOR: It occurs to me that Trafalgar Square, London, is the door of a house; that the owner of the house, clothed in purple and fine linen, feasting sumptuously every day, is the modern Dives; and that he is greatly annoyed by Lazarus, his sores, his rags, and the pitying dogs who gather there all Sunday long to advertise his gluttony and his pride to the nations. "Lazarus, move on!" says the aristocratic special constable. "Away with you, you low-born brutes; away with you to your cellars and garrets, and dens and holes! Keep out of sight and hold your tongue, or I'll club you!" Dives owns everything in the land, and that makes Lazarus hungry. Though he sowed the grain and reaped it, and made the bread that the purpled glutton feeds on, he's dying himself of hunger; though he coined his blood to pay for the rich lord's wine, and starved his own little ones to fatten the bullock whose juicy roasts are on the "bountiful" board, "Move on! you lazy ruffian; pick off your vermin somewhere else; air your dirty limbs away from my door, or I'll put you to death! Out of my sight with your lean, yellow face and hollow eyes; stop that hungry howling, or I'll set my red-coated bloodhounds on you! Such conduct interferes with my digestion."

It also occurs to me to say that the whole Irish nation has been a starving Lazarus at that rich man's door these many generations. Thank the Lord that even in Dives' own household there are found just men who are moved with compassion, and that both starving England and oppressed Ireland will soon have others besides dogs and special constables to care for them.

Keezletown, Va. JAMES SHAUGHNESSY, J.P.

THE ANDOVER MOVEMENT AND CATHOLIC THEOLOGY.

The following is from the Boston *Herald* of Monday, November 21:

FATHER HEWIT ON THE NEW ORTHODOXY.

"'Father Hewit, who is descended from one of the strictest Puritan families in the land, in treating of 'The Radical Fault of the New Orthodoxy,' through the pages of the December CATHOLIC WORLD, is kind enough to say that the day of the old orthodoxy is ended. He is also sure that the problem of the new orthodoxy is to be solved through the Catholic theology, though he thinks its supporters are not looking in that direction. The doctrine of sin, on which, according to him, the new orthodoxy founds itself, is 'an utterly false and incredible doctrine of original sin, which is itself the original sin of the Lutheran theology.' It is not possible in this notice to follow Father Hewit through the convolutions of his theological metaphysics in order to prove that 'in Adam's fall we sinned all.'

"But the sweep of his statement is so overwhelming that he allows himself to say that the whole scheme of Protestant guilt rests on one of the essential heresies of the Lutheran and Calvinistic systems—'its doctrine of the universal, unavoidable depravity and guilt of human nature,' which he characterizes as a heresy 'contrary to reason and all sound natural philosophy and theology.' He affirms that 'the sin and misery existing in the world can be accounted for without supposing any depravation of human nature.' He is certain that the doctrine of mankind as lost and ruined in the mass is utterly false and absurd. To him the regenerative forces which centre in the Incarnation and Redemption are mysteries shut up and inexplicable as long as the principles of Luther and Calvin are made the basis of theology, and

the attempt to reconstruct Christian doctrine on this basis, so as to create a new orthodoxy, is not only the confession that the old orthodoxy is a failure, but the indication that the new orthodoxy is hopelessly wandering about in search of a fundamental position.

"Father Hewit is partly right and partly wrong in what he is trying to say. So far as there is any future to the new orthodoxy, it is a clear departure from the old Calvinism, and the chief reason why its promoters have any hope of the new views is that they hold in substance such a conception of religious truth as Father Hewit calls 'Catholic theology.' If Father Hewit were as well read in the writings of Maurice, Mulford, Munger, and Fisher as he is in the Roman Catholic theologians, he would not allow himself to say that the new orthodoxy is seeking another solution. He makes the mistake, common to all Roman Catholic controversialists, of being more sure of his own ground than he is of the opinions of those who differ from him. He ought to know that the new orthodoxy, which has its headquarters at Andover and New Haven, is one of the strongest catholic movements that has ever reached backward along historical lines to the old and early faith of Christianity from an ultra-Protestant beginning. In his intimate knowledge of the old orthodoxy, in which he was trained as a youth, he is blind to the intrinsic excellence of a movement in which he ought to sympathize."

I wish that this fair and courteous critic had made a brief but explicit statement of what he supposes the doctrine to be to which I referred as the key to the position; and also a statement of that conception which the promoters of the new orthodoxy hold, which he thinks to be substantially the same.

I would very gladly be convinced that this supposed agreement exists. I really do recognize an intrinsic excellence in the Christo-centric doctrine of the new orthodoxy, and I sympathize with it cordially. I have a great love for Andover and New Haven, both homes of my childhood. I respect the orthodox of the old school for their defence of religion and revelation against agnosticism, and in saying that their system has come to the end of its day I refer only to some obsolete parts of it. The learned and able professors of New Haven and Andover are doing a good work in clearing away rubbish and striving to find the genuine Christianity which is in harmony with history, philosophy, and science, without making any compromise of divine truth. I am convinced that, in order to make any real progress, they must go to the bottom of the question of original sin, and that this is necessary before they can reach any satisfactory doctrine about eschatology. My motive in writing about this is not inculpation or polemics, but a wish to direct them to a work which imperatively demands their attention.

A. F. HEWIT.

THE FORCES AT WORK.

"To my mind there are three great forces working on our side in favor of temperance among the Irish-American community, and I name them in the order of their importance.

"1. *American Civilization.*—Nothing" (we presume the writer means no purely human influence) "makes our people better than contact with the higher temporal civilization of the Yankee. All through the West where the Irish emigrant has settled among Americans he is a temperate, thrifty citizen and a good Catholic. But where he huddles with other Irish emigrants—victims of the bad civilization of British misrule—there are misery and retrogression. The cheap saloon, the pot-house politician, and the boodler boss come into being. American civilization is clear, ambitious, studious for self-improvement, liberal-minded, and religious. It is everywhere down on the saloon, and it is using its churches and the public schools against the liquor power. . . . . .

Milwaukee, Wis. D. J. DESMOND.

The above is from a recent issue of the *Catholic Total Abstinence News*, and expresses a truth hardly well enough recognized. One can go too far, indeed, in

estimating the effect of human environment upon the Catholic supernatural character; but we think that it is oftener undervalued. The civil institutions, national traditions, and social manner of life of a highly civilized people cannot fail to exert a powerful influence on all new-comers, and on their religious life as well as on their secular. What then? Is this to be altogether resisted? Shall foreign Catholics take it for granted that their children are in danger of becoming worse Catholics than themselves because they must be native Catholics, American Catholics? On the contrary, if American civilization is based on sound principles and is in advance of the foreign, so should the Catholicity of the Americans be in advance of European; not in substance, to be sure, but in the excellence of its human adjuncts. If there is more intelligence and freedom in the make-up of the American citizen, so there should be a greater excellence in his religious character; unless we are willing to affirm that intelligence and freedom are conditions unfavorable to religious life.

The American neighborhood should bear upon the Catholic family life. If there is any neatness and cheerfulness and home comfort to be learned by contact with your fellow-citizens, in God's name let it enter into your household and be sanctified to the uses of Catholic domestic virtue. Men and women whose fathers and mothers were brought up on mud-floors, whose very blood was drunk by those human wolves, Irish landlords, need not be ashamed to learn something of the joys of home from their thrifty and tidy and kindly American neighbors.

The American civilization should bear on Catholic education. To be Catholic, education need not be foreign. The walls of the parochial school need not be Chinese walls. There are some things worth learning in American methods of training youth, notwithstanding the evident fact that there are also some things very objectionable in those methods. The writer is proud to know that there are some old-world religious communities among us whose intelligent and powerful grasp of the work of education has produced results in America worthy of all praise; and in some cases their methods are peculiarly their own. These methods, however, are too broad to be foreign anywhere. But there are teachers among us, and even communities of them, who are accused of setting up schools in America which are bonded warehouses for foreign importations of educational methods, and each teacher an original package of a strictly imported article. They are good souls, sometimes good teachers, and generally adjust themselves to their surroundings in course of time; yet this frequently happens, so we are told, only after many years of stupid struggle against divine Providence, nay, against the admonitions of ecclesiastical authority. We have heard of communities who adhere to their old-world ways to that degree that even the bishops and clergy of America are hardly able to induce them to doff the pilgrim's badge and feel at home. We have been in schools where the children were liable to catch nostalgia and become homesick for a land they never saw, a land whose miseries drove their parents and these very teachers themselves from its shores. If to teach children to talk foreign, look foreign, and feel foreign in their own native land be the object of this education, all we have to say is that such education is entitled to any name but Catholic. We are sound on the school question, and we advocate and practise the Catholic view of religious education; but one reason for doing this is because nothing Catholic is foreign in any land, least of all in this.

As our temperance advocate says, whenever the American people are mingled with the foreign element the former are the ones mainly on the side of tempe-

rance. The reader remarks that we speak of mixed communities, not like those of the South where the whole population is native nearly to a man. Is there no lesson to be learned from this?

It will be a sad day for any class of people in this country when Americans become persuaded that it definitely refuses to accept American ideas, learn American ways, or adapt itself to American institutions; and that is true whether such a class of people be named after a religion or not.

Yet, when all is said for the American idea, it remains true that the Catholic idea contains it, as the greater contains the less, imparts new life to it, and is necessary for its continuance and perfection. Americans need to be Catholic more than Catholics need to be American. Only let us remember that national and race traits—another name for the old clothes of European civilization—though associated with Catholic life in a distant land, are not in every case necessary, nay, are often injurious, to Catholic life here.

SAPPHICS.

The Friend of Humanity *and the* Farmer.

(*After George Canning.*)

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

Poor, plodding farmer! whither art thou going
Out on this high-road, sad and seedy looking?
Old are your clothes, your shoes I'm sure have never
Tasted of blacking.

Grieved is my heart to see a son of labor
Tramping afoot in mud instead of riding;
While bloated aristocrats ride in coaches,
Ready to splash you.

I know the reason. Rich men have despoiled you,
Saving their unearned increment in bank-vaults;
Living in brown-stone houses that have cost them
Thousands of dollars;

Buying the very best things in the market—
Butter and eggs and chickens and potatoes;
All sorts of garden stuff you farmers sell them
Every season.

Weary, poor farmer! little know the proud ones,
Lolling in soft seats in their lordly mansions,
How by the sweat your noble brow distilleth
These things are gotten.

Tell me your grievous wrongs, my suffering brother!
I will them print in *Poverty and Progress*,
And to-night, with tears, tell them at the Anti-
Poverty meeting.

THE FARMER.

I h'aint so very much o' wrongs to tell, sir,
'Xcept that the brindle ox broke in the clover-
Patch, and last night them pesky school-boys stole jist
Half o' my melons.

I'm takin' now my way up to the city,
Goin' to put some money in the Savin's-
Bank that I got for garden-sass and sich-like,
Sold at *your* house, sir.

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

Go on! thou pig-feeding, dung-pitching, sordid
Boor, whom no sense of wrong can rouse to vengeance!
Next Anti-P. meeting I will "resolve" to
Rule out the farmers!

ALFRED YOUNG.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

REGINALD POLE, CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY: An Historical Sketch. With an Introductory Prologue and a Practical Epilogue. By Frederick George Lee, D.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; London: John C. Nimmo. 1888.

The sketch of the life of Cardinal Pole takes up the larger part of this volume. Dr. Lee, as most of our readers are doubtless aware, is no mere compiler, but is a student of the original sources of history so far as these are accessible. Great light has been thrown upon the Reformation period by the recent publications which have been made under the authority of the Master of the Rolls; and this light is tending to drive out the darkness with which this period has been enshrouded by the Protestant tradition of the last three hundred years. The present work will help to effect this most desirable result. For Dr. Lee has not only made use of these publications, but has carried his researches farther. The archives of Lambeth Palace, the MSS. in the British Museum, those contained in several colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, and even parish registers and churchwardens' accounts, have been examined. It is from such sources as these that this sketch is made. This makes us regret that it is only a sketch. If Dr. Lee had brought out at length the proofs of the conclusions at which he has arrived, the service which by this work he has done to historical truth would have been far greater. As it is, we fear that those who are unwilling to surrender the prejudices of early education will find it easy to dismiss the conclusions arrived at by the author as insufficiently-proved assertions. They will not be justified in so doing, but it is difficult to drive out long-established opinions, even when they are erroneous.

The main object of the sketch of Cardinal Pole's life is to bring out the way in which he reconciled England to the One Church. Queen

Mary's character is set forth as very different from that of the Queen Mary of Tennyson, for example. The most valuable part of the work is the account of the synod held on the 2d of December, 1555, in which decrees were made for the reorganization of the church in England. That the change was popular our author amply proves.

But although the sketch of Pole's life takes up the greater part of the book, Dr. Lee has not had as his main object a mere historical study, but something more practical. We can well understand that a reader of this book, if unacquainted with Dr. Lee's previous works, would find it exceedingly difficult to discover his exact standpoint. He makes it abundantly clear that he has no sympathy with Protestants. The Lollards are "most obstinate and mischievous persons, as well politically as ecclesiastically." Their influence is "pestilent." One great crime of Cranmer was that he invited to England "the revolutionary wretches from abroad, by cant and falsehood to spread their moral poison throughout the length and breadth of the land." Another was "that he undertook to prove that the Calvinistic orgies were almost identical with the rites and doctrines current everywhere during the first ages of Christianity." It would seem that he cannot be an Anglican, for he looks upon national churches as "anomalies"; and while he regards authority as essential for the maintenance of Christianity, he affirms that, "for instance, no person can authoritatively tell me what the Church of England teaches as regards baptism." Is he a Catholic? From the general tone of the work this conclusion seems the true one. The Pope is called repeatedly the Father of the Faithful; he is the divinely appointed centre of unity; every doctrine of the Catholic Church seems to be held by Dr. Lee, and every person who promotes and defends those doctrines seems to have his warmest sympathies. It is not until we come to the Practical Epilogue that the revelation is made. Dr. Lee, as a matter of fact, is not practically subject to him whom he looks upon as the Father of the Faithful, for he is at the present moment a beneficed Anglican clergyman. But he and his friends have, he believes, found adequate remedies for the defects and evils which they see and feel so acutely. The jurisdiction of the episcopate of their own church is, as Dr. Lee asserts, practically extinct. But Dr. Lee belongs to an Order "the rulers of which are in a position to satisfy every person who may desire further information that nothing which is needed for a sound dogmatic basis—actual power of jurisdiction for the rulers of the Order, spiritual freedom to worship and serve God Almighty as did our forefathers, and certain integrity of all sacraments—is wanting to the same." This information will not be vouchsafed to the world at large, only to those who are practically concerned in the work; and this in order to prevent all who are not concerned from interfering in any way. In other words, Dr. Lee claims to have founded or to be a member of a kind of invisible visible church inside of a branch of the one indivisible Catholic Church, and this the branch which is itself without undoubted orders, the bishops of which have no jurisdiction, the doctrine of which, too, is unascertainable. The cure of all our woes and the healer of all our divisions is, in fact, the new Order of Corporate Reunion!

Cardinal Pole is held forth throughout this work as the model for the work of our own times. As he effected the reunion of the English Church with the Catholic Church, so those who desire unity in our own days are

to work, not for the conversion of individuals, but for that of the nation. Every Roman Catholic must earnestly desire and do everything in his power to further so sacred and blessed a result as would be the return of the whole English nation to the one fold. But before any such project can be regarded as better than an idle dream, the church to which Dr. Lee belongs must be made to hold something of the same position which it held in the time of Cardinal Pole. What is the state of the Establishment at the present time? Readers will find its state faithfully depicted in this volume.

One further illustration will suffice. Dr. Lee dedicates his work to the present Archbishop of Canterbury and to the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, as "the respected occupiers of two archiepiscopal sees *founded by the like authority*," who is, of course, the Roman Pontiff. A few years ago this source of the jurisdiction of each of these two sees excommunicated those who did not receive the definition of the Papal Infallibility made by the Vatican Council. This very year the Archbishop of Canterbury has commissioned two bishops of the Establishment to pay visits of encouragement to these excommunicated Old Catholics, and this visit is paid with a view to the formal union of the English Church, by the action of Convocation, with those heretics recently excommunicated by the "Father of the Faithful." When this is the action of the heads of the Establishment to which Dr. Lee belongs, those who expect that it will draw near as a body to the Catholic Church seem to be wilfully blind. How is it possible to imagine that the Holy See would stultify itself by any recognition of a religious body so manifestly opposed to itself? This is putting the objection to Dr. Lee's proposals on the most obvious grounds. There are other reasons, absolutely insuperable, which would render any such procedure absolutely outside the limits of reasonable expectation. And Dr. Lee ought to rejoice that such is the case. He recognizes the Holy See as the only and sole means of bringing about religious unity: if it were in any way to do anything which should appear to sanction and justify schismatical and heretical modes of action, it would have been brought down to the level of the heretics and schismatics, and there would have departed from it, by such action, all possibility of any kind of unity being effected in any way soever.

It may seem somewhat out of place, after treating of matters of such vast importance, to mention the get-up of this work. It is, however, so beautifully printed at the Chiswick Press that it seems scarcely right not to refer to it. An etching of the Titian portrait of Cardinal Pole, which is the possession of Lord Arundell of Wardour, forms the frontispiece. There is also an excellent index.

MATTHEW CALBRAITH PERRY. By Wm. Elliot Griffis. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

The Perrys are one of the oldest, most numerous, and most respectable families of the primitive colonists of New England, a branch of the English family of the same name which came into England from Normandy. Quite a number of them have served with great honor in our navy during the last hundred years. Matthew C. Perry was a son of Captain Perry, U.S.N., and a younger brother of Commodore Oliver Perry,

under whose command he made his first cruise. As a boy-midshipman he served during the war of 1812, and was ever after in active service, with only short intervals, until his death in 1858. He took an active and honorable part as a flag-officer commanding a squadron in the Mexican war, although, in common with many other officers of the army and navy, he disapproved of the war itself, which is now generally condemned by public opinion as unnecessary and unjust on the part of our government. During these hostile operations, although he felt bound by his allegiance to do his best as an officer, he was very careful to mitigate the evils of war for the Mexicans as much as possible. He performed valuable services, also, on the African coast, in protecting the rights of our vessels and seamen, in aiding the negro colonies from the United States, and in suppressing the slave-trade. His influence within the naval service itself was in many ways most powerful and beneficial. He was one of the chief originators and promoters of the system of apprenticeship, and was ever solicitous for the moral improvement and welfare of the men and boys of the navy. Commodore Perry was an enlightened and scientific officer, always on the alert to forward those necessary changes in respect to the construction of ships, the use of steam-power in navigation, and the improvement of ordnance, which were strongly opposed by some ultra-conservative old seamen, but which have now effected a complete revolution in naval warfare.

His most important service was the making of a treaty with Japan, an undertaking which he carried out with consummate ability to a successful result. As a man and a gentleman, Commodore Perry was worthy of high esteem; and both in his public and private character and career he is entitled to a long and honorable remembrance, as one of the ablest and best of our many distinguished naval commanders. His biographer has done his work very carefully and thoroughly, and his volume is full of valuable and instructive historical information, in addition to its personal narrative of an eventful life.

The author's style is, in the main, well suited to the purposes of biographical and historical narrative. Some of the descriptions—*e.g.*, the capture of Vera Cruz and the events of the Japan expedition—are life-like and graphic in a high degree. Yet we could wish that there were less of a tone of disparagement and ridicule of foreign nations and customs, and fewer attempts at piquant and smart sayings, as well as greater care to observe the proprieties and conform to the canons of good taste in the use of language. The publishers have done their work very well, and the illustrations add to the interest of the narrative.

Commodore Perry's Life is a wholesome, instructive, and extremely entertaining book for all, especially so for intelligent, enterprising boys and young men, and most particularly for all who are engaged in the military service of the country by sea or on land, and for seamen of every kind. It should have also the good effect of lessening what is left in the public sentiment of an unreasonable prejudice or indifference in respect to the United States Navy. Every intelligent person who peruses this book must perceive our great obligations to the navy, the mischief of neglecting it, and the importance of measures to make it worthy of our greatness as a nation.

FIFTY YEARS OF ENGLISH SONG. Selections from the Poets of the Reign of Victoria. Edited and arranged by Henry F. Randolph. Four vols. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

To rescue from oblivion the meritorious work of poetical writers not of the highest class was a sufficient reason for intelligent publishers like the Messrs. Randolph getting out this book. In what other way, we ask, can men like Bailey, Stevenson, Dobell, and many others like them—whom you, reader, never heard of—ever get a fair chance at posterity, if not by culling the few fragrant and brilliant flowers in their weedy gardens and setting them in a bouquet with the choice blossoms of greater poets? Will you ask me to buy a whole book for the sake of two or three bright pieces? In truth, there are few men who have made verses good enough to get into print at all who have not made some which are worthy of immortality—unless, indeed, they bore the whole expense of publication themselves. Such, then, is one of the main reasons justifying a first-rate publishing house in getting out such a book as this, exquisitely printed, superbly made up every way, and binding together and placing in the reader's hands the loveliest songs of fifty years, by all sorts of poets, great and little, obscure and conspicuous, done to death by critics or adored by the very gods of Parnassus. Indeed, if Tennyson's best (and such will be found here) will attract purchasers to these beautiful volumes only to introduce to his readers the gems of obscure poets, it will be a service done to inspiration as true as his own, though, alas! not so copious.

It is said of Benedict XIV. that he always kept a copy of Dante on his table and often read parts of it. When asked for an explanation he said that he was an Italian and wished to refresh his knowledge of his native tongue by constant access to its purest model. The English language owns allegiance to no one master, not even to Shakspere, in the same degree that Italian does to Dante. But it is none the less certain that English is learned and maintained in its purity for both tongue and pen more by reading poets than by reading prose writers. Passion, ideal moral teaching, graphic scene-picturing—and these are the field of poetic inspiration—all secure a better service from language than even, as a rule, the higher aims of oratory. Specimens of the noblest English of to-day, gathered into a convenient repertory, may be better culled from poetic writers than from masters of prose. The best school of prose is reading and studying poetry. The best tonic for the extempore efforts of the public speaker is reading poetry. And just here is the particular value of such books as *Fifty Years of English Song:* every variety of poetical inspiration, in the purest idioms of the actual present, is made to contribute to a *convenient* use.

A more useful Christmas present for intelligent boys and girls could hardly be found than these volumes: a corrective of slangwhang habits of speech, a school for elevated sentiment, a storehouse for pieces to be learned by heart and recited, or to be read aloud in winter evenings, a counter attraction against trashy novels, and generally a delightful discipline for correct taste and rational enjoyment.

Each of the volumes is preceded by biographical and bibliographical notes, forming an excellent summary of information about the authors and their works, including complete lists of the latter. At the end of each volume are Notes which give sketches of the entire poems from which ex-

tracts have been made, aiding the reader to an intelligent interest and appreciation. There is also an index of authors attached to each volume. The editorial work done in these prefixes and affixes is, in our judgment, of the highest order, the assistance given to an intelligent choice of authors and works in contemporary poetry being alone of much value to one wishing to stock his private library.

We have not read these volumes through, nor can we claim so full a knowledge of this field of literature as to be able to decide at a glance whether or not anything injurious to morality or to religion has been bound up in them. But we have made acquaintance enough with them to express a decided conviction that the publishers and editors have selected matter which is not only innocent but edifying. The Catholic poets are represented, though our partiality for a great and noble cause makes us regret a rather scanty selection from the patriotic song-writers of Ireland. The fourth volume is made up entirely of religious selections and seems to contain little if anything offensive to Catholics, giving at the same time many extracts from such writers as Newman and Faber.

The Illustrated Catholic Family Annual for 1888. With Calendars calculated for different Parallels of Latitude and adapted for use throughout the United States. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

This is an unusually good specimen of a publication which for now twenty years has "met a want" in Catholic families. Type, paper, illustrations, and letter-press are all above the average. Besides the complete calendars, which make it equally useful as an almanac in all parts of the United States, its list of saints' days and its tables of Epistles and Gospels for Sundays and holydays of obligation render it an almost indispensable household addition to ordinary prayer-books.

Among the contributors to its purely literary side we find Mr. Maurice Francis Egan with a prettily rhymed and illustrated version of an old legend and a brief but comprehensive sketch of the late James A. McMaster; Mr. T. F. Galwey, who writes pleasantly concerning the late Père Rouquette, of Louisiana, and Mother Angela, of Notre Dame, and vigorously on the topic of Victoria's "Unpropitious Jubilee"; C. M. O'Keeffe, with an interesting paper on "Father Tom Maguire," the murdered hero of the "Pope and Maguire" controversy; Monsignor Seton, E. Mallet, Francis Lavelle, and others who seem to have learned the art of compressing facts and stating them with lucidity. Among the short biographies contributed by these writers are those of two of the fifty-three English martyrs beatified in December, 1886—Sir Thomas More and John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, both of them great men in the natural as well as the supernatural order, whom it is good to be able to invoke in days when those who rule their native land seem to be "aw in a muddle" for want of intelligent guidance in both directions.

Who, by the way, was "the late Dr. R. R. Madden"? The occasional extracts given in the pages of this *Annual* from his "unpublished poems" make one wonder why they never before saw the light, and what may be the quality of such as still remain unprinted.

MEN AND LETTERS: Essays in Characterizations and Criticism. By Horace E. Scudder. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. Scudder knows how to do a kind of literary work once deemed the highest, and which made the old *Edinburgh Review* a power in the world of letters. It has ever seemed to us to deserve the secondary place it has now fallen into; telling how other men have told things should hold second place and come after the telling of things themselves. The world is a-weary of the telling of telling; indeed, the telling of doing is itself greatly overdone. However, no one can read these essays, short, polished, delightfully clear in style, written by one plainly possessed of well-digested literary information and a perfectly cultivated taste, without a high order of enjoyment. None but a rarely-gifted writer can take hold of a book, read it, tell of it, of its author as its pages reveal him, of its drift, its future, in the style of Mr. Scudder. We were interested in the essay entitled "Emerson's Self." We cannot agree with his estimate of the Sage of Concord in all particulars; yet it is one of the fairest and most reasonable we have met with from among those who are hearty in their admiration of him.

ORDO DIVINI OFFICII RECITANDI MISSÆQUE CELEBRANDÆ JUXTA RUBRICAS, etc., pro clero sæculari statuum fœderatorum officiis generalibus hic concessis utente. Pro anno Domini bissextili 1888. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

ORDO DIVINI OFFICII RECITANDI MISSÆQUE CELEBRANDÆ, etc., etc., tam pro clero sæculari quam pro iis quibus calendarium clero Romano proprium concessum est. Pro A.D. 1888. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

The first of these ordos is for the use of those who follow the general rubrics, and the second for both them and others who have the privilege of the "Roman office." The Messrs. Pustet have given to the clerical public in these two ordos excellent specimens of what is, perhaps, the most difficult kind of typographical work. The only fault we notice is the incessant repetition of *Sec. Rubr. Gen.* from day to day; no great fault, to be sure, yet a somewhat annoying. The information contained in the *Monita* is especially well adapted to ready reference for the busy priest on the mission. At the end are several leaves of writing-paper ruled for keeping account of Masses promised and for other memoranda. The binding is substantial and will last the year out very fairly. We notice with pleasure the imprimatur of the ordinary affixed—a matter of importance in a publication which to the average priest must be the standard guide for many rubrical observances. Special praise is due to the directions about the votive offices for Thursdays and Saturdays. We are glad to see the mistake of former years about the time of celebrating the feast of the Maternity of the Blessed Virgin corrected.

THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. Translated from the Italian, and edited by his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Second edition. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

This is a second edition and therefore not entitled to more than mere mention, but we cannot help recommending this most charming little work to all lovers of the Gospel of Christ. Since the time of the apostles, perhaps no man has attained so conspicuous a place as an exponent of the religion of Christ as St. Francis of

Assisi. The *Little Flowers* is his history, and that of his first companions, told in a series of incidents so poetical, so real, so touching, so full of practical teaching, that the book is unique in all ascetic literature. It is a book to be read many times over. We are not surprised at the appearance of this new edition of a new translation, and trust that many more editions may appear to answer the demands of enlightened piety.

QUESTIONES MECHLINENSES IN RUBRICAS BREVIARII ET MISSALIS ROMANI, PROVINCIIS FŒDERATIS AMERICÆ SEPTENTRIONALIS ADAPTATÆ. Curâ H. Gabriels, S.T.D., Seminarii S. Joseph Trojæ, Rectoris. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

Dr. Gabriels, the editor of the volume before us, has done a good work in giving us this excellent summary of the rubrics of the breviary and missal. His effort has been to give clearly and with precision the information so necessary to those in sacred orders for the proper fulfilment of duties incumbent on them. His considerable experience has fitted him well for his task, and the result of his labors has been very happy.

INDIFFERENTISM; or, Is One Religion as good as Another? By Rev. John MacLaughlin. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

A large number of non-Catholics, and, strange to say, many of them quite honest, may be ranked under the head of Indifferentists. The term is somewhat misleading; for they are not indifferent to religion, but only to particular forms of it, and especially to creeds and doctrines. "It don't make any difference," is their answer to every question of doctrine or of church organization. They fancy that if one "behaves himself" and "acknowledges Christ as his Saviour," he is an exponent of the sum total of Christianity.

Father MacLaughlin has set himself to unearth the deadly errors at the root of all this, and to show the absurdity of it. He has brought to his task a great store of accurate information, much good sense, and his missionary life guarantees a wide experience. His book, though it is not large or costly, is a repertory of well-chosen arguments, and calculated to be a hand-book for regular use by zealous men and women who live in every-day contact with the world. The class for whose conversion Father MacLaughlin writes are fast becoming dominant among our Protestant brethren, and it is a perplexing business to reason with them. The zealous missionary has done the Catholic public a favor by getting out this book.

ÇA IRA; or, Danton in the French Revolution. A Study. By Lawrence Gronlund, A.M., author of *The Co-operative Commonwealth*. Boston: Lee & Shepard; New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1888.

The author is a Communist in political economy, a materialist, and a believer in Herbert Spencer's evolutionist theories as applied to economics. From his point of view he is undoubtedly honest and consistent, and he has here produced a work deserving of respectful attention, both on account of the honesty of its purpose and the very logical way in which he draws the only deductions that can be drawn from the premises that man is merely a progressive animal, and that there is no revelation to guide his conduct. God being excluded from intelligent participation in his creation, and man's thoughts and ambitions being confined wholly to terrestrial things, it follows that Liberty, so far from being a blessing, is a curse, for it benefits the rich only and the strong. Mr. Gronlund contends,

and he cites facts enough to prove his contention, that—the materialistic premises being conceded—the liberty achieved by the French Revolution redounded to the interest of the already rich and flourishing capitalist, or *bourgeois*, class. He maintains that it is not liberty but protection that the poor require. He says, "Mazzini undoubtedly is right: 'What the world is at present thirsting for is *authority*.'" Another instance of how extremes meet. For here the Communists are at one with those conservative admirers of the *ancien régime*.

But Mr. Gronlund cheerfully acknowledges the existence of certain new features in our system as decidedly communistic and as indicating the change of public opinion towards the grand dream of materialistic Communists of all varieties—Everything for the State, and the State for everything. The most important of these features he seems to think is the present public-school system of the United States, and *àpropos* of this he quotes Danton's dictum that "children belong to the nation rather than to parents." Who shall say that Mr. Gronlund is not sound and consistent, granting his premises? Mr. Gronlund is without question one of the most sincere, well-read, and least egotistical of the many recent writers on economics. There are probably few who care much for Danton, but then Danton is merely a peg on which Mr. Gronlund displays one after another the various shifts and subterfuges and empty theories of the many who in the last hundred years have attempted to rid the world of evil, forgetting, as Mr. Gronlund himself unfortunately forgets, that evil is a negation, not a positive quality of being.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME. "Way down upon de Swanee Ribber." Written and composed by Stephen Collins Foster. Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1888.

This elegant little quarto is one of the annual illustrated volumes which, for many years, the Ticknors have been accustomed to bring out for the Christmas season. It is now thirty-six years since, in old slavery days, the sweet and touching melody of the "Old Folks at Home," with words that in those days carried a peculiar significance, first appeared, and it is very certain that no song of American origin has so constantly and so universally captivated the American ear and the American heart. The melody is beautiful and sincere, and so are the words, and the song undoubtedly thrills the American much more deeply than the somewhat affected and certainly exotic and unoriginal "Home, Sweet Home." The volume is beautifully illustrated, the scenes are true to Southern life. No one, in fact, who is familiar with these phases of American life, and who feels the inspiration of the dear old melody, can help a slight moisture about the eyes when he hums to himself, "All round de little farm I wandered, when I was young," and then looks at the dainty wood-cut opposite, with the two little darkies playing. at the fence beneath the moss-hung cypress, and the lovely vista beyond.

POEMS. A Selection from the Works of Lord Braye. New edition, with an advertisement. London: R. Washbourne.

"No mortal hand made thee, my lyre,"

sings Lord Braye in one of the pleasantest of these poems, and he is right in so far that one can say truly that there is either the full ring of inspiration or its unmistakable echo in much of what he has written. But he is also right when he avows, a few lines further on, that he

"Heard not thy melodies aright,
And now much discord jars upon the chimes
Of thy dear music."

Most often it is a mere easily remediable defect of taste which mars his verse, as when he spoils a fine Spenserian stanza in "Stormsworth" by the line,

"While flying *birdie* skims the waters clear,"

or is guilty of a needless, and therefore not trifling, affectation, such as

"Some harp *withouten* name."

Among the poems which have pleased us best in his little volume we note "Cor Cordium," the "Ode" with whose opening verse this notice begins, "Melody is Sweeter Far," "False Shame," "Hidden Poets," "The Catholic Church," and, more truly poetical than any other in sentiment and expression, "The Coming of the Summer Moon," from which we are tempted to make a brief quotation, since it forms a perfect mental picture:

"She comes in slow advance, a pallid bride,
To wed the dreadful night when silence calls;
Footing the lonely paths of heavens wide,
Where shine few stars at longest intervals."

But Lord Braye is not often so felicitous as this.

MANUALE SACERDOTUM DIVERSIS EORUM USIBUS, etc. Accommodavit P. Jos. Schneider, S.J. Editio Undecima, cura et studio Augustini Lehmkuhl, S.J. Coloniæ: Sumptibus et typis Joannis P. Bachenici. (For sale by Benziger Bros., New York.)

"Good wine needs no bush." To the many priests in all lands who have known Father Schneider's book this new edition will be most welcome. It is in truth a priest's *vade mecum*, for within its pages may be found, in clear though compendious form, all that can serve a priest's spiritual profit, all that can aid him to make his ministry fruitful, and the exercise of the pastoral office not only in harmony with the spirit of the church but with its most recent legislation as well. There are many priests who will find this book invaluable. It is what it claims to be—a hand-book; one to be picked up in moments of brief leisure, to find there the gold of larger and more scientific works of theology ready coined for practical use. Father Lehmkuhl, already celebrated as an authority, in fact by many thought to be the standard in moral theology at the present day, has enriched the work in all that relates to liturgy and the administration of the sacraments with a studious and careful revision. He has made the *Manual* in such matters a reflex of the teaching of the most approved writers, while he brings it as well into accord with the most recent decisions of the various congregations.

Besides the numerous prayers and devotional exercises suitable for the priest, there are many meditations full of trenchant truths on the dignity and the end of the priestly office, its obligations, its dangers, its perfection, etc. A feature that will be of service to such as may be suddenly called upon to preach is found in the number of skeleton sermons at the end of the first part. Altogether, the book realizes the promise of its title-page, and will continue to be, as it has been in the past, a most excellent and efficient aid to the clergy, particularly such as are hard-worked and have little leisure for systematic study. The special features of the present edition will add many to the already numerous friends of the book. In conclusion let it be added that the *Manual* is well printed and comes in such a form that the ascetical and pastoral parts can be bound separately or together at the reader's option.

LIFE OF WASHINGTON. By Virginia F. Townsend. Illustrated. New York: Worthington Co.

Ten of the sixteen chapters of this pretty volume, forming a good deal more than half of its two hundred and sixty-seven pages, are devoted to Washington's career before the Revolution. And this has been wisely done, for the book is intended mainly for the young, who can best profit by a study of the elements, whether of fact or precept, which formed our greatest hero's character. The style is really very good; clear, concise, not without elegance nor devoid of imagination. "A woman's book," say the publishers, "designed principally for the young," but yet a book just as well fitted for perusal by mature men and women. The illustrations are excellent and of the most interesting subjects.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

THE GLORIES OF MARY. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori. Edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.SS.R. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros. 2 vols.

HISTORICAL NOTES ON THE SERVICES OF THE IRISH OFFICERS IN THE FRENCH ARMY. Translated from the French of General Arthur Dillon. By J. P. Leonard. Dublin: James Duffy & Sons.

CHRISTOFORO COLOMBO (Part First). THE GLOOMY OCEAN-SEA (Part Second). SAN SALVADOR (Part Third). By B. J. Durward. Milwaukee: Hoffmann Bros.

THE HUMILIATION OF CHRIST, in its Physical, Ethical, and Official Aspects. The Sixth of the Cunningham Lectures. By Alexander Balmain Bruce, D.D. Second edition, revised and enlarged. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS: A Juvenile Operetta. Words and music by Lucy C. Lillie, with four songs by Mr Sydney Rosenfeld. Philadelphia: Wm. H. Bauer & Co.

A FRENCH NAVY CAPTAIN: Augustus Marceau. From the French of the Rev. Fr. Claudius Mayet, S.M., by Alice Wilmot Chetwode. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

DIET IN RELATION TO AGE AND ACTIVITY. By Sir H. Thompson, F.R.C.S., etc. From the 10th English edition. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL OF GENAZZANO: A History of that Ancient Sanctuary and of the Wonderful Apparition, etc. By Anne R. Bennett, *née* Gladstone. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

AN ADDRESS OF THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, for Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware, to their fellow-citizens on the subject of war. Philadelphia: Friends' Bookstore.

CLARE'S SACRIFICE: A Tale for First Communicants. By C. M. O'Hara. London: R. Washbourne.

ANGELI DEI; or, Stories of Angels. Adapted from the German of Rev. Dr. Joseph A. Keller's *Zweihundertzehn Engels-Geschichten.* London: R. Washbourne.

NATURAL LAW IN THE BUSINESS WORLD. By Henry Wood. New York: C. T. Dillingham; Boston: Lee & Shepard.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF CHARLES DARWIN, including an autobiographical chapter. Edited by his son, Francis Darwin. Two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

SHORT INSTRUCTIONS IN THE ART OF SINGING PLAIN CHANT, with an Appendix containing all Vesper Psalms, and the Magnificat, the Responses for Vespers, the Antiphons of the B. V. M., and various Hymns for Benediction. By J. Singenberger. Third revised and enlarged edition. New York and Cincinnati: Pustet & Co.

TWO SPEECHES by Mr. Henry W. Grady, on Prohibition, in Atlanta. Atlanta: W. J. Campbell.

THE NEW MANUAL OF THE LIVING ROSARY, containing the History, Constitution, Rules, Customs, and Indulgences of the Sodality. Compiled from the most recent authentic sources. With the fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary. Illustrated. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

STUDIES IN CIVIL GOVERNMENT. By William A. Mowry, Ph.D. Boston: Silver, Rogers & Co.

THE INCARNATE WORD AND THE DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART. By Rev. Geo. Tickell, S.J. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

RICHARD LEPSIUS: A Biography. By Georg Ebers. Translated from the German by Zoe Dana Underhill. New York: W. S. Gottsberger.

BIBLE STORIES FOR CHILDREN. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros.

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THE NEGROES IN MISSISSIPPI.

THE United States census of 1870 gave the native population of Mississippi at 816,731, of which 46 per cent. were white and 54 black. In 1880 the native population had increased to 1,122,689, of whom 479,398 were white and 650,291 black. The percentage of whites had therefore fallen to about 42 per cent., and that of the blacks had correspondingly increased to 58 per cent. At the present rate of increase of the colored and white people, in 1890 60 per cent. of the population of the State will be black and only 40 per cent. white. The nineteenth century will bequeath to Mississippi an inheritance of 1,000,000 negroes. In 1880 the blackest State in the Union was South Carolina with its 60 per cent. of colored population; but Mississippi will soon be blacker. Even numerically it will ere long be the empire State of the colored people; for, although Georgia had in 1880 725,133 negroes against the 650,291 of Mississippi, a study of the census will show that it had then lost already by emigration over 60,000, whereas Mississippi had gained 68,000 by immigration from other States. A proof of this is found in the fact that while the enumerators of the census found in the different States of the Union 786,007 negroes, Georgians by birth, they did not find more than 725,045 colored people living in Georgia. On the contrary, 650,985 were found domiciled in Mississippi, while only 509,938 had been born in that State. The census also proves that more white people emigrated to than immigrated from other States. It is a well-known fact that a continuous stream of colored people has been pouring into Mississippi from the adjacent Southern States, especially into the rich delta, ever since 1880. Herein we find the principal cause of the decrease in percentage of the whites and the increase of the blacks.

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A second cause is found in the greater prolificness of the negroes. Between 1870 and 1880 the native white population of the United States increased 25 per cent. and the black 30.

I must not omit a third cause producing the same effect. All the illegitimate children of a colored mother and white father are by legal enactments reckoned as negroes. Verily, the whites of Mississippi seem to have conspired to turn over their State into the hands of Africans. No need, then, of a prophet to foretell that Mississippi is destined to become the promised land of the black man in America.

Is it to be regretted? The remark is often heard hereabouts: "If every negro would emigrate it would be a blessing." But whenever there appears to be an indication of an approaching exodus of the colored people, efforts are made to prevent it. And truly a great portion of the State seems to be better adapted to the African than to the Caucasian race. Will immigration from Europe counteract the rapid increase of the blacks? I see no reason to believe it. The tide of immigration from Europe is slowly but surely turning to South America. Not only the peoples of the south of Europe but also the Teutonic nations of the north are beginning to send their surplus population to Spanish-America. And experience has proved that Europeans will not pitch their tents in the midst of a negro settlement. In 1870 Mississippi had 11,191 foreigners. In 1880 it had only 9,209. A large percentage of them were Jews, who are becoming more and more numerous. They are attracted by the large profits derived from trading with the colored people.

Politically the negroes, *de jure* the equals of the whites, are *de facto* ruled by them. Their influence is now hardly felt in elections except when the whites are divided on local issues. The civil war made for a period the unlettered colored man the master, politically, of his former owner. The pupils of a rural school might as well have been appointed to rule over their teacher. The baseless fabric of this political vision soon fell to the ground, crushing beneath its ruins the very political existence of the negro. Justice, however, is generally fairly administered to him, at least when he is the accused. If found guilty he is punished; if innocent, acquitted by the criminal courts. May the time soon come when the crimes of the whites against the blacks will be as promptly avenged as those of the blacks against the whites are now! But at present, while there are in the State peni-

tentiary nearly five hundred convicts, native-born Mississippians, only thirty-three of them are white. Wonderfully law-abiding people the whites must be! Besides the statutes in the code the negroes have now good reasons to fear the unwritten law of Judge Lynch. It is frequently resorted to. The judges of the civil courts are believed to be impartial. But the ignorance of the colored people makes them frequently the victims of their shrewder neighbors in buying and selling. What pitiful tales could not be told of negroes having bought and paid for little homes and farms, only to find out that their legal titles to them were worthless!

And now for morality; and by morality I mean here the keeping of the Ten Commandments. We shall see how the three first ones are observed by the negroes, when treating of their religious condition. The family ties among them are such as nature established without the refinements of an advanced civilization. The colored father or mother will not spare the rod to enforce parental authority, using it at times with cruelty. At an early age the child is made to share in the labors of the field, and many a bale of cotton has been picked by hands not older than nine or ten years. But the older people, raised in slavery, feel so keenly the want of education that they are willing to sacrifice their children's help in order to give them the doubtful advantages afforded by the wretched system of public schools of Mississippi. It may be said that the negro child, *nolens volens*, is obedient to his parents, but as soon as able to do for himself he easily forgets them and has little concern for their welfare.

It has been repeated *ad nauseam* that the negro is born a thief. Every people emerging from a state of barbarism with no well-defined notions about the division of property is a people of pilferers. The Africans are no exception, but what right-thinking man would call a slave a thief because of a Saturday night, after six days' labor of twelve hours a day without remuneration, he crawls to his master's poultry-yard and returns to his cabin with a fowl? Slavery was the training-school for pilferers, but shall I call them thieves who, during the civil war, were left oftentimes the sole and faithful guardians of the large fortunes of their masters while these were fighting to retain them in bondage? Your poultry, it is true, should be kept under lock and key, but your coffers, if filled with gold, are safer in Mississippi than in Maine or Minnesota.

"As cowardly as a slave" was once a proverb. I am far from calling the negroes cowards by nature. They did not prove cowards against the English in Zulu-land or in the land of the Mahdi. But slavery blunts even some of the natural instincts and passions of man. The negro has become slow to anger, especially against his former master. In consequence, fewer men are killed in Mississippi by colored people than by white. The proverbial "murderous negro" is more a myth than a reality. It is, however, dangerous to stir the smouldering native passion of the African.

Not only does the colored man of Mississippi indulge in all the sins which a naturally lustful disposition is prone to, but he proves an apt scholar to learn those forms of vice which are common only to a corrupt civilization. The laborer on the plantation, like the woman of the town, is not wholly ignorant of the secret arts of the professional abortionist of the large city. Were Mississippi to keep a record of illegitimacy, Scotland, Sweden, and Norway would appear almost pure by her side. Comparatively few illegitimate children are born of white women. The law since 1865 forbids marital intercourse among negroes without previous legal marriage. But they soon discovered how easily the tie of a civil marriage can be undone, and, when tired of each other, husband or wife will "buy a divorce." The phrase is used to signify the paying of a lawyer's fee and the costs of court. The total expenses do not generally exceed $25 or $30. The social ostracism to which a fallen white woman is condemned, and which is so powerful an element in the preservation of society in America, exercises as yet scarcely any influence on the colored people. The genteel-looking colored concubine of a white man, or the mistress of a negro, mingles freely in the meeting-house and benevolent association, as well as at a circus or a dance, with the honest, hard-working, lawful wife of the mechanic or farmer. This gross immorality is appalling. Yet we should not pass too severe a judgment on the African race. They were taken from a state of absolute barbarism to become the bondmen of a civilized nation. But their masters, at least in this section, seldom taught them seriously to respect, even among themselves, the laws of Christian marriage. The question might even be asked, Did Christian marriage really exist on the majority of the plantations? And did the example of the whites teach the blacks to abhor fornication? Let the mulattoes, the quadroons, octoroons, etc., answer. Have the negroes of to-day no reason to believe that the superior purity of the whites is but a sham?

The negro is guilty of sins innumerable against the Sixth Commandment, but "let him cast the first stone," etc., etc.

The African in America is prone to lying, and this proneness is sometimes used to frustrate the ends of justice. But even an oath, without the knowledge of a Supreme Being and his attributes—that is to say, without elementary religion—is meaningless. We shall see what manner of religion the colored man has been taught in Mississippi.

I will not accuse him of coveting his neighbor's goods. His present condition appears to him so far superior to that of a few years ago that he is satisfied, in his poverty, with the enjoyment of liberty. He is not indolent, but, as should have been expected, very improvident. So far in Mississippi there is no knotty problem to be solved between capital and labor. My description of the moral condition of the negroes would be incomplete if I should not say that hereaway they have no strong inclination to intoxicating liquors.

I think it proper to repeat here that what I said about the morality and what I am about to say about the religious condition of the negroes in Mississippi is not intended to apply to those of Maryland, of Louisiana, or of any other State. There is probably as much difference between the colored people of Baltimore and New Orleans and those of the interior of this State as there is between the Christian Abyssinian and the black man of the Congo River. Neither do all my observations apply to all the negroes within the limits of the State. Those living along the sea-coast, and many in towns, are far superior to the plantation blacks along the Mississippi River.

Speaking generally, the religion of the negroes is a mixture of low-grade Protestant Christianity and superstition. Outside of Maryland and parts of Louisiana where the original settlers were Catholics, our religion never gained a solid foothold in the slave States, and what the negroes know of Christianity they learned from their Protestant masters. Nine-tenths of them who profess religion belong to the different divisions and sub-divisions of the Methodist and Baptist sects. I was passing, several years ago, at eleven o'clock P.M., by a negro church. A great noise, as of the voices of many people in distress, was rending the air for a mile around. I stepped on the threshold of the house of worship. The preacher, hoarse from long exertion, yelled and howled. Many in the audience now and then cried out: "O Lord! O Jesus!" etc. On the floor of the room lay a woman, now moaning, now shrieking, as if in a paroxysm of delirium.

"What is the matter with her?" I asked one of the worshippers. "Got religion," was the answer. Saddened and disgusted, I withdrew, with the firm resolution never again to enter a negro meeting-house. The preacher and the woman made me think of the energumens cured by our Lord. It is in that woman's condition that the change of heart takes place. Such scenes are only an improvement on others enacted in the places of worship of the whites in the days when it was a sin to play the organ, when the violin was an instrument of the devil, and when, instead of churches, the good old people had meeting-houses. I remember when in a certain locality, where a successful protracted meeting (white) was carried on, it was given out during the day that the following night there would be *shouting* at church. It was reported next morning that the wearing apparel of several ladies had suffered materially during the performance. The reformers of the sixteenth century could scarcely have divined that, cutting loose from the church, they would lead some of their followers in Mississippi to the scene described above, and others in New York to kneel before a Hindoo idol.

Services in negro churches do not generally begin before nine P.M. Singing, preaching, exhorting, shouting, getting religion make up the liturgy. At least once a year a protracted meeting is continued for two or three weeks, during which a crop of conversions is grown and gathered. Many a poor creature will work all day and spend at night three or four hours in church, allowing himself but four or five for sleep. Imagine these successive nocturnal conventicles of men, women, and children, and judge if there might not be some truth in the bad name of such gatherings for gross immoralities. During political campaigns almost every church is transformed into a club-house whenever the negro vote is needed. Contributions from mysterious sources are then received for the support of church and pastor, who lends his influence to his benefactors. Happy colored parson! He need not pore over ponderous volumes to learn his profession, but receives it ready made. Perhaps his hand rested on the plow-handle when of a sudden he received a call from the Lord. Leaving behind (Simon or Andrew-like) the mule and the plow, he dons a second-hand coat that falls considerably below his knees, and, with a Bible under his arm, looks around for a congregation to preach to. More than one preacher of my acquaintance cannot read writing and cannot more than sign his name. They are the masters in Israel. Yet, as an illustration of what possibilities the colored people are capable of, there lives in the capital of

Mississippi a black minister of the Congregational Church who, in education, compares favorably with many of his fellow-preachers of the whites. He is not a Mississippian, and is partly salaried with Northern money. But in the same city of Jackson lives also what is known here as a colored *faith-doctor*. He wears good clothes and always knows where to lay his hand for a dollar. He lives by the superstition of his race, by his wonder-working prayers, the imposition of hands (Voodooism?), etc. He pretends to effect wonderful cures. I have known him to be called twenty-five miles away where disease had baffled the skill of regular physicians.

Are the negroes improving? In material prosperity and education most assuredly; but not in morality and true religion. It is doubtful if to-day there are as many colored people practical Catholics in Mississippi as there were in 1860. In the churches of the whites they are tolerated, but seldom welcomed; and they must not mingle in the congregation, but remain separate. There are two Catholic orphan asylums, one for girls, the other for boys. But in neither can a colored child be admitted. Of the one hundred and twenty-five members of religious communities employed in educational work, until very recently only one taught a colored school. Of churches for colored people or charitable institutions we have none.

It will be found as difficult a task to convert the negroes of Mississippi as it is to Christianize the Africans of Africa. Let the reader withhold an opinion as to the correctness of my judgment until I shall have enumerated briefly the principal difficulties to be overcome.

The first is race-prejudice, shared in, to some extent, by the Catholics of Mississippi. It seems to be one of the weaknesses of human nature to look upon the unfortunate beings born in slavery as radically inferior to the freeman. Slavery is degrading, and the free-born holds himself above the slave, even though the latter be not responsible for his condition. A generous mind rises above this unreasonable prejudice, but the ordinary man, who for years held and treated the negroes as chattels, only with great difficulty can divest himself of it and kneel, even before the God of love, side by side with his former slave. He must be imbued with the spirit of Christ to do it. Had slavery been abolished gradually, without any ruinous shock to the social frame of the South, master and freedman might have remained friends to their mutual benefit. But after the civil war the white man looked upon the negro as the cause of the five years' strife, of the

ruin of his lordly home, of his present poverty and the loss of two hundred thousand lives. He considered his former slave his legitimate property, of which he had been unjustly deprived by the chances of war, and exactions and extortions from the colored man did not always appear in the light of a moral wrong. A few years ago it was fashionable to circulate books intended to spread the unchristian theory that negroes were born with the indelible curse of God on them, and that they did not descend from our common parents, but were the last link uniting the brute creation to man. Slavery is abolished, but its concomitant, the deep-seated prejudice, the origin of which I have endeavored to point out, has not disappeared. It is so powerful that the white man associating with negroes, let it be for ever so holy a purpose, loses caste and is ostracized.

Slavery left the black woman a helpless prey to the lust of both the black and the white man. If a white woman is insulted the guilty wretch is unceremoniously cowhided or hanged by the chivalrous Mississippian. But if a black female be enticed into bartering her virtue it is nobody's concern. She is a negro, and it is not worth while troubling one's self about her purity. It will not be enough to convert her to the Catholic faith, but it will be necessary to form her to heroic virtue, that she may withstand the avalanche of temptations and allurements to sin. Without pure women we cannot have virtuous mothers and Christian families.

The negro, on being set free, was a homeless and penniless pauper. Many a freedman remained, for a time at least, to work for his master. But the new generation, raised free, soon developed, and yet retain, a migratory and shifting disposition. Being generally tenants on small parcels of land, they shed no tears in leaving one cheerless cabin for another, and move from plantation to plantation, from county to county, and from State to State. How difficult it will be to form them into congregations and to instruct them!

The sects of the South have not yet found it advisable to proselytize the negroes. Indeed, the colored people are often told that they are not wanted in the churches of the whites. White preachers do not find it agreeable or profitable to minister to black congregations. And although numerous self-sacrificing apostles leave every year (with their wives and families) for foreign countries to convert the benighted Mexicans and the Italians, very few of them are found spreading the Bible truth among the negroes in the Mississippi swamps. Still, doctors,

parsons, and deacons are as thick here as majors, colonels, and captains. "Let black preachers," they say, "preach to the black people." But as soon as Catholics will make serious efforts to convert the colored man they must be prepared to meet the opposition of white Protestants. These are the employers or the landlords of the poor negroes, and are therefore in a position to frustrate, to a great extent, any attempt to make them Catholics.

On the contrary, out of a population of over 1,130,000 not more than 14,000 Mississippians belong to the true religion, of whom fully 10,000 are bunched together in the counties of Hancock, Harrison, and Jackson (where there are comparatively few negroes), and in the towns of Vicksburg and Natchez. The remaining 4,000 are scattered over sixty-nine counties, being in the proportion of one Catholic to over two hundred and fifty non-Catholics. Many a Mississippian never spoke in his life to a Roman Catholic, and, were it not for the occasional tirade of the rural preacher against the Pope and the Scarlet Woman, and the frequent warnings against the encroachments of Romanism, which he reads in his Sunday paper, would scarcely know of the existence of the largest body of Christians in the world. The secular missionary priests (we have no religious community of priests) who minister to these four thousand souls, if they have any fixed residence at all, must spend much of their time in travelling from place to place and visiting family after family. Shall they neglect those who are already Catholics in order to stop and convert the negroes? The priestly vocation has few attractions in the diocese of Natchez, and only one of the thirty priests of Mississippi is a native-born Mississippian. The others came to the State at the average age of thirty, having in most instances a foreign language to learn and to familiarize themselves with the abnormal social conditions arising from the strained relations of the two races.

Are these difficulties insurmountable? and shall we, appalled by them, give up the task as hopeless? Christ said: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to myself"; and again: "There shall be one fold and one shepherd." These and other similar promises must and shall be fulfilled. The commands, "Teach all nations," "Preach the Gospel to every creature," are binding on the bishops and priests of to-day as they were on the apostles. The negroes *must* be taught, and the Gospel must be preached to them. The task of pointing out the ways and means of evangelizing them has already been fulfilled by our bishops at the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. They decreed as follows:

"But it being known from experience that only by missions, catechetical instructions, and other exercises of religion especially adapted to their understanding and character can they be successfully induced to accept the faith and a Christian education, we decree that bishops leave nothing undone to have, whenever found possible, churches, schools, orphan asylums, and homes for the poor erected for the use of the negroes. Not only it is our will that a convenient and well-adapted place in the common church be assigned to them and the sacraments assiduously administered, at their option, without discrimination, but we decree besides that the ordinaries of dioceses select, to share in so great an undertaking (*in partem tantæ solicitudinis*), priests, secular or regular, whose only duty shall be to preach to these members of Christ's household, teach the rudiments of faith to their children, and discharge the other apostolical duties towards them with the assistance of the rectors, to whom we forbid the throwing of any obstacle in the way of those missioners to whom the bishop gives so holy a charge. And inasmuch as the greatest number of them are yet without the pale of the church, it is necessary that the ordinaries seek for workmen burning with zeal for souls to send them in that part of the Lord's vineyard (*messis Domini*). The directors of seminaries should know also that it is their duty, sacredly protecting the rights of everybody, to carefully nurture in the souls of students vocations of this kind. . . . Furthermore, inasmuch as the religious communities of missionaries deservedly glory in having consecrated themselves to the Lord in order to distribute the word of God and the bread of life to men whenever necessity requires, they will undoubtedly come cheerfully to the assistance of our bishops.

"At last, we must not leave it unsaid that the establishing of catechists of both sexes would not be found more difficult amongst us than in heathen countries, if missionaries would give the subject proper attention. Great importance should be attached to this help. They will prepare the way to the sacred ministry of the clergy by gathering the negroes in the neighborhood of the church, teaching them catechism and sacred hymns. Thus the hard labor of the priest would bear more abundant fruits.

"In every diocese of this country a collection shall be made each year on the first Sunday of Lent, and the receipts thereof shall be sent to a committee on home missions to be appointed hereafter."

Whatever our private opinions may have been in the past as to the best ways and means of converting the colored people, we Catholics are now bound to obey these decrees, of which I have endeavored to give a liberal translation. Might we not do more? Somebody has said that the three sisters, *Prayer*, *Fasting*, and *Almsgiving*, are all-powerful with God. Not many years ago an Association of Prayers was established in Europe for the conversion of England, and thousands upon thousands of Englishmen have since been received into the Church. Leo XIII. is thought to be more successful in governing the church than several of his immediate predecessors. He also ordered more prayers than they did, and invited the Catholic world to return to the spirit

of St. Francis. The Catholics of the United States are frequently called upon to exercise almsgiving. But the number of their feast-days have been reduced to a minimum, and the law of fasting is now, for them, little more than a relic of the past. A mass is found in *Appendice Missalis Romani pro propagatione fidei* which is seldom, if ever, said in this country. Here is an humble suggestion: Let the feast of the Propagation of the Faith be established on a Sunday, and let it be preceded by a fast-day of obligation. Thus the three sisters, Prayer, Fasting, and Almsgiving, will together present themselves to the throne of God every year with the supplication that heresy and infidelity may be banished from our country. For those who, having received the gift of the apostolate, wish to consecrate their lives to the negro missions of the South, a spirit of prayer, mortification, and poverty is indispensable. No nation or tribe was ever converted except by men imbued with that spirit. Father Faber says:

"I believe, if this unhappy land [England] is ever to be converted, it will be by some religious order who shall exhibit to a degraded and vicious people the vision of evangelical poverty in its sternest perfection. The land that has forsaken Christ must gather to the Baptist first and be attracted to the Jordan by the simplicity of supernatural strictness and antique austerity. . . . All great missionaries, Segneri and Pinamonti, Leonard of Port Maurice and Paul of the Cross, have worn instruments of penance. . . . Without bodily penance zealous apostolic work hardens the heart far more than it sanctifies it."

Catholic laymen, too, may share in this apostolate. Race-prejudices are an obstacle in the way of the missionary. They should exercise their influence to remove them. It should not be forgotten that it is part of our faith that the black and the white man are children of common parents and of our Heavenly Father, who is no acceptor of persons, and that if a curse was pronounced against Cham and his progeny it was blotted out by the blood of Christ, who died for all, and makes no difference between Jew and Gentile, Greek, Roman, and Barbarian. Our kindness and our charity must teach the negroes that, as Christians, we are willing to acknowledge them our brothers.

The layman's influence must also be exercised to elevate the black woman. It is the glory of the Catholic Church that she took from paganism, when they were the tools and the slaves of the stronger sex, the women from whom our mothers and sisters are descended, and made them equal to our forefathers. Shall not the Catholic women of to-day, in their turn, extend a friendly hand to their black sisters to draw them out of the mire of sin

and degradation? It was the task of mediæval chivalry to protect the life and honor of defenceless women, and the Catholics of to-day should not look with indifference upon the prostitution of the black woman. Our conduct towards the negroes, if truly shaped according to the spirit of the church, will soon teach them that we are their friends, and gain us their confidence. They will then listen to us. *Fiat!* L. A. Dutto.

Jackson, Miss.

A DEMURRER TO HENRY GEORGE'S COMPLAINT.

Mr. George, self-appointed spokesman of the discontented masses, has filed his complaint in the court of public opinion against the land-owners. The defendants have filed their varied answers, taking issue on the allegations made by the complainants. Mr. George has become a fanatic in the advocacy of his cause, and the defendants have hurled back invective, have delved into ancient history for precedents, have quoted and misquoted the departed oracles of wisdom as authority, and have wasted a vast amount of mental energy in denying the injustice of private ownership. And as the argument progresses the litigants grow angry and confused, the issue becomes clouded and vague. So the argument for exclusive *possession* has become popular, and has been stereotyped and printed by the multitudinous advocates who appear for the defendants. And after this Mr. George replies that exclusive *possession* will be and must be maintained under his theory. Then the defendants again rally, and plead that private ownership is a natural right and must not be infringed.

But what necessity is there for all these answers, replications, and rejoinders, if we can avoid them by interposing an effective demurrer? Let us spare discussion as to the justice and expediency of private ownership, and as to rights divine or human, until the needs of the hour demand it. Let us admit the injustice, and assume private ownership to be a human right and subject to change or abolition; and even granting all this, Mr. George will not be able to justify his remedy. Admitting all his allegations of fact and all his claims of injustice and of common right, his remedy is barred both in law and in equity by the doctrine of *estoppel*, and the plea is sustained by the court of public opinion.

Examination of Mr. George's complaint reveals his belief in the doctrine of common ownership of land; that the people as a whole own the soil, and individual ownership is immoral. He admits that a man has a right to what he produces and to what he improves; that when he builds a house or tills and improves the soil, he has a right to the building and to the improvements in fences, drainage, etc. He admits the necessity of assuring to the builder and farmer the possession of the creations of his labor, and therefore admits the necessity of giving to them exclusive possession of the land on which the improvements are made. He proposes to combine these seemingly inconsistent ideas by adopting the "taxing land alone" theory, making the State the universal owner and landlord, and giving to the individual owner a possession or tenancy exclusive against all comers except the State; and this possession or tenancy to continue while the land-tax is paid. The points are briefly these: First, he maintains common ownership of land; second, he admits the necessity of exclusive individual possession; third, he reconciles the inconsistency by making the State a landlord, and the individual owner a tenant.

For ages the civilized world has rested firm in the belief in private ownership. By ownership is here meant exclusive possession and right of possession, and that possession only is exclusive that bars all, both State and individual. Henry George and his disciples propose to modify this possession and make it less exclusive by compelling the owner of land to yield a modicum of his right to the State; virtually changing the *fee*, or absolute ownership and right of possession, from the individual to the State.

The harshness of this proposed innovation has been concealed during the late campaign by generous promises that private ownership would practically continue under the proposed plan, and that the change would be only in the method of taxation. But a change in the method of taxation is not the real issue before the court of public opinion, nor is it a change in the amount of taxation. The land-tax is only a means of attaining a certain end, an adroit method of applying a new theory; it is a tax in name only, and actually is a rent for land. Land-taxation as now in vogue is based on a certain and fixed principle. It admits the exclusive right to possession of land, exclusive even of the State. It levies taxes for the expenses of the government; for improvements, which are a *quid pro quo;* and for the general protection given to property and its owners. The tax

changes when the value of the property changes, for the expenses of the government are apportioned to the amount or value of the property demanding protection.

The real issue is a new *reason* for paying certain moneys to the State, to be collected under the name of taxes, and that reason is the right of common ownership of the soil. The proposed land-tax would be a practical application of community of interest in land. The people, represented by the State, would hold the *fee*—that is, the absolute and paramount title and right of possession—and would grant the actual use and possession to the individual on his payment of a rent to be collected by the government as a tax. The State would be the landlord and the individual in possession would be the tenant, and the tenancy would continue while the rent or tax is paid, and no longer. A man might devise this qualified ownership by will, or might convey it by deed, but it would be a devise or conveyance subject to the perpetual burden or condition of paying the land-tax. This suggests a *feudal* relation wholly inconsistent with the *allodial* tenure guaranteed by the Constitution.

Very unhappily for Mr. George's proposed remedy, the people of this State enacted, a century ago, that all lands within the State are to be *allodial*, the *entire property* thereof being vested *in the owner*, subject to escheat in default of lawful heirs; and it was also enacted that feudal tenures and their consequences were abolished.* This act was incorporated in the constitution of the State and forms section 13, article i. No little publicity was given to this method of owning land, and the present occupation of available soil shows that it became very popular. And so the State was continually holding out certain representations of private ownership, and citizens were continually relying upon them and paying a valuable consideration in good faith for their land. There was even a further assurance given by the State of the absolute security a man might have in owning land. Article i. section 6 of the State constitution contains this admirable provision: "Private property shall not be taken for public purposes without compensation," and the same assurance is given by the Federal Constitution;† and so the higher rights of the community were barred unless compensation was made.

Now, while the State was making these representations it was creating a right made indefeasible by the principle and law of *estoppel*. The declaration of the legislature and further assurances of the constitution formed a solemn compact between the

* 2 Rev. Stat. p. 1092, sec. 3.

† Art. V. of Amendments.

citizen and the State, by which the legislature and its successors were as firmly bound as were the land-owners and their heirs and assigns. It was the highest of all human contracts concerning the gifts of Providence known to law or equity; it issued from the sovereign people, and could be modified or abrogated, even for the absolute necessities of the sovereignty itself, only on the payment of compensation. The land-owners having placed their faith in the explicit declarations and assurances of the State, and having paid a valuable consideration for their possessions, the State is now barred and estopped from denying or avoiding them. Whether these declarations were to the justice or injustice of future generations is immaterial, for in any event the State cannot now repudiate them to the injury of the land-owner, except in the single event of that extreme necessity in which property in all things whatsoever becomes common.

This is, in brief, the law of *estoppel*. It is a common-sense rule of human conduct to insure permanency and equity in human affairs, a rule obeyed by honest men and enforced against dishonest men. "It forms," says Professor Story in *Equity Jurisprudence*,* "a very essential element in that fair dealing and rebuke of all fraudulent misrepresentations which it is the boast of courts of equity constantly to promote." Professor Washburn, in his admirable work on Real Property, very tersely declares: "The learning of estoppels is founded as a general principle on the idea that a man shall not defeat his own act or deny its validity to the prejudice of another."†

It is not a rule of conduct for individuals alone, but governs the affairs of the State as well. The Supreme Court of the United States has decided, in Havemeyer *vs.* Iowa Co.,‡ that a contract made by the State, and valid under the law and constitution as then expounded, cannot be impaired by succeeding legislatures or by the judiciary. The Supreme Court of Georgia has decided, in the case of Alexander *vs.* State of Georgia,§ that the State is estopped by its legislative enactments. And so we could cite authorities *ad infinitum*, repeatedly endorsing and emphatically declaring this undeniable rule of civil conduct between the individual and the State.

Applying this rule to the complaint of Mr. George, and briefly summing up, the judgment of the court of public opinion is that the land-owners may rest safe and secure in their possessions unless compensation is paid for what is taken from

* Vol. ii. p. 868.
† Washburn, *Real Property*, vol. iii. p. 70.
‡ 3 Wall. Reports, p. 294.
§ 56 Georgia Reports, p. 478.

them. Innocent purchasers and mortgagees have relied upon the representations of absolute and exclusive private ownership made by the State and guaranteed by the constitution, and have paid a valuable consideration in good faith. Whether the representations are true or false, just or unjust, the State cannot now repudiate them and take away an innocent man's property, or any interest in it, even for public purposes, without compensation.

The very thieves and petty banditti among us enforce among themselves some little sense of honor and equity in dividing their spoils and in secreting one another from their pursuers. And so those much-abused "robbers," the State and the landowners, will not be without some shadow of honesty and fair dealing in settling their affairs together. There is a world of wisdom and honesty in that unalterable principle that he who seeks equity must do equity and come with clean hands. If, in fact, humanity has been robbed among us of its common right to the soil, who are the robbers, if not the people of the State of New York? And how was the robbery perpetrated, if not by the enactment of those laws of private ownership by their authorized voice, the legislature? Mr. George would have the people undo this supposed wrong; but how can they attempt it with hands soiled in the commission of the offence? If, in fact, any injury exists, the people themselves have invented and operated the machinery that produced it. Mr. George's "crusade" has failed. But if it had succeeded; if the deluding sentences of mistaken economists or the hot words of violent demagogues had so misled the people as to have induced them to attempt, under the name of "rent-tax," the repudiation of private ownership without compensation, there is that in the law, in the constitutions of this State and of the United States, and in the conscience of man, which would have branded them as false to the highest obligations of natural equity.

Robert J. Mahon.

LETTERS OF THACKERAY.

Among the most vexed and vexing of recent literary problems there is none which has given rise to fiercer warfare than the propriety of baring to the world those hidden nooks and corners of an author's mind which it was his palpable effort to conceal. Popular writers are not apt to be credited with any undue modesty on this score, and too often, indeed, they seem rather to court than to repel publicity; but it is probable that even the least retiring would like to bargain for a pedestal rather than a dissecting-table, and to have the arranging of their own attitudes and drapery. On the other hand, there are men—and Thackeray was one of them—who, while giving two-thirds of themselves freely to their readers, claim the privilege of keeping the other third in decent obscurity; and it is around these men that our insatiable curiosity rages in vain. There is something depraved in the restless eagerness with which we peer closer and closer into an author's private life when we are for the most part so serenely indifferent to his best work; and it would be edifying to know how many people there are, well acquainted with Carlyle's unhappy *Reminiscences*, who have never read a page of *Sartor Resartus*. Mr. Froude will of course tell us that the mass of mean and trivial matter which he has spread so lavishly before the public is essential to a right understanding of the man, and that we cannot do justice to the *French Revolution* or the *Life of Cromwell* unless we know all about the historian's ill-temper and indigestion, his domestic quarrels, his bodily aches, his dinners, and his washing bills. It is the part of a true friend, says this uncompromising biographer, to withhold nothing; and, such being the case, let us the more cheerfully confide ourselves into the hands of our enemies. "To love Carlyle," sighs Mr. Birrell, "is, thanks to Mr. Froude's superhuman ideal of friendship, a task of much heroism, almost meriting a pension." It is, in fact, only possible for those who step lightly and with averted eyes past the eight solid, shameful volumes in which the dead giant stands pilloried—by his consent, be it spoken—for the wonder and despair of posterity.

Happily no such degradation is to be feared for Thackeray. The more we are permitted to see of him the more lovable he

grows, and "the withered world of Thackerayan satire," about which we have heard such sad nonsense of late, and against which Mr. Ruskin has deemed it necessary to warn his docile followers, melts into fine mist before the cheery sunshine of a smile. Now and then, it is true, we have an uneasy impression that this most genial of men is deliberately pulling on a great-coat of cynicism—pulling it on, as it were, before our very eyes, and then trying to make us believe it is his own skin. He is fond of hinting darkly in his letters that he is about to astonish the world with a particularly cold-blooded piece of mockery; and then, while we are endeavoring to adjust our ideas on this basis, he steps briskly out of his tub, lets fall his lantern, and confronts us with a passage like the following:

"We are taught to be ashamed of our best feelings all our lives. I don't want to blubber upon everybody's shoulder, but to have a good will for all, and a strong, very strong, regard for a few, which I shall not be ashamed to own to them."

False shame and a mock indifference were in truth no part of Thackeray's disposition, and every page in this cluster of letters so recently given to the public is warm with outspoken friendship and love. There is no danger of our misapprehending the writer's kindly nature, but the very sincerity and frankness with which he reveals at once his most sacred thoughts and his most trivial fancies, makes us feel the more strongly that these unreserved outpourings of an affectionate heart should have been held inviolate from the book-making world. The author of *Vanity Fair* was, as we all know, singularly sensitive to the vulgar publicity that attends a successful man of letters; he held aloof from it as much as possible in life, and he made a pathetic, because useless, attempt to cover up his traces before death. To him literature was unhappily not only a staff but a crutch; he belonged to the melancholy list of those who write for daily bread, and as an inevitable result he produced much that he knew to be unworthy of his own genius—miserable little pot-boilers, as he sadly calls them, scribbled off in haste while the printer's boy waited in the hall, and intended only to provoke a laugh in the quickly forgotten pages of *Punch*. There is plenty of evidence, even in the letters to Mrs. Brookfield, that this kind of work was a dismal strain on the proud mind that knew it was stooping to paltry things; and we are painfully reminded of poor Hood stifling his better genius and his Heaven-sent gift of song, while with a heavy heart he wrote the foolish nonsense that a thick-skulled public craved.

"The French people all talk to me about Ponche when I am introduced to them, which wounds my vanity, which is wholesome, very likely,"

comments Thackeray, with grim irony, in one of his Paris notes; and again he cries, with a forced laugh that sounds almost like a sob, that his task is to jeer and to amuse, and that he has written his funniest songs when fit to hang himself. All these forced efforts, these ill-begotten changelings of poverty, were deliberately discarded by their author when, in his mature manhood, he gathered together the children of his brain to whom he was willing to play a father's part. Moreover, he made it his especial request that his daughter would not publish or assist in publishing any memoirs, reminiscences, or biography of his life. Like Cæsar, he covered his face decently with his mantle ere the death-stroke reached him, trusting that no unkind hand would pluck it rudely aside. That he trusted in vain was proven by the recent publication in England of two goodly volumes containing all those miscellaneous odds and ends, those scourings of his intellectual work-shop, which he fondly hoped he had consigned to oblivion; and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, angrily confronting the few thoughtful critics who ventured to look askance upon the deed, has loudly proclaimed, first, that no author has a right to withdraw matter, once printed, from the public; and, secondly, that every scrap of Thackeray's writing is of inestimable, nay, paramount, importance to the world. "The unwise," says Candide, "value every word in an author of repute"; and, acting on this great principle, the *Gazette* is likewise extremely wroth with Mr. Alfred Ainger for the golden circumspection he has observed in his admirable edition of Lamb. Conscious of his unorthodox views, Mr. Ainger defends them in a sentence which might be studied with advantage by all afflicted with the present editorial mania:

"Every writer of mark leaves behind him shreds and remnants of stuff, some of which are characteristic and worthy of preservation, and some are otherwise; and it is, in my deliberate opinion, an injustice to any such writer to dilute his reputation by publishing every scrap of writing that he is known to have produced, merely because the necessity of making a choice may expose the editor to the risk of censure."

It is hardly worth remarking that such unpalatable excellence of counsel is in little danger of being taken seriously to heart. "It is a blessed privilege," says a recent critic, "to be able to swallow an author whole"; and this being the manner in which he is usually served up to us, it behooves us, perhaps,

like the philosophical beggar, to convenience our appetite to what there is to eat. But in the matter of letters it is surely time to call a halt. Ever since the day that it occurred to Pope's too fertile brain to print his own correspondence—sadly touched up and doctored—and then pretend that it was stolen,

> "And what for Caryll once he feigned to feel,
> Transferred in letters, never sent, to Steele,"—

ever since that inauspicious day the flood of epistolary publication has gone on swelling steadily in bulk and dignity. Much of it is of true benefit to mankind. The letters of Gray, of Cowper, of Scott and Lamb, need no word of praise, no echo of commendation. They would be of real value were their writers otherwise unknown; and it has always been a matter of regret that Mrs. Ritchie's filial obedience to her father's wishes has deprived us of those delightful, rambling, witty pages in which Thackeray threw aside the mask that at best but half-disguised him, and laid bare his hopes and sorrows, his ambitions, foibles, sympathy, and love. How far the present bulky volume of letters to Mrs. Brookfield makes good our loss is a question which does not as yet seem easy of answer. They are such pleasant reading, and we are so starved for humor in these serious days, that our principal emotion is one of gratitude; but when the laugh is over, and the reviewers have ceased uttering fervid nonsense about their superlative merits, it is possible that we may arrive at something like a real understanding of what these merits are. A more judicious editing might perhaps have increased the value of the book; for Mrs. Brookfield, while giving us to understand that she withholds a portion of the correspondence, shows a truly feminine anxiety to crowd a great deal of it into print. The result is indeed by no means displeasing, but we cannot help recalling Mr. Birrell's potent suggestion that an editor is not a sweep, and that the misdirected energy which rescues each trivial notelet from the dust savors rather of a collector of curios than of a well-balanced lover of literature. An invitation to dinner, for instance, is often a pleasant enough thing to get; but it does not possess any very lively interest for coming generations, and to print such a communication is to lay one's self open to the sarcastic comments of the disaffected. In one of Sarah Tytler's recent novels, the hero, a graceless young collegian, who writes popular stories for the magazines, excuses himself for not corresponding with his family by affecting to dread just such unseemly revelations of the commonplace:

"Our future biographer," he sighed, "is always standing behind us. Our friends and relatives, the very best of them, are criminally careless about not confiding the compromising documents to the embrace of the flames. Only think of descending to posterity as the originator of—

"'MY DEAR MOTHER:

"'I am coming home on Wednesday. See that my room is aired (for the writer may be an interesting invalid). Order a new set of flannels for me; the last have been a beastly swindle.

"'Love to all.

"'TOM.'"

Now, jests apart, the foregoing note is not wholly unsuggestive of the following, which we extract from Mrs. Brookfield's collection:

"MY DEAR OLD B.:

"Can you come and dine on Thursday at six? I shall be at home—no party, nothing, only me. And about your night-cap, why not come out for a day or two, though the rooms are very comfortable in the church vaults? Farewell. Ever yours,

"LOUISA."

This valuable bit of correspondence is enriched with a footnote, several times its length, describing Mr. Brookfield's pecuniary circumstances, and likewise the "firm rectitude of principle" which would not permit him to run into debt—a reflection which must have been eminently consoling to his wife and family, but which does not particularly concern the idle reader of to-day.

The longer letters, however, are, with scarcely an exception, brimful of Thackeray's peculiar humor—a humor so spontaneous, so mirthful, so wantonly absurd that it is more like the merriment of a bright school-boy than of a gray-headed man of the world. How delightful, for instance, when he suddenly breaks off from some polite commonplaces to make the startling announcement:

"There is a prince here," he writes from Spa, "who is seventy-two years of age and wears frills to his trousers."

That is all. We never hear another word about this scion of royalty, and yet, like Mr. F.'s aunt, he stands oddly forth, a creature to be remembered when likelier and worthier objects are forgot. Or perhaps it is his own note-paper that excites Thackeray's wandering attention, and he stops in the middle of a dissertation on Raphael's pictures to admire with much complacency the nice ruled sheets he is writing on. He interrupts himself now to beg prayers in church for *Pendennis*, that it may be cured of its dulness, and now to break forth into honest, glowing praise of another great man's work.

"Get *David Copperfield*," he writes to Mr. Brookfield. "By Jingo! it's grand; it beats the yellow chap of this month hollow."

And again:

"Have you read Dickens? Oh! it is charming! Brave Dickens! It has some of his very prettiest touches—those inimitable Dickens touches that make such a great writer of him; and the reading of that book has done another author a great deal of good. . . . It has put me on my metal, and made me feel I must do something; that I have fame and name and family to support."

This kind of criticism is balm to our souls after hearing our modern prophets assert with much self-satisfaction that *David Copperfield* belongs to the extinct methods of the past, and that we are at present enjoying—if we only knew it—something immeasurably finer in the dismal commonplaces of the day. There is a story of Anne Thackeray, when a little girl, asking her father with infantine candor why he could not write a book like *Nicholas Nickleby;* and the author of *The Newcomes* and *Henry Esmond* accepted the childish verdict with truly parental humility. Yet, for some inscrutable reason, lovers of Thackeray deem it an essential part of their creed to sneer at Dickens, just as our realistic story-tellers find it necessary to point their own excellence by contemptuous references to both these great men. That it is possible to do very good work in one's own peculiar line, without reducing the value of other people's work in theirs, is an idea which has yet to dawn on the critics and novelists who are reading us such marvellous lessons in the genial art of self-glorification.

Naturally we look to finding the broadest spirit of toleration in one who, like Thackeray, saw the world in its many shifting phases and was equally at his ease in them all. Such a man cannot well tie himself down to a particular fashion of thought and cry out with monotonous persistency that everybody else is wrong. If his letters breathe little of that fresh enjoyment which makes the true charm of Sir Walter Scott's, they show us instead a great many very humorous and very good-natured pictures of London and Continental life. Their writer is just as much at home when dining sedately with his little daughters, or sitting up over a glass of brandy and water with his deaf old uncle, as when slipping unconcernedly into half a dozen balls or lounging in the green-room of a French theatre, "pitching compliments, very large and heavy, of the good old English sort," into the willing ears of a fascinating Parisian actress "with sparkling eyes and the prettiest retroussé nosey-posey in

the world." Yet, for all this seeming indifference to his surroundings, Thackeray manifests a natural, wholesome, old-fashioned prejudice in favor of his own land and race; and his honest English soul, which has been slanderously called cynical, revolts energetically from the real cynicism, shallow, flippant, and brazen, of the Parisian wits. Twice we see him turning angrily from the stage where a tiny child has been brought out to sing coarse, mocking songs "in a feeble, tender, infantine pipe" which reminds him painfully of his own wee daughters at home.

"There was a little girl acting who made one's heart ache," he writes another time. "Poor little rogue! she sang one of her songs from an actor's arms—a wicked song in a sweet little innocent voice."

The easy laugh with which a Frenchman greets the downfall of all he should hold precious rings strangely and sadly in Thackeray's startled ears:

"They don't care for anything," he says wonderingly, "not for religion, not bravery, not liberty, not great men, not modesty."

But he says it with a tolerant shrug, as of one who may find himself mistaken after all, and who, at best, has but little taste for quarrelling with the weaknesses and vices of humanity. It is only when it comes to a question of creeds that this serene forbearance waxes suddenly into a most unreasonable asperity; and the man who can be so lenient to mere worldly folly proceeds to work himself into a white heat over the pernicious counsels of the *Imitatio*. Now, advice to cloistered monks is not always applicable to ordinary every-day existence; but the temperate wisdom of À Kempis ought not to alarm the most apprehensive, and surely in these days of ever-increasing activity there is little danger of our

> "Steam-nursed, steam-borne, steam-killed,
> And gas-enlightened race"

relapsing into monastic solitude and quiet. Yet here we see Thackeray gravely and angrily insisting that the shadow of the Middle Ages hangs like a cloud over the brilliant sunshine of the nineteenth century, and all because of one small volume in which many Christians have found continued strength and consolation:

"The scheme of that book carried out would make the world the most wretched, useless, dreary, doting place of sojourn. There would be no manhood, no love, no tender ties of mother and child, no use of intellect, no trade or science."

This is bad enough, surely, but there is even worse to come; for if we persist in listening to the admonitions of that terrible

old monk who, like the wild huntsman, carries desolation in his train, we are going, before we know it, to be reduced to

"A set of selfish beings, crawling about, avoiding one another, and perpetually howling Miserere."

From this truly terrible possibility it is pleasant to turn to brighter pictures, to follow Thackeray and his little girls into Germany and down the Rhine, to see him picking up everywhere scenes and characters for his great novels—there is one sketch of a musical party which is the very prototype of Mr. Honeyman's evening at home—and to listen to the tender, loving, whimsical praise he lavishes on his two small comrades, who plainly make the whole journey bright for him.

"Anne is a fat lump of pure gold," he writes delightedly; "the kindest, dearest creature, as well as a wag of the first water. It is an immense blessing that Heaven has given me such an artless, affectionate companion."

That sensitive and uneasy vanity which is presumably the birthright of every author appears to have been somehow left out of Thackeray's constitution. He laughs good-humoredly at the critics, and he tells us with unaffected glee how his mother's old friend, Madame Colemache, insisted on introducing him to the authoress Madame Ancelot, who was just dying to see him—"only I found, on talking to her, that she didn't know who I was, and so was no more dying than the most lively of us." In the same insouciant spirit was his absurd proposal to Macaulay that they should change identities at Sir George Napier's dinner, in order to baffle the curiosity of a young American lady who was coming especially to gratify what she declared was the greatest desire of her life by gazing at these two distinguished authors. Macaulay, who regarded his literary fame as far too august a subject for idle mirth, and who would have been about as prompt as Cicero to relish a jest at its expense, replied solemnly that he did not approve of practical joking, and the two lions were each forced to bear their respective honors. "I am afraid I disgusted him," writes Thackeray, with that happy indifference which served to neutralize the natural melancholy of his disposition, and which, aided and abetted by "a sort of artistical good-will to most men," carried him with tolerable smoothness over the ruts of life and saved him an incalculable amount of discomfort.

The American letters display to perfection this good-tempered and jovial unconcern. Whether their writer be gratified, amused, or simply bored, he takes all things as they come and

makes the best of every new experience. That he has leisure to jot down his impressions to absent friends is owing, apparently, to his not being called on every half-hour or so to state them for the benefit of enterprising reporters. These gentry were neither so numerous nor so formidable thirty-six years ago as they are to-day, and the scant breathing-spells between lecturing, sight-seeing, and dining out were not of necessity filled in then, as now, by answering with monotonous precision the Shorter Catechism of the Press. The first letter dates from New York, where the tremendous stir and bustle, the panting, restless activity, seems to have filled Thackeray—at heart the most idle of men—with rather more apprehension than delight. It is all very amazing, of course, but hardly what he would consider comfortable. As we read the following trenchant bit of description, we wonder what words would be left in his vocabulary could he stand in its streets to-day :

"Broadway is miles upon miles long, a rush of life such as I have never seen ; not so full as the Strand, but so rapid. The houses are always being torn down and built up again ; the railroad cars drive slap into the midst of the city. There are barricades and scaffoldings banging everywhere. I have not been in a house, except the fat country one, but something is being done to it, and the hammerings are clattering in the passage, or a wall or steps are down, or the family are going to move."

It is evident he gets his real enjoyment out of the tranquil, leisurely Southern towns, where nobody dreams of taking the trouble to be enthusiastic over him. He is delighted with Richmond and Savannah, and above all with Augusta, where he has

"A snug little languid audience of three or four hundred people, far too lazy to laugh or applaud ; a famous good dinner, breakfast, etc. ; and leisure all the morning to think, and do, and sleep, and read as I like."

He expresses, moreover, some exceedingly unorthodox views on American women and American negroes, finding the former to be pretty enough, but "lean as greyhounds" and prodigiously over-dressed ; and the latter to be most prosaically contented in their bondage.

"The negroes don't shock me or excite my compassionate feelings at all ; they are so grotesque and happy that I can't cry over them. The little black imps are trotting and grinning about the streets, women, workmen, waiters, all well fed and happy."

And he proceeds forthwith to illustrate the subject with a pen-and-ink drawing of his fat negro servant, concerning which it may be sufficient to say that it is at least no worse than the other pen-and-ink drawings with which the letters abound. Let

us remember that they are from Thackeray's hand, and that he never intended we should look at them.

In fact, he never intended we should look at the letters themselves, and our enjoyment of them is sensibly marred by the obtrusive reflection that they would, in all probability, have remained unwritten could their author have foreseen their fate. That Mrs. Ritchie has sanctioned their publication is a circumstance which only partly reconciles our conscience to a close, cold scrutiny of such confiding self-revelations. No one ever wrote with more perfect frankness than Thackeray. If he felt happy he said so brightly; if he felt sad he openly betrayed his dejection. And underlying all the humorous drollery of his letters is a strain of profound weariness, of utter lassitude and depression. He, too, like Amiel, lacked the courage to be light-hearted in the incessant warfare of life.

"I don't pity those who leave the world," he sighs, "not even a fair young girl in her prime. I pity those remaining."

When Mr. Brookfield's father dies he writes thus to his absent friend:

"We've lived as much in forty years as your good old father in his four-score; don't you think so?—and how awfully tired and lonely we are."

And again, struggling dimly with despondency, he protests that to him, at least, existence is no boon:

"I could find it in my heart pretty readily to have an end of it."

The very fulness of his life at times wearies and repulses him. He cries out impatiently that idleness is best, and that a blessed repose of mind and body is worth all the troublesome turmoil of success. It is plain that he enjoys very little of that solid satisfaction which most authors derive from a perpetual contemplation of their own laurels; and this loss, irreparable indeed to him, is not wholly without compensation to his readers. There is something pleasingly human in the modest dissatisfaction of a great man; there is something inexpressibly soothing in the very thought of a successful novelist who does not find he has a mission to regenerate all fiction. We admire Thackeray none the less after reading this bundle of letters; and, in view of the disastrous revelations too often forced upon the world by the publication of a writer's correspondence, there can be no stronger praise than to add that we love him a great deal more.

AGNES REPPLIER.

OUR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

THE obedience of Catholics is wonderful. It is more than natural and can be accounted for only as the effect of grace. Though very extensive, still it is by no means blind. It is intelligent rather, because it is submission to just law and in consequence of principles previously admitted. But law is one thing, advice another: the former is disobeyed, the latter is disregarded.

For Catholics the maintenance of parish schools is no longer an advice; it has become a law. The Fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, the decrees of which were approved by Rome, not only exhort with paternal love, but also command with all the authority which they possess, that Catholic parents procure for their offspring a truly Christian and Catholic education, and that they protect them from the dangers of merely secular instruction by sending them to parochial or other Catholic schools.

For this purpose they decree:

1. "That within two years from the promulgation of the Council a Catholic school shall be erected and perpetually sustained in each parish not already provided with one, unless the bishop, on account of peculiar difficulties, shall see fit to grant an extension of time." 2. "The priest who through grave negligence shall fail in erecting a school within that time or in sustaining it, or who, after repeated warnings, shall neglect it, shall merit removal from his church." 3. "The mission or parish which shall neglect to help its priest erect or sustain a school, so that on account of this neglect the school cannot be established or maintained, shall be reprimanded by the bishop, and by the most prudent and most efficacious means shall be induced to contribute the necessary assistance." 4. "All Catholic parents are obliged to send their children to the parochial schools, unless they sufficiently provide for their Christian education at home or in other Catholic schools, or unless, with the proper safeguards, they have the bishop's permission to send them to secular institutions."

Thus, urged on by experience, the advice of former years has developed into the law of the present time. The bishops of the United States have not waited until the full extent of secular and irreligious education was made manifest. Europe did that, and to-day even Catholic countries are reaping a harvest of infidelity and irreligion. Their clergy realize now, but too late, the fault committed in neglecting the Christian education of youth. They are endeavoring to make better provision for the future, but the past has gone beyond control. They confess that when the schools were open to them and Catholic instruction

might have been imparted, it was in too many cases neglected. They repent now of their neglect, and fight for readmission to the schools from which they are excluded. In some places the only remedy is the establishment of separate Catholic schools. The experience of Europe is dearly bought. Priceless souls have been lost to faith and to God. Even from a material point of view the church has keenly felt the loss. Not only has she been forced to maintain separate schools at great expense, but anarchy and revolution, the effects of secular education, have threatened to seize what has been hers for centuries—the hearts of the people. The Catholics of the United States are not in favor of anarchy, and they maintain the rightful ownership of property; hence, besides the religious motives, which of course are the dominant ones, they desire Catholic schools.

The bishops in council have made the law, and obedience, full and cheerful, intelligent and practical, is manifested in every diocese. In the North and in the South, in the East and in the West, everywhere Catholic schools are being built. Soon, not only in the cities, but in every town that has a Catholic church, there will be a Catholic school. This will be a benefit to the civil order as well as to religion. In the Catholic school the orderly classes will find a nursery for the virtues of the citizen. Catholic schools infuse respect for legitimate authority; godless education has a contrary tendency. Catholic schools are conservative without hindering a wholesome progress. They leaven society with the elements of well-ordered progress. They are the antidote for the poison of to-day.

It is evident, therefore, that for the Catholics of this country there is no longer any question as to whether we shall have parish schools. Their existence is assured. The question now is, How to make them better, how to make them perfect. For this purpose Diocesan School Boards have been organized throughout the land, and their beneficial influence is already apparent. There is greater unity of purpose and of action. More interest is manifested in the work, and as a consequence the educational pulse beats stronger. Men who formerly took things as a matter of course have become quite active under the new decrees. Teachers, pupils, and parents all recognize that a certain centralization of school work has taken place, and that for the future their zealous pastors will not be forced to fight alone for the school. Each school, being part of a general system, is now backed by all the others. This backing is not financial but moral, for the vested rights of parishes have not been ignored but fully recognized. Each school makes and pays its own expenses.

The Council decrees that one or more priests who are conversant with school affairs shall be appointed by the bishop to be the Diocesan Board of Examination. It shall be the duty of this board to examine all who desire to teach in the parish schools, and to grant them, if found competent, a diploma. This diploma shall be good for five years and shall be recognized in all dioceses of the United States. Besides this board the bishop, according to his judgment, shall appoint District Visiting Boards, whose duty it shall be to visit, examine, and report to him on the parish schools of the diocese. This report is to be made through the Diocesan Board of Examination. The District Visiting Boards are thus in subjection to the Central or Diocesan Board. In some dioceses the two boards are merged into one which performs the work of both. The Council adds that certain rights and privileges, to be defined by diocesan statutes, should be allotted to laymen; from which it appears that the right of parents to the education of their children is deemed sacred in the eyes of the church, and that, as soon as circumstances will allow, the priesthood will be assisted in school work by zealous laymen. These are far-reaching regulations, and if properly carried out cannot but be very beneficial to the cause of Catholic education.

Having thus sketched the legal basis of the Catholic school system the kind reader will bear with a few words of a practical character embodying the fruits of experience and observation. Through the Diocesan School Boards the schools are assured of a competent corps of teachers, and the teachers are given a standing which formerly they did not possess. Though the good-will and Christian spirit of those who taught in previous years are not questioned, still it is certain that the law of examination will work to advantage in the future by preventing incapable teachers from seeking a charge. They who were competent before the law was made are now still more competent. The parochial teacher of to-day, thus holding a position of honor, will, we trust, have one of fair emolument also. This emolument should not be confined to the higher grades, for the teachers of primary studies are just as much entitled to it. It is a mistake to think that any one is good enough and knows enough to teach the primary course. Successful results in education depend on good beginnings, and the simpler the studies the more thorough must be the teacher's knowledge of them, and, especially, proficiency in imparting them. A routine teacher cannot succeed in the primary grade. The little children are too natural to be well instructed by artificial methods.

Another work of the Diocesan Board of Examination is the arranging of a course of studies. To take in just enough and leave out what is superfluous is surely a difficult task. However, one defect may be avoided. This is the "cramming process" of the public schools. The judgment and memory of the child should be allowed to develop naturally during its first years at school. They should be assisted and trained by competent teachers; but this training should not be forced or made up of a jumble of many things and a real knowledge of nothing. In after-years progress will be easier and more rapid if a firm foothold in the elements has been secured in the primary course. Even though the child has at disposal but a few school years, the treatment should be the same. If during these years it acquires the habit of study and learns to like it, a self-educated man will be the superstructure of the solid foundation laid at school. On the contrary, if the child is a victim of the "cramming process," it will never touch a book after leaving the grind of school.

They are to be pitied whose duty it is to select text-books for a diocese. Of course it is supposed they have nothing to do but listen to the agents of various publishing houses; but when these gentlemen are through criticising each other's publications, one is inclined to believe that there is no series of school-books fit for adoption. The practical solution of one board was to adopt no series of books whatever as of obligation. The solution of another was to insist on a revision as a condition of adoption. The revision was made, and thus better text-books secured—an advantage due to the establishment of school boards. Objectionable text-books now seem destined to be excluded from our schools. The energy of publishing houses is commendable, and promises that good books will be made even better and lower prices obtained; for "competition is the life of trade" in school-books as in everything else. However, these prices are justified by the certainty of a larger and surer trade than could be promised by individual schools.

Text-books should be within the reach of all. The poor as well as the rich should have them. To compass this result the Fourth Council of Cincinnati ordains that "Any gain resulting from the sale of text-books by those in charge of schools shall be used for the benefit of the schools, and chiefly to purchase books for the poorer children." So wise a regulation should have general force.

Effective school work depends not a little on the school-building. With what consistency can a child be taught habits of personal cleanliness at school while all its surroundings, build-

ing, walls, floors, and desks, are in a state of untidiness and neglect? How can it be taught to respect the property of others when it daily sees the walls, desks, fences, and out-houses of the schools defaced by the pupils with impunity? These may seem trifling examples, but school work is made up of trifles. Education is imparted, not as a solid substance and all at once, but is the effect of a gradual process of development by means of minute influences. The school-building should therefore be neat and clean; this does not imply that it must be luxurious and expensive. Many a rich person is untidy, while the poor are often neat. Cleanliness is a trait of virtue and not of wealth.

To do good work the child should like its school. This cannot be the case if the rooms are so defectively lighted that a constant straining of the eyes is necessary, or if the air of the room is foul and unhealthy. Children must have good air and plenty of light in order to be happy. It is only happy school-children that make fair progress in their studies.

Education is threefold according to the Catholic system—moral, intellectual, and physical. If our schools are careful of the moral and intellectual training of their pupils they should not be neglectful of their physical development. Calisthenics and other bodily exercises may be used to advantage. They will serve to counteract any incipient tendency towards deformity, and, especially, will render well-developed children more graceful in action. An eminent surgeon states that nearly ninety per cent. of all cases of spinal curvature occur during school-life. The faulty construction of desks and seats may often be blamed for this and many other deformities. Good and comfortable desks may be bought to-day as cheap as the benches of thirty years ago. Then why not use them? Again, many of the school-children of to-day, especially those who attend the public schools where the "cramming process" is in vogue, appear languid and spiritless. If a school-girl can walk scarcely twenty or thirty minutes without fatigue, her physical development is not what it should be. And still she is expected to spend from six to ten hours each day at study. This is educating one part of the child at the expense of the other. This is not in accord with good sense, and should be no part of the Catholic system.

The importance of thorough ventilation in schools cannot be overlooked. In Michigan, a State noted for its superior educational system, not one in three of all public school-buildings is properly lighted and ventilated. Possibly the same may be said of some of its older Catholic schools. To secure ventilation

teachers resort to opening windows—a remedy as bad as the defect. A draught of air, by this means of ventilation, is allowed to blow upon the pupils, and chronic catarrhal affections and diseases of the throat, nose, and ears are the result. The temperature of the school-room should not be higher than sixty-eight or seventy degrees, whereas in the majority of school-rooms it ranges from seventy to seventy-eight degrees. When leaving the dry atmosphere of such a room and going out into the damp and frosty air of mid-winter, pupils suffer greatly, and pulmonary troubles are often the consequence. Ventilation, to be useful, should be constant and not spasmodic.

But how shall we support our schools? The just and the American reply is, From an equitable share of the school-tax, paid by Catholics no less than by Protestants. But until this or some other fair method is introduced the practical response must be, From our own resources. It is desirable that the parochial schools be free schools. Various plans are in use for this purpose, with greater or less success. Some parishes take from the ordinary revenues of the church what is required to support the school. "The school of to-day is the congregation of to-morrow: take away the school," they say, "and in a few years the church-doors may be closed." Others, though admitting the truth of this remark, prefer to support their schools by collecting fees from each pupil able to pay. Theoretically this *may* be good, but with free public schools in opposition to it the practice is rendered difficult. Again, in some parishes school societies are organized, whose members pay dues which go to support the schools. Quite an amount is collected in this manner, and what more is needed is taken from the ordinary revenues. There is another system which seems entirely just and works well in many places. By it the school is rendered self-supporting. To the free parochial department, consisting of the studies usually taught children, a senior or academic course is added. The pupils of this grade are required to pay charges for tuition. Instrumental music, which to-day has become so general, is also made a source of revenue. Ordinarily only the wealthier class of children are able to continue at school after their twelfth or thirteenth year. *Up to that time the education of all is free.* The upper departments of the school thus support the lower, and together they afford an excellent education both in what is necessary and what is optional. Exceptionally bright children of poor parentage may easily be made partakers of this advantage, and given free tuition in the higher grade. The burden of support, according to this plan, is also placed where

properly it belongs—on those who require more extensive instruction and are able to pay for it. If the high-schools of the country were supported in this manner they would not be such an injustice to the poorer classes who cannot use them.

Maintaining parochial schools is a burden, but it is one of the sweetest burdens of Catholic life. The lively faith, the fervent devotion, the unsullied innocence of our children are surely worth preserving. There are too many wrecks on the sea of life, and most of them are caused by defective education in childhood's years. The Catholic Church, which in the centuries of the past preserved society from the effects of ruthless barbarian invasions, is determined to defend it now from greater and more destructive enemies—from irreligion and pagan infidelity. She will do this now, as in the past, by her schools.

Marshall, Mich. P. A. BAART.

HYMN TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

As the moon on the ocean,
  As the wind through the willow,
As sleep o'er emotion,
  As sweet dreams round Care's pillow,
My spirit confesses
  Thy power, and blesses
Thy name, O sweet Star of life's billow.

When tempest and thunder
  Around me were raving,
And the hungry deep, under,
  Howled clamorous craving,
And answered, wild moaning,
  The whirlblast's hoarse groaning,
Thy light was my guiding and saving.

And, now, where I see thee
  Smile forth in the air,
I kneel down and breathe thee
  A heart-uttered prayer.
O MARY, receive it
  In love, and believe it,
Though simple, in reverent devotion sincere.

F. W.

THE BEGINNINGS OF GEORGETOWN COLLEGE.

WHEN the flourishing colony established by Lord Baltimore and the Catholics upon the St. Mary's River in 1634 was converted from an asylum of civil and religious toleration into an arena of savage persecution, the pacific founders of Maryland fled further into the wilderness from an oppression more galling than that which they had left behind them in the Old World. The era of Catholic toleration, the fairest episode in the history of English colonization on this continent, was succeeded by a century of religious bigotry and incessant persecutions not to be relaxed until the English power itself was broken for ever by the American Revolution.

The beginnings of Georgetown College, including the parent school at Bohemia Manor, date back to the days of the Jacobite wars and "Charlie over the water." When the Young Pretender landed in Scotland and carried his standards in triumph almost to the gates of London, the unhappy Catholics were ground between the upper and nether millstones. His defeat at Culloden and flight in woman's disguise from the kingdom completed their discomfiture. Rightly or wrongly, George II. suspected the Catholics of sympathy with the Stuarts, and both at home and in the colonies they were made to feel his vengeance. The penal laws in Maryland were so rigorously enforced that the Land of the Sanctuary soon became the camping-ground of informers and a hotbed of religious fanatics. Chief objects of their wrath, common prey of Episcopalian and Puritan sectaries, were the sons of Loyola, those apostles of the Maryland missions, who laid the foundations of the Catholic Church in the United States. Fleeing into the forests, the Jesuits and many of the laity of Maryland sought a place of refuge across Chesapeake Bay, near the border-lines of Delaware and Pennsylvania, into the more tolerant jurisdiction of which colonies they might readily escape if discovered and pursued by the myrmidons of the persecutors. Here the hunted Jesuits found a safe asylum, and the sense of security was enhanced, as Father Mosley quaintly remarks, because it was "nigh Philadelphia, which is a vast advantage." *

Augustine Herman, a well-known New Netherland Dutchman of the olden day, from whom some of the most respectable

* Shea's *Catholic Church in Colonial Days*, p. 369.

families of Delaware and the Eastern Shore of Maryland are descended, owned a manor near the Great and Little Bohemia rivers in Cecil County, Maryland. Hither came, in 1704, Father Thomas Mansell, pioneer of the fugitive Jesuits from Southern Maryland. He obtained a patent, July 10, 1706, under conditions of plantation, for four hundred and fifty-eight acres of land near the southeast junctions of the above rivers; and James Heath, a Catholic settler, sold the Jesuits later on an adjacent tract where the manor-house of the fathers and a chapel for the Catholics of the vicinity were erected. Father Mansell conveyed the plantation to Father Thomas Hodgson, February 20, 1723, and, as we are informed by Dr. John Gilmary Shea, "Bohemia seems to have been for a long period in the early history of the American Church the Tusculum of the Society of Jesus."*

The name of Poulton should be cherished by the Catholics of this country, for it is connected with the first Catholic school of which we have any record in the English colonies—that of Bohemia Academy. Father Thomas Poulton, S.J., opened this school in 1745 or 1746. But over a hundred years earlier another Maryland priest of the same honored name, Father Ferdinand Poulton, who went by the name of Father Brock, submitted to his order a scheme for establishing a seat of learning in the province of Maryland. "The hope of establishing a college which you hold forth," said the Jesuit provincial in a letter to Father Brock, "I embrace with pleasure, and shall not delay my sanction to the plan when it shall have reached maturity."†

Father Brock was accidentally shot soon after, while crossing the St. Mary's River, and his educational scheme for the Catholics of Maryland appears to have died with him. The missionaries, from the days of Fathers White and Rigby, had, of course, maintained schools of some sort in the province, but, as Chief-Justice Taney says in his autobiography, the rigors of the times and the penalties denounced against those who imparted Catholic education rendered it necessary to resort to secrecy. Father Thomas Poulton, who joined the Maryland missions in 1738, and was stationed at Bohemia from 1742 to 1749, opened his famous school about the time of the defeat of the Young Pretender. The terms for those who studied the classics were £40 a year, and £30 for those who took only the English course. Peter Lopez, Daniel Carroll, Edward Neale, the Virginia as well as the Maryland Brents, and others among the Catholic planters,

* *Ibid.* p. 404.

† *U. S. Cath. Mag.*, vii. p. 580.

sent their sons to Bohemia Academy. "Among the earliest known pupils were Benedict and Edward Neale, James Heath, Robert Brent, Archibald Richard, and 'Jacky Carroll,' a future archbishop of Baltimore. The highest number of pupils did not apparently exceed forty." *

Here the proscribed priests gave the Catholic youth of the colony the rudiments of a classical education; here in unfrequented wilds beyond the Chesapeake, a hundred and fifty years ago, was established the mother-house from which arose Georgetown College; here was opened the only professedly Catholic seat of education in the British colonies of North America. Bohemia Academy was maintained for over a quarter of a century. When the Jesuits were disbanded by their suppression in 1773, and the toga, in the rising tide of the Revolution, finally yielded to arms, their Tusculum in the sylvan solitude of the Eastern Shore suffered the common fate of the times. Their academy was closed for sixteen years, and when the scattered faculty resumed the education of youth the field of their labors was transferred from the Eastern Shore to the Heights of Georgetown, on the Potomac River. The old Bohemia mother-house in the days of persecution had fulfilled its mission, and its young daughter, born into the world in the happier days of freedom, grew into maturity almost on the spot where Father White, one hundred and fifty-five years before, had first borne the message of the Gospel to the Indian tribe of the Piscataways.

Georgetown College was established in 1789, about sixteen years after the closing of the academy of Bohemia Manor, and is the oldest Catholic college, as its founder, Rev. John Carroll, was the first Catholic bishop in the United States. A Jesuit at the time of the suppression of the Society by Pope Clement XIV. in 1773, Father Carroll did not submit himself to the voluntary rule of association under which the disbanded Jesuits of Maryland and Pennsylvania decided to live after their corporate dissolution. The first Jesuit missionaries of Maryland had acquired a considerable landed estate under conditions of plantation laid down by the early proprietary government, and this was augmented from time to time by purchases and grants for missionary purposes from the Indians, and by bequests on the part of pious and opulent planters among the colonists. The Jesuits owned several large and fertile farms in Maryland at the time of their suppression, and they supported themselves and continued their missionary labors in that colony out of the revenues derived from

* *U. S. Cath. Mag.*, p. 404.

these farms, which certain individuals held in confidential trust for the owners. The voluntary association of ex-Jesuits still recognized Father John Lewis, late provincial of the order, as their superior, and Father John Ashton, one of their number, and a man of extraordinary administrative talents, as their procurator, or manager of the temporalities. Father Lewis was soon appointed vicar in this country of the vicar-apostolic of the London district, and held that position until superseded in 1784 by Rev. John Carroll, whose appointment had been urged upon the Holy See by Benjamin Franklin, then minister to France. While Father Carroll thus became the superior in spirituals, the patrimony of the old Maryland Jesuits was continued in charge of Father John Ashton, an Irish Jesuit who came to Maryland in 1767, and whom Father Carroll described in a letter to Rev. Charles Plowden in 1780 as "the most industrious man in Maryland," adding, "It is a pity he could not have the management of all the estates belonging to the clergy in this country; they would yield thrice as much as they now do." Father Carroll's thoughts had been long directed to the establishment of an academy for youth and a seminary on Georgetown Heights for ecclesiastical students. He submitted his plans to his English friend, Father Plowden, and solicited aid and subscriptions from the wealthy Catholics of Great Britain. On the 30th day of March, 1787, he sent out to England "Proposals for Establishing an Academy at Georgetown, Potowmack River, Maryland." Rev. Charles Plowden and Edward Weld, Esq., and lady were the persons to whom the appeal was addressed. After stating the object of the institution and the plan of education, Father Carroll designates the gentlemen who will receive subscriptions. Charles Carroll of Carrollton heads the committee for Maryland, George Meade for Pennsylvania, Col. Fitzgerald for Virginia, and Dominick Lynch for New York. The document concludes as follows:

"Subscriptions will also be received and every necessary information given by the following gentlemen, directors of the undertaking: The Rev. Messrs. John Carroll, James Pellentz, Robert Molyneux, John Ashton, and Leonard Neale."

Father Carroll's hopes for English aid were destined to disappointment. "These missives were despatched," said the late Father John G. Sumner, S.J., in a memoir of Georgetown College, "freighted with the best hopes of our energetic founder, but destined, as tradition states, to prove fruitless of result."

It had been Father Carroll's original intention not to confide

his proposed college to the sole care of his ex-Jesuit associates, but to unite with them the Sulpicians who had arrived from France in 1790 in consequence of the Revolution. With this object in view he at once gave them an equal prominence with those who were formerly Jesuits in the board of directors and professors of Georgetown College.

But this coalition was not popular, and created some difficulty. The new-comers were greatly respected for their learning and piety, and awakened much sympathy as victims of the French Revolution. As Dr. Carroll's scheme for raising funds outside had failed, and he was obliged in the end to fall back upon the freely-offered means of the Maryland Jesuits, it was plain that the Sulpicians could not be held to have an equal interest with them in the temporalities of the college. Some years elapsed before Bishop Carroll took steps to effect a change in the *personnel* of the faculty. During the time of the Rev. Robert Plunkett, who was the first president, the college depended chiefly on laymen as teachers. Rev. Robert Molyneux, the second, and Rev. William Du Bourg, the third, president, had several clergymen among the teachers, especially the pious but rather irritable Father Marechal, a learned Sulpician, and, later, Archbishop of Baltimore.

It became evident to Bishop Carroll that the college was not fulfilling the expectations of its founders under the twofold management of Jesuits and Sulpicians, and accordingly he removed Rev. William Du Bourg, afterwards so distinguished as a bishop, from the office of president, December 24, 1798, and Father Leonard Neale was appointed his successor. Father Marechal was transferred to Bohemia Manor, and when that property was restored to the Jesuits, against his wishes he returned to the Sulpicians at Baltimore, and subsequently succeeded Archbishop Neale in the see of Baltimore.

The *ratio studiorum* of the Jesuits was adopted at Georgetown under Father Neale, and fewer lay teachers were employed in the college. Upon the restoration of the Society of Jesus the changes, which before had been gradual and quietly conducted by Bishop Carroll, were finally completed by the formal surrender of the college to the Jesuits. Another procurator of the temporalities now, in 1806, succeeded Father Ashton, and he proved himself to be a man of the same extraordinary ability in affairs. This was Mr., afterwards Father, John McElroy, who completed the north wing of the college in 1808, and displayed the same rare business sense at Georgetown which enabled him

later in life to achieve such grand results in Boston. To those two business managers, Ashton and McElroy, Georgetown College is as much indebted as to any other two men ever connected with the institution.

It was, on the whole, far more satisfactory and appropriate that the ancient patrimony of Father White and the early Jesuit fathers of the Land of the Sanctuary should have furnished the money to lay the foundations of the first Catholic college in the United States. From 1634 to 1790, with the exception, during a short period, of a few Franciscans, the Jesuits had been the only missionaries who planted the faith and kept it alive during a century of persecution in the colony of Maryland. They had a hold upon the mind and heart of the people among whom they had lived so long which nothing could shake or diminish. Dr. Carroll had been a Jesuit down to the time of the suppression of the order, and although, in the temporary affiliation formed by its members after that event under the direction of Father Lewis, he chose to live apart from his former companions, his affection for them was unaltered, and his joy at the restoration of the Society at a subsequent day was genuinely sincere.

The first building was erected in 1789, but the academy was not opened until the fall of 1791. Father Robert Plunkett was appointed president, and the first boy entered on the roll of students was William Gaston, of North Carolina—first not only in time but in talents and distinction in the whole history of the college. A profound scholar and an orator of the first rank, William Gaston entered the House of Representatives in 1813, and delivered there one of the half-dozen really great speeches which have been heard in Congress—that upon the Tyranny of the Previous Question; sat in the House for four years, was an acknowledged leader of the Federal party, and might have been President had he not been what was better, a pious Catholic. To him belongs the honor of having unhorsed Henry Clay in debate—an achievement never before or afterwards accomplished by any other of the contemporaries of the illustrious Mill Boy of the Slashes. Gaston also had the honor on one occasion of receiving the services of Daniel Webster as an amanuensis. He had made a wonderful speech in the House, and when Mr. Webster urged him to publish it, no adequate report of it having been made, Mr. Gaston replied that he had spoken impromptu from a few notes, and felt an invincible repugnance to writing out that or any other speech *in extenso*. "Very well," said Webster, seating himself at the table, "take your notes and dictate that speech, and I will play amanuensis."

It was a graceful and filial tribute to Georgetown College that the act of Congress raising the institution to the rank of a university should have been introduced by its former distinguished student, William Gaston. The annals of Congress for the year 1815 contain an account of the transaction. On the 27th of January of that year Mr. Gaston arose in his place in the House and presented in fitting terms the petition of the president and directors of Georgetown College to be invested with the authority to confer the usual academical honors and collegiate degrees on those who, by their proficiency in the arts and sciences and in the attainments of scholarship, might be found deserving of such distinctions. The bill was referred to the Committee on the District of Columbia and passed the House on the 4th of February. It was sent the same day for concurrence to the Senate, but here it was referred to a select committee—Goldsborough of Maryland, Fromentin of Louisiana, and Horsey of Delaware. They kept it in their hands during the greater part of the month, and it was feared the committee might amend it injuriously; but, thanks to Mr. Gaston and the intrinsic merits of the case, any latent bigotry which might have been at work was removed, and it was reported, without amendment, by Mr. Goldsborough on the 23d of February, received its third reading on the 27th, and passed the Senate on the same day.

The writer has left himself no space for several topics of college history upon which he had intended to dwell. That was a red-letter day in the annals of the college when General Washington, in 1797, went to make a call upon the fathers at Georgetown. Robert Walsh, *ætat* twelve, afterwards a noted man of letters, welcomed the Father of his Country with a poetical address, and Father Matthews extended the hospitalities of the house. General Washington's interest in the college was handed down in his family for four generations. Two of his grand-nephews, Augustine and Bushrod Washington, were students there in 1793. George, son of the younger Bushrod, in 1830, and Henry, son of Lawrence Washington, of Westmoreland County, Va., in 1834, were also students at Georgetown.

He who examines the earliest landmarks of Catholic colonization in North America will be struck by the singular influence of opposite causes in promoting and retarding its growth. Catholic explorers made the first settlements in New England. Cartier and Champlain, with the Franciscans and Jesuits, planted the lilies of France within the present northeastern portion of the United States many years before the arrival of the Puri-

tans. The names of rivers and lakes denote their Catholic discovery. Leaving out of view the Spanish settlements to the southward, among the rival European nations contending for dóminion in the New World, France was the first to reach that precise point on the Atlantic coast which afforded the only practicable entrance for the exploration of the vast interior portion of the most important division of North America. But the explorations of Cartier and Champlain proved but a stage and resting-place in the progress of French discoveries. Within fifty years from the time when those intrepid pioneers, the French Jesuit missionaries, began to penetrate into the basin of the upper lakes, the sources of the Mississippi and its principal branches, as well as the channel of the mighty river itself down to where it empties into the Gulf of Mexico, had been again and again visited and traversed. A continuous line of French posts and missionary establishments before the close of the seventeenth century extended from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to that of the Mississippi. Allouez, Joliet, Marquette, and La Salle were the first European pioneers of the West; and although mighty cities and States have grown up in the regions first trod by these Catholic missionaries, and the sceptre has passed to an alien race, their names are imperishably connected with the country as its discoverers. One of them was the first white man that ever reached the Father of the Lakes, another discovered the sources of the Mississippi, while still another completed the work by reaching its mouth, and, being shipwrecked on the shores of Texas, settled there and made Texas a French discovery and "a part of Louisiana."

This is not the place to inquire into the causes of the failure of French Catholic colonization, and the success of the Catholic Pilgrims of the *Ark* and the *Dove* who founded under Lord Baltimore the colony of Maryland. The movement, although it ended in failure, furnishes the most splendid story of Christian heroism since the days of the Apostles. That which through tribulation and feeble beginnings finally triumphed, and led to the foundation of the Catholic Church in the United States, is only known to history through the fragmentary remains of letters and narratives that have escaped the wreck of persecution and the crusade of destruction against all Catholic landmarks in the English colonies of North America. The history of New France is preserved in the Jesuit Relations. The *Relatio Itineris* of Father White, unearthed at Rome about a half-century ago by Father William McSherry, of Georgetown College, sheds

almost the only ray of light that is left to us to dispel the twilight of fable and falsehood which envelops the first asylum of civil and religious liberty in British America. Race prejudices, before which the French explorers fell, did not assail the Catholic pioneers from England, Ireland, and Scotland. Speaking the same language and acknowledging allegiance to the same throne as the Protestant settlers, Lord Baltimore's Catholic pilgrims succumbed to another cause. Religious prejudices and bigotry, at the time of the English revolution of 1688, assailed the Catholics on all sides, and Calvert's Charter and the Toleration Act were torn to shreds by Protestant ascendency. "Why," exclaims the eloquent Read, "is the Rock of Plymouth classic ground, consecrated by annual outpourings of the mind and heart of cis-Atlantic Attica, while old St. Mary's and St. Inigo's, the primal seats of civil and religious liberty, are known but to an occasional wanderer?"

The answer is that the spirit of the Catholic colonists was crushed; they were denied education, penalties of the severest kind were inflicted on every Catholic instructor of youth, and the sources of history were dried up and almost extirpated from the soil which Calvert had dedicated to civil and religious liberty. From this torpor of death two Jesuit fathers at last awakened the Catholics of Maryland. Dr. James Ryder, S.J., then vice-president of Georgetown College, established the Philodemic Society in that institution in 1830, and Rev. George Fenwick, S.J., prefect of schools and a professor in the college, used that society as a propaganda among the descendants of the Maryland Pilgrim Fathers to revive memories of a glorious but forgotten past, and to prepare the people for triennial celebrations of the Catholic settlement of Maryland. In 1842 this society celebrated the landing of the Pilgrims of Maryland upon the very spot in St. Mary's County where the Catholic founders had landed in 1634. That celebration, brought about through the zeal of Dr. Ryder and Father George Fenwick, and the great oration delivered by William George Read, first aroused the dormant pride of American Catholics in the achievements of their forefathers and in the sublime part played by Catholics in American colonization. George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of Washington, composed an ode in commemoration of the Catholic founders of Maryland, which was set to the music of the "Star Spangled Banner" and rendered with thrilling effect by Mr. Custis, Father Fenwick, and Miss Carroll. Custis of Arlington, the distinguished Protes-

tant; Fenwick, the Jesuit, a descendant of the famous Pilgrim Father, Cuthbert Fenwick; and Miss Carroll, the granddaughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the Catholic signer, chanting the praises of Lord Baltimore and the pioneers of civil and religious liberty on this continent, presented a group of singers worthy of the Muse of history. "The glory of children is their fathers." This pious custom of celebrating the landing of the Pilgrims, introduced by Georgetown College, was kept up for a considerable period, but has long since fallen into disuse. Would it not be well for the college, now become so flourishing, to revive the celebration of Catholic Forefathers' Day?

J. FAIRFAX MCLAUGHLIN.

LOUIS PASTEUR.

AMONG the reproaches commonly addressed to the nineteenth century, that of being a century of egotists, a century in which every man lives for himself, is one of the most frequent. Perhaps there may be some foundation for this accusation. But if, unfortunately, we are open to the accusation of selfishness, on another hand be it said, to the honor of our century, that scarcely in any age were greater public efforts made to alleviate the sufferings of the poorer classes; if individual action be less generous than Christian charity might desire, still public institutions were never more flourishing than in our time. And however great our defects may be, much will be pardoned to the century which has given birth to such men as Louis Pasteur.

In this sketch we intend presenting to the reader, as far as space permits, an account of the principal works of this eminent man.

Pasteur's father served his country as a soldier, and was decorated on the battle-field for his many acts of courage. His time of military service having expired, he returned to his department, and, having neither fortune nor home, his struggle for life was hard. Bravely he set to work, electing the trade of tanner. After some time of steady industry, the business prospering at Dôle, he married a young girl to whom he was deeply attached. One year after their son Louis was born, and from his earliest days the fond parents declared they would make of

him a learned man. Three years after his birth the family settled at Arbois, where Pasteur's father had purchased a tan-yard.

It was at Arbois that Louis acquired his first insight into knowledge; he was sent to the Communal College as soon as he was old enough to be received as a half-pay scholar. At the outset of his college life he was far from realizing either his father's or his professor's idea of a thoroughly diligent scholar, and exhibited a far greater taste for sketching—especially portraits—than for the various branches of study, chemistry being, in fact, the only subject which really fixed his attention. So excellent were the portraits done by him that many of his father's friends declared it a great misfortune that the boy should devote himself to the dry study of chemistry, whereas he could quickly rise to fame as an artist. Little did they then dream of the glorious future awaiting him, of all the honors that would be showered upon him, and of the bright day when, in the old Rue des Tanneurs at Dôle, a plate inscribed with the words in letters of gold:

HERE LOUIS PASTEUR WAS BORN
27th December, 1822,

should be placed on the house in which he had seen the light. Pasteur himself witnessed this ceremony with tears of emotion welling in his eyes.

For some years drawing and chemistry divided his attention almost equally, and it was not until he had attained to the third class that, realizing at last the extent of the sacrifices his parents imposed on themselves in order to enable him to pursue his studies, he determined to lay aside his sketching and devote himself exclusively to chemistry. When sufficiently advanced to enter the class of philosophy he went to Besançon, the college of Arbois having no professor of philosophy. At the end of the year he passed his examination of the *baccalauréat ès lettres* with success, and at once obtained a position as tutor in the college, where he applied himself to the study of mathematics required in the examination for the École Normale.* At the end of the year he passed fourteenth in his class, and determined to continue his preparatory studies in Paris. There he entered the institution of M. Barbet in the *Impasse des Feuillantines*, where he was received on reduced terms and shown much kindness. At the end of this year Pasteur passed fourth on the list and entered the École Normale. The long-cherished desire was

* This school, established in the Rue d'Ulm, in Paris, in 1795, is intended by a course of three years to fit young men for professorships. For admission they must be between the ages of seventeen and twenty-three, must have taken the degrees of *bachelier ès lettres* and *bachelier ès sciences.*

thus fulfilled. He would now be able to study chemistry to his heart's content, both the laboratory and library of the École being celebrated.

M. Balard, a lively *méridional*, was at that time the professor of chemistry at the school, whilst the lectures of the Sorbonne, which the pupils of the Normale likewise attended, were given by M. Dumas with the never-varying seriousness that characterized him. The different methods of teaching of these two masters suited Pasteur admirably, and each day he grew more enthusiastic over his favorite study. The rule of the École is to allow much liberty of work to the pupils; thus individual research has free scope. This was exactly the system adapted to Pasteur, and endless were the experiments he tried; he never rested until he had succeeded in reproducing the experiments he had seen made by his professors. It was this liberty of study which became the starting-point of what we may term the initial step towards Pasteur's first discovery.

Just about this time the Académie des Sciences received a note from Mitscherlich, the German chemist, which troubled all Pasteur's ideas. It ran as follows: "The paratartrate and the tartrate of soda and ammonia have the same chemical composition, the same crystalline form, the same angles, the same specific weight, the same double refraction, and consequently the same inclination of the optic axes. Dissolved in water, their refraction is the same. But while the dissolved tartrate causes the plane of polarized light to rotate, the paratartrate exerts no such action. M. Biot has found this to be the case with the whole series of these two kinds of salt. Here" (added Mitscherlich) "the nature and the number of the atoms, their arrangement and their distances apart, are the same in the two bodies."

Having read the note and reflected seriously over it, Pasteur could not admit that in two chemical substances the arrangement, number, and nature of the atoms could be exactly alike; far from it, he felt more and more convinced of the contrary as he studied the subject deeper. He was admitted as *agrégé* of physical science at the expiration of his three years at the École Normale. He remained with his professor, M. Balard, and commenced in good earnest the study of crystallography with the valuable aid of the works of M. de la Provostaye, which are particularly remarkable for the perfection of research shown throughout by the author. Notwithstanding this, Pasteur saw clearly, when he had finished the books, that certain facts had escaped M. de la Provostaye.

In general, the greater number of mineral objects possess one, and sometimes even several planes of symmetry; there are, nevertheless, some exceptions, such as rock crystal, which has no plane of symmetry. This the author naturally understood, but some small facets had passed unnoticed by him. He had not perceived that the crystalline forms of tartaric acid and its compounds must be classed in a group of objects having no plane of symmetry. The same remark applies likewise to all the chemical compounds of the same acid. On further search he discovered that the crystalline forms, and all the compounds of paratartaric acid, form part of that division of natural objects possessing a plane of symmetry.

The delight of Pasteur at this discovery knew no bounds. He perceived in it a means of solving the difficulties to which the note of Mitscherlich had given rise when he spoke of an optical difference between two chemical compounds known to be identically alike in other respects. To this point, therefore, Pasteur directed all his thoughts and experiments, and he at last knew the joy of finding his efforts completely successful. When the happy result of his labors was reported to the Académie des Sciences, its members, amongst whom were Biot, Dumas, De Senarmont, Balard, and Arago, were fairly astonished, some, in fact, quite incredulous. M. Biot, to whom was allotted the task of making out the report, obliged Pasteur to give him the verification of every point he had put forth. The interview which took place between him and M. Biot was once described as follows by Pasteur in a public lecture:

"He requested me to come to his house, and there gave me some paratartaric acid, which he himself had carefully studied and found completely neutral with regard to polarized light. It was not in the laboratory of the École Normale, but in his own kitchen, and in his presence, that I was to prepare this double salt with soda and ammonia, procured by himself. The liquid was left slowly to evaporate. Ten days later, when it had deposited thirty or forty grammes of crystals, he asked me to come to the Collége de France to collect the crystals and extract specimens of the two kinds from them; these he proposed to have placed, the one on his right hand, the other on his left, desiring me to declare if I was ready to reaffirm that the crystals to the right would turn the plane of polarization to the right, and the others to the left. This declaration made, he said he would take upon himself the rest of the inquiry. M. Biot then prepared the solutions in well-measured proportions, and, at the moment of observing them in the polarizing apparatus, he invited me again to come to his study. He first placed in the apparatus the most interesting solution, that which ought to deviate to the left. Without making the slightest measurement he saw, by the mere inspection of the colors of the ordinary and the extra-

ordinary images of the analyzer, that there was a very strong deviation to the left. Deeply moved, the illustrious old man took my arm and said: My dear child, I have loved science so well throughout my life that this makes my heart beat.'"

About this time Pasteur was appointed assistant professor of chemistry at Strasbourg, where he applied himself energetically to his work. The only interruption came from his betrothal with Mademoiselle Marie Laurent, daughter of the rector of the Academy. Some friends relate that as he did not appear at the appointed hour on the morning of his marriage, they were obliged to go and seek him in his laboratory, and remind him of the ceremony about to be performed. Of this union one daughter was born, and she was married some years since to M. Valery Radot, whose very interesting book, *L'Histoire d'un Savant par un Ignorant*, will be read with much pleasure by those who desire to follow all the works of Pasteur in detail. In the splendid portrait of Pasteur, by Bonnat, exhibited in the Paris *Salon* of last year, he is represented standing up, with his little granddaughter, Mlle. Valery Radot, at his side.

Much discussion took place between M. Dessaigues, a celebrated chemist, and Pasteur, the former declaring that from experiments he had made on the subject of bodies exercising or not exercising an optic action, turning the plane of polarized light in a state of solution, he had drawn the conclusions that bodies which in themselves possessed no action with regard to polarized light, and were consequently non-dissymmetric, might be changed, in the laboratory, into active dissymmetric bodies. Pasteur set off to Vendôme, where M. Dessaigues lived, in order to try the experiments with him. Again he proved himself in the right; for as in the case of M. de la Provostaye, he at once saw that some very minute but at the same time all-important details had escaped notice in the experiments. All these experiments, verifications, and conclusions in the studies of chemistry, crystallographic physics, and physiological chemistry were like the connecting links which at last brought Pasteur on to his late marvellous discoveries in medical biology.

It is thus, according to the idea which M. Chevreul, the distinguished centenarian chemist, expressed some years since in the Académie des Sciences, that, following up one by one the studies and discoveries of Pasteur, we find that he always went forward in his researches with a preconceived idea, which undoubtedly gave him a certainty of judgment and a clearness of perception that carried him on from the establishment of one

truth to another. Pasteur had shown that substances endowed with internal dissymmetry brought this property in greater or less degree into their compounds or derivatives. Knowing that the tartrate of lime—as generally procured in commerce—is rarely very pure and would ferment and yield various products if contaminated with organic matter and left under water, he took some crystalline salt, dissolved it, and added to it some albuminoid matter. Left in a heated room, this mixture fermented. During the time of fermentation the limpidity of the liquid mass was troubled by the appearance of a tiny organism which acted as a ferment. Seeing this result, Pasteur applied the same method to the paratartrate of ammonia; it likewise fermented, leaving the same organism. It was thus, when least thinking of undertaking these studies, that Pasteur was brought to take in hand his serious works on fermentation—works destined to render immense services, not alone in France but in all parts of the world.

Being appointed *doyen* of the Faculté des Sciences at Lille at the early age of thirty-two, Pasteur immediately determined that a large number of his lectures should treat of fermentation. As one of the most important branches of industry in the department of the Nord is the manufacture of alcohol from beet-root and corn, he felt assured that few subjects could be more useful or would be more thoroughly appreciated than fermentation. Before this time a generally received opinion was that Liebig's theory on the subject of ferments was the correct one. It is: All ferments are nitrogenous substances—albumen, fibrine, caseine; or the liquids which embrace them, milk, blood, urine—in a state of alteration which they undergo in contact with the air. Thus, following this theory, the oxygen of the air was the primitive cause of the molecular disunion of nitrogenous substances. And the experiments made by Gay-Lussac on this subject seemed almost to prove it to be correct; the remarkable observations of Cagniard-Latour relative to the working of the yeast in beer-barrels were almost set aside for Liebig's theory; here he again declared that the yeast was active merely by its contact with the air. Other celebrated chemists, such as Berzelius and Mitscherlich, sought to prove that the act of fermentation did not take place otherwise than by the *phenomena of contact*, and looked on the ferment as an albuminoid substance, which acted simply by its presence.

Pasteur, however, was far from sharing these ideas. His first studies were made on lactic fermentation, and in this he at

once discovered the presence of a living organism—the ferment—exactly as alcoholic fermentation is produced by yeast. This fact had hitherto escaped notice, chemists having never studied lactic fermentation but with complex bodies. Chalk was invariably mixed with the milk under observation, in order that the neutrality of the fermenting medium should be preserved—the real lactic ferment thus becoming mixed with the gluten, caseine, etc., which they used. Pasteur left aside these greasy substances, as hindering microscopic examination considerably, and used a soluble nitrogenous body instead. After many experiments he was thoroughly satisfied that the lactic ferment was a living organism, and that, in a word, fermentation was neither more nor less than a phenomenon of nutrition. From further experiments he was soon assured that the butyric ferment is quite distinct from the lactic, butyric fermentation being produced by a kind of vibrio, which, under the microscope, are seen to move in chains. It was during the course of these studies that Pasteur divided the organisms into two kinds, *ærobics*, or little beings which cannot exist without oxygen, and *anærobics*, which require no air. He likewise showed the particular fermentation known as putrefaction to be produced by the presence of a microscopic organism of exactly the same nature as that seen in the butyric ferment. This was far from being the opinion of Liebig, who, some years before, in his *Lessons on Chemistry*, treated with the utmost scorn the idea that putrefaction in animal substances was caused by the presence of animalculæ.

Pasteur, however, who loves to prove all he advances, made two experiments. Air, free from all dust, was introduced into different vessels containing milk, sawdust, and the water of yeast, sweetened with sugar, the germs of all organisms existing in them having been previously destroyed by heat. These vessels, when filled, were subjected to the influence of heat from 25° to 30° centigrade. Then into another set of vessels Pasteur put the same substances, submitted them to the same temperature, but without having previously destroyed the germs, either in the air or in the different bodies. After some time the air contained in the vessels was analyzed, and with the following result: A large proportion of oxygen was still found to remain in the bottles containing the organic substances from which life had been previously withdrawn; whereas in the bottles in which the microscopic organisms were left to develop themselves all oxygen had disappeared, its place being taken by car-

bonic acid gas. For this change a few days only had been necessary, whilst in the other bottles a considerable quantity of oxygen was found to remain after a lapse of several years. A Paris physician, hoping to puzzle Pasteur, once asked him, at a meeting of the Académie de Médecine, what constituted the ferments of the ferments, as all microscopic organisms must, in their turn, become decomposed. To which Pasteur replied that the ferments of ferments were simply ferments.

Our space will not permit an account of the studies on acetic fermentation by which Pasteur revolutionized the process of making vinegar, nor of those still more interesting experiments in silk-worm culture by which he arrived at detecting the presence of disease in the newly-laid eggs, and thus enabled the cultivators to avoid useless labor and expense. We pass at once to the experiments by which he disproved the doctrine of spontaneous generation, which, in 1858, had been revived at Rouen by M. Pouchet, director of the Musée d'Histoire Naturelle, who declared, in a note addressed to the Académie des Sciences, that he could prove the existence of living organisms which had come into the world without germs, by means of the following experiment: He took a bottle and filled it with boiling water, taking care to seal it hermetically. Then he placed the bottle upside down in a basin of mercury. When the water was quite cold he uncorked the bottle under the metal, introducing into it half a litre of pure oxygen gas; then he put a very small bunch of hay into the bottle—hay which had previously been exposed in a stove to a temperature of 100° centigrade. In about a week's time the infusion of hay began to get mouldy. Great was M. Pouchet's triumph; he declared nothing could prove with more certainty the truth of the doctrine of spontaneous generation. Pasteur, however, was destined to overthrow the belief in this doctrine, and in a lecture given by him at the Sorbonne, although bestowing the highest praise on the cleverness of Pouchet's experiment, which he declared to be *almost* irreproachable, he pointed out its weak point clearly. All germs had undoubtedly been removed from the water and the hay, but particles of dust were inevitably lying on the surface of the mercury, and thus the germs were conveyed into the infusion—the germs of those *infiniment petits*, as Pasteur so well named those tiny beings which are the great and almost invisible agents of life and destruction here on earth. Pasteur tried some very simple experiments by introducing various liquids into glass bottles with long necks, having previously heated the liquids to 100°,

and then sealed them up hermetically. The bottles remained thus for months, and no sign of putrefaction could be seen; then, snipping off the neck of the bottle and taking some of the dust which lay upon it, he introduced it into the bottle, and in a day or two the same turbidity became apparent as is visible after a time in all liquids left exposed to the air. Naturally, these germs vary in quantity according to the locality. They are far more numerous in towns than in the country, in plains than on mountains, and even disappear almost altogether at a certain height.

It was to prove this fact that Pasteur made his celebrated essays with the bottles. He filled a certain number of bulbs with a putrescible liquid, drew out the necks with the aid of a blowpipe, and then boiled the liquid for a few minutes. Whilst it was in ebullition he sealed up the pointed ends of the bulbs. Having thus prepared them, he started for Arbois with his collection, intending to open the bulbs in different places; he had previously declared that, according to the localities in which they were opened, the liquid would become more or less altered, and that, in some cases, probably no alteration would take place. Once at Arbois, he took his bulbs, some of which he opened in the country, at a certain distance from the town, others at the foot of the Jura Mountains; twenty were opened on Mount Poupet, at an elevation of eight hundred and fifty metres above sea-level, and twenty more were opened at Montauvert, in the neighborhood of the Mer de Glace, at the height of two thousand metres above the level of the sea. When the collection was brought back to Paris some time after, the following result was seen: Among the twenty bulbs opened on Montauvert one only was altered, of the twenty opened on the Jura five were altered, and amongst those opened in the country near Arbois eight contained living organisms.

This is only one among the many experiments which Pasteur tried, not to convince himself, but to prove to the incredulous the truth of all he advanced. Pasteur never worked at hazard, but was always aided by the force of a preconceived idea. His different experiments were the stepping-stones which led him on from one discovery to another, but his work was always pursued with the firm belief that he must infallibly attain the point which all his previous studies had led him to believe must be the final result. No one, however, could show less attachment to his own opinion. He is a wonderfully conscientious worker, and never rests satisfied until he has experimentalized

so thoroughly that he feels he is in a position strong enough to refute any objections.

Thus, after the famous Arbois expedition, the partisans of spontaneous generation, Pouchet, Joly, etc., declared that if Pasteur had opened his bottles on heights, they also had done so, having opened theirs on the summit of the Maladetta, and were able to prove Pasteur's results to be incorrect. Pasteur at once asked the Académie to be his judge, and requested that a commission should be appointed to settle the question. His demand was made in January, and his opponents asked to wait until the warm weather before trying the final experiment. In the month of June the commission met and agreed that one single experiment should be made by each party. MM. Pouchet and Joly wanted to go through all their experiments, and, the commission refusing to accede to this demand, they withdrew from the contest. Whether they looked on themselves as defeated beforehand they have never explained, but, in any case, their retreat from the combat looked suspicious.

GEORGE PROSPERO.

LOVE IS BLIND.

"Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof."—ST. MATTHEW, viii. 8.

THERE is a foul, dark, secret chamber in my heart,
Whose entrance only Jesus and His guide can find.
The way that leads thereto hath neither light nor chart:
What matter? If He comes His guide must needs be blind!

ALFRED YOUNG.

THE WYNTERTONS OF NETHERWOOD.

I.

AMBROSE WYNTERTON was my oldest friend. Our friendship dated from the time when we were school-boys together, and as years went on it grew and strengthened until we became like brothers. We were all the more attached to one another because, happening both of us to be the only children of our parents, there was no one in our respective homes to whom the closeness of our union could afford cause for jealousy, as might possibly have been the case had we either of us possessed brothers or sisters to claim our affection. Mr. Wynterton went into the army, and might have achieved a brilliant career had he not chosen to give up his profession early in life, on account of unexpectedly finding himself the owner of Netherwood Court, an estate in the southwest of England, bequeathed to him by an aged and eccentric lady whose especial favorite he had always been. Shortly after his acquisition of this property he married a Spanish señora, with whom he had fallen in love during the course of a visit he paid to her native country. Little indeed did I suspect, as I first grasped the hand of the happy bridegroom and congratulated him on the conquest he had made, how melancholy a story his was destined to be, and what a sad and sorrowful secret I should be called on to keep! Little did I suspect, as I stood beside him on the sunny slopes of his broad domain, that as years went on a shadow would slowly creep up and obliterate the brightness of the scene, changing mirth into mourning, and gladness into grief!

I am an old man now; my experience of men and things has been, in the course of my life, both varied and extensive, and as the result of that experience I can truly say that the strangest stories that are ever written are not half so strange or so improbable as those that are never written and never read, nor, indeed, ever known beyond the immediate circle of the individuals whom they most intimately concern. Nor does the world at large ever dream of the misery and remorse that sometimes lurk beneath the mask of an apparently enviable and prosperous lot, or the wretched sense of insecurity that not unseldom besets those whose good fortune appears in no danger of being shaken or disturbed, much less overthrown.

My own path in life was a humbler one than that of my friend. I had been placed whilst still young in a solicitor's office, and had my own way to make in the world. I found the road far from smooth, at least in the beginning, and it would have seemed rougher still but for the constant solace and support afforded me by Ambrose Wynterton's affectionate and generous kindness. My visits to Netherwood Court in my twofold capacity of legal adviser and friend became of very frequent occurrence, and were an unvarying source of pleasure to me; the more so as its charming and accomplished mistress ever extended to me the most cordial welcome and showed the greatest kindness to her husband's friend. And most sincerely did I mourn her loss when, after some eight or nine years of wedded life, she died, leaving an infant daughter only three days old, whose presence failed to console her father's bitter grief or diminish the gloom that was gathering on his brow. For the shadow to which I have already alluded had begun to creep up before his wife's death; indeed, he had never seemed thoroughly himself since his return from a prolonged sojourn in the south of Europe, undertaken, about six years after their marriage, for the benefit of Mrs. Wynterton's health, which had been seriously weakened by the change from the sunny skies of Spain to the chilly climate of England. During their absence from home a son had been born to them; yet, strange to say, the birth of the heir, so ardently desired, so fervently prayed for, instead of crowning and completing their felicity, had appeared, on the contrary, to lessen and diminish it. And the advent of their second child, the little daughter mentioned above, could scarcely have been hailed with delight, since her entrance into this world had been, as I have said, the signal for her mother's departure from it.

As a matter of course I went down to the funeral. When the last sad rites were over, and his pious and affectionate wife had been laid to rest in the little cemetery close to the chancel of the church he had caused to be erected, then, as Ambrose Wynterton sat with me beside his desolate hearth, he for the first time hinted at the existence of a guilty secret which weighed on his mind, an unjustifiable act which he had committed in a moment of weakness, and which had ever since been to him a source of the keenest regret. For one thing he said he was thankful: no one knew it but himself; he had concealed it even from the loved and cherished partner of his life, to whom he had so lately bid a last farewell. Thus he spoke and thought, but he was

sadly mistaken. I already strongly suspected, if I did not actually know, the jealously-guarded secret, and I had been acquainted with that secret by none other than Mrs. Wynterton, whom he fondly imagined to have lived and died in blissful ignorance of it. Poor lady! for some time she had persistently repelled the hateful idea which forced itself upon her; and when at length it weighed too heavily upon her mind, finding herself one day alone with me, she had ventured to breathe to me, as her husband's oldest and most trusted friend, the suspicion that tormented her. For the sake of her peace of mind I endeavored—doing violence to my own convictions—to persuade her that she was mistaken, and I succeeded in part, not wholly; I believe the anxiety and doubt poisoned her life and hastened her death. I could not reveal this to my friend in his hour of sorrow, nor indeed say aught to urge the disclosure of a secret which he could not apparently bring his lips to utter, and which I must not as yet divulge to the reader, since at the moment in question it was nothing more than a strong suspicion—amounting, however, almost to a moral certainty—that I entertained on the subject.

So I sat for a few moments in silence, pondering what I could best reply; then, finding he showed no inclination to unbosom himself further, I said what I could to the effect that it was useless to brood over the past; that however much we might regret our actions, what was once done could not be undone, and the only thing that remained was to make the best of it. But I saw my words brought no relief or consolation, nor indeed could such vague platitudes be reasonably expected to still the upbraidings of any man's conscience. Perhaps, accustomed as I was to have him tell me everything, I felt a little hurt at the want of confidence his reticence betrayed, or perhaps the conviction that I was in possession of his secret made me feel awkward, and led me, since I dared not utter what I really thought, to take refuge in commonplaces. Our conversation was prolonged for some time, but without any further reference to the avowal Capt. Wynterton had made; and during the interval that followed, though we met no less frequently than formerly, he never made the remotest allusion to what he had vaguely hinted to me, and the reader will easily believe that I was not anxious to direct his thoughts to so painful a subject.

The years flowed on in a monotonous course, and were peaceful and tranquil enough for him, externally at least. The

two children, Hubert and Beatrice, grew up under his eye; in fact the latter, for whom her father showed a marked preference, was never sent to school at all, but passed from childhood into girlhood, and from girlhood into early womanhood, amid the familiar scenes of her childhood. I loved her as dearly as if she had been my own child, and was scarcely less proud of her goodness and beauty than was her fond father, to whom she vividly recalled the memory of his lost wife. Beatrice strongly resembled her mother; her beauty was of a type rarely met with, in England at least, the effect of her soft gray eyes and delicately pale complexion being heightened by her dark, silky hair and the long, curved lashes that shaded her cheek.

Netherwood Court is a place any man might be proud to call his own. The avenue of stately lime-trees which leads to the principal entrance of the grand old mansion is quite unequalled in its own way, as far as my experience goes. The house itself forms three sides of a spacious quadrangle, and might perhaps look somewhat stern and severe but for the wealth of luxuriant creepers which cling lovingly to its venerable walls, adorning the ancient masonry with the grace and glow of youth. The grounds are extensive, admirably laid out, and so rich in evergreens of various sorts that the barrenness of winter seems for ever banished from the fortunate domain, close to which, moreover, a peaceful river winds its sinuous way, as if determined that no feature should be lacking to the sylvan loveliness of the scene. Never had it looked more attractive than on a certain cloudless June morning; at least so I thought as I drove slowly up the avenue. The limes were in full blossom, and so were the roses that abounded on every side; the air was full of sunshine and sweet scents; birds were singing their choicest melodies; all around was brightness, happiness, prosperity. The special object of my visit was to make preliminary arrangements in regard to some business matters which Capt. Wynterton desired to see concluded before the ensuing autumn, when Hubert would attain his majority. I was half-disappointed to find the family were not alone, as I had expected; some friends having driven over to luncheon. They were a Mr. and Mrs. Newburgh, who were occupying during the summer months a house in a village several miles distant, and a handsome young Guardsman, Reginald Everingham by name, who happened to be staying with them, and with whom the Wyntertons had a prior acquaintance. He sat beside Beatrice at luncheon in the lofty oak-panelled dining-room, the walls of which

Capt. Wynterton had adorned with his old family portraits, and they were certainly a very striking couple. Shall I confess the foolish fit of match-making in which I indulged, and own that I could not help wishing that these two might one day be united by the closest ties? For I knew that Reginald was in every way worthy to become the husband of my favorite, and it was, moreover, easy to see how much he admired her, and that she, on her side, was anything but indifferent to the attentions he paid her.

When we left the dining-room Hubert proposed that Reginald and himself should take Beatrice for a row upon the river; and the older members of the party remained for some time sitting upon the terrace that overlooked the lawn, until at length the Newburghs, who were comparative strangers in the neighborhood, asked to see the church, which was at a very short distance from the Court. Capt. Wynterton led the way with Mrs. Newburgh, and I followed with her husband. As, however, we each had only just lighted a second cigar, we did not enter the sacred edifice, but paced up and down the road outside the gate, my companion appearing glad to avail himself of the opportunity to ask a few questions about the estate, and the manner in which it had come into its present possessor's hands.

"It is a splendid property," he remarked after a while; "I have seldom seen a house more thoroughly to my taste. The stained-glass windows on the staircase are very fine, and so is the wood-carving in the hall and dining-room. But I thought there was a chapel in the mansion—at least so I have heard."

"There was and still is one," I replied, "and Mass is said in it one day every week; but since there have been so many Catholics in the village the accommodation has proved quite insufficient for them, and so Capt. Wynterton built the church on a piece of land belonging to the estate. He erected both it and the presbytery entirely at his own expense, a year or two after his marriage, and endowed it in a most munificent manner. In doing all this, however, the benefit of his dependants and co-religionists was by no means his only motive; indeed, I am inclined to think it was only a secondary one. In former times, before the so-called Reformation, this place was church property and belonged to the bishop of the diocese, who made use of it as a sanitarium, to which those of his priests might repair whose enfeebled health rendered necessary a temporary suspension of their labors. But in the reign of Elizabeth it was bestowed upon one of her favorites, himself an apostate, on

condition of his marrying a certain lady whom the vain and jealous queen desired to remove from the court. You are no doubt aware that in cases like the present, in which a Catholic, or one who had been a Catholic, took possession of an estate belonging by right to the church, a curse of some kind invariably rests on the actual holder of that estate, whoever he may be. In this case the penalty has been the constant failure of an heir, so that Netherwood Court, as it is now called, has changed hands almost incessantly."

"I quite understand your meaning," Mr. Newburgh began, when I paused for a moment. "Capt. Wynterton hoped that by building and endowing the church, and thus making, in part at least, restitution for the sacrilegious appropriation of ecclesiastical property, to avert the curse and obtain the blessing of an heir. I am heartily glad to see his son grown up and within a few months of coming of age; and I hope Netherwood Court may remain in the family for many generations."

At this juncture we were joined by Capt. Wynterton and Mrs. Newburgh, accompanied by Father Quentin, the priest of the parish, who carried Mr. Newburgh off to inspect the interior of the church, and also to see the comfortable presbytery which its occupant evidently took delight in exhibiting. Later on we all assembled to take coffee beneath one of the spreading cedars that adorned the lawn, and soon afterwards the little party broke up.

While Capt. Wynterton went to put Mrs. Newburgh into the carriage and bid farewell to his guests, I returned to the house and made my way to the library in search of a book. As I stood scanning the well-filled shelves Beatrice entered.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, coming up to me in her sweet, winning way, "here you are, Mr. Temple! I was looking for you. I wanted to find you."

"Well," I said, covering with my broad palm the hand she caressingly laid on my arm, "what am I to do for you now? I see you have come to coax something out of your old friend; what is it to be? You know I am off to the Tyrol in a day or two. Do you want me to bring you back a tame chamois as a pet, or an Alpine rose warranted to blossom in the gardens of Netherwood?"

"No, no," she said, laughing; "you are only to bring back your own kind self, safe and sound. But are you really going so soon? I will tell you what I want you to do, Mr. Temple," she continued, as a graver and more anxious expression came

over her countenance. "I want you to speak seriously to Hubert. I am sure he has got into debt, or done something that vexes papa; do make him tell you what it is, and give him a lecture about making papa angry."

Hubert was by no means a favorite of mine. As a boy he had given trouble through the violence of his temper, and at college he had got into a scrape by quarrelling with some disreputable acquaintances. Nor had he the generous disposition and warm, affectionate heart which often accompanies a hot and impulsive character; he was headstrong and sometimes deceitful. Perhaps he missed the softening influences of a mother's love, for Capt. Wynterton, though always just and never unkind, was, in my opinion, somewhat stern in his treatment of his heir. I knew that he had been dissatisfied with Hubert of late, but as I had heard nothing definite, I felt that it would be impossible for me to accede to Beatrice's request.

"My dear child," I answered her, "I cannot do what you ask. Hubert has never taken me into his confidence, and he would resent my interference were I to question him as to his goings-on. Indeed, it would do no good, and only make matters worse, for he would think your father had been complaining of him to me."

"Perhaps you are right," she rejoined. "I wish there was some one who had influence over him; I dare not say a word, he is so passionate and speaks so angrily to me. It does not do to thwart him; he looks at one quite savagely."

"You must remember," I said, "that he has southern blood in his veins. Yes, I know you have, too, but then you have more of your father's character, though you closely resemble your mother in person."

Beatrice's eyes wandered to a portrait of her mother which hung upon the wall opposite to us. "Did you ever see any of my mother's relatives?" she inquired. "I suppose Hubert is like some of them. He is not like papa or any of our English ancestors. Mr. Newburgh remarked that at luncheon-time when he was looking at the portraits in the dining-room, so I told him our mother was Spanish, and we got our dark hair from her. Then he said he saw no likeness between Hubert and me. I was afraid papa would hear him; you know how he dislikes people to say that."

"What did you answer?" I asked.

"I said Hubert resembled my mother's family, and Mr. Newburgh said he was very un-English looking. I think that was all."

As she spoke I descried Hubert himself coming towards the house, accompanied by a gentleman. "Who is that with Hubert?" I asked, putting up my eye-glass to scan the stranger, who was still at some distance. "Not Mr. Everingham? I thought he went away with the Newburghs."

"Mr. Everingham? O dear no!" ejaculated Beatrice, gazing out of the window, while a deep blush overspread her cheek. "That is one of Hubert's new friends. I suppose he has just arrived. Hubert said he was going to ask him down for a day or two." From the tone in which she uttered these words it was apparent that Beatrice by no means approved of the visitor.

As the two drew near I noticed that he was a man several years Hubert's senior, gentlemanlike in appearance, but not prepossessing, for the expression of his sharply-cut features was hard and cynical, not to say forbidding.

"You know him, then?" I remarked. "Has he ever been here before?"

Ere she could reply Hubert and his friend passed by the window, and, perceiving us, paused, as if hesitating whether to join us.

"If they are coming in here," cried Beatrice with a sudden change of manner, "I shall go, for I have a particular dislike to that man. I am obliged to show him that I do not like him," she added with a haughty movement of her head; "it makes Hubert angry, but I can't help that. I must contrive to avoid him as much as possible while he is here."

"What has the unfortunate man done to incur your royal displeasure?" I asked with a smile.

"I dislike his manner very much," she said, "and almost the first time he was here he made love to me quite openly. I tried to let him see how unacceptable his attentions were, but he would not take a hint; at last I had to be quite rude to him."

I bethought me of the favor wherewith Mr. Everingham was evidently regarded, and told myself that the maiden before me was perhaps not wholly fancy free. "Were you not a little hasty in your judgment?" I rejoined. "If you had been more civil he might have improved on further acquaintance, and in time you might even have grown to like him."

"Never!" was her emphatic reply. "You must know there are some people for whom one feels an instinctive aversion the moment one sees them, and Sir Philip is one of those people. Besides, he is a Protestant, and on that account papa would not

wish me to encourage him, had I been so inclined. But, as a matter of fact, he is the very last person I should ever think of marrying. It is really too bad of Hubert to bring him here again," she added in an aggrieved tone.

Footsteps were again heard approaching; this time it was Capt. Wynterton whom we saw drawing near. Beatrice rose from her seat. "Here comes papa to take possession of you," she exclaimed, "so I will say good-by, Mr. Temple—that is, if you really will not stay to dinner. I hope you will have a very pleasant tour, and mind you do not get lost on the mountains or fall down a precipice."

Did some secret voice whisper to me, as, availing myself of the privilege of an old man and an old friend, I bent to kiss her cheek, that when I next should see that bright and smiling face the sunshine of unalloyed happiness would have faded from it, never to return? I cannot tell; I only know that an unaccountable melancholy came over me as I bade the happy girl farewell and turned away to join her father, who had stopped to speak to the two young men on the terrace.

II.

It had been agreed between my partners and myself that this year I was to take my holiday early in the summer, and I had therefore made arrangements to leave home almost immediately. On my return to London after a six weeks' absence, during which I heard nothing of my friends at Netherwood, I found an unusual accumulation of business requiring my personal attention, and was in consequence prevented from going down to see them at once, as was generally my habit after having been away for any lengthened period. Before my arrears of work were got through, however, I was brought into contact with the Wyntertons in an unexpected and most painful manner.

About a week or ten days after my return I was sitting one morning in my private room at the office when a card was brought to me, inscribed *Sir Philip Fletcher*. The name seemed not altogether unfamiliar to me, though I had at the moment no very definite idea as to the identity of my visitor. I gave orders that he should be shown in, and on his entering the room I immediately recognized him as the individual I had seen with Hubert on the occasion of my last visit to Netherwood Court.

"I have come to you, Mr. Temple," Sir Philip began, as he

took the seat offered him, "at the request of Capt. Wynterton, in order to acquaint you with an unfortunate occurrence in which his son is involved. Hubert has lately been associating a great deal with a young Frenchman, a fast, vulgar sort of fellow, about his own age, whose company seemed to have a strong attraction for him, though they were always finding matter for mutual disagreement. To account for my knowing this, I must explain that the rooms I occupy when in London are almost exactly opposite the house in which this Frenchman has taken up his quarters, and that whenever I happen to be so minded I can without difficulty see almost all that goes on in his sitting-room. You know that in those dull, quiet turnings out of the Strand on the river-side the houses are high, and so near together that one could almost shake hands across the street; it is in one of these, Somers Street, that I live. Well, all last Sunday afternoon I was in-doors on account of a slight indisposition; I had several times noticed Hubert Wynterton leaning out of the window opposite, smoking and talking, when, just as it was growing dark and I had fallen asleep on the sofa, I was startled by the sound of angry voices in hot disputation. I got up, went to the window, and found that my friends opposite had proceeded from words to blows, and were in fact engaged in a hot tussle. Suddenly I saw Hubert draw a revolver from his pocket and discharge it in his antagonist's face. I heard a heavy fall, then all was still. A few moments later Hubert emerged from the house, pale as ashes, closed the door gently behind him, and walked hurriedly away. As far as I could tell no one observed him; the street, quiet enough at all times, is on Sunday evenings absolutely empty, and, once in the Strand, he was of course speedily lost in the crowd."

I was appalled at what I heard. For a moment I felt inclined to discredit the whole statement. "This is a very serious matter, Sir Philip," I said, interrupting him; "am I to understand that you bring an accusation of murder against Hubert Wynterton?"

"Whether I do so or not rests with some one else to decide," he rejoined coolly; "permit me, if you please, to continue my story, every detail of which is, I assure you, strictly true." I think his sharp eye had detected a shadow of incredulity on my countenance.

Before he could proceed one of my clerks entered with a telegram requiring a reply. It was from Capt. Wynterton, and ran thus: *"I must see you to-day; shall I go up to town, or will*

you come down to me?" I sent word that I would be with him that evening; then, turning to my visitor, "Allow me one question," I said; "if, as you tell me, it was already dark, how could you observe your neighbor's actions so narrowly, and be so certain that it was Hubert who fired the shot?"

"Lighted candles were on the table," he promptly rejoined, "for the two men had been playing cards. I waited a few minutes to observe whether the people of the house, having heard the report of firearms, would go up to see what had occurred. Finding no one went to the assistance of the wounded man, I took my hat and crossed over to the house; I had to ring twice before a maid-servant came to the door. I asked her if the gentleman up-stairs was in, and if he was alone. She replied that she did not know, so I said I would go up and see. On entering the room I found M. Morizot stretched on the floor, bleeding from a bullet-wound in the head, and apparently lifeless. I raised him up and laid him on his bed; then I rang for the servant and despatched her for the nearest doctor. While she was gone I looked round the room; perceiving a handkerchief marked with Hubert's name, I instantly slipped it into my pocket, as well as a cigar-case bearing his initials which lay upon the table beside a bottle of absinthe, a pack of cards, and some cigars. I had just time to place the revolver—one chamber of which had been recently discharged—where it might easily have fallen from the man's own hand before the landlord appeared on the scene, having just come home. It was not difficult to convince him that his lodger, who was evidently regarded with mistrust and the vulgar prejudice which people of that class entertain against foreigners, especially the French, had taken his own life; and once having accepted the idea, he clung to it persistently. The servant, when interrogated, owned that she had been gossipping in the backyard with a neighbor, and had heard nothing of what went on in the house. The gentleman had let himself in with a latch-key, so she could not tell whether he was accompanied by any one. The surgeon who had been summoned pronounced life extinct, and said it appeared probable, from the nature of the wound, that it was self-inflicted, the pistol having evidently been discharged close to the head. Meanwhile the landlord had fetched a police-constable, and I gave evidence as to what I had found on entering the room a few minutes previously, carefully abstaining from any mention of what I had observed from the opposite window."

"You mean," I said, "that you gave the impression that you believed it to be a case of suicide?"

"Precisely," he replied; "I had my own reasons for doing so. Thence I went to Hubert's rooms, little expecting to find him in. He was there, however, sitting with his head in his hands, the picture of despair. I told him I had seen all that had occurred. 'The man is dead, Wynterton,' I added, 'and you have killed him.' He looked up at me with speechless horror; I repeated my words. 'Impossible!' he at length exclaimed. 'You must be mistaken, Fletcher. I never meant to do it; it is all my cursed temper! I cannot have killed him; I must go to him! I must go and see if he is really dead!' 'You shall do no such thing,' I said. 'I tell you Morizot *is* dead; you cannot bring him back to life. The best thing you can do is to get out of the way as fast as possible.'"

"My dear sir," I could not forbear saying, "was not that the very way for Hubert to make himself suspected?"

"Pardon me," Sir Philip replied. "Fortunately for Hubert, he had already told his landlady that he was going home for a few days; it was easy for me to inform her that I had brought bad news which necessitated his immediate departure, and accounted, too, for the state of extreme agitation he was in. Cutting short his lamentations, I put some things together for him, and sent him off, not to Netherwood, but in quite an opposite direction."

"Does Capt. Wynterton know all this?" I inquired.

"Most assuredly," answered Sir Philip with an unpleasant smile. "I went down yesterday to acquaint him with the unfortunate occurrence; the poor man is naturally very much cut up about it. But I must ask you to listen to me a few moments longer. Do not suppose that I acted as I did from motives of disinterested kindness, and a simple desire to screen Hubert from exposure and disgrace. I have no particular affection for him; he owes me money, and I dislike peppery youngsters of his stamp, who are perpetually getting into hot water. Nor do I in the slightest degree care for the honor of the family, unless my own is connected with it; but I adore his handsome sister, and I want her for my wife. I repeat to you what I have already told Capt. Wynterton. The option rests with him; if he will consent to give Beatrice to me, I solemnly swear I will never divulge Hubert's guilt in this matter, and should it be discovered in any unforeseen manner I am prepared to affirm that he was compelled to fire in defence of his own life. Whereas if he refuses me his daughter's hand I will disclose every circumstance connected with the affair, identify the re-

volver as Hubert's property, produce the handkerchief and cigar-case in proof of his guilt, and make his present hiding-place known to the police."

I looked into my interlocutor's face; it was resolute and reckless. There was a flavor of intimidation in what he said that galled me not a little. "You intend, then, to drive a hard bargain with Capt. Wynterton," I observed.

"On the contrary, my proposal appears to me a highly advantageous one," Sir Philip resumed, "and I think Capt. Wynterton ought to think himself fortunate in getting the matter hushed up so easily. But I will detain you no longer, Mr. Temple. The inquest is to be held at noon the day after to-morrow, and before that time I must have his decision. If he wishes for my silence let him wire me the words, *Beatrice consents*, and I pledge my honor that no pains on my part shall be spared to avert suspicion from my future brother-in law. Otherwise justice requires me to take the opposite course."

Then he rose to take leave. "One word, if you please," I interposed. "I understood you to say that Hubert's revolver was left in Morizot's room. Will not that furnish evidence against him?"

"I think not," Sir Philip rejoined, "for I find it has been traced to a maker in the Strand, who remembers selling it a short time since to a dark, foreign-looking gentleman, a description which happily answers as well for Morizot as for Wynterton. In fact the two were not at all unlike in appearance, and might really have been mistaken for one another by a chance observer who did not notice them very narrowly. Now I will wish you good-morning."

He bowed and withdrew. For some time I sat motionless, thinking how I could best help my unhappy friend. Then I summoned my head clerk, gave him the necessary instructions about some pressing business, and left the office. Before proceeding to the railway terminus I determined to visit the house where this fatal fray had taken place, and, if possible, ascertain whether all was in accordance with the account I had received.

By means of a liberal largess the landlord was induced to answer my questions; he confirmed all that Sir Philip Fletcher had told me, and had apparently no doubt as to the unfortunate man, whom he described as very strange in his ways, having committed suicide. I hailed a passing hansom, had myself driven over Waterloo Bridge to the Southwestern Railway station,

and was soon speeding on my way to Netherwood as quickly as an express train could carry me.

It is not necessary to inform the reader that my thoughts during this journey were so absolutely engrossed by the communication recently made to me as to render me unconscious of all that passed around. My sympathy with my friend in the calamity which had so recently overtaken him was intensified by the knowledge I possessed of the miserable secret alluded to in the first part of this story. I say advisedly the *knowledge*, for various trifling circumstances had during the last nineteen years from time to time arisen to confirm my suspicions, and these, combined as they were with recent occurrences, amounted in my mind to absolute certainty and enabled me to sympathize with Ambrose Wynterton in a way of which he little dreamed. For I knew that the keenest form of human anguish—namely, remorse—was added to his burden of grief; I knew that if he had, at a certain crisis of his life, submitted his will to the will of God instead of rashly endeavoring to take the direction of destiny into his own hands, he might have been spared much if not all that he was now enduring. Nor will this story have been written in vain if it serves to show how hopeless a task it is for man to resist his Maker, since our highest wisdom, as well as our plainest duty, consists in blindly following wherever he sees fit to lead, and passively acquiescing whenever he sees fit to speak. But I am anticipating the course of my narrative.

A. M. CLARKE.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE UNIVERSITY OF STRASSBURG.

No one who desires to profit by the educational experience of the world can afford to overlook the universities of the German Empire. Of all the nations of modern times, Germany is generally considered to stand foremost in renown for love of learning, and in results achieved in its pursuit. Other countries send their commissioners to study her educational system; private scholars make pilgrimages from all lands to her seats of learning; and one and all bear testimony to the pre-eminence of Germany in enthusiasm for intellectual culture, in depth and accuracy of learned research, and in perfection of educational methods.

It is true that a Catholic, as such, will find little there that is congenial. Germany has indeed manifested in her universities as well as in her common schools that spirit of fairness, of consideration for denominational beliefs, which characterized her until the breaking out of the *Culturkampf*. Not only are Catholics on the same footing with Protestants in all the universities of the German Empire, but six of them have faculties of Catholic theology. Nevertheless, so thoroughly are these universities pervaded with an atmosphere of rationalism in religion, and of positivism or pantheism in philosophy, that, even where Catholicity is represented in the faculties, faith has but a poor chance of surviving in the mind of the average student. Such was the verdict emphatically given by the bishops of Germany to Bishop Vaughan about four years ago, and published by him in the *Dublin Review*.

And yet even Catholic universities must have much to learn from the great schools of Germany in regard to methods of organization and of instruction. To visit several of them was therefore part of my plan during my recent sojourn in Europe; but circumstances making it necessary to postpone this to some future time, I was advised to visit at least the University of Strassburg, which, being the most recently established, the most carefully organized, and the most splendidly equipped, might well be considered a worthy representative of all the rest.

When I first visited Strassburg, in 1873, there was little there to interest one beyond the world-renowned cathedral. But now the traveller has another attraction in the majestic structures of the new university. Emerging from the quaint streets of the old town into the spacious quarter corresponding to the fash-

ionable West-end of our American cities, we find a splendid panorama suddenly spread before us. Beyond the river, to the right, the university buildings, symmetrically grouped, loom up in classic magnificence. To the left, about half a mile directly in front of them, and connected with them by a wide and splendid boulevard, the new palace of the emperor rears its massive proportions. All around them, on both sides of the river, luxurious private residences, exhibiting every beauty of modern architecture, form a fitting frame-work to the grand picture. It is the great seal of the empire stamped on Strassburg; and the seal is made magnificent in the hope that Strassburg may not only admire it but come to love it, and to love the empire which it symbolizes. That such a result will be attained does not seem quite certain; but the effort to compass it has made this university one of the grandest monuments of Germany's zeal for education.

Approaching to examine the university structures, we see at a glance that the men who erected them had a plan in their minds and have carried it out faithfully; that they did not merely think of putting up one or another splendid building which would impress beholders and be "an ornament to the city," but that they knew how each structure could best be adapted to its special purpose, and how all the buildings should be grouped, in view of the relation between the various departments of a university. In this the University of Strassburg presents a striking contrast to most of the great seats of learning that we are acquainted with. Haphazard seems to have presided over the arrangement of most of them, and show rather than utility to have planned many a noble pile. Some there may be indeed who even prefer freedom and chance development to plan and symmetry. We will not dispute with them; they are welcome to their taste.

The same clearness of idea and orderliness of plan has been manifested in the organization of the faculties. From the very beginning the institution was framed as a university, with the faculties of Theology, Law, Medicine, Philosophy, and Natural Sciences, and with all the studies strictly on the higher or university level. The faculties were set to work in temporary lodgings before a stone of the university buildings was laid. But these were planned and begun without delay, and are now in regular use, while additions are constantly being made both to the number of the professorial chairs and to the constructions demanded by the advance of the studies. In the year 1885 the number of students, which has increased steadily since the foun-

dation, was 916; at present it is doubtless considerably over a thousand.

The University of Strassburg, like that of Louvain, has had its predecessors. The old university was established early in the seventeenth century, and, after varying fortunes, was closed during the French Revolution. Napoleon replaced it by an imperial academy, which subsisted as a branch of the centralized educational system of France till the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine by Germany. Two years after that event the present university was founded, in 1872. It incorporated several of the former professors into its faculties, and it keeps a very significant relic of the old organization in the title of *Thomasstift*, which its theological society still retains, to remind us of the days when the Angel of the Schools gave the key-note to its theological teaching. But it can by no means be considered the descendant of its predecessors. It is, and it was meant to be, distinctively a university of the German Empire. Its very name is now the Emperor William's University; and where, a few years ago, all studies were carried on in French, I found that the rector of the university, a gentleman overflowing with courtesy, could or would converse with me only in German. Germany knows well the power of education in moulding a generation to any desired shape and spirit, and she is using it to the utmost to Germanize the youth of her recently-annexed provinces. Here, then, we are in the very atmosphere of a typical German university, and have an excellent opportunity to study the spirit and the influence which reign in similar institutions throughout the empire.

As I was being courteously conducted through the physical-science department, after having studied with admiration all the details of the gorgeous academic building, I asked a student, who was enthusiastically telling me of the researches in molecular mechanics which he was carrying on, why he was making these studies, to what practical purpose he expected to apply them, in what profession or trade he hoped to find them useful. He listened to my question with a look of astonishment, and answered that he was not studying in view of any trade or profession, but for his intellectual improvement, for the love of learning. I was not surprised at his answer, for I knew that this was the spirit in which the studies of the German universities are mostly carried on; but I could not help reflecting how different a reply I should probably have received to such a question in any school of our own utilitarian land. And then I could not help asking myself whether Germany is not right, even from

a utilitarian standpoint. May we not find here the secret of her actual preponderance in Europe? Mind is sure to rule at last. Germany has disdained to be a land of *élan* or of emotion; she has aimed at being a land of intellect; and now her Krupp guns and her military mathematics are the arbiters of Europe, while the inspiration of her music gives the tone to the harmonies of the world.

There are some who imagine that intellectual ambition not only is not now, but is not to be, a characteristic of our country. But in this they are assuredly mistaken. Such a vocation as our country evidently has among the nations of the earth can be reached in no other way than by intellectual pre-eminence. Machinery and inventive genius can never accomplish it. These have been hitherto the characteristics of our civilization, and very naturally, considering the immense natural resources which we have been so busy in getting under control. The practical side of American genius has thus far been so almost exclusively called forth that many, perhaps, have doubted whether it had any other side. Even the professional studies made in our country have hitherto been of so merely practical a sort, and so hurriedly gotten through with, that many, doubtless, have despaired of ever seeing the standard of professional learning raised to a worthy level in the United States.

Far be it from us to entertain any such pessimistic and unworthy apprehensions. The avenues of industry are growing crowded; the old-time rush is becoming impossible; man can now look around and seek for and choose the best in all departments of life; the demand for excellence is beginning to be heard on every side. Leading thinkers have been for years proclaiming that now we must have not mere lawyers but jurists; not mere practitioners but physicians; not mere smart men but scholars. The leading educational institutions in our country are responding to the cry, and perfecting, surely though slowly, their professional training and their educational methods in general. The professional schools which grind out their graduates with the speed and cheapness and crudeness of which we know so well, are still, indeed, in full blast, and find abundance of eager scholars, in a hurry to be at practice and making a living; but the bulk of them speedily find their place outside of the professions, and the demand for better material and better work must prevail. I need hardly say that our Catholic University will never consent to enter into the race with the professional schools whose system is short measure and quick speed. It can aim at nothing short of thorough scholarship,

and can accept no students who aim at less. It may well be that her students will therefore be, for some time to come, comparatively few; but those few will be the best, and their example cannot fail to gradually spread abroad an aspiration after deeper learning.

The ambition for the highest and the best must, in time, grow more frequent. Our country seeks and needs the highest type of manhood; but, as Cardinal Newman has charmingly demonstrated, the noblest manhood essentially implies such education as gives breadth, balance, freshness, illumination, and beauty to the intellect and the judgment; and this, he shows, is the true aim of university education. A mind with any nobleness cannot think of such culture without yearning for it, and the circumstances of the future are sure to make the noble aspiration more and more common. Already the average intellect of our country has but to feel the touch of superior excellence and it responds to it with a thrill. Not even in Athens or in Rome was the power of the tongue or of the pen more keenly felt than it is in America. Cheap cleverness, though it may for a while sway the unthinking multitude, comes to be despised at last, and the real master-mind is sure to soar and rule. The Anglo-Saxon, the Celtic, and the German races are mingled here; each has its traditional renown for intellectual ardor, and their blending cannot quench but intensify the sacred fire. The very utilitarianism that has thus far partly smothered it will yet fan its flame, for it is inevitable that the future will be in the hands of real scholarship. The Germans, carried away by their passion for mere abstract intellectuality, go to an extreme in their contempt for the utilitarian, for what they derisively call "bread-and-butter learning." Our country has been in the opposite extreme. Cardinal Newman tells of what may be considered a pitched battle between the two extremes, in a celebrated discussion carried on years ago by some eminent intellectualists of Oxford and some very able utilitarians of Edinburgh. His own conclusion is, as we might expect, that there is much truth on both sides. For, he says,

"though the useful is not always good, the good is always useful. Good is not only good, but reproductive of good; this is one of its attributes; nothing is excellent, beautiful, perfect for its own sake, but it overflows and spreads the likeness of itself all around it. . . . A great good will impart a great good. If then the intellect is so excellent a portion of us, and its cultivation so excellent, it is not only beautiful, perfect, admirable, and noble in itself, but in a true and high sense it must be useful to the possessor and to all around him. . . . Again, as health ought to precede labor of the body, and as a man in health can do what an unhealthy

man cannot do, and as of this health the properties are strength, energy, agility, graceful carriage and action, manual dexterity and endurance of fatigue, so in like manner general culture of mind is the best aid to professional and scientific study, and educated men can do what illiterate cannot; and the man who has learned to think and to reason, and to compare and to analyze, who has refined his taste, and formed his judgment, and sharpened his intellectual vision, will not indeed at once be a lawyer, or a pleader, or an orator, or a statesman, or a physician, or a good landlord, or a man of business, or a soldier, or an engineer, or a chemist, or a geologist, or an antiquarian; but he will be placed in that state of intellect in which he can take up any one of the sciences or callings I have referred to, or any other for which he has a taste or special talent, with an ease, a grace, a versatility, and a success to which another is a stranger. In this sense, then, mental culture is emphatically *useful*."

The great cardinal's conclusion must be unhesitatingly ours. America will always be utilitarian, but in the noblest and truest sense, and she will find her utility in the most perfect cultivation of the noblest faculty that our Creator has given us. Nor can she fail to recognize eventually that the intellect reaches that perfect cultivation only when it is illumined not only with all the radiance that shines from nature, but also with all the light that beams forth from God. The delusion cannot always last that intellectual culture without God in it can be either perfect or useful. Facts are daily proving the contrary, and they will also prove that such culture as a true Catholic university must aim at imparting, and which we make bold to affirm that only a Catholic university can impart, must naturally tend to form men who will be both an honor to humanity and a blessing to their race.

The noble but exaggerated contempt for mere utilitarianism in study which we have been considering may well be regarded as the animating principle of all the German universities. An equally noble but no less exaggerated spirit of freedom is their chief visible characteristic and fundamental practical rule. To one acquainted with the educational methods even of free America, the liberty, or, as we should rather say, the license, of the typical German university seems almost incredible. It may be truly said that there is almost no rule to direct or control either the teaching of the professors or the studies and conduct of the students. A professor must, as a matter of course, lecture regularly, and on the branch of learning to whose chair he has been appointed; but within those general limits he is absolutely free to teach just what he pleases and just how he pleases. And a student knows that he must avoid flagrant violations of public order, or other misdemeanors that would bring him

into the hands of the university police; but short of that he has no control over his moral conduct but his own sweet will. He knows, too, that he cannot hope for a degree unless he can stand a satisfactory examination; and he may, if he chooses, seek the friendship and direction of some one of the professors or *privat-docents;* but beyond that he has neither guidance nor incentive to study, and he knows that the university, as such, is entirely indifferent to what he studies, or when he studies, or whether he studies at all. Besides, there is no college life; the young men lodge wherever they choose through the town, and live and spend their time as inclination prompts. More boundless freedom cannot be imagined in any organization claiming to be a civilized community. Such is the *lehrfreiheit* of the professors and the *lernfreiheit* of the students, which the Germans boast as the distinctive characteristic of their universities.

When we inquire into the motive that can have prompted such a system and the advantage they expect to derive from it, they tell us that it develops more originality among the professors and more manliness among the students. They insist that it leaves the genius and the energies of the professors quite untrammelled, to run as far as they can in the directions they are most fitted for, and thus encourages thoroughness of research and the progress of science. And they believe that throwing a young man on his own resources and making him absolutely his own master develops all the strength of character that is in him, and leaves him free to pursue his studies in the way which he finds best suited to his talents and his aspirations.

Now, in all this there is evidently much truth. Many a professor who is conscious of the ability and the craving to push on to an honorable and useful superiority in some special line, is hampered by the routine of his set task, and feels condemned to the galley-oar or the treadmill of a perpetually recurring round of comparatively elementary instruction. More freedom than is usually accorded to professors, even in institutions which aim at occupying the highest rank, is assuredly necessary for the formation of specialists and of great scholars. No man of wide renown and accepted authority has ever attained his pre-eminence but through freedom to pursue his own special studies to the utmost of his power. And again it must be conceded that few if any of the institutions of education which we are best acquainted with seem to possess the secret of developing true manliness in our American youth, of sending them forth with much more than the negative goodness that may withhold them from falling into vice and abandoning the prac-

tice of their religion. This indeed is very much; but it is far from being all that is needed in an era and a land like ours. Perhaps, too, it is all that can be reasonably expected from a training which ends at the tender age at which young men are expected to graduate from the ordinary academy or college; but assuredly it is not all that is required for moulding the typical men of our age and our country, for developing that moral energy as well as that moral worth which will insure to truth and virtue the position and the influence in society which is their due. Unquestionably, further training and of another kind is necessary, and the university, in seeking to bestow it, has much to learn from the German universities.

But there can be no reasonable doubt that they go too far, that their principle of freedom is pushed to the extreme of individualism and license. I think it may be said without offence that the Germans are a people of extremes. In their ordinary life they are well accustomed to the extreme of dragooning, of repression, of iron rule. No wonder, then, that they rebound to the extreme of license, of individualism, whenever it is allowed. And it is allowed to the full during the three or four years of university life. That is considered as the one oasis in an arid existence, and the German heart luxuriates in it without stint. It may, in a certain sense, make men of them, but certainly not of a very enviable character, if we are to believe one-half of what is told us even by the admirers of the system. Their bouts of beer-drinking at the *kneipen* and of duelling at the *mensur*, which are not the exception but the rule of student-life, are, doubtless, well calculated to foster conviviality and audacity, but scarcely to form the sort of men that we need in our land of self-government. The "slovenliness and uncouthness" which one of their chief admirers acknowledges to be a common result of this lack of law and method are hardly reconcilable with the ordinary and, we think, the proper notion of intellectual culture and finished education. And it is hardly to be wondered at if such a systematic contempt for both intellectual discipline and moral control should breed a race of brilliant but unsound theorizers, whose whole thought and life run in tangents, who acknowledge no rule but chaotic individualism, and who are a menace to philosophic truth and to the stability of human society. When the conservative Protestants of the German Reichstag, not very long ago, reproached the radicals with socialism and atheism, their brilliant young leader, Bebel, rose and exclaimed: "If we are socialists and atheists, blame yourselves for it. You are the authors of our university system, you

regulate their studies and their methods, and it is they that have made us what we are."

Bebel's rejoinder is a two-edged sword, piercing with merciless truth the German system both of student-life and of professional teaching. If men are to be expected to value law and authority as citizens, they must be trained to appreciate them as students. Legitimized license in the critical years of youth is a poor school for social good order in after-life. Our university methods must be moulded in the spirit of our political institutions, granting the fullest liberty consistent with perfect good order, and yet implying the fullest measure of wise legislation and authority that is compatible with the truest liberty. A large-minded and broad-hearted system of college or community life, making provision for outside lodgers as far as is deemed advisable, such as we have seen working so successfully in Louvain, seems much more in accordance with American good sense and with Catholic appreciation of moral training than the free-and-easy system, or want of system, prevailing in Germany. And that our American love of freedom need be no obstacle to the success of such a plan in our country is abundantly proved by the experience of Harvard University and other similar institutions, where the college system, such as they have it, seems to give entire satisfaction.

Nor is it less necessary for the professors than for the students that their freedom should be tempered by law. A system of teaching which has no standard of truth save the individual judgment of each professor can hardly be depended on for solid and beneficial results. It may well produce originality and brilliancy, and these are in themselves excellent qualities; but what avails originality if it have no guarantee of truth, or what profits brilliancy if it be only that of the flaming and trackless meteor? Since the palmy days of Athens there has scarcely been anywhere such an exhibition of elaborate and ingenious thought as that of the philosophers, the poets, and the scholars given forth by the universities of Germany; but surely it may well be doubted whether the net result is a great addition to the wisdom of the world. From Kant to Hegel and Feuerbach they have astonished us by the keenness of their analysis or the audacity of their speculations; but they have delved in depths of scepticism or soared in wastes of pantheism or pessimism, which leave their philosophy a cloud-land of bewilderment and despair. Their poets all cluster around the peerless Goethe, whose cold, majestic genius seems to aim only at putting inclination instead of conscience, and taking all true nobleness out of life, and the heart

out of humanity. Their religious thinkers may be outspoken like Strauss, or conservative and cautious like Reuss, but their work is ordinarily the advancement of rationalism, destroying faith in the supernatural and cutting the foundation from under Christianity. Like Bebel, they all say to the university system of Germany, "You have made us what we are." And probably the universities could well retort, "And your influence keeps us what we are." It is hard to break from traditions that one's self has formed, even when their perniciousness has become evident. Minds enamored with intellectual license, which they mistake for intellectual freedom, are not easily led to accept law, though it is the essential condition of order, harmony, and truth.

How different is the record of the Catholic scholars, of whom Germany has produced an abundance! In every field of thought and research they show the legitimate and noble results of German love of learning and love of freedom, when guided by the torch of divine revelation ever held aloft in the hand of the church of Christ. We may consider that they represent the true spirit of German intellectuality, shorn of the extremes into which we have seen it run, the spirit that moulded and animated the grand old universities of the past, and which alone can make the true university of the future.

Other considerations are suggested by the interesting topic which has engaged us in this article, but they must be postponed for another occasion.

John J. Keane.

AT ONE.

A way-worn Pilgrim stood before the door,
And knocking, pleaded: "Open, Lord; 'tis I."
But still there came no answer to his cry—
Only his own word which the breezes bore,
Chanting a pæan in echo, and once more
Trembling to silence in a threnody.
And the sad Pilgrim passed, nor questioned why,
Knowing but that his heart was very sore.

Then, wrestling in the world with shame and sin,
He learned abasement as the noblest pride,
And yielding all, the better all to win,
Again stood at the door he erst had tried.
"Who knocketh?" came the question from within;
"Lord, 'tis *Thyself*." The door was opened wide.

Francis Howard Williams.

JOHN VAN ALSTYNE'S FACTORY.

XI.—*Continued.*

IN THE PINE WOODS.

"WILL you walk a little way?" he asked, his hat still in his hand, "or will you prefer to go back into the school-house? The children have been telling me about their plan, and I wanted to explain what I think can be done."

"You are very kind, Mr. Murray," answered Zip, hesitating, as if over which proposition to accept.

"Please don't go back," put in both the twins; "do come down the road into the pine woods, teacher."

"I suppose they think they have had enough of school for one day," she said, turning the key.

"This is the best way, Paul," announced Davie with a brilliant inspiration for which his brother mentally credited him with a quarter; "you can dive right round here behind the school and take a short cut up into the pines without going past the store at all. It's the way we boys always go."

"Are you up to it, Miss Colton?"

"Oh! yes."

"Teacher's been that way, too," said Fanny, "along with me an' the other girls."

"Those little folks are very fond of you, Miss Colton," observed Paul Murray as the twins ran on in advance.

"It is reciprocal," said Zip, and then bit her lip with vexation over her missish answer. But she could find nothing else to say.

"Teaching is rather tiresome work, isn't it?" Paul began again after a pause.

"Less so than I thought it would be."

"Shall you take the school on through the winter?"

"I haven't considered that question yet. I don't suppose it depends on me to decide; does it?"

"In great measure, I take it."

"Would you?—if you were me, I mean."

"If you put me on my honor I am afraid I shall have to say no. There are generally a good many hobble-de-hoys and young fellows coming in then, who need a man's hand."

For some reason Zip found this reply unsatisfactory. She hastened to accede to the wisdom of it.

"Oh, no!" she said, "I wouldn't *dream* of staying after this term is up. My father took it into his head that it would be a useful experience for me, but I shall return home as soon as ever I can. Perhaps I shall make a little visit there next Friday, when Mr. Van Alstyne goes to Riverside. What a dear old man he is."

"Yes. About his birthday, now. My father has been telling me about the talk at our house which gave the children and my sister the idea of celebrating it in some way. But their scheme was much narrower and more primitive than is necessary."

"Did Mr. Murray tell you *all* the talk?" asked Zip. "What Mr. Van Alstyne said about his father, and how he felt about his property?"

"A good deal of it, I suppose. He is a lonely old man, and his head is full of what I fear are unrealizable dreams. But he is all the better for dreaming them, I don't doubt. As far as he knows how and has the power, he puts them into execution; but you can't make a Utopia in a corner, nor regenerate society in a lump and from the outside."

They had entered the wood-road now, and the children came back to join them and listen with all their ears.

"What did you think of doing, Miss Colton?" asked Paul. "The children spoke of tableaux, and I think we might have some music into the bargain. There are a few very fair solo voices down at the factory, and I have a glee club there, besides, who do some choruses not badly."

"Oh! I hadn't thought of anything special, and certainly not of anything so extensive. I don't see how we could—there isn't any place, unless we could borrow the church."

"We don't want the church," said Paul with a little laugh; "if the day is fine we can arrange things in the open air—there is a picnic ground below the mill which would answer, and in case of rain we might adjourn to a very decently finished shed in the mill-yard. You see there can hardly be a soul in the village who would not be glad to give Mr. Van Alstyne a pleasure, and we must manage to let them all have a chance. They will end up with a dance, probably. I can fiddle a little for them myself, and there is a banjo or two among the boys, but I wish we had something better."

"The piano, brother Paul," said Fanny, sliding her hand into his—"don't you wish we had it right away?"

"If wishes were horses beggars would ride, wouldn't they? Run ahead now, children. I don't know why she shouldn't have a piano now as well as any time," he went on after they had obeyed him; "I have been promising her and myself one for the last three years. She has a birthday just in time, fortunately."

"Oh! we can do without a piano," said Zip, so hastily that Paul looked at her in surprise. "I mean," she went on, blushing now that she found her position as a double confidant a trifle embarrassing, and vexed at her own inadvertence, "I wouldn't be in a hurry about getting it just for the tableaux."

"Well," he said, more surprised than before by this unexpected readiness to advise, "I would not get it expressly for them, only, as it would be useful then, I think I will carry out a little sooner a plan I had proposed to defer until Christmas. You haven't any objections, have you?"

He put this question so seriously that Zip resisted with difficulty a nervous inclination to laugh.

"I?" she said presently. "What right would I have to make objections? Why should you suppose I wished to? Perhaps I only thought it was taking too much pains and raising too many expectations."

She colored, nevertheless, between her suppressed amusement and her effort at evasion. She had suddenly become a partisan for Mr. Van Alstyne in the affair of the piano, and Paul Murray, as he looked at her, was instantaneously possessed by the sub-conviction that she was not quite candid.

"Are you afraid that you would be called upon to give us some music in that case?" he asked, still puzzled. "Of course you would not be so unkind as to dispense yourself altogether."

"Oh! I shall be stage-manager and mistress of ceremonies," she said, smiling as she saw him groping for the clue she had unintentionally dropped. "I will not refuse to do anything that lies in my power."

Then the question of ways and means, and the possibility of utilizing the girl's afternoon in the city for the purchase of stage properties, came up for discussion, and was treated under so many aspects and in so much detail that the sun was near the horizon before they ceased pacing back and forth beneath the trees and turned their faces definitely toward the village. By that time they were quite at their ease with each other and so much engrossed in their common topic as to need the reminder with which Davie favored them. His part and Fanny's in the delib-

erations of their elders had been smaller than either of the pair found just or interesting.

"Sissy 'll think we're *never* coming home, Paul," he observed; "hadn't Fanny an' me better go on an' get our supper? I'll tell her you've been here in the woods with teacher ever since school was out, and will be along bimeby; shall I?"

"Don't trouble yourself, youngster," Paul said, laying a detaining hand on the little fellow's shoulder. He drew out his watch and whistled softly as he looked at it, and then turned with a smile, intending to show it to Miss Colton. But she was bending over Fanny, absorbed apparently in something the child was saying, and he got no opportunity to see her face for some minutes. By that time it was more serene than when Davie's unhappy choice of words and Paul's whistle had dyed it with vexation. Decidedly, she was growing stupidly self-conscious, and, in her indignation over that too evident fact, longed vehemently to punish the cause of it. But who was the cause?

As they neared the post-office the Rev. Adoniram Meeker came out of it, followed by the miller, Uncle Zeke Crandall, whose empty wagon stood before the door. The minister had been Zip's most intimate aversion since the day when he had innocently and most unwittingly humbled her in her own eyes by laying his middle-aged and unprepossessing personality at her feet. It was a possibly absurd but certainly not an unnatural development of her maidenly instinct which, at the time, had made her loathe herself for having attracted such an offer. Prissy Beeckman's disclosures and Mrs. Mesick's remarks had since greatly lessened her sensitiveness on the subject by throwing a different light on it from that in which it had presented itself to her, but the sight of him was still irritating. She frowned a little, and pretended not to see his outstretched hand, although she was not altogether sorry to have to stop and listen to his greetings and answer his questions about her family. She had managed to keep out of his way thus far, and this was their first meeting. And Miller Crandall's offer of seats, which the little Murrays were accepting as she paused, would relieve her from the necessity of parting from them at Mr. Van Alstyne's gate, which she had been looking forward to with some inward perturbation.

"Lemme give you an' the youngsters a lift as fur as the turn, Murray," Uncle Zeke had said as they came up; "I've got a complaint to make o' some o' your riff-raff down to the fact'ry."

A minute later the same big voice came back to the two at the roadside as its owner touched up his team:

"Sparkin' the teacher, eh? Well, she's a likely-lookin' gal."

Zip turned a furious scarlet, which the Rev. Adoniram noted with a purely pastoral and impersonal concern. The little incident which had given him an unpleasant prominence in the girl's mind was but one of several which had long taken their proper perspective in his own.

"I was so sorry not to be here when Brother Colton came down," he remarked. "I haven't seen you in church on Sundays, and somehow have failed to find you at any other time or place."

"Some of Squire Cadwallader's people come in for me every Friday, and I pass the Sunday there," she explained.

"That is pleasant, of course, but still I feel a little defrauded. Your father is such a pillar in Sion that when I heard who had the school I made sure my hands ware to be strengthened for the good work here. There's a great deal of backsliding—a *great* deal, I may say—in some of these country charges."

Apparently Zip had no remarks to offer on that head. She only quickened her already rapid pace until Mr. Meeker, who was somewhat puffy, found a difficulty in keeping up with her.

"I owe Brother Colton so many obligations," he labored on as they approached Mr. Van Alstyne's, "that I cannot help feeling that you have been, as it ware, placed under my pastoral supervision. And I must not omit to warn you that young Murray is not such company as your father would be pleased to have you keep. He is perfectly upright and honorable, I believe, but—"

But whatever else he might be in Mr. Meeker's estimation that conscientious shepherd never got a chance to say. Zipporah quite forgot her respect for his cloth in an access of girlish fury.

"I wish you would mind your own *business*, Mr. Meeker!" she broke out, darting through the gate and closing it after her with a bang that left the good man dumfounded in the road.

XII.

AT THE LAWYER'S OFFICE.

"Now, I have a business appointment which may detain me most of the afternoon," said Mr. Van Alstyne to Zipporah and Mattie Colton as he was parting from them at the Riverside post-office corner, "but I shall be ready to go back at five o'clock. Shall you?"

"Oh! no, Mr. Van Alstyne," said Mattie, who had met them at the station and was to help her sister do her shopping; "that would not do at all. She can go down by herself to-morrow afternoon. You won't mind, will you, Zip?"

"Very well; I may have to come back myself to-morrow. If not, I will send over to the Corners to meet her at the train."

The two girls stopped on the curbstone to watch the erect old man as he went up the hill.

"Well, *he* is nice, anyway," affirmed Mattie with decision. "I wouldn't mind how he spelled Centre or anything else—even his name."

"I shouldn't think you would—unless he insisted on following Noah Webster. He *is* nice, Mat; he is the very sweetest old man you can imagine. It must be delightful to have as much money as he has, and then spend it, as he does, to give other people pleasure. This is the way he spells his name—just look!"

She opened her portmonnaie, well lined with bills, as her sister noticed, and took from it a check, signed but not filled up.

"There! That is left to *my* discretion! He wants me to select a piano for him to give away—the best one I can find. I won't, though, unless I can have it sent down on approval, with liberty to exchange if it doesn't suit."

"Why, who is so particular as all that in Milton Centre? From your first letter we thought they were all savages. Mother and I were on the lookout for you every day at train-time for a week. It must have been horrid!"

"Well, it *was* pretty bad; but it was funny, too, when you come to think about it. It has been very different since the first week; and as to Mr. Van Alstyne's, I wouldn't care *how* long I stayed there. Look at this list, now, and see where we'd better go first. Up to Mulford's for the cake-basket, I suppose."

"Who wants a cake-basket?"

"The Reverend Mrs. Meeker," said Zip, with a mock-reverential drawl and a little laugh, "or that dear old man thinks perhaps she may. Fancy running across *him*, Mat!"

"Have you seen *her?*"

"Oh! yes; on Sundays at the Presbyterian church in Milton Corners. She is a rich old maid, and, according to Lucy, she means to have him either leave the Methodists or locate after he is married. She says *she* won't go dragging around with him from one place to another."

"She is wise in her generation," said Mattie. "Did Mr. Van Alstyne provide you with money for the tableaux, too?"

"How could he when he isn't to know anything about them? No; I am a committee of one for that purpose. In fact," said Zip, smiling slightly at her own thoughts, "I am a sort of go-between to assist Mr. Van Alstyne and some people he cares very much about to give each other a mutual pleasure. Neither of them has any idea that I have been taken into confidence on the other side, and it is very amusing to see how they are playing into each other's hands without in the least suspecting it. I am awfully glad some one *did* have the bright idea of trying to please him, for, except such comfort as he may get from making things easy for other people, he don't seem to have much. There is not a soul belonging to him but his horrid old daughter-in-law, and I believe *she'd* lock him up in a lunatic asylum, if she could, so as to pocket all his money. The squire says he made her independent as soon as her husband died, though his son ruined himself and left her without a penny."

"Money is a pretty solid comfort by itself, no matter what you do with it," said Mattie. "I know *I* should find it so."

"So should I; but I never saw any one who seemed to get as much good out of it as Mr. Van Alstyne, and yet who appeared to care as little as he for what it will do for himself. I know some one else who says that is the true secret of money."

"Who is that?"

"Oh! a person down at the Centre. How glad I am father sent Tom to college! I had a letter from him yesterday."

While the two girls plunged into the unfamiliar pleasure of shopping with a full purse, Mr. Van Alstyne was closeted with his lawyer, Mr. Ira Mount, of the firm of Mount, Jagger & Stout, with whom he had had some recent communication by letter. Mr. Mount, a lank, sallow-faced man, considerably past middle age, with cogitating, speculative eyes, and that sort of carelessness in dress which betokens absent-mindedness, sat in an arm-chair beside a table covered with papers, facing his client, who had just ceased speaking, but not looking at him. From time to time his long, thin fingers smoothed meditatively his grizzled moustache and pointed goatee; when he spoke it was with the drawl from which he never escaped but in the height of one of those impassioned appeals to jurymen which had made his reputation.

"Well," he began, after a minute or two of silence, "that is about what I gathered from your letter. Do I understand that

you wish to incorporate your business and make all those employed in it shareholders?"

"Something of that sort, I suppose."

"What is your object? I don't ask for your motive, though I should be interested in hearing it; but before I can advise you I must know precisely what you are aiming at."

"I want to insure that all who now or hereafter may contribute to its productiveness shall share more equitably in the proceeds than is customary. At present I take care of that myself, with the aid of a very capable and thoroughly honest superintendent, whose position as head of the works and largest shareholder I also want to provide for. I have kept the machinery going in the tightest times we have passed through thus far, and given the highest wages current anywhere; this year I propose to supplement them by a bonus in the shape of a percentage on profits, graduated according to earnings. Now, can any scheme be devised which shall insure carrying on such a system in perpetuity after my death?"

"Perpetuity is a long word," said the lawyer. "The nearest synonym for it in the law-books is ninety-nine years. You can incorporate your business and place the title to the real estate in the company, without a doubt. In this State such corporations have large powers to receive and hold property. The only question in my mind is whether doing so would not tend to defeat what appears to be your intention."

"How so?"

"Do you want each employee of every age and sex to own, out and out, a share in the real property? If you do, how long would they remain your employees? How would you prevent them from selling out to the first capitalist who offers a tempting price, and so frustrating your intention altogether?"

"Well," said Mr. Van Alstyne, contracting his brows, "that is just the snag I always run against myself. I came here hoping you might be able to steer me past it. I *don't* want to make them absolute owners. I want to tie up their power of transfer, and also to make their separate holdings depend on the manner in which they perform their obligations."

"Just so. That is to say, you wish to retain, and even to perpetuate, your present rights of ownership, even in the act of merging them in those of a corporation. I concluded from your letter that you were aiming at some scheme of that nature, and I have been considering whether it were possible to steer you clear, not merely of the special snag you have foreseen, but

against all those involved in the laws concerning wills, corporations, trusts, descent of property, State specifications concerning charitable and benevolent institutions, and the laws of marriage and divorce. There is not one of them against which any possible plan you might devise would not impinge. Now, suppose them all to be reckoned up within your favor. Suppose you to associate yourself with your employees and apply to the State for a charter setting forth all your desires, and that it should be granted. You might name each laborer in the instrument as trustee or beneficiary; you might also include a provision for creating new shareholders, as well as for deposing a trustee or continuing a benefit."

"Do you know of any such case?"

"No; and I would not undertake to pronounce offhand upon the legality of such an instrument. But even should it prove legal, you still would be unable to prevent the transfer of the property as a whole, or even the separate interests for any considerable time. Moreover, they would all and several be liable for debt. And how would you propose, in such a scheme, to provide for that one personal interest—that of your present superintendent—of which you both wrote and spoke to me?"

"Couldn't I name him as trustee?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Principally because you can't eat your cake and have it. You can't part with your rights as owner, as you would do by becoming a unit in a corporation, and yet retain them. Your vote would then count against another's; it would no longer have any preponderating weight. You must remember, also, that the moment the corporation ceases to conform to the charter the State may be called on to interfere by any one of those concerned, the business wound up, and the property dispersed among the creditors and stockholders."

The two men sat and looked at each other. They were old acquaintances rather than old friends, but they had long held each other in mutual esteem. To the lawyer, however, John Van Alstyne's projects seemed visionary and impracticable, and even to involve a wilfully blind attempt at interference with the established laws of human action. After a little he began again:

"You say you have already satisfied the only claim on you which could have a show of justice, and that you feel at liberty to devise the rest to whom or what you will. What is your ob-

jection, then, to willing it to the man you have in view, either out and out, trusting only to his honor to use it according to your desires, or else hampering him with an express condition to that effect? That would be the most simple and at the same time the most feasible plan."

"And if he broke the condition?"

"He would forfeit to whomsoever you might name—or possibly to those collateral heirs who would be sure to start up to contest such a property as yours—especially if any vestige of illegality left them the chance to upset your will. Your legatee, bound by such a condition, would be responsible both to the employees and to the equity court."

John Van Alstyne heaved an impatient sigh. "I am always coming on the same obstacle," he said. "I wanted to safeguard impregnably both the property and all those who will ever contribute to its growth and preservation. I do not wish to impose on any one man such a burden of responsibility. I thought I might lighten by dividing it. I have carried it nearly all my own life, and yet, under a stress of temptation, I once put in peril my only chance of accomplishing what had long seemed to me a sacred obligation."

"Ye-es," drawled the lawyer, "we all do that in one way or another. You see, Mr. Van Alstyne, what you are aiming at, in reality, is a surgical operation on the human will. If you had had the making of the Garden of Eden, I suppose you would have omitted both the serpent and the apple—wouldn't you? Don't you see that in any scheme you might devise, no matter how cleverly every other difficulty were evaded, each man would have to bear on his single shoulders the responsibility for the fulfilment or the failure of the whole, since each could by his free act imperil all the others and rob them of their inheritance? For that reason, I can suggest nothing better than that you should choose your successor as wisely as you can, and then confide all to his honor and uprightness. The fact is, you know, it is on that plan the world is governed. Each of us has his own row to hoe. If the whole field ever gets into shipshape order, it will be when every man strictly attends to his own affairs. He can't do that and yet meddle to any great extent with those of his neighbor."

"I see," said Mr. Van Alstyne in a musing tone. "That is what I shall have to do, I suppose. Indeed, I have often thought of it as possibly the most practicable solution. What put the Garden of Eden in your mind in that connection, eh?"

"It was a convenient illustration," said the lawyer, smiling. "I merely meant to imply that so long as the freedom of the human will exists, temptation and opportunity are never lacking."

"You never doubted that it does exist, I suppose?"

"Doubt? Oh! yes; a speculative doubt. In actual practice I have stumbled too many times over the obstacle which troubles you not to sweep my brains of such a cobweb. The fact is, that if I had the power and the means, and wanted to convince one of those specially blatant asses who deny the existence of a personal and righteous God, on the ground that it is incompatible with that of so much sin and sorrow and apparently undeserved suffering in the world, I would set him down to remake even the smallest corner of society after his own more benevolent and wiser plans. If the solidarity of mankind did not stare him in the face with every new attempt he made to hedge in the good and keep out the evil, and refuse to be generalized under any formula better and more comprehensive than that of the headship of Adam, I would eat my own head. We are members of a corporation, you see, and each member has it in his power to defeat the provisions of the charter, and so defraud every one of his colleagues. That does not argue a want of good-will and foresight in the Creator, but simply shows to demonstration that he did not make man a mere puppet. He did actually give him a transferable share. Now *your* scheme, as you observe, is only practicable on the supposition that your beneficiaries, and all other men for that matter, shall be bound. The end you propose is admirable, but, man being what he is, the means are inadequate."

"You are quite right, I fear," said Mr. Van Alstyne. "In considering my desires I have come face to face with that conclusion many times, but have always tried to evade it as a mere difficulty. I hoped, at all events, that there might be some legal hocus-pocus which would pretend to secure what I wanted, and which I could apply as a sort of salve to my doubts and scruples."

"Specifics are as rare in law as they are in medicine, I reckon," said Mr. Mount. "I don't say that, with a great deal of thought and study, I or somebody else might not think out a plan which would look satisfactory—on paper. But to make it work when you are no longer on hand to superintend it, and able to stop up all moderate-sized leaks, however unforeseen, by drawing on your private resources, would be an alto-

gether different thing. I had a nephew in a bank in Pittsburgh which was run for some years on a somewhat similar plan."

"And didn't it succeed?"

"Admirably—up to the day when the cashier found his share inadequate to his desires, and ran away with all the profits. He was caught and put in the State prison, but the bank was restored to the normal footing after his escapade, and my nephew, who succeeded him, draws a salary and nothing more."

"Advise me, then. You may not share my views, but you are a man with a conscience, and you at least understand what they are. I look upon my property as a trust, and, being absolutely unhampered by private ties, I wish to put it to as wide a beneficial use as may be. I have no weakness for charitable institutions. I want to help as many people as I can to help themselves, which they can't do without at the same time helping a still wider circle. Some few private legacies I have made a memorandum of, but the bulk of what I have I wish to devise so as to develop to the utmost the manufacturing interests, and, of course, with them, all the other interests of my native village."

"You have been working at that all your life, haven't you?"

"I suppose I may say yes—not always with my eyes so clearly bent on that end as they are at present."

"How did you do it? By devoting your individual energy to a given purpose, wasn't it?"

"Yes. What do you want me to infer from that?"

"Simply that if you have any one person in view whom your knowledge and experience incline you to believe trustworthy, I think you can't do better than try to perpetuate in him the plan on which you have worked yourself. That is what I would do, for the reasons I have already given you. Sound him beforehand, if you like. He has no inkling of such a possibility, I conclude, if he be, as I suppose, your present superintendent?"

"Not the slightest. He knows, in a general way, that I have been thinking of incorporating the business, but I infer from several little things that the difficulties in the way of doing so are as visible to him as they seem to be to you. With my ideas as to how the business should be conducted I know him to be in thorough sympathy. He has been more than my right hand in carrying them out; the practical details of the scheme on which we work at present, and which seem mutually satisfactory to all hands, were in great part due to his sagacity."

"So much the better. You can have no more rational guarantee than that."

"Very well," said John Van Alstyne, rising, and drawing from a side-pocket a memorandum-book from which he took a folded paper. "I will ask you to draw up for me a testament to that effect, and to provide also for the special interests named in this document. I will come up to town again in a day or two, and sign it."

"You don't look altogether satisfied," Mr. Mount said, rising also to go with him to the door of the office; "but that is the most fruitful suggestion I can make."

"Satisfaction is a fruit that never grew on any tree of my planting," returned Mr. Van Alstyne, with a not very cheery smile. "Why I should have expected to pluck it this time is not quite clear to me. Well, good-afternoon. I'll see you again before long."

"Good-afternoon," said the lawyer, and they shook hands and parted.

XIII.

CONCERNING VARIOUS MATTERS.

"So she couldn't stand it any longer without running home to her mammy for a spoonful of pap!" said Mr. Colton, taking his daughter into a very hearty embrace when he came in to his supper.

"Well, I did want to come," admitted Zip, laughing and disengaging herself, "but it wasn't *that* brought me. Mr. Van Alstyne asked me to do some purchasing that he hadn't time to attend to this afternoon, and of course I was glad of the chance. Father, you are more like a bear than ever!" surveying in the glass her cheeks, reddened by the rough contact with his beard, which toward the end of the week was apt to resemble a stubble-field for harshness.

"Is Mr. Van Alstyne here?"

"No; he went back. Mattie and I saw him at the cars just before he started. He will send over to the train for me to-morrow."

"So you have made up your mind to like teaching, have you? Father wasn't such a great blunderer about his girl, after all, was he?"

"It is the greatest fun in the world," said Zip.

"You girls had better go up-stairs and take off your things," suggested their mother. "Tea'll be ready in a minute." The sisters had come in half an hour earlier, and had been sitting with her, chatting volubly, until Mr. Colton's entrance.

"I knew she'd like it when she had once got broken in a little," the father said, looking after them with a complacent smile as the two girls, with little Eunice trotting behind, started to comply with this hint. "She is in high feather, isn't she?"

"She likes *something!*" assented the mother dubiously. "Perhaps it is teaching, but I doubt it. I never like to see her in such a gale. Either she says nothing, or else her tongue runs a steady stream. I'd be a good deal easier in my mind to have Mattie out of my sight than Zip. She has twice the common sense."

"You do love to borrow trouble, Martha, don't you?" returned Mr. Colton good-humoredly. "Your mother must have had an inspiration when she named you. Zip is as steady as a clock at bottom."

Mrs. Colton shut her lips tight and shook her head. Her husband, accustomed to that manner of response from his domestic oracle, replied to it as if she had spoken.

"What are you worrying about, anyway, Martha? What *could* happen to her in a little hole of a country village like Milton Centre? If you feel uneasy I will write a line to Brother Meeker and ask him to keep an eye on her. It was unfortunate he happened to be away when I went down."

"No, don't do that!" said Mrs. Colton hastily. She had never thought it necessary to extend to her husband her daughter's confidences concerning Mr. Meeker. "It is nothing worth talking about. I never liked her going, anyway, and when she made such an outcry about the first house she stayed at I *was* in hopes she'd break down and come back at once. But I'd much rather she had kept on disliking it than find her so taken up with it all of a sudden. It isn't *natural.* I'd like to know something about the other people down there—who they are, and what they are, and what has set her so all agog about them."

"Why didn't you ask her?"

"I haven't had a chance. Besides, I wanted her to run on of her own accord when I saw what a trim she was in, and let all come out that would. But it was all about some performance they are getting up to celebrate Mr. Van Alstyne's birthday. He must be a simpleton, by all I could make out. He signed and gave her a blank check to fill up and spend as she

pleased, and she actually paid six hundred and fifty dollars for a piano he wants to give to one of the school-children!"

"No?"

"Yes; Mattie saw her do it, and says when Zip told him at the depot he hadn't a word of fault to find. Who *is* Mr. Van Alstyne, anyway? Zip says he is upwards of seventy and rolling in money. I always heard there was no fool like an old fool, and I begin to believe it. A wise man wouldn't trust to that extent in the discretion of a strange young girl."

"He may not be very wise," said Mr. Colton, "but I don't think I would call him a fool on that evidence. He can afford to throw away money, and it is his whim to be generous in an out-of-the-way fashion. I wouldn't give blank checks myself to any woman, but his doing it probably only means that he has taken a fancy to Zip. Worse things than that might happen. He hasn't chick or child belonging to him."

While these comments were being made in Mr. Colton's dining-room the subject of them was approaching Milton Corners in the express-train. He was met at the station by the light carriage in which he and Zipporah Colton had been driven there at noon, but this time the ribbons were held by Paul Murray. Mr. Van Alstyne's keen glance fell on his superintendent some little time before he was himself discovered in the crowded train; the young fellow had alighted and was standing at the head of the bay mare, as near as possible to the platform. There was a certain holiday air about him and a look of expectation on his face which Mr. Van Alstyne noted as unusual. As the cars slowed up, Paul threw the reins to a boy, and, going up the steps three at a time, approached the window at which he had recognized one of the faces he was seeking. There was a jauntier set than usual to the low-crowned felt he wore, and that was certainly a late rose in his button-hole. The latter was a detail so unexpected and so suggestive that it told its story to the observant old man as plainly as did the sudden blankness which overspread Murray's face when his eyes, plunging into the interior of the car, came back with involuntary inquiry to Mr. Van Alstyne's. The old man looked at him with a half-sad, half-amused intelligence. He also had been in—and out of—Arcady.

"She is not coming back to-day," he said, with an intentional use of the pronoun, and then a pause. "But I promised," he went on, as he stepped out of the car, "to send over here for her at this time to-morrow, if that will be any satisfaction."

Paul Murray bit his lip, and then smiled frankly into the old man's eyes. "I have an errand in Riverside myself to-morrow," he explained, "but as I happened to learn that Miss Colton was going up with you to-day, I took the liberty of burdening her with a few commissions of a sort a lady understands better than a man. I came over to relieve her of them."

"I am glad you had a good excuse, for it saves me the trouble of sending down to ask you to supper with me. Mrs. Van Alstyne is away visiting to-day, and I have some matters to talk over with you."

Whatever were the topics he had in mind, the old man was apparently in no hurry to begin upon them. Beyond an indifferent remark or two, they passed over the road almost in silence. Mr. Van Alstyne was rather tired, and leaned back in his corner, looking between his half-closed lids at the young man into whose hands he was about to commit so great a power and confide so great a trust. Until now, even while his resolution had been sub-consciously tending to this end, he had thought of it only as a matter like that of an ordinary testament, to be made known and take effect after his own death; but no sooner had he come to a decision than he began debating whether or not to deny himself the pleasure of acquainting his successor with his intentions. His heart had been a spendthrift always, giving much for little, and forced most often to content itself with husks and chaff where it had hoped to reap grain from its abundant planting. He was made for the quiet satisfactions of the hearth, but beside his own he had found little but jarring and dissension, bitterness and misunderstanding. Something that resembled real happiness more than most things he had known before had entered his life with the respect and affection which had mutually grown between him and his present companion. As he looked at him a wave of satisfaction at his own resolve swept over him, and he acknowledged with a half-sigh, as if the dead were somehow defrauded, how dear to him the son of his heart had grown.

Just before reaching the Centre, at a turn in the road where the narrow belt of pines began, a man lay sprawling, almost on his face. He was so nearly in the way of passing vehicles, and the twilight, hastened by an approaching storm, was deepening so fast, that Murray drew up, and, getting no response to his call, touched him with the handle of his whip. This also failing to rouse the sleeper, he jumped out, and, stooping, tried to turn him over.

"It is Eben Lant," Murray said, as the fellow began to rouse himself. "What is one to do? This is the second time within three weeks that he has got into this condition, and his wife with three small children under four years old."

"What did you do with Pat Finegan?"

"He was an unmarried man with no one dependent on him, and could afford a rough lesson. See here, Lant, pick yourself up and go home. I was within an inch of driving over you."

He shook the man vigorously as he spoke, and succeeded in getting him to a sitting posture.

"That you, boss?" said the fellow with a hiccough, accompanied by a sickening odor of stale liquor. "Shli'ly overcome —heat—come out—walk off 'fects."

He made no effort to rise, but after speaking sat with his head nodding toward his knees, ready to fall back again the moment Murray's grasp on his shoulder should be released. The latter rose to his full height and looked at Mr. Van Alstyne.

"I suppose I'd better drive you home, sir, and return for him?"

"Use your own judgment. I should think that hauling him as far as possible from the roadway and leaving him there would answer."

"There's a storm blowing up!"

The wind, in fact, was already rising to a gale, and the trees bending and creaking overhead.

"The rain will probably sober him. Mrs. Lant can't be very desirous to see him coming home in that plight. Of all creatures to be pitied, the decent wife of a drunkard strikes me as the most so."

"You are wrong about Mrs. Lant. I would have set him adrift at once when he broke his pledge the last time but for the sight of her heavenly patience with him. It makes one long all the more to kick him, I admit, but——"

He bent down over the fellow, who was again prostrate and snoring, and had succeeded in dragging him back under the trees, when an empty mill-wagon, returning from the Corners, came in sight, and with the teamster's aid Lant was deposited in it and sent home.

"That is the greatest drawback to responsibility," Paul Murray said, as he got into the carriage again. "This throwing dead weight overboard and washing one's hands of it is wearing business. It never has to be done but I find myself wishing that I still had only a journeyman's wages to earn and nobody's future but my own to worry about."

"I think," returned Mr. Van Alstyne, "that the best plan would be to try to divest your mind of any feeling of responsibility in the matter. Of course it isn't easy, but, after all, every man and woman in the lot knows his duties and his privileges, and has only himself to thank for getting into trouble. There is no way to prevent the factory from becoming a hospital for incurables but by insisting on both terms of the contract. It wasn't you or I who made the rule that he who would not work should not eat. The fact that Lant's wife and children will suffer if he loses his place is his lookout, not yours."

"True; the path of wisdom is generally clear enough, and thick enough beset with thorns into the bargain. The fact is, my lenience with him has made mischief already. I have had complaints of several who have taken to working short hours and treating themselves to occasional holidays and doses of Bob Simpson's Jamaica rum. With times as tight as they threaten to be before the year is over, and this sort of thing increasing, if we were working on the co-operative plan we should have a percentage of loss to subtract all round instead of a percentage of profit to divide."

"And they wouldn't like that, you think?" said Mr. Van Alstyne, with a dry laugh.

"I don't think they would. How many people with only their wage-earning power by way of capital would ever see the justice of mulcting them a dollar or two a week all through a good year in order to make up the losses of a bad one? Yet that is what strict economic justice, applied to co-operation, would entail, wouldn't it?"

"Well, sometimes it would, and sometimes it wouldn't. If the capitalist were embarrassed himself—if he were really living from hand to mouth, so far as his ability to continue affording his hands an opportunity to keep on working was concerned—it would be just. That is about what the ordinary way of conducting business amounts to in many cases, and cessation of work and cutting down wages is then a necessary expedient. In my case it isn't. I have an immense reserve behind me, and to put myself on an equality with my hands would not suit my notion of justice. To be quite frank, I think the fact that I or any other man can possess a fortune of five or ten millions, unquestioned, implies a fundamental injustice somewhere, don't you? Why should we not be taxed for purposes of general utility until our unhealthy swelling is reduced?"

"With all my heart," said Paul Murray. "I would vote to tax you for that end, and meanwhile I have no scruples about

helping you to tax yourself until such a consummation can be reached. I confess I don't see many signs of its near approach. Your position is so exceptional that in considering the ways in which it may be possible for me hereafter to utilize the experience I am gaining here, I have put it out of the question, and looked at the matter in a more ordinary light."

"Then you have never thought just what plans you would adopt if you were master here—in precisely my position, but with your life before you?"

"No," Murray answered, smiling; "my imagination is of a very prosaic sort. I have thought a great deal about ways of gradually levelling up some of the more unnecessary inequalities of condition, and of course have considered co-operation as a desirable means to that end. But there would have to be co-operation in so many things in order to insure success. I spoke of your position as exceptional; but, as a matter of fact, every member of such a corporation as you have sometimes spoken to me about wishing to establish would need to be a phenomenon of morals and intelligence to make it run long without a hitch. The profits in a factory conducted like this one must almost necessarily be less than in one carried on in great part by the underpaid labor of women and children. With no such bank account as yours to draw on, and a succession of bad years, what would happen?"

They had reached the house now, and the stable-boy came to take the horse and carriage. As Mr. Van Alstyne and his guest were finishing the supper to which a maid summoned them on their arrival, the former returned to their discussion.

"You think, then," he said, "that there is no radical remedy for social troubles? I must seem a sort of benevolent crank to you, I suppose."

Paul flushed slightly. "Not at all," he answered quietly. "I think there is no question as to what a man should do who finds it in his power to do anything. He can only use the tools in his hands. As to radical remedies for social troubles—" He stopped and shrugged his shoulders. "I have no faith in specifics. Still, suppose the sun rising to-morrow on a world in which every man, woman, and child acknowledged at daybreak his accountability to his Maker for every word and action, and faithfully remembered it till nightfall. The sun would set on a new state of things, wouldn't it?"

"Religion seems to you the only effectual motive power, then?"

"The only one to be counted on with any hope of lasting success—yes. In point of fact, no attempt at social regeneration on any extended scale has ever succeeded, except those undertaken with a purely religious end in view. Look at the Jesuit missions in Paraguay, for example, or the Franciscan missions in California."

"They failed also."

"No; they were rooted out by external enemies. The principle did not fail. But with nothing higher than physical prosperity as an end, and self-interest as a means, I think there would always be failure."

"Why?"

"Because I think the principle in that case is rotten. Private greed would be sure to carry the day in the long run. There are isolated instances of heroism and self-sacrifice occurring here and there, but 'every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost' is the general rule."

"Come now, Murray," said Mr. Van Alstyne, smiling, "you are an honest fellow. Admit that the taint of self-seeking is on the most perfect Christian you can conceive of, and I will agree to the rest of your contention. You say he prefers his neighbor's interest to his own, but what you really mean is that he weighs success in this world against success in the other, and strikes a balance. In his own way he is as canny as the shiftiest manœuverer in the lot."

"Agreed," said Murray, smiling also; "we are made so as to gravitate toward the greatest good we see. The point of view counts for something, though. Is it no gain to have love for men erected into a rule, and made the final test of love to God? Christianity may seem a delusion to you, but, even so, doesn't it remain a fact that it is the only effectually beneficent one the world has known?"

"You mistake me, my son," said the old man, with a lingering, kindly emphasis on the epithet new to Paul Murray's ears from his lips. "Christianity itself has never seemed a delusion to me; but in looking about the world at those who profess to live by it, it generally seems to me that they delude themselves in supposing they have any by which to live. I may misjudge my neighbors—doubtless I have done so at least as often as they have misjudged me—but ordinarily men, and women too, have turned a side to me which suggested that each was bent on seeking his own good and disregarding that of his brother. Those at the top of the ladder are resolved on staying there, though they

have to trample on all the rest, and those at the bottom dream of putting things even by the upsetting process. I like neither, but if I had to cast my lot on either side it should be with those below. But it is those on top that our churches gather in and pay court to. I have listened to the words of faith on many lips, but actions speak with an accent more convincing."

Paul Murray made no comment, and Mr. Van Alstyne went on again.

"I don't deny that there are exceptions; two of them, at the very least, must have occurred to you as they did to me when I passed that sweeping censure. Your sister is surely a shining example to the contrary. But be honest now, and tell me whether you really think she would have been other than she is, with faith or without it? She must have been made in some happy moment when Mother Nature found her stock of gall and bitterness was running low, and she composed her of their opposites."

"My sister is an angel," said Paul, flushing. "I have never seen a fault in her in all the years that she has been mother, and sister, and friend, and counsellor in one to me. But we are very unlike in most ways, and I know, partly from her own lips and partly from watching her, that by nature she is of the stuff that the pessimist is made of. She is at once so deficient in hope and so sensitive to the wants and sorrows of others that they would have crushed her if her faith had not given her a supernatural power of resistance. She is happier here than I have seen her elsewhere, because, thanks to you, she no longer sees irremediable poverty about her. At the same time, I am convinced that but for the family duties that claim her she would go to seek it elsewhere."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that she has longed for years, from her childhood in fact, to be what we Catholics call a Little Sister of the Poor. She decided, as I think very rightly, that the obstacles in the way of her vocation were Providential. She has seen poverty enough, remaining in her own place; but now that she is out of the way of it I divine her longing to be in the midst of it again."

"I thought you said she was happier here than elsewhere."

"So she is, in one way. The two things are not incompatible."

"By the way," said Mr. Van Alstyne, "that brings me to the special matter I wanted to speak of. I had no intention of opening up the discussion we have been engaged in. I am going to

build a church here for your people. If they had been very anxious to have one, I think it would not have fallen to my lot to take the initiative about it, so that if I speak first it is solely because I don't want to see a delicate girl like your sister tramping back and forth daily across the road through another winter."

"The distance is too great for her, I think; but it is not very great for people who do so little walking except on Sundays. If we have not spoken to you about a church it is not because we have done no thinking about it. There has been a fund for the purpose slowly growing in my hands for the last two years, and I proposed asking permission to run up some sort of temporary chapel this fall, and trying to secure a resident priest. For a permanent church the best site is on the knoll just above the dam, and I hated to propose that to you, knowing your objection to sell."

"You evidently know my objection to sell my land better than you understand it," said Mr. Van Alstyne rather dryly. "I objected to letting it go into private hands, lest my scheme of an industrial community, based on some approach to an equality of opportunities, should be frustrated before I had a chance to make a try for it. I have no objection at all to giving it away for this purpose. You can make what disposition you choose of the fund you speak of; but I saw an architect to-day in town and commissioned him to draw plans that he will submit to you and Father Seetin. He has had some experience, he tells me, in building for Catholics. As to the temporary chapel, I meant to propose that also. Miss Colton bought me a piano this afternoon for that purpose.—What is the matter?"

"Miss Colton?" said Paul, with a curiously sudden inattention to the more serious details of these unexpected remarks. "Did she know you wanted one? I mean, when did you tell her? In the city this afternoon?"

"We talked it over early in the week, in connection with the children's birthday, of which Davie had advertised me. A little bird told me, also, that Fanny would like a piano, and it was she, and not the chapel, that I really had in mind in buying it. You are so unaccountably touchy sometimes that I was afraid you might refuse me that pleasure, so I attempted to hedge on the chapel. The murder is out now, and I would much rather be honest about it and give it to the little girl."

Paul Murray's wits seemed to have gone wool-gathering, and for some time his remarks betrayed a tendency to veer around to Miss Colton and her accidental connection with Mr. Van Alstyne's plans, which made the old man smile. As he had ex-

pected, he found scruples of personal pride to contend with over the gift to Fanny; but before their long talk was over Mr. Van Alstyne had yielded to his impulse and made known his wishes and intentions with regard to the succession to his property, and the lesser obligation was lost in the greater.

"I shall make you my heir in the sight of men, my son," he said, as the evening was drawing to a close. He had risen, and for some time had been pacing up and down the apartment in his usual restless fashion, while the young man still remained seated. He was standing now, with his hand on Paul Murray's shoulder, and their eyes met in a mutual trust. "I shall not hamper you more than I was myself hampered by express conditions. I have considered long, and tried to devise some sure expedient which would secure all my ends at once, and yet not thrust upon you an undivided responsibility; but after looking at it on all sides, and taking competent advice, I have at last decided. We both believe in a just God, who will call us to account for all our misused opportunities. I have been tempted often to doubt of his existence, but I have met him at every great turning of the ways, even though I have lost him elsewhere. And before him I charge you to be a steward for your brethren. A man is a man in my eyes, and his needs speak louder than his professions; but still, if in trying to do good to all men you choose to pay special heed to the further injunction of the Apostle, and do so 'chiefly to them that are of the household of the faith,' I shall not say you nay. I have used my eyes sufficiently to know that yours is the church of the poor."

"It is her greatest glory," said Paul Murray; "but where men's physical needs are concerned, and their common right to labor to supply them, I shall never make any distinctions between them but those of desert and capability."

Mr. Van Alstyne smiled, well pleased. "You wonder, perhaps," he said, "why I should have chosen to take you at once into my confidence. Perhaps prudence might have counselled silence. But I am growing feeble, and in my family we have never made very old bones. I wanted to feel the relation between us drawing closer before I die. All my life I have been very much alone. You see," he added after a short pause, during which his ordinarily keen glance had softened and grown wistful, "how sure I must feel that you are unpurchasable when I can show you so plainly all I have in mind."

John Van Alstyne was one of the few who know how to confer a great benefit nobly. He had met now a man of equal temper, whose instinct taught him the still more difficult art of ac-

cepting one simply. A less single-minded man than Paul Murray would have been either confounded or too much elated by this sudden turn of fortune; a less courageous one would have faltered under the weight of the trust imposed. But the change wrought in his personal status had scarcely occurred to him as yet, and even the solemnity of John Van Alstyne's charge, though it sank ineffaceably into his consciousness, impressed him less, at the moment, than the half-spoken appeal which voiced this yearning for a personal affection. A sympathy so keen as to be compassion glistened in Paul Murray's eyes and trembled in his brief response, and the heart of the lonely old man was reassured by it as it would not have been by a thousand protestations.

"God helping me," he said, "I will do whatever lies in me to fulfil your trust. But I shall never be able to show how immeasurably you have deepened my gratitude by choosing to confer it now, and in such a way."

He also had risen, and as he ceased speaking he bent his head and touched with his lips the generous hand that clasped his own. Then he went out into the night.

LEWIS R. DORSAY.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IRELAND IN PARLIAMENT: A RETROSPECT.

ON the 20th of July, 1886, a memorable event took place in England. Mr. Gladstone on that day presented to the queen the resignation of his cabinet. The Liberals were out of office. At the end of that month a Tory cabinet came into existence, but its parturition was not unattended with difficulty, and, however pleasing to its parent (Lord Salisbury), it was by no means an object of equal admiration to the public. Even Tories criticised and were only half-pleased with its prominent members. Seven of them were picked out of the House of Lords, and this was denounced as an unpardonable proceeding. For men of title, it was alleged, are not always men of talent, and the great need in steering the vessel of the state through such stormy times as the present was "to fill the quarter-deck with able seamen." This was not all: functions which are commonly united in the prime minister Lord Salisbury divided with others; and

instead of acting himself as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, devolved that office on Lord Iddesleigh, a slow and failing statesman. An office which required extraordinary abilities was conferred on Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, whose rare talents made him a favorite with all Tories. This was the government of Ireland: a most difficult office, always filled by the "Irish Secretary"—invariably a native of England. His special duty resembles that of a conjurer; for it is with magical talent to spread before the Irish a feast like that of Barmecides, and ingeniously persuade them that they are never so well fed as when dying of hunger.

Lord Randolph Churchill, to the astonishment of half the nation, became Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons. But the most amazing of all these appointments was that of Mr. H. Mathews, certainly a man of forensic talent and a lawyer in lucrative practice, but only known to the general public through his professional connection with the scandal case of Sir Charles Dilke. Mathews entered the cabinet through the influence of Lord Randolph Churchill, who, as he fancied, "understood his value." He knew him to be an accomplished master of debate, unimpassioned as a stoic, astonished at nothing, never at a loss for a reply. Lord R. Churchill depended on this ministerial recruit in his collisions with the "Grand Old Man" to refute his logic and answer his eloquence in the "keen encounters" of parliamentary debate. This is the man who has since ingeniously contrived to fill the Tory party with confusion, to drug his colleagues with the bitterest mortification, and cover himself with the shadow of infamy by his shuffling, prevaricating, but audacious action in the case of Miss Cass, the milliner.

The dissident Whigs, hand in-hand with the discontented Radicals, entered into partnership with their inveterate enemies the Tories; they consented to forego their antipathies and form a junction with that despotic party—in pious imitation of Herod and Pilate—so often as Ireland came before the tribunal of Parliament. But they by no means surrendered their usual liberty of action when dealing with other subjects. It was only in the benevolent view of damaging Ireland that they could ever be persuaded to forego their hereditary antipathies. As was remarked at the time, it was only where evil was to be inflicted that such unanimity could be engendered among elements so discordant and rancorous. But so it was. At a memorable conference of the leaders of the respective factions, which was held in Devonshire House on the 5th of August (the first day on

which Parliament assembled), plans were discussed, the disposition of the forces settled on, and all the arrangements made which were likely to insure victory to the allies and disaster to the Irish. It was a day that should never be forgotten by the Muse of history. After all that had taken place before and since the 7th of June, Mr. Chamberlain deemed it his duty, he said, "to separate himself from every movement which might tend to restore Mr. Gladstone to office. So long as he continues to recommend Home Rule for Ireland under the conditions formulated in the two bills of last April, Mr. Gladstone shall never receive my vote or aid in the acquisition of power," exclaimed Mr. Chamberlain. In making this assertion he hazarded much. Is it not difficult to suppose that he could always succeed in combining a generous attachment to freedom all over the world, the passionate advocacy of independence in every other country, with a bitter abhorrence and vehement detestation of liberty in Ireland? Yet this was the task which he proposed to himself. He was therefore disposed to hope, with Lord Hartington, that the schism of the Liberal party would not last for ever, but that a unification would be effected as soon as possible. Meantime Lord Hartington was anxiously desirous that all appearances of hostility to the members of the fallen cabinet should vanish, that his partisans should assume the face of friendship, and labor to impress on Mr. Gladstone and his ministerial friends that nothing was dearer to the Unionists than to terminate a quarrel which was painful to both parties to it and mischievous to the country. In accordance with this arrangement, Mr. Chamberlain that evening was seen to make his way across the House to the neighborhood of Mr. Gladstone, who, rising at his approach, shook him warmly by the hand, and entered into friendly conversation with him and Lord Hartington.

It must be admitted that the conciliatory disposition which their chief manifested, and his smiling amiability, were not shared by the bulk of the Gladstonian army, as the sittings of Parliament soon showed. That division of his parliamentary forces which was composed of "Separatists," as their maligners termed them, had been enraged at the defeat of their leader, and frowned in sulky dudgeon at their victorious adversaries. Those of the Parnellites who had cherished hopes of an early release of their country from thraldom were infuriated to see them swept away like rosy clouds of evening.

All in the opposition were unanimous on one point. They regarded with unutterable scorn, profound and ineffable con-

tempt, the wretched "backsliders and traitors" who had betrayed the confidence of their friends and treacherously gone over to the Tories. No language was severe enough to denounce their guilt. They deserved to be hurled down into the deepest and blackest abyss of what modern politeness terms *sheol*, but what the frank sincerity of the ruder spirits termed hell. It was a religious duty incumbent on every follower of Gladstone to excommunicate and anathematize in the most emphatic manner every "Hartingtonian" and "Chamberlainist" on the face of the earth—a duty with which, to do them justice, they invariably complied. As one of themselves expressed it:

> "And should the devil with a besom stout
> Sweep the four corners of hell's chamber out,
> He could not in that region of despair
> Discover worse than Hartingtonians there."

But neither Hartington nor Chamberlain was at that time hated with such intense antipathy, such "mortal mislike," as Lord Randolph Churchill. His assaults on Mr. Gladstone were, in the eyes of the Gladstonians, shocking and outrageous. The Irish regarded him not merely as a political but a personal enemy. And more than once Mr. Gladstone publicly denounced him as the culpable instigator of those violent tumults which—owing to his inflammatory harangues during the preceding summer—had reddened the streets of Belfast with human blood. It filled them with rage and indignation to be obliged to endure, in the debates of the House of Commons, the insolent audacity and haughty arrogance of the most imperious and overbearing member of the Tory party. Not a few were heard to declare in their anger, "Churchill ought to be *boycotted!*"

Immediately after the election of a Speaker the House of Commons as usual adjourned, and did not meet again until the 19th of August. The queen's speech, in a very limited number of words, informed the representatives of the people that they had been called together at that very incommodious time of the year merely to vote the supplies—votes which the sudden dissolution of the preceding Parliament had interrupted, but which were indispensably necessary to the government of the country. To this the labors of the House, in the actual session, should be limited. Nothing else was urgent. The country had enthusiastically confirmed the verdict of the eleventh Parliament, and the other business of legislation was to be postponed to the ensuing session.

Here Lord Randolph Churchill, like a well-graced actor,

came into prominence. It was now his task to fill up the picture of which the queen's speech presented a shadowy outline, and place the policy of the cabinet in the most attractive light. He acquitted himself admirably; restraining his natural impetuosity and controlling his arrogance, he expressed himself in the language of a statesman. He presented a novel phase of his natural character which delighted his friends and mortified his enemies. Ireland held a foremost place in his oratory; 'twas the burning question of the hour. The duty incumbent on the government, he said, was to restore the authority of law in that island by putting under its heel an agitation that convulsed its population, an agitation which was fostered by the unwise policy recently condemned by the entire country. To effect this object, to establish the reign of law, it was not necessary to have recourse to coercion. The government had resolved, with the view of suppressing the outrages which disturbed two counties (Kerry and Clare), to send into those districts an energetic officer in the character of a special magistrate, vested with powers which should enable him to give a more efficacious direction to the police. Should more serious measures become indispensable the government would have recourse to the House. In the present session they were not prepared to propose any plan of political organization for Ireland. That should be the work of another session. In that other session the government would present the House with a solution of the political difficulty, consisting of a scheme of Home Rule applicable not merely to Ireland but to the several divisions of which the United Kingdom is composed. With reference to the agrarian question the government must regard the act of 1881 as a final measure. It was an error to suppose, as some politicians would persuade them to do, that owing to the fall in the prices of agricultural produce the rents in question were impossible rents. But though this was an error, the cabinet had determined to appoint a royal commission (at this moment a shout of laughter burst from the Parnellites) to ascertain by inquiry during the winter whether the alleged impossibility in the payment of rent could be fairly attributed to a decline in the price of agricultural produce, or was not really owing to the pressure exercised by the "National League," which would not suffer the tenantry to discharge their legal obligations. The government should appoint a second commission to investigate the industrial condition of the country and discover the means which might be adopted to develop the natural resources of Ireland.

Meantime the Parnellites, perusing the ministry with piercing eyes, endeavored to find an opening in their armor through which they might strike them. They fancied they found it in the plurality of commissions with which the new ministers sought to rampart their camp. No ministry in the records of history or the memory of man was so bolstered up with commissions, which, in the opinion of their adversaries, was an open confession of unlimited ignorance. It was a ministry of know-nothings, established to inquire into what every one knew, and pay salaries to men whom the public were unacquainted with!

The Gladstonians showered sarcasms upon them, which fell upon their armor like a rattling shower of hailstones. This government by commissions, they said, was very sluggish in its movements. It understood the *dolce far niente* and took things very leisurely, as if Ireland in her agony could wait until Lord Salisbury had finished his political education and learned what no one else was ignorant of. Meantime the sufferings of the Irish people were daily assuming an awful and heart-rending aspect; a dreadful crisis during the approaching winter was inevitable in that unhappy country.

In this contingency Mr. Parnell, finding the ministry dumb and apathetic and far from doing—not even proposing to do—anything, was forced to make an appeal to the House. He proposed an amendment to the address; an act of the legislature, he said, was inevitably necessary to arrest the landlords and prevent them from exterminating the tenant-farmers *en masse*, and thus plunging the population into an abyss of misery unexampled even in Irish history. This motion was seconded by Mr. Gladstone, who guaranteed the truth of the terrible picture which Mr. Parnell presented to the House. Mr. Parnell's motion was, nevertheless, emphatically rejected by a majority of one hundred and twenty; one hundred and eighty-one voting in its favor and three hundred and one against it. The address on the 3d of September received the sanction of Parliament.

Dissatisfied with what he had hitherto attempted, Mr. Parnell—astonished at hearing Lord Randolph Churchill declare that his government, without previous inquiry, could come to no conclusion on the agricultural question—laid a bill on the table and requested the House to appoint a day for its discussion. His lordship was good enough to lose no time in reply. "Immediately after the budget," said his lordship. "He had no inclination to avoid discussion. The time occupied in voting the credits would be only a few days."

But, in truth, the time was really at hand in which the shooting of grouse, the pleasures of the chase, and visits to the European Continent would be substituted by the "potent, grave, and reverend seigniors" for the arduous labors of legislating for the empire. Every English member of the legislature, like Hamlet's ghost at the crowing of the cock, was desirous of vanishing. Among the rest Mr. Parnell disappeared, though his reasons were far from those of pleasure. No one could tell what had become of him. If he had sunk into the ground he could not be more undiscoverable. It was only known that he had departed on one of those mysterious absences which are characteristic of the man and are known to puzzle and bewilder even the reporters! Mr. Gladstone left England towards the end of August on a visit to Lord Acton at his castle at Tigernsee, romantically situated in the mountains of Bavaria.

In the absence of these leading spirits—

> "Upon whose burning tongue
> Peace, truth, and freedom hung"—

the House of Commons presented a spectacle which fixed the attention of all Europe. The stage was occupied by a class of actors of whom Dillon and Healy played the chief Irish parts, while Sir William Harcourt represented the English "Home-Rulers." During fifteen tedious days all the arts of obstruction which Irish ingenuity could devise and parliamentary regulations admit of were put in practice early and late by adepts in the curious science of badgering her majesty's ministers. Nothing could surpass the refined cruelty with which these conspirators against the peace of the House accomplished their chosen task. They compelled the members to remain agonizing in their places until four o'clock in the morning. They started on trifling points debates which threatened to be interminable. Availing themselves of the absence of their leaders, they prolonged the discussion on the credits and exasperated the passions of the majority so as to convert the House of Commons into something like a terrestrial purgatory. On the 19th of September, however, a marvellous change took place in the aspect of affairs; obstruction disappeared as if by enchantment, and the budget was immediately passed. Parnell and Gladstone had returned. The Irish phalanx immediately called in its skirmishers, and the bill for the reduction of rents became the subject of consideration.

Now let us glance at what had been going on in Ireland. The elections had hardly terminated when the foremost journal

of the Home Rule party, *United Ireland*, outlined, for the first time, "the plan of campaign."

"During a year," said that journal, "our people have submitted, with a patience which is admirable, to privations which are intolerable. Day by day the judicial rents become more insupportable, more impossible to pay, and from an English Parliament nothing is to be expected. Armed with fire and sword, the landlords will move heaven and earth to rend their rents from the tenants, and will force Salisbury to ask Parliament for some tyrannical enactment which, restricting liberty and outraging the constitution, will plunge the country into discord and render war a necessity. The tenants cannot be hindered from acting in self-defence."

This prophecy has been realized in only too significant a manner, and the Irish people are now crushed by a coercion act which, as Young said of the Penal Laws, is "calculated for the meridian of Barbary."

At this time a bill was introduced by Parnell which was based upon the arguments he had already employed in the debate on the address. Since the rejection of the principle proposed by Gladstone, Parnell had become persuaded that the tenantry could not possibly pay the rents fixed, in conformity with the law of 1881, by *judicial decision*. The substance of Parnell's bill was that wherever the tenants consented to pay 50 per cent. of the rent claimed, all evictions should be suspended until competent tribunals had determined whether the farmer was sincere in affirming that he could not pay more. On the evening of the second day this bill, so unmistakably based on the principles of justice, was rejected by three hundred and forty-six votes against two hundred and fifty.

Shortly after this defeat of Parnell, towards the end of September, Parliament broke up. Ministers and statesmen took their flight in various directions—Lord Salisbury to Dieppe, Mr. Chamberlain to Constantinople, Lord Randolph Churchill to Berlin, while Mr. Gladstone, in Hawarden Castle, gave himself up to the study of Irish history and made himself familiar with those repulsive details of bribery, corruption, intimidation, and crime by which the legislative union was so fatally accomplished between the two countries.

The Parnellites meantime returned to Ireland to organize that resistance to oppression with which their chief had threatened the Marquis of Salisbury. In a letter addressed to the president of the National League in this country, Parnell drew a terrible picture of the condition of his native land. The rejection of his bill to relieve the tenant-farmers, he said; the truculent threats of the Secretary for Ireland; the alarming increase

in the number of evictions, indicated clearly that the English government and the Irish landlords had entered into a conspiracy to effect the destruction of the Irish, to root them out and destroy them. "In sending us that moral and pecuniary assistance," he adds, "which you have never failed to furnish, you will encourage the weak to resist oppression and will banish those sentiments of despair which often cause the victims of tyranny to have recourse to the wild justice of revenge." "Above all, you will enable us to maintain in our movement that pacific character to which we are indebted for our most important victory (the conversion of Gladstone to Home Rule), whilst you will fortify the courage of our people in resistance to tyranny until we have definitively achieved our legislative independence." That Mr. Parnell had reason to feel alarm at the progress which evictions were making will be undisputed by the reader who glances at the following list of the rents and government valuations of a single estate in Kerry, of which one Thompson was the owner:

TENANT.	RENT.	VALUATION.
Denis Scanton	£20	£8 10
Patrick Ahern	19	8
Michael Ahern	19	8
Daniel McCarthy	25	11 5
Timothy Donohoe	21	9 10
Patrick Quinn	43	20 10
Garrett Fitzgerald	43	20 11
John Brown	12 10	4 10
Michael Lynch	9 10	2 10

It is impossible at the present moment for any tenant in Ireland to pay such rents as these out of the honest profits of Irish farming. Irishmen in this country should never forget that the depression in the price of agricultural produce which renders these rents impossible is entirely occasioned by the boundless fertility of America and the untiring energy of Americans. This magnificent continent produces such mountains of human food, and ships those mountains with such rapidity to the United Kingdom, that it is wholly impossible for the Irish tenant to obtain a profitable price for anything he produces. American competition shuts the door in his face. He cannot sell his pigs, corn, or cattle in Liverpool or Manchester, because those markets are already choked with agricultural cargoes from the United States. This is the remote cause of Irish evictions. It is this which has produced the Coercion Bill. The object of that bill is to rend from the Irish farmer, by force and violence —horse, foot, and artillery—rents which he cannot pay, and to strike dumb by threats and incarceration those advocates of the

oppressed who have the unpardonable audacity to assert that the tenant cannot do what is impossible. There is one expedient, however, which would render the operations of the Marquis of Salisbury perfectly feasible—viz., if his lordship, aided by those talented and eloquent men, the landed proprietors, could sink this continent for half a day under the waters of the Atlantic Ocean! Everything would be easy in that hypothesis. Irish produce would rise in value. Farmers would get higher prices in the fairs and pay their arrears of rent with more facility. As it is, however, his lordship is attempting to do with the baton of a policeman what would require the magic wand of an enchanter! And accordingly he will not do it. This is certain. The operations of his instruments in Ireland somewhat resemble the conduct of those *chauffeurs*, famous in the first French Revolution, who, breaking into a farm-house, seated the unfortunate owner on a red-hot griddle to compel him by torture in the dead of night to surrender treasures which he did not possess! His lordship is the grand *chauffeur* of the Irish tenantry, and the "Coercion Act" may be regarded as a red-hot griddle which his lordship humanely employs.

The last session of Parliament—more important than any we have alluded to—was remarkable for the passage of this "Coercion Act." The pretended *raison d'être* of this extraordinary enactment was the inordinate number of offences alleged to be perpetrated by the inhabitants of Ireland. There is a *soupçon* of theology at the bottom of this stereotyped outcry anent Irish crime which has always afforded a gratifying emotion to the Protestant or Evangelical mind. The Irish are Catholics; therefore they must be criminals, or at least prone to crime. But it was clearly shown by Mr. Gladstone that if the statistics of indictable offences furnished a motive for this atrocious enactment, if the evolution of the bill depended on the number of criminal acts, the English people called, loud as the archangel's trump, for the enactment of a Coercion Bill for England. Considerable force has been since given to this argument by occurrences in Trafalgar Square, London. The fury with which the police were assailed in that city, and the general lawlessness of London, have lent cogency to the argument which was so eloquently enforced by Mr. Gladstone.

Nothing could be more admirable than the energetic manner in which the Irish members disputed the passage of that abominable measure. Their conduct corroborated the truth of Dugald Stewart's remark in his celebrated treatise: "The Irish,"

said Dugald Stewart, "are an ingenious, eloquent, and gallant people." The parliamentary struggle might be compared to the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand." They did not gain a victory, it is true, but they did better—they deserved it. They ably argued that the refusal of Irish rights, the black despair engendered by the denial of Home Rule, had produced and stimulated the crimes which the Coercion Act was devised to punish. Could the government for once deviate into justice they would find the result equally surprising and salutary. The ministry had two expedients before them—despotism or self-government for Ireland; and they characteristically and cordially preferred despotism. It came out clearly in the course of these debates that every modification of Home Rule which can be devised by English ingenuity, every form of national government for Ireland, every instalment of justice in that direction, excites alarm in the Tory mind as attended with danger to England; which is somewhat like an admission that injustice is an element which her majesty's government cannot dispense with. The conclusion which an auditor of these debates must inevitably have come to is that the Irish, in the opinion of the Tories, are a nation of lunatics, who for their own safety must be stripped of liberty and subjected to "a wise and just rule." But—as was well observed—to be perfectly just is an attribute of the divine nature which even a government of Tories, though backed up by ancillary Liberals, can have no pretensions to.

Besides, as was demanded in the course of these debates, if the ruling class in England have the will, have they the time necessary to rule Ireland well and wisely? to heal the wounds inflicted by seven centuries of mismanagement? Is not the "empire" too extensive to admit of such exclusive attention to the wants and wishes of a single country? Does it come within the circumference of possibility? Ireland needs special legislation in almost every sphere of her national life. It unfortunately happens, besides, that many, and English rulers among the rest, who are very just in their dealings between man and man, will yet be fraudulent and unjust with regard to the public. This must be still more the case with reference to a people who have been described in the British legislature as "aliens in language, in religion, and in race." But if never so well disposed, the members of the House of Commons have not time to administer Irish affairs in a manner at once useful to the country and satisfactory to its inhabitants. The political business of England, Scotland, and Wales is enormously in arrears; indeed, to such a degree

that the restoration of the Heptarchy, which Canning laughed at as the acme of absurdity, would almost seem to be indispensable. Such is the enormous glut of political business in the House of Commons that it would require eight legislatures to dispose of it in a proper manner. Certain it is that the government of Ireland, even in matters of imperative necessity, would call for the whole time of the House of Commons. They should do nothing else in order to do this in a proper manner. This being the case, the conclusion is inevitable that they should not attempt what they find to be impossible. They should pass a measure of Home Rule. As it is, the British legislature, as was well remarked, is only an agency to enable Irish landlords to extort "impossible rents"—to exterminate "whole country-sides and murder or imprison all who dare to resist."

So well did the Parnellites fight the constitutional battle that on the very eve of mid-summer's day, after three months' altercation and wrangling, only the second stage of the Coercion Bill had been reached. During the entire spring no other business whatever, except a very little of almost necessary routine, had been gone through. Day after day the business of the House was scrupulously written down on paper during these three months, but no prophetic prevision, no human foresight, could ascertain the period when this business thus set down would be reached. The real work of the sitting, which, according to all precedent, should have begun at five in the afternoon, was generally postponed until three in the morning. To use the words of an English journal, lamenting lugubriously over this state of things, "up to June 11, 1887, Parliament had sat four months of the six which constitute an ordinary session, and the result was *nil*."

The only way to prevent the "obstruction" to which this state of things was attributable was, in the opinion of the Tories, the violent "reform" of parliamentary proceedings termed a *clôture*—a limitation to the freedom of debate which must amount to despotism, investing the premier with a power little short of Turkish; which must reduce the members to parliamentary slavery. But was it to be supposed that the English people would tolerate this abolition of parliamentary privileges, this creation of a power which may be employed as an instrument to crush themselves? They have already replied by establishing political societies to defend their liberties from the encroachments threatened by the proceedings in question. These societies, recently founded, prove that the "masses"

are favorable to parliamentary freedom for Ireland, while the "classes" are opposed to it. For the first time in their history the English freemen make common cause with the helots of Ireland. They discover in the proposal to endow Ireland with a native legislature to manage her own affairs nothing so contrary to reason, so at variance with justice, as Lord Salisbury discerns in it. An ever-widening circle of British politicians is embracing and approving of this proposition and recommending it to general acceptance. Lord Salisbury must feel this himself. The whole nation seems ready to join in the cry, "Loose her and let her go!"

The Tory minister cannot expect to be always supported by men whose principles are so diametrically opposed to his own as are those of the so-called "Unionists." It is wholly impossible that an alliance so unnatural should be permanently maintained. It must go to pieces sooner or later. The Liberal allies of the Tory cabinet cannot always run counter to their life-long professions. It is impossible that they can be lastingly recreant to the generous creed which they formerly so passionately professed. But should these seventy-seven "Unionists" desert the alien standard of Lord Salisbury his cabinet must go to pieces. By their unnatural assistance the Coercion Act (on the 18th of July, 1887) became law. But the spirit of the Irish was, perhaps, never so bold as it is at this moment. Their courage was never more daring. Dr. Johnson once remarked: "There is no instance even in the ten persecutions of such severity as that which the Protestants of Ireland have exercised against the Catholics." The hope of the Irish lies in this. They have already suffered so much, experienced such a variety of persecutions, they are so familiar with every form of misfortune, that tyranny, having long since exhausted its resources, is unable to devise a novel form of oppression. They can confidently say when contemplating the operation of the Coercion Act: "We have survived worse times, and with God's blessing we shall survive these."

Finding an inevitable difficulty in effecting the impossible, his lordship is descending, it is said, to something which is practicable. "It is absolutely certain," says a late number of the *Nineteenth Century*, "that before another session is over we are destined to have one more Irish land bill, and possibly one more Irish land act." This act, it is alleged, will compensate the Irish landlords and convert the Irish tenants into owners of their own farms. This is what must be done sooner or later, and the

Tories are the party who are most likely to do it. This proceeding will be in perfect accordance with the traditions of the party. When they have proved to the satisfaction of the landed proprietors that the purposes they aim at cannot be effected by coercion, that the violence of tyranny only produces the rebellion of the oppressed, they will take in sail and steer their vessel out of the storm they have conjured up into the safer harbor of compromise. This they have done a thousand times before, and they will do it again. The political sky looks very black in Ireland at present, and the prospect is gloomy, but we must never forget the proverb which often in adversity consoled the Hebrew nation, "When the tale of bricks was doubled Moses came."

C. M. O'KEEFFE.

THE HEART'S NEED.

HIGH up among his frescoes, half-divine,
Wrought Angelo, in busy solitude
Watching each grand conception from the crude,
Rough germ, till, new created, line by line,
A world majestic o'er his head did shine.
Alone the wonders of his hand he viewed—
He whom the gifts of thousand minds endued—
The lofty, high-souled, and he saw that shrine,

The magnet of a world for ages; yet
The heart's deep cry for present sympathy
O'ermastered him, and, failing human word,
He seized his Crucifix—his amulet—
And, wild with rapture, raising it on high,
He cried, "Is not that beautiful, my Lord?"

THOS. DOUGLAS J. GALLAGHER.

STATE SOCIALISM.

"THE active intervention of the state is, no doubt, not absolutely needful, if in the laws that regulate labor, and in industrial labor itself, there is nothing to offend morality, justice, man's dignity, and the domestic life of the workingman; but if these are menaced or jeopardized, the state, by a *right measure of intervention*, will be working for the common weal, for it is its duty to protect and watch over the true interests of its subjects."

Thus spoke the Pope to the French workingmen on the 17th of October last.

Mark the words: *a right measure. In medio stat virtus et veritas*—The truth lies between the extremes. Rome is the mistress of truth; hence the moderation of her decisions, the temperate tone of her pronouncements, the broad, catholic toleration she has for whatever of good or true is to be found anywhere the world over. She has no use for extremists, except to economize their wild power by proper training.

What a long time it took to get the Pope to say even what is quoted at the head of this article! Large bodies move slowly, and the Pope is the head of the largest organized moral body on earth. He had to wait until every part of it had tried and passed judgment on these social doctrines before he could say how far they were true and lawful. Not everything the Socialists say is wrong, perhaps not half they say; but a good deal of it is, and chiefly its generalizations. Hence the strong opposition made to certain writers whose works contain so large an amount of the plainest truth, expressed in chaste, elegant, and Christian language, but who err by laying down extreme, radically subversive propositions, or offend by the persistency with which they urge us to accept untried hypotheses in place of and at the risk of whatever stable good we may possess.

Since the middle of this century a special conflict has been going on between labor and capital, and in order to avert the recurrence of the terrible revolution of '93 a great many persons cast about for some means whereby to bring about harmony between these two great departments of society. Ketteler, the great bishop of Mainz, advocated protective laws, whereby the state interfered to guard the weak against the strong. The Catholics in Austria favored state socialism more warmly than even their German brethren, because the moneyed power of the Jews was binding the rest of the population hand and foot, and

no power but the state could save the nominally free subjects of the empire from real slavery. French Catholics, on the other hand, have generally had a great terror of the very words *social, rights of labor*, and such. We remember yet with some amusement how, when we were at college, the old French Jesuits of New York objected to the name "Social" for our base-ball club. Doubtless the memory of '89 and the extreme principles of Proudhon naturally made them fearful; and it is, we suppose, owing to the difference in character, government, history, and general experience of different countries that there is so much divergence of opinion on these questions. In Switzerland there is no social question, the law having long since settled for that domestically governed country every difficulty likely to arise. In the United States the question is coming to the front more and more, but the policy of the government has been to leave to the parties interested the settlement of their controversies, the vast extent of our territory and the great opportunities for labor heretofore rendering the disputes of little danger to the public peace. This also is true of England, whose colonies relieve her when there is a glut in the "labor market." And here let us remark that while trades-unions and strikes may be unlawful in some countries, it does not follow that they are so in others in which the government leaves capital and labor to settle their differences in this manner instead of assuming the paternal function and deciding between them. On the Continent of Europe generally the latter is the case, and hence the opposition of some excellent Catholics, and even bishops, to the Knights of Labor, whose cause was so splendidly championed by the cardinals of Baltimore and Westminster.

The light thrown on the present subject has first illumined the lower windows, and fallen, in some cases at least, on the congregation before it reached the clergy. "The Spirit breatheth where he listeth," and so it has often happened before that "by the mouths of babes and sucklings" have come the messages of God. Grace seconds and builds on nature. It was natural that the people should feel the burden of social grievances from which their open-handed generosity shielded the priest, and, feeling it, should locate its cause and know best how to get rid of it. So the trades-unions and Knights of Labor were formed, and their Catholic members protested that however it might have been in other times or with other associations, they felt justified in thus uniting for their common interests. The priests feared, prayed, examined, advised together, acknowledged the right of the peo-

ple, and implored the Holy Father to arrest the adverse decision which other counsellors might urge him to pronounce. Thus was Leo XIII. assisted in his judgment by Terence Powderly, and Cardinal Gibbons by Cardinal Manning and Michael Davitt.

The Pope therefore speaks at last, and, while opposed to state socialism strictly so-called, declares that there is a *measure*, to be estimated by times, places, and circumstances, in which the government will, by interfering between labor and capital, and legislating on their contentions, "be working for the common weal, since it is its duty to protect and watch over the true interests of its subjects." See how the Pope denies the absolute need of such action on the part of the state, because if Christian love reign in the community things will regulate themselves, and love is better than law. Yet, while denying government interference as a natural and ordinarily necessary thing, he holds that necessity may sometimes demand, require, and justify it.

We have often wondered ourselves why it was that the popes and bishops were for ever speaking of the need of charity or love between the employer and the employed, and why they did not come out at once and talk about the justice of the case; and we recollect Cardinal Manning's expression, somewhere made use of: "We've been long enough talking of charity; 'tis time now that justice should be insisted on." This seemed to us the keynote, and Leo XIII. has now struck the same chord. If organized society does not see to it that the poor have their rights, why, they will disorganize society by violence in order to obtain them. In fact, can society be claimed to be properly and safely organized if "the masses" are deprived of their due share of wages, food, rest, and recreation?

Why did not the popes speak of justice? Perhaps because they know how useless and impotent are laws to restrain the mighty—that is, in our days, the rich—unless these last have the fear of God and the love of their neighbor in their hearts. Hence these are rather the motives they set forth, just as they are the ones chiefly developed by our Lord in the Gospel. It may be, too, that the pope was not so near the people in times past. He had no empurpled democrat like Gibbons or scarlet-robed tribune like Manning upon the steps of his throne to ring into men's ears the needs and complaints, and woes and rights, of the children of toil. Besides, until Providence allowed him to lose his territorial patrimony, he was practically independent of the faithful, and, not needing their money, naturally con-

cerned himself less how it was made, or whether they received their due share of God's gifts.

Now, however, things are changed. Cardinal Gibbons' plain talk no doubt went where it was intended—right home to the brain and heart of the Roman Curia; and just as the clergy of the British Empire and of the United States are all the more zealous in caring for their flocks because they live by the wool these furnish, and the necessarily greater intimacy between pastor and people results in better mutual understanding, attachment and assistance, and produces a religious condition eminently superior to that of France, Spain, and Italy, where clergy and laity seem to be fixedly disunited; so the apparent misfortune of the Holy See in the loss of its temporalities may have been designed by God to occasion a clearer union and greater interdependence between the ruler of his people and those committed to his charge.

We appreciate, indeed, the views of the New York *Sun* in a late article headed, "Parties and Politics not a true Remedy for Social Evils," but we think that it takes an extreme position. It is false to say that politics has nothing to do with social conditions. Surely our liberties vindicated against Great Britain in 1776 improved our social status too, and increased the sum of our domestic and individual happiness. And even to-day, outside of cities like New York, where the spirit of luxury is once again conquering the inhabitants back to England and her social servitude in everything but the accident of governmental form, is it not true that we can still inhale some of the sweet odor of democratic equality and brotherhood that for many decades after the Revolution made the charm of life in the republic?

It is true there are limits beyond which the government ought not to be allowed to go—in the school question, for instance—but is not the *Sun* just a little extravagant when it suggests the Post Office and the coinage of money as departments that might have better been left to private enterprise? A step further would lead it to say that Pinkerton's *condottieri* might be preferable to our municipal police. *In medio stat veritas.* There are things that had better be left to regulate themselves, but there are things, too, that must be controlled by the state, because they touch the interests of society as a whole too closely, and would inevitably become dangerous if left to individuals. Imagine how it would be if we had no quarantine against cholera, or no Boards of Health in our cities, on the plea that the doctors would cure the cholera, and that the evil of over-crowd-

ing, miscellaneous dumping, etc., would be eventually discovered by the citizens to be an evil, and would therefore suggest and provide its own remedy!

We are right, then, in maintaining economic legislation as a principle, though we admit the danger of encroachment on the sphere of the family and of the individual. There is danger of tyranny on the part of the government. We shall have to meet and deal with that danger when it shows itself. At any rate, we must get rid of present oppression. It is hard to draw the line, and opinions do and will continue to differ as to where the rights of the state end and those of the other elements of social life begin—that is, where the public good requires that private interest should give way; but the difficulty of adjudging to each its proper sphere under ever-altering circumstances must be settled by competent authority. All that we contend is that everything that Socialists say is not wrong; that society in general and every government, national, State, and municipal, is essentially more or less socialistic; and that the state in our own country may, as Leo XIII. declares, interfere to a just extent, and beyond what has been heretofore considered expedient, to protect "morality, justice, man's dignity, and the domestic life of the workingman, if these are menaced or jeopardized," because "it is its duty to protect and watch over the true interests of its subjects."

EDWARD MCSWEENY.

TWO MONTHS IN FRENCH CANADA.

IT was my good fortune to spend the better part of last summer in the very heart of eastern or Lower Canada, in the immediate vicinity of Quebec, the ancient capital of both Canadas. On the picturesque heights of Ancienne Lorette, where the Huron Indians dwelt of old, and in full sight of the fortress-city, with the magnificent Laurentides rising in shadowy grandeur at no great distance, our pleasant lines were cast, amid scenes of old renown and of rare scenic beauty. Thence we had an opportunity of visiting other points of special interest within a circuit of several miles, comprising various parishes, and from all that we saw and heard during these excursions we were more than ever impressed by the deep-seated and unchanging devotion of the French-Canadian people to the faith of their fathers, and convinced by ocular demonstration that French

Canada is still an exceptionally and most thoroughly Catholic country. Go where you will, from one end of Lower Canada to the other, on every village and town and on every rural district the same religious character is impressed. The parish church is the central point, the engrossing object of interest, around which the whole life of the people moves from day to day, from year to year, and from age to age. Along the majestic rivers of the land and towering on all its verdant hills are seen, at intervals of a few miles, the tapering, tin-covered spires, rearing the cross on high, and sending forth as heralds of salvation, morning, noon, and night, the solemn peal of the Angelus bell, proclaiming to all the world outside that the French-Canadian people of to-day are just what their Breton and Norman fathers were hundreds of years ago.

One thing struck us particularly in the homes of the French *habitans*, or farmers—viz., the religious character of the prints that decorate the walls even of the humble sitting-room parlor. Instead of the staring, glaring pictures of celebrated actors or actresses, or public characters of more than doubtful reputation, you will see in these abodes of rustic peace the sacred images of our Lord and his Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, St. Anne, and St. John the Baptist—the Sacred Heart and the Holy Face among the most frequent—showing how all the great personal devotions, so to say, of the day are loved and cherished by these faithful children of the church. Even in the waiting-room and ticket-office of the country railroad-station we have seen these the only decorations. Far from these good, simple French-Canadians is the miserable desire to keep their Catholicity out of sight—alas! too often seen elsewhere.

Another striking feature of the rural districts of French Canada is the great number of wayside crosses, many of which are now enriched with a tiny glass-covered niche midway in the shaft, enclosing figures of Our Blessed Lady or St. Joseph, sometimes both. And these wayside shrines no French-Canadian ever passes, walking or driving, by day or by night, without raising his hat in salutation.

It is now a common thing for well-to-do farmers to erect a cross on their own ground, close to the homestead—each one solemnly blessed, of course, by the clergy of the parish—and before these crosses novenas are made, sometimes by a certain number of families of the neighborhood, perhaps more or less closely connected, sometimes by particular sections of the parish.

Then the church-bells of Lower Canada in all "the parishes," as the rural districts are called—how blithely they ring in the baptism of each new child of the church! Many a time did we hear the sunny calm of the summer afternoon cheerily broken by the "christening-bell," which seems an institution amongst those good, pious people. Nowhere else have we ever heard these "christening-bells" so often, in proportion to the population. And our church-bells at Ancienne Lorette were well worth hearing, whether in joy or sorrow, or to call to worship and to prayer, for they are a chime both clear and sonorous, heard for miles amongst the hills and dales.

Of the many pious practices which we noticed amongst that religious population was that of having High Masses celebrated for local affairs—now for the health of the parish, now for the crops; and again it will be a manufacturer having High Mass sung for himself, his family, and his working people, all of whom are expected to assist at the Mass. What an effect this must have on masters and employees!

In all this large parish of Ancienne Lorette there is not a single tavern of any kind. If the farmers find that such a thing is about to be started, they immediately club together and put a stop to it by "paying the expenses," as one of themselves informed us. "We buy it up," said he, with honest pride, "for we could not allow any such place amongst us on account of our young men." This is all owing to the zeal and energy of the *curés*, those admirable guardians of the faith and morals of the French-Canadian people. But although taverns are not allowed, all manner of innocent amusements are encouraged among the young people, especially music, for which, be it observed, the French-Canadians have a remarkable aptitude, and are very often proficient therein, especially in church music. Next to music, as an amusement, comes *croquet*, which seems to be universal amongst the *habitans*. The croquet-ground is everywhere seen in the vicinity of the farm-house, at least in the country around Quebec, and we have reason to think it is the same all over Lower Canada.

The helpful charity of these good people, under the guidance of their pastors, is truly edifying. One Sunday during our stay in Lorette, the *curé*, from the pulpit, after High Mass, requested the men of the congregation to assemble in the afternoon of the following Sunday to erect a barn for a certain parishioner whose barn had been recently destroyed by fire just at the time when the first crops were to be gathered in. And what the good pas-

tor said was done, and the barn was rebuilt by the charitable neighbors, who willingly sacrificed the so-much-needed rest of the Sunday afternoon and evening for that purpose. This reminds us of what was written to us by a friend whose summer was spent at Little Métis, hundreds of miles below Quebec, on the banks of the St. Lawrence. On leaving the church there after High Mass my friend observed a crowd assembled outside, and on an elevated stand a person selling by auction a great variety of small articles of country produce or home-manufacture. And very good prices they seemed to bring. Inquiring what it meant, my friend and her party were informed that, at the request of *Monsieur le Curé*, these goods had been donated by the parishioners for the benefit of a family in great distress. These instances will serve to show the various forms in which charity is exercised amongst the rural population of French Canada. And of all these good works, so multiform in their character, the *curé* is everywhere the head and centre.

No wonder, then, that the people are so entirely devoted to their clergy as they, for the most part, are. In the spacious church of the Annunciation at Ancienne Lorette a handsome mural tablet of white marble bears the following inscription in French, touching in its simplicity:

To the memory of
Messire Joseph Laberge,
born 23d September, 1804; died 28th August, 1877.
For forty-five years *curé* of Ancienne Lorette. Our little children will gratefully tell of his great love for souls, his inexhaustible charity, and will bless, as we do, the immortal memory of so good a father.
R. I. P.

A good full-length portrait of this "*si bon père*" hangs in the large and well-lit sacristy of the church; and if the face be indeed an index of the mind, Messire Laberge must have been well deserving of his spiritual children's grateful remembrance. Making some such remark to our French-Canadian host, the worthy man replied: "He was good—good, the dear Father Laberge, and so is our present *curé;* it is one better than the other." Happy parishioners of Ancienne Lorette, to have such pastors to rule over them!

In the matter of education it is worthy of note how strenuous are the efforts everywhere made by the clergy of Lower Canada to establish and maintain Catholic schools. In this one parish of Ancienne Lorette there are no less than six for boys

and girls, situate in different localities for the convenience of the children attending them. It is not in our power to say whether all the country parishes are so well provided, but it is quite probable that they are, in proportion to the extent of each. The school-house adjoining the church at Ancienne Lorette—a one-story wooden structure, as is also the pastoral residence—has two teachers, one for French, the other for English.

The "Calvary" is rapidly becoming a distinctive feature in the Canadian parishes. This rural sanctuary, consisting of a life-size representation of the Crucifixion, with the figures of Our Blessed Lady and St. John on either hand, the whole surmounted by a canopy supported by slender and not inelegant pillars and surrounded by a light railing, is exceedingly impressive, standing in lonely majesty amid the solemn silence of the quiet country, traced against the sky on some green hillside, or, like the one which we visited on the confines of St. Augustine's parish and that of Ancienne Lorette, breaking the dull monotony of a far-stretching plain. Thither the people of both parishes go on pilgrimage to offer up their prayers for spiritual or temporal needs before the sacred image of their crucified Lord. There is a box attached to this wayside sanctuary to receive the little offerings of the pious pilgrims—in the particular one before us applied to the celebration of Masses for the conversion of sinners.

Another pleasant afternoon drive brought us to Jeune Lorette, the present home of the small remnant of the Huron Indians, the most faithful allies of the French in their terrible warfare with the fierce and powerful Iroquois, and, later on, with the English from beyond the borders. When the brave Hurons had been well-nigh exterminated by their hereditary enemies, the Iroquois of the Six Nations, what remained of them were sheltered in and around Quebec, and under the protection of its cannon, until the days of peace, when they ventured to settle, first at Sainte-Foye, then at Ancienne Lorette. Thence they migrated, in the year 1700, farther back into the forest to what they called Jeune Lorette, in dear remembrance of their beloved church in the former village, erected by the Jesuit "black-gowns," the apostles of their tribe. The Hurons of Lorette are well known to the readers of the *Relations des Jésuites*, and many of the most eminent of the early missionaries of New France labored amongst that primitive people there in the shadow of the Laurentian hills. It is a significant fact that these Hurons have adopted French names and French ways, and have so in-

termarried with the French families around them that very few, if any, of the pure Indian blood remains in the settlement. Yet on grand occasions the ancient costume is worn and the old-time ceremonies again displayed before the wondering eyes of the notables of Quebec and other Canadian cities. The present chief of the Hurons, Paul Picud, holds a position in the Parliament Buildings in Quebec and is known as the best penman amongst the clerks employed there. The daughters of his family have been educated at the Ursuline convent in Quebec.

Jeune Lorette comprises two distinct villages, one more French, more modern, and more progressive, with a large and handsome church dedicated to St. Ambrose; the other quite Indian in its character, with the exception of the chief's house, and having also a church which, though less modern and less richly adorned, is perhaps still more interesting. This is the church of Lorette, having for its most striking feature a quaint model of the Holy House of Loretto, supported by angels, high in the wall above the principal altar, and still higher up, half-lost in the shadow of the pointed roof, a very curious antique representation of Our Lady of Loretto holding the Divine Babe in her arms. Amongst the traces of the old Jesuit days still visible in the church are good half-length pictures of St. Aloysius and St. Stanislaus Kostka, on either side the high altar within the sanctuary. There is a chapel on the gospel side, just outside the altar-railing, on the wall of which is seen a white marble tablet to the memory of one of the chiefs, Philippe Vincent by name, and his wife Maria. While we lingered in this touching sanctuary the children of the village-school, for the most part quite Indian in their features and complexions, marched into the church with their teacher, a quiet, modest-looking young woman, who proceeded to read aloud the evening prayers, which the little ones repeated, most of them with pious recollection. This gave life and reality to the pretty, old-time picture of the shaded and solemn little temple, so simple in all its details, yet so strikingly devotional.

Of the parish churches we visited during our pleasant sojourn amongst the hills of that historic region, none is more deserving of notice than that of the Annunciation at Ancienne Lorette, where so many of our happiest hours were spent, whether on Sunday or feast-day, when the spacious edifice was filled with a pious and earnest congregation, the voices of the young people of the village supplying the music with the accompaniment of a tolerably good organ. At the early Mass on

Sundays or holydays almost the entire congregation received Holy Communion. A most edifying sight it was to see men and women, boys and girls, advancing in crowds to the altar-rails to partake of the Bread of Life. And on our afternoon visits to the church we seldom found it without some devout worshippers kneeling before the Tabernacle or making the Way of the Cross. Within that one congregation all the principal confraternities are in flourishing existence; to which fact the simple, regular, and most virtuous lives of the people bear ample testimony. Vice of any kind seems unknown in that singularly-favored parish. As a natural consequence, poverty—at least penury—is also unknown. It is the boast of the good people of Ancienne Lorette that there are no "bad people" and no "very poor people" within their borders. How many parishes in more "progressive" countries can say the same?

In the church of Ancienne Lorette—comparatively new now, having been rebuilt in 1838—there are many good pictures, especially an Annunciation over the high altar, a Visitation, a Presentation of the Blessed Virgin, a St. Francis of Assisi, and a very fine representation of the death of St. Francis Xavier. But the great treasure of the church of Ancienne Lorette is the miraculous statue of Our Lady of Lorette in a niche above the main entrance, the right hand extended as if in benediction, the head slightly bent, and the sweet, motherly face looking down on her faithful votaries as they pass into this her sanctuary of the hills. There is a tradition amongst the people of all the country round that the Indians, unwilling to leave their beloved statue behind them on removing to Jeune Lorette, twice came by night and carried it off, but that each time it was found in its former place in the old church of Ancienne Lorette. A full account of these remarkable events was given us in writing by one of the most venerable priests of Quebec, a former pastor of Ancienne Lorette, but our space will only permit us to give his concluding words:

"This statue came direct from the Loretto of Italy and was made on the model of that which is honored in the Holy House. It was sent to Père Chaumonot by Père Poncet, who came with him to Canada, but had gone back to Europe." According to this good French priest, "the memory of this occurrence has been transmitted from age to age, and even now the people love to relate it as one of the miracles of the Blessed Virgin."

Before leaving these country churches of French Canada we must remark, as something altogether noteworthy and no little

surprising, the number and quality of the paintings found in them—pictures of such rare merit that they would enrich our finest city churches. This is especially the case in the country around Quebec; although we remember being struck years ago by some very fine pictures in the church of St. John the Baptist in Rouville village, near the Belœil Mountains, in the district of Montreal. One of these, a "Visitation," struck us as a picture of surpassing beauty, rich yet chaste in coloring, and eminently spiritual, which, unfortunately, cannot always be said of so-called religious pictures. The explanation is very simple: it was in the awful times of the French Revolution that Canada gained these precious works of art, when, the churches and religious houses being plundered of their treasures by the ruthless robbers who held France by the throat, many of them were bought for nominal prices by priests and bishops, who sent them to New France, partly for preservation, partly for the pious adornment of the infant churches of the colony.

To speak of French Canada without mentioning Quebec, its time-honored capital, the fortress-city of the Dominion, and the key of the St. Lawrence, would be very much like playing "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark. And yet so much has been said and written of that most interesting and romantic city, even in these pages, that we shall not attempt any special account of it here.

It was with real regret that we left our romantic and most picturesque summer resting-place at Ancienne Lorette, a scene of idyllic peace and hushed repose, one fine September morning when the trees on all the hills were already donning the gorgeous hues of the Canadian woods, and the mill-stream, whose merry music had cheered us all summer, danced and shimmered in the early sunbeams, while the rooks above in the tall old pines made themselves pleasantly heard in the matin chorus of rural sounds.

Among the pleasantest recollections of our later years shall be the two summer months we spent among the kindly, courteous, hospitable French-Canadians of that historic region.

Mrs. J. Sadlier.

A CHAT ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

Mr. John Habberton made one of those successes in the art of fiction which occur only in the summer-time. The careful observer will note that there is a summer novel and a winter novel, and that the summer novel is epidemic. *Helen's Babies* was Mr. Habberton's great hit, and for one summer and some time afterwards it pervaded the social atmosphere. Mr. Habberton has written other novels since. His latest is *Country Luck* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.) In reading *Country Luck* one is irresistibly reminded of Mr. Howells—much to the advantage of the latter. Mr. Habberton's work helps to teach us how much better Mr. Howells is than the theories he preaches. Mr. Habberton is the realist whom Mr. Howells holds up as the coming man. None of us can understand how idealistic Mr. Howells is until we read *Country Luck.* By comparison with Phil, Mr. Habberton's country boy, Lemuel Barker, Mr. Howells' country hero, is a romantic creature, surrounded by the idealistic glamour which Mr. Howells pretends to hate.

Mr. Habberton's characters are irredeemably "common," and he does nothing to lift them out of their "commonness." The principals become rich and wear fine clothes, but they do not change. Lucia, for instance, is intended to be what some of the ladies call "'cute." She is sketched in the beginning, when she became a country boarder in the house of the Hayns:

"The one irreconcilable member of the family was the elder daughter, Lucia. She was the oldest child, so she had her own way; she was pretty, so she had always been petted; she was twenty, so she knew everything that she thought worth knowing. She had long before reconstructed the world (in her own mind), just as it should be, from the standpoint that it ought to exist solely for her benefit. Not bad-tempered, on the contrary cheerful and full of high spirits, she was nevertheless in perpetual protest against everything that was not exactly as she would have it, and not all the manners that careful breeding could impart could restrain the unconscious insolence peculiar to young and self-satisfied natures. She would laugh loudly at table at Mrs. Hayn's way of serving an omelet; tell Mrs. Hayn's husband that his Sunday coat looked 'so funny'; express her mind freely, before the whole household, at the horrid way in which the half-grown Hayn boys wore their hair, and do other charming things characteristic of 'careful breeding' in the Tramley family."

Lucia is an uneducated and superficial girl, who does not even try to speak good English, even if she knows how. She behaves in a snobbish and weak-minded manner when the friend whom she respects in the country comes to the city in rustic clothes. She may be a "type" of a certain class, but she resembles in no way the American gentlewoman, who is not so uncommon as the novelists would have us believe. Mr. Habberton's style is as careless as that of his heroine. But he makes some amends for this by his tenderness and sympathy in treating the old farmer and his wife. The glimpses of "society" he gives us show us a group of vulgar people, who rely principally on their evening suits and dresses for their status. In the country the vulgarity vanishes, and, though the people are hard in outline and the author's description lacks idealism, they are interesting and true to nature. Phil and Lucia marry in the end, of course, after a series of mild episodes in which Phil is broadly grinned at by "luck." Fate is supposed to smile, but "luck," in the story-books, always grins. Mr. Tramley, who is an honest man, makes this true remark about the neglect of American historic localities by Americans:

"A few years ago you and I spent nearly a thousand dollars in visiting some European battle-fields. To-day that old fellow has carefully done the Revolutionary battle-fields of New York and Brooklyn at a total expense of a quarter of a dollar; even then he had a penny left to give a beggar."

Mr. Homer Greene's stories of the Pennsylvania coal-mines have what the sated literary æsthete calls "a new flavor." In *The Blind Brother* (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.) Mr. Greene sets before his readers a high aim. He does not overdo the pathetic; he tells straightforwardly, in *The Blind Brother*, the story of brotherly love and simple devotion to truth and honor under the heavy strain of a temptation which comes from that intense brotherly love. An example of Mr. Greene's good taste and avoidance of the death-of-little-Nell business is the passage in which he describes the feelings of the mother of the two boys when it is made plain to her that they are buried in the mine:

"It had been thought a kindness to tell her so at last, and she had thanked them for not keeping the bitter truth from her. She did not ask any more that she might see her two boys in life; she only prayed now that their dear bodies might be brought to her unmangled, to be robed for Christian burial. To this end she began now to make all things ready. She put in order the little best room; she laid out the clean, new clothing and spotless sheets; she even took from her worn purse the four small coins to

place upon the white, closed lids. In the locked cupboard, where the boys should not see them until the time came, she found the Christmas presents she had thought to give them that day. Not much, indeed. A few cheap toys, some sweetmeats purchased secretly, a book or two, and, last of all, some little gifts that her own weary, loving hands had wrought in the long hours after the children were asleep. And now the Christmas dawn had come; but the children—"

The children are rescued by no unnatural event—for Mr. Greene is always true to the life of the mines—but through the efforts which miners, straining every energy, make for their brethren whenever an accident occurs. It is a pure, natural, and interesting book.

New Waggings of Old Tales, by Two Wags (Frank D. Sherman and J. K. Bangs) (Boston: Ticknor & Co.) These gentlemen have used Miss Thackeray's plan of making the fairy stories so familiar to children into narratives for older folk. But while Miss Thackeray's stories are serious, these are so very humorous as to be burlesques. "The Rise of Hop-o'-My-Thumb" is an imitation of Mr. Howells' *Modern Instance*. The puns in it savor somewhat of the minstrel stage, but it would seem cruel not to appreciate them after the apparently herculean exertions of Mr. Bangs in evolving them. Mr. Sherman is responsible for the verses. Hop-o'-My-Thumb thus tells his story:

"'The night before the festival at which my brothers and I were to be served I bethought me of a method of escape. I hurriedly dressed my family up in the clothing of the Ogre's daughters, and when the butcher came that night he immolated the young ladies instead of us, and we climbed down the lightning-rod into the moat and took to the woods. The next morning, when the Ogre discovered the trick we had played on him, he was very much annoyed, so he put on his seven-league boots and started after us. But I had a *ruse* for him.' 'A charlotte-russe, I suppose,' put in Barclay dryly. 'No,' rejoined Hop-o'-My-Thumb, 'not a charlotte-russe; we couldn't sponge cake enough for that.'"

This is a fair specimen of the dazzling wit of the stories. We are told, too, that the Ogre was very fond of *garçon croquettes à la crême:* this may be the French of South Fifth Avenue; it is hardly the French of Paris. There is plenty of fun in the *New Waggings*. The imitation of "Locksley Hall" is particularly clever. Its motive is the famous myth of Cinderella. Cinderella's relations with her step-sisters are thus described:

"She must sleep up in the garret, say her prayers a prey to rats,
And avoid a chance of comfort on a bedstead minus slats.

"They would call her naughty names, and do their best to make her say
Something wrong to give their mother's muscles exercise that day."

And the ending ought to satisfy the most exacting reader:

"And the sisters begged her pardon, and she did the handsome thing,
And secured for them positions as domestics to the king.

"Comes a look within your faces like a diamond in the rough,
And it leads me to imagine that you all have had enough."

"Beauty and the Beast" is twisted into a resemblance to Mr. Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* The book is a very pleasant piece of fooling.

Marion Howard was a delightful story. Another, after a long interval, by the same author, F. S. D. Ames, ought to be eagerly welcomed. *Wishes on Wings* (New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.) is made up of certain episodes in the life of a selfish and inconsiderate girl, who, however, is capable of some good. The life of the Graingers, a poor and refined English family, is described with a touch worthy of Mrs. Oliphant. We think, however, that the author has made a mistake in introducing the fairy element. Milly could have made her voyage to India and been taught her lesson without the entrance of a fairy on the scene. It is bad art to mix a fairy story with a novellette of real life, and, although the moral is well pointed, it loses some of its effect by the incongruous introduction of the preternatural. Another story in the same volume is "Inside the Gate; or, The Hundredth Sheep." It is more serious in manner and matter than "Wishes on Wings." The hero is a priest who gives up his life for the hundredth sheep. He and his friend, a young seminarian, talk well. This is a suggestive snatch of conversation, caught just as they have passed out of a "severely classical chapel" of the Sacred Heart. Wilfred admits that men may pray in a "miniature heathen temple," but waxes indignant over the bad taste that permits it to be built.

"'Then, I suppose, Trevor,' he says, 'you try to feel no more admiration for Westminster Abbey and the other grand cathedrals that used to be old England's pride and glory than for such a temple as the one we have just left.'

"'I do not say this, and I am sure you know me well enough to know that I do not mean to imply it. Personally, I, you know, love pillar, arch, and deep religious gloom. I have no sympathy with classical architecture Christianized. But I am only a unit, my dear fellow, and you are only another, and we have a host of brother-units, just as ready to assert themselves, and just as likely to be right. I have often thought of this before, and, do you know, Wilfred, it has often struck me that there is a beautiful answer to it all in the magnificent cry with which David ends, or rather culminates, his psalms, "*Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum.*" Yes, every

spirit, whether of height or breadth, light or shade, melody or harmony—not to contradict or foil each other, since it was God who, through the instrumentality of man, called each and all into being, but as so many different means of praise and honor blended into one harmonious whole to the glory of his name.' "

Though not powerful or remarkable for anything except honesty of purpose and an easy style, F. S. D. Ames' stories are so good that the Catholic public ought to encourage him, or her, to write more of them.

At the first glance *The City of Sarras*, by U. Ashworth Taylor (New York: Henry Holt & Co.), recalls some of the unreal and mystical short stories of the author of *John Inglesant*. But on further acquaintance with it, one finds that it is unlike anything coherent or reasonable. The "Morte d'Arthur" has been made use of to a wearisome extent by writers who have been led by Tennyson to follow his idyls to their fountain-head, for it is the tendency of what is called æstheticism to make a god of some old poem or fragment of a poem, and to find strange meanings in it unknown to the "vulgar." The title of Miss Taylor's novel is derived from this passage in the "Morte d'Arthur": "And now thou hast seen that thou most desiredest to see, but yet thou hast not seen it so openly as thou shalt see it in the City of Sarras, the Spiritual Place—therefore thou must go hence!" The scene is laid at court in some unknown land, where the royal religion is that of the church, but where pure æstheticism as the road to salvation is preached by a certain Dorotheus.

"'You love beauty,' he says to Morgan, a maid-of-honor to the queen; 'therein is for you the road to salvation; for beauty is truth—is holiness.' "

To which speech the court lady answers:

"'I love the scarlet and the gold, and this network of silver beneath, and heaven's blue behind; but in what shall these things profit a man if he lose his own soul?' 'It shall profit even for the salvation of a soul,' responds the preacher. 'Did you see nothing but the scarlet and silver and blue when first the blended colors of that fair workmanship presented themselves to your imagination? Was there not some ideal effect of color, to the perfection of which you compared the possibilities of your brush before you said to yourself, "These lines so set together wil satisfy my desire"?'"

The court lady does not understand this. She has resolved to marry Noel, a cripple of unscrupulous character, who plays the violin divinely, and to avenge herself as treacherously as possible on a lover who rejected her. This lover marries a "convent-bred child," whose simplicity, religious devotion, and

general air of womanliness redeem *The City of Sarras* from the reproach of being a colony of bombastic fools with an irrepressible tendency to melodrama. The carnival scene, the most striking in the book, was evidently suggested by Poe's "Mask of the Red Death." Dorotheus' teaching is not clearly defined. The dogmas on which it rests are doubtful, and so when he utters a high thought it seems to have no sure foundation. Morgan follows her will and gets nearer and nearer to despair. She finds that the music of Noel's violin does not express his nature; she despises him, and he, finding that she loves Dorotheus, volunteers to commit suicide. But she, in the meantime, kills herself. Dorotheus is an "advanced" Christian.

"'The Christ I worship,' he says, his eye resting upon the altar of the Divine Victim—'the Christ I worship is no historic Messiah of an ancient record, nor the dead God of a lost century, neither is he the divine child, the human teacher, nor the slain man of a past generation. The Christ with whom I spoke to-day, at whose feet I shall kneel to-morrow, is the Christ whose life is lived even now, in the very years of my life; whose country is my country, whose altar is, like the cottage of Nazareth, built amid the homes of my companions and friends; of whose presence I, though blind, hold the sure certificate, and in whose absence the world would be vacant."

After this outburst, which may mean a great deal or nothing, Dorotheus points to the Tabernacle on the altar of the chapel, and says: "Here the unseen Christ is to all what each one needs." In fact, Dorotheus' Christianity is Ritualism tinged with a number of other picturesque heresies. It is as if the rector of a very high church and Oscar Wilde had united.

Mr. Robert Grant's *Jack Hall; or, The School Days of an American Boy*, might have been written by an intelligent American boy, it is so unpretentious and true to nature.

A series of delicately analytical essays have been put together by Mr. Horace E. Scudder under the title of *Men and Letters* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) In spite of the author's preface, they show nothing of that self-consciousness which often makes the modern critic, no matter how great his quality, so disagreeable. The papers on "Landor as a Classic," "Longfellow and his Art," and "The Future of Shakspere" are specimens of simple, honest, and scholarly work worth careful study.

Maurice Francis Egan.

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

STORY OF A CONVERSION.

My father was an American Unitarian, my mother English and a member of the Church of England. I was born in London, and, naturally enough, was baptized by a clergyman of the Established Church.

Soon after, however, the family removed to this country, where, my father and mother both dying while I was a mere child, I was left in the charge of his relatives, all Unitarians, and attended their church up to the age of eighteen, with the exception of one year, during which my brother and myself were sent by our guardians to the Episcopal church of the town, that we might have an opportunity to follow the religion of our mother, should we desire to do so. As our acquaintance was principally among Unitarians, we did not continue our attendance at the Episcopal church beyond the prescribed time; as might, indeed, have been expected, though the intention of my uncle and aunt in sending us there was no doubt perfectly sincere.

Leaving home shortly after completing my college course at Harvard, to engage in occupation elsewhere, I was provided with a letter, among others, to the Unitarian clergyman in the city where I was to live. The amount of my interest in Unitarianism for its own sake may be judged by the fact that I never delivered the letter, and have not even to this day any idea where the Unitarian church is situated in that city, or where its pastor lived. I suspect that the same would be the case with most young men belonging to Protestant denominations in going to a strange place, unless they wished by acquaintance in their church to obtain a start in business or society. As I had all the start in business I desired, and had very little inclination for society beyond that of my companions in work, this motive did not suggest itself.

It was natural, however, to go to church somewhere on Sunday, and the Catholic cathedral was the most attractive place. I attended High Mass, together with another young man in the same employment as myself, and equally devoid, I imagine, of any religious convictions. The music was fine, and it was principally for the sake of it that we were so regular in our attendance; for we always took a back seat, and were too far away to make much out of the ceremonies, even had we been interested in them. I saw, however, our late venerated cardinal—then a bishop only, for it was before his translation to the see of New York—and heard him preach on several occasions, but probably paid little attention. I thought at one time of getting a book to assist in following the service, but never did so. The only reason was that I might know better what was going on, and thus occupy myself in a more intelligent way; I had not, as far as I can remember, any suspicion that the Catholic religion could be the true one; indeed, I did not believe there was any true religion, properly so-called. I believed in God, but had no faith in revelation.

I cannot see that this attendance at the cathedral had any effect whatever on my subsequent course, unless very indirectly, as may be seen later. I had always regarded the Catholic Church, not indeed with the positive prejudices and outrageously false notions which make many Protestants oppose it so vigorously, but with a kind of lofty disdain, or rather indifference; I considered it as an old fos-

sil, teaching, if it taught anything, some false doctrines which modern enlightenment had long ago exploded. It was to me like the Ptolemaic astronomy, a system which only the very ignorant could accept. If the matter of religion had seemed to me of vital importance, of course I should have seen that false views about it must be very dangerous and of vastly more consequence than false astronomical theories; but I really thought that all that was important or possible to know about God—in whose existence I fully believed—could be found out by quite a short course of reasoning; that I had already gone through with this, and that probably most other people had.

Humanly speaking, it does not seem likely that I should have given the matter of religion any serious consideration, at this time at least, had it not been for one of my associates in work—strange to say, the only person, if I remember right, with whom I had ever been acquainted, in whom a belief in the Christian revelation as a real, positive system was marked enough to excite interest and inquiry. He was a High-Churchman; Ritualism as it is now understood was in a very undeveloped state, and the services at the little church which he attended had none of the attractions for eye and ear which I found at the cathedral; still he induced me to accompany him several times.

I cannot trace the exact mental steps through which I passed from Unitarianism, or rather from mere rationalism, to the church of my mother. Morally and spiritually, I think a great change was produced by a sermon which I heard at this little church one evening, on the text, "You cannot serve God and Mammon." I gave up the worldly ambition which had been, though secretly, my principal motive for exertion, and determined to do everything for God's sake alone. The preacher was not a very eloquent man, and the sermon was probably in itself not an extraordinary one; but God's grace went with it, as it is continually working everywhere.

As to change of doctrine, it must be said that though without any belief in definite dogma, I had still retained the Protestant tradition as to the inspiration of the Bible, and began to try to get some light from reading it. Taking the Bible for a basis, it does not take very long to dispose of Unitarianism, as my brother, with whom I afterward carried on a controversy by letter, was quite willing to concede. The text which did more for me than any other was John xiv. 1, "You believe in God, believe also in me"; though of course I could not be satisfied intellectually of such a great point as the Divinity of our Lord without a good deal of examination. My heart had accepted the truth, but the head had to say, "*Nihil obstat*," before I would move.

I returned to the church (so to speak) of my baptism a month or so after the sermon of which mention has been made. Of course no reception was necessary; but I had to prepare for first communion, and therefore presented myself to the pastor of our little church to receive his advice and direction. He recommended principally the careful reading of the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel, and I remember feeling very anxious till the communion was made, on account of the fifty-fourth verse, which I understood as meaning that it was necessary for salvation. I was confirmed on the feast of the Annunciation, and received the rite alone, it not being the regular time. The second chapter of Ecclesiasticus, which was read, made a great impression on my mind.

It may probably be imagined that, having got so far as to be a High-Churchman, the rest of the road was easy. It might have been, but I doubt it; the "High" Church is rather a dangerous substitute for the true one. The friend of

whom I have spoken, who had been the means of bringing me thus far, still, after thirty years, remains as he was then. At any rate, the way in which it actually came about was by my getting some experience as a Low-Churchman. Moving into the Massachusetts diocese shortly after my confirmation, I naturally selected as "high" a church as possible for my regular attendance, being aware of the prevailing tendency the other way, and of the "low" views of the bishop. But to go to the "Church of the Advent" soon became too much trouble, especially in winter, for one living, as I did, several miles from Boston; so I finally gave up the attempt, and turned over to the church of our own town, whose pastor was one of the most distinguished in the diocese for learning and for his ability in the pulpit.

But he was certainly very "low," and some matters in the parish fell into the hands of people even lower than himself. Many of us became very "evangelical," and some of the young men, among whom were the pastor's son and myself, were roped—yes, really roped, against our will—by a set of pious ladies into establishing a regular prayer-meeting. It was held on Sunday evenings in the little chapel where we also taught Sunday-school, and on another evening in the week at the house of some religious person in the village, near where most of the Catholics lived. Though we tried no direct proselytism, I think we had some hope that a Romanist or two might "experience religion" by means of these village meetings. But how I, and I think most of the few other young men—one exception I believe there was—dreaded these performances! The ladies, no doubt, liked them well enough; but then they were not required to take any active part. One of us, of course, always took charge, and that was not so bad; for then you could get up your opening matter quietly at home, select your chapter and prepare your remarks, and spring them on the others. But imagine the misery of those others, of whom you would usually be one, who, especially if our great "exhorter" happened to be absent, might be called on at any moment to make some remarks suggested by the subject, or at least to lead in prayer! The last was not so difficult, for, after all, these extempore prayers fall into a regular rut, and one soon acquires a tolerable facility in them; but the miserable insincerity of pretending to speak to God, when the only real desire was to get through creditably, made one want to avoid them if any remarks could possibly be thought of.

The whole matter became very sickening; and the utter inefficacy of the system as a means to virtue and spiritual life was so evident that I became anxious to find some way to escape. I wanted something that the soul could live on, but did not know where to turn for it. At this time two circumstances, accidental, as it would seem, and not very notable in themselves, turned me in a Catholic direction. One was a trip made with my old friend to the city where we had previously lived, on the occasion of which we made a visit to the cathedral which I had formerly attended, but which now in some way gave me other impressions than those of mere admiration and curiosity. My friend was enough of a Ritualist to genuflect on passing the altar; and though I did not feel like doing that, yet the distinctness with which I remember it makes me think that the idea of the Real Presence made a strong impression on me.

The second accident, if it may be so called, and the one which actually, or at least proximately, had more to do with my determination, was the reading of a book of Miss Frederika Bremer's, in which she gave an account of a visit to Rome, and of her there making some examination of Catholic doctrine. She mentioned the *Catechism of the Council of Trent* as a book which had been

put into her hands. I made up my mind to get this book and see what the Roman Church had to say for itself. Anything seemed better than the miserable position to which I had been brought. So I got the book. It was a great point to have something definite to ask for, and up to this time I had not even known the name of a single work treating on Catholic doctrine. I did not know anything even of anti-Catholic controversy; the whole field was simply a blank. Many, perhaps most, Protestants are, I imagine, in that position.

I read the book at night, after everybody else had gone to bed. It may seem strange to say it, but what surprised me was its "evangelical" tone. I had a general idea that the Roman Church placed the means of salvation in works and outward observances; but here I found the Blood of Christ and his merits put forward as the one price of our redemption, as forcibly as in any book I had ever read or any sermon I had ever heard. What added much to its weight was that I felt sure this was really Catholic teaching. Controversial books might be traps to catch Protestants, in which the genuine Roman doctrine was manipulated or partly concealed; but here was a real official book, meant for Catholics themselves.

However, I got controversial books, plenty of them, and read them in the same way. I think I had got out of the prayer-meetings before this; but I was still a communicant and taught in Sunday-school, and, as I did not know how the thing would turn out, it was necessary to be careful. I did not say or teach anything that I did not believe, but of course kept quiet about what was going on in my own mind.

The getting of the books was a matter of some embarrassment. Donahoe's book-store was in rather a frequented part of the city, and people who knew me were likely enough to pass that way; so before going in I would take a good look up and down the street to assure myself that the coast was clear, then walk into the store and make my selection. But the question then was how to get out; one could not look up and down the street from inside, and might stumble on some unwelcome friend at the very doorstep. Whether any such ever saw me come out I cannot tell, for I never ventured to look on these occasions, but plunged ahead and took my chances.

It did not appear that I was found out during the year that I pursued this course of quiet reading. But at last my convictions became so strong, at least of the falsity of Protestantism, that I could not continue to teach in Sunday-school; and then something was suspected. Shortly after I gave up attendance at church, and told some persons confidentially of the course my mind had taken, but of course tried to avoid general discussion and remark. This was a critical time; for the alternative now presented was between the Catholic Church and the abandonment of Christianity as a revelation altogether. I had followed the historical road, as it may be called, and had seen plainly enough by this time that Christianity, if it was anything more than mere human speculation, was Catholicity. And then there was for a while a time in which I lost interest in the question; how I recovered it, otherwise than by the grace of God, I do not know. I was advised to consult my own pastor and other clergymen. Strange to say, none of them defended their own position with much vigor. My pastor lent me Chillingworth, but also Moehler's *Symbolism;* the clergyman of the Unitarian church and another whom I consulted, both men of distinguished ability, contented themselves with glittering generalities; another, a neighbor of mine, an excellent and most amiable man, lent me the historical works of Eusebius and Socrates. None attempted any real discussion.

All this time I had never spoken to a single Catholic on the subject of religion, and hardly knew one to whom I could speak. It never occurred to me to go to the priest till after about sixteen months from my first start, when my mind was made up as far as it could be; by which I mean that, though I did not believe, I saw no reason for not believing. The argument was as complete as mere argument could be to prove the divine construction of the wonderful edifice at the door of which I sat waiting; but practically I was not quite convinced or ready to enter. The grace of God was what I needed; and it came through reading some of the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, I think. It moved me to act, to go to the priest and ask to be received. The veil was still between my eyes and the truth as Catholics see it; what might be behind that veil I could not tell; there was no way of telling but by trying; it was, as Cardinal Newman says, "a leap in the dark," but one that reason, conscience, and the voice of God required. It must come in this way, I think, to all converts who have the common Protestant traditions.

I rang the priest's door-bell; he himself came to the door. "I want," I said, "to be a Catholic." I thought that was all; that he would do what was needed to make me one without any delay. But of course he put me under instruction; gave me books, which I already was pretty well filled up with; but his instructions, his answers to my questions, did more good than all the books he could have furnished. But still the old practical obstacle remained till the very end: "What if the priest himself be insincere? how do I know but what some things are being kept from me which will come out when it is too late?" Modern miracles made a special difficulty, not one that was going to turn me back now, for my mind was made up to go behind that veil and see. But did Catholics really believe in them? I was almost afraid to ask. The miracle of St. Januarius was a thing I had to bring up, and half-expected to hear that, at least, dismissed as a superstition. And then did Father —— himself really abstain from meat on Friday, or was this only something palmed off on the people? Strange to say, even after I was received, though very strict about this matter, I was shamefaced about it, and did not know whether Catholics were really expected to be so.

I was baptized conditionally on the feast of the Assumption, 1862, having been under instruction about six weeks. I had been an Episcopalian about three years and a half, and was a little over twenty-three years old. It is twenty-five years now since then. It took me a little time to get into Catholic ways and practices, but from the day of my reception till now doubt of the Catholic religion in any point, small or great, has seemed as impossible, unreasonable, and absurd as doubt about the truths of algebra or geometry. Religion, instead of being a mere matter of speculation or of enthusiasm, which one must not investigate too closely, has been ever since then to me the most certain as well as infinitely the most important of all the sciences.

CHURCH UNITY.

"Holy Father, keep them in thy name whom thou hast given me: that they may be one, as we also are one; . . . that they also may be one in us: that the world may know that thou hast sent me."—*Gospel of St. John.*

"The religious problem of the time is church reunion."—*New Princeton Review, Nov.*, 1887.

It is both pleasing and sad to see men outside the church engaged in futile efforts to solve "the problem of religious unity." Pleasing because it shows that

there is among them a feeling after the truth; pleasing because when they see the fatuity of their efforts we can hope for their return to real unity, where there is but "one Lord, one Faith, and one Baptism."

And it is sad—sad because the principles on which they base their unity are false; sad because they have not grasped the idea of a divinely-founded church; sad because they have no true notion of a definite code of faith and morals; sad because "private judgment in matters of faith and morals" is, in their scheme, still left to divide the re-united.

For what is it that has caused religious disunion in the world? Disunion in Christ's church is impossible, unity being a mark to show the true church to the world. What has caused those who profess to be followers of Christ to become so disunited? Time was when there was but one church, and all Christians were united under one fold and one shepherd, under the staff and keys of St. Peter. What, then, was the original cause of the disunion among Christians now sought to be healed? The false doctrine of private interpretation of Scripture. Henry VIII., Elizabeth, Luther and Calvin, and all the rest down to the unfrocked friar who started the last churchlet in Paris, have ever held this principle of private judgment as necessary for their religious existence. Private judgment gave the world the Calvinist with all his anti-human doctrines of depravity and predestination. It produced the religion of Luther, as changing as the chameleon or the hues on the breast of the swift-flying humming-bird. It drew from the water of strife the Baptist, who immerses only; and the Congregationalist, who regards baptism as a pretty ceremony for dedicating children to God. It produced the Socinian, who denied the Divinity of Christ; the Universalist, who disbelieved in hell; and the Unitarian, who blasphemed the Holy Trinity. Private judgment took to itself a spouse, the invisibility of the church; and it became the fond and nursing father of the Quakers, and at last of infidels, atheists, socialists, and anarchists.

Such, in brief, has been the fearful history of this false principle in matters of religion, and there are now among us men who would try and are trying to produce Christian unity while leaving this root of discord untouched.

The writer of the above-mentioned article in the *New Princeton Review*, together with most of those who are seeking church unity, has no true or adequate idea of a church or the end of a church in the world. There has been and must be unity in Christ's church, not merely because he said so, but also because Christ's mission demands unity among his followers. What is the church for? Why did Christ found a church at all? Why did he *not* lay down a few broad principles of morality and leave men to follow them and believe as they liked?

The words at the head of these lines tell us: "That they may be one, as we also are one"—that is, union with God through Christ is a unifying process outwards as well as inwards, with man no less than with God. No man is one with God in Christ unless by a principle of unity that unites him to all the rest of Christ's true followers. So truly is this the case that by the unity of Christians our Lord would furnish mankind with a potent argument for his own divine mission: "that they also may be one, that the world may know that *thou* hast sent *me*."

Mr. Hodge states three grounds for reunion: "The Catholic feels that unity and uniformity must be enforced at all cost." So he does, though in a far higher sense than doubtless Mr. Hodge is aware of. "The majority of Protestants deem no remedy possible but an inter-denominational sympathy, which they have tried so many years to practise, and which has done nothing to abate the evils of division." These are the two standpoints of Catholics and Protestants.

The Catholic Church, with Scripture, reason, and tradition in its favor, and with nearly nineteen hundred years of practical success in uniting men together, will still endeavor by all good means to bring all men to the same unity at all cost.

The Protestants like the author, with a couple of decades of inter-denominational sympathy, and this a hopeless failure, as the author confesses, will try a new plan, one which will unite all Protestants and "eventually the Catholics."

This third basis of reunion is as remarkable as the second.

These are the four cardinal principles which it rests on: 1st. The Holy Scriptures as the revealed word of God; 2d. The Nicene Creed as the sufficient statement of the Christian faith; 3d. Two sacraments; 4th. The acceptance of the historic episcopate.

In other words, the little Protestant Episcopal Church proposes to the mighty Methodist and the huge Baptist churches, and the proud Congregational and Presbyterian churches, to come and join it.

But can Protestants generally unite on these four points on which even Episcopalians are not united? There are some Episcopalians who think tradition contains some of the revealed word of God, as well as Holy Scripture. If the Protestant Episcopal Church were not a house divided against itself it might propose "reunion" with better propriety. And, any way, how do they know that Holy Scripture contains all of God's revelation to man? Who told them so? The Catholics gave it to the Protestants, but never said it was the only revelation of God.

Nor will they or can they unite on the Nicene Creed. It has had to be supplemented by the church which made it, and how can Protestants get on with it when the very authors of it saw fit to make it more explicit? And as for "two sacraments without any theory about them," to be held by the anomalous concatenation of "united" Protestants, this would but make confusion worse confounded, for they *will not* hold and cannot hold two sacraments as "generally necessary to salvation" without *some* theory about them. The man who holds to any practice without "some theory" is a blockhead.

And as to the fourth, last, and most ridiculous of all, they propose the acceptance of the "historic episcopate." The majority of Protestants know enough to beware of accepting any episcopate but the old one; they will reject the new episcopate made by Queen Elizabeth in 1559. There can be no such reunion as the author proposes on such principles. It is preposterous to suppose that honest people who are at swords' points on any particular principle can unite on that principle. *Lex credendi, lex agendi.*

Separation was and is the watchword of Protestantism, and it will be until, like all other isms, Protestantism dies, and the Catholic Church remains as of old one flock under one Shepherd, Christ in heaven, the successor of St. Peter and the vicar of Jesus Christ on earth.

A. M. Clark.

Conversion of a Jewish Family.

Mr. C—— was a Jewish gentleman of excellent education and estimable character, a lawyer of high repute in one of our principal towns. He was married to a Protestant lady, and a little family had begun to bless their household, when a young infant daughter was suddenly seized with a mortal illness. A Catholic young man who was studying law with Mr. C—— proposed to the alarmed pa-

rents that they should ask a Catholic priest to baptize the child, holding out to them the hope that, if this were done, the child would recover. Neither one of them was a strict adherent to the forms of religion which they nominally professed, and both immediately assented to the young student's proposal, glad to do anything which might be the means of rescuing their beloved infant from imminent death. The father went in haste to the house of a priest and begged him to come at once to baptize his dying child, promising him that if it lived it should be carefully brought up in the Catholic religion. The child was baptized; God had regard to the simple faith of the young man who had promised its recovery, and to the parental affection of the father and mother, to which God seems to have added an incipient faith, and the infant was restored to health. It lived a year, as if to show that a reprieve from death had been granted solely for the purpose of convincing the parents of the supernatural effect of the sacrament. At the end of the year it again suddenly sickened and died. The father took from its neck a ribbon with a little medal attached, and always devoutly wore it as a sacred souvenir of the little child of God who had been so wonderfully made a Christian and taken home to the bosom of the Father in heaven. Mrs. C—— was received into the church, and all her other children were baptized. From this time Mr. C—— appeared to be in conviction and in heart a Catholic. He was always solicitous that his family should practise faithfully the duties of their religion. During his wife's absence on a visit he had a little oratory fitted up and tastefully decorated for the private devotions of the pious mother and her children. He often knelt there himself before the shrine of Our Lady and recited her Litany. Regard for his aged Jewish parents and for the other members of his family was the reason which he always gave for declining to be baptized and to formally profess his faith in Christ. Practically he was a Catholic catechumen all the rest of his life. It is thirty-five years since the writer of this narrative heard it from the persons concerned, and he has lately learned that before his death Mr. C—— received all the sacraments of the church.

SPIRITUAL GUIDANCE.

The work of the priesthood is to help to guide the Christian people, understanding that God is always guiding them interiorly.

An innocent soul we must guide, fully understanding that God is dwelling within him; not as a substitute for God.

A repentant sinner we must guide, understanding that we are but restoring him to God's guidance.

The best that we can do for any Christian is to quicken his sense of fidelity to God speaking to him in an enlightened conscience.

Now, God's guidance is of two kinds: one is that of his external providence in the circumstances of life; the other is interior, and is the direct action of the Holy Spirit on the human soul. There is great danger in separating these two.

The key to many spiritual problems is found in this truth: The direct action of God upon the soul, which is interior, is in harmony with his external providence. Sanctity consists in making them identical as motives for every thought, word, and deed of our lives. The external and the internal (and the same must be said of the natural and supernatural) are one in God, and the consciousness of them both is to be made one divine whole in man. To do this requires an heroic life-sanctity.

All the sacraments of the church, her authority, prayer both mental and vocal, spiritual reading, exercises of mortification and of devotion, have for their end and purpose to lead the soul to the guidance of the Holy Spirit. St. Alphonsus says in his letters that the first director of the soul is the Holy Ghost himself.

It is never to be forgotten that one man can never be a guide to another except as leading him to his only divine Guide.

The guide of the soul is the Holy Spirit himself, and the criterion or test of possessing that guide is the divine authority of the church.

I. T. HECKER.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ESSAYS, CHIEFLY ON POETRY. By Aubrey de Vere, LL.D. In two volumes. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

There are two or three ethical or religious essays in these volumes; the others are on poetical subjects, two being studies of Spenser, three on Wordsworth, one each on Shelley, Keats, and Landor, and others on Sir Henry Taylor's poetical writings. Some of these have appeared in the *Catholic World.*

De Vere's analysis of these poets is the best we have ever read. He has brought to his task a critical faculty of no ordinary excellence, and a sympathetic appreciation the natural accompaniment of his own high poetical gifts. Now, of all critical writings the most useful are such as treat of poems, for there are few readers who cannot greatly profit by a guide in the high regions of the poet's flight. Of some poets this is truer than of others, and of none more so than of Wordsworth. Few poets, even the greatest, give more joy than Wordsworth, or teach profounder lessons—though they are all only the lessons of nature. But he is not always easily understood, and, what is a worse misfortune, when not understood, often seems to be commonplace or even nonsensical. But let the reader take up these three essays on Wordsworth, then use Matthew Arnold's selections of that poet, and he is pretty sure to become an enthusiastic Wordsworthian. He will find that some things of his he once perhaps thought trifling are among the best any poet ever wrote, and, furthermore, that some of his most ambitious pieces are quite unworthy of his genius.

We once heard the elder Dana say that De Vere's prose he esteemed to have the same high qualities as his poetry. We hope that he will make more use of it. Châteaubriand in *Les Martyrs* gave a novel view of Christianity as depicted by the heroism of the martyrs. We think that Aubrey de Vere has the genius to do the same for the intellectual aspect of Christianity as displayed in the Christian man of letters. These volumes will themselves do much, especially for the higher class of students, in promoting a taste for classical and literary studies.

The publishers' work is perfect in print, paper, and binding.

RICHARD LEPSIUS: A Biography. By Georg Ebers. Translated from the German by Zoe Dana Underhill. New York: W. S. Gottsberger. 1887.

Lepsius was one of the most illustrious scholars of this century. He could not have had a more fitting biographer than his distinguished pupil,

Ebers. The first part of the biography narrates briefly and simply the story of the boyhood and student-life of Lepsius, a pleasant picture of a gifted, well-mannered, and studious youth, happy as the son of a true German family of the best type, healthy and innocently gay, developing in sunshine and pure air, with a rapid and steady growth, into a noble manhood in which the physical, the mental, and the moral properties were duly proportioned.

The second part contains the history of the scientific career and successful labors of Lepsius as the greatest of the founders of that new and fruitful branch of science in our age—Egyptology.

The writer remembers being told by his father, when he was about eight years old, of the deciphering of the hieroglyphics on the Rosetta stone by Champollion and Young. Champollion was then still living, his great works were not yet published, and Lepsius was a school-boy at Naumburg. Mr. Ebers gives a most interesting summary of the progress and the valuable achievements of investigation in this newly-opened treasure-house of extreme antiquity, especially since the year 1834. Mr. Ebers is not only a master in science but in literature as well, as his delightful Egyptian romances have shown. Thus, he has been able to make his history of a scientific man and his works readable and charming as well as instructive, and not only sufficiently accurate and complete, but so brief also as not to become tiresome.

In the third part we have a description of the home-life and the personal character of Lepsius which is truly delightful, and which lets the reader see the great scholar in his private traits and surroundings, as a man in a high degree estimable and admirable, as well as unusually happy and exempt from the great trials and sorrows which often becloud the sky of great and good lives.

Lepsius had not the happiness of being a Catholic, and we cannot, therefore, judge his religion by a Catholic criterion. He had to choose and judge for himself how much his reason would permit him to hold of that form of belief which the Lutheran and Evangelical theology presented. It is no wonder that he could not accept what they call orthodoxy, and no wonder that he found nothing better than a kind of semi-Christian rationalism to fall back upon. He was, however, not only a man of a high moral ideal which he strove to attain, but also sincerely religious, according to his lights. And, therefore, it is with pleasure that we read the following words of his biographer:

"Although those who cling to the letter of the faith would not approve his Christianity, yet his life was a truly Christian one. He ever made an open confession of faith in God and Christ; he took, whenever he felt the need of it, the holy sacrament; he experienced in himself the blessings which Christianity had brought into the world, he recognized them in history, and he allowed his children to be educated by his pious wife without opposition. He declared to her, to Trumpp, and to others, that the highest duty of human beings was 'to love God above all others, and one's neighbor as one's self.'"

THE INCARNATE WORD AND THE DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART. By Rev. George Tickell, S.J. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

All who have sought an intelligent basis for the devotion to the Sacred Heart have already been indebted to Father Tickell for his contributions to

the history of the revelations made to Blessed Margaret Mary. In this pretty little book we have a statement, short, simply told, and yet very comprehensive—following, indeed, the lines of dogmatic theology—of the doctrinal foundations for our adoration of the divine love as symbolized in the Sacred Heart of the Son of God.

BIBLE STORIES FOR CHILDREN. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

It is a matter both of experience and regret that children in our Sunday-schools, and many adult Catholics as well, are so little acquainted with Bible history. The importance of being well grounded in all that is of doctrine and practice in our holy religion cannot, of course, be too highly valued, and it is a cause of much consolation to know that the catechism is taught with systematic thoroughness. But, important as is this work, it is not all. The historical side of Christianity, of all revelation in fact, forms to-day the subject of study and of criticism. It is thus becoming and necessary that Catholics should know not only the reason of their faith, but should, to some extent, be acquainted with its history and antecedents. This study should begin at the same time with the catechism, and the sooner the better. If such a feature be introduced it cannot but add to the attractiveness of the Sunday-school to the child, and will in most cases develop a love for such study in after-years. It is with such an end in view that the publishers have issued this little book, and they certainly merit hearty approval and encouragement. The book is well printed, and is, besides, embellished with many good wood-cuts, just such as would please a child and make study interesting; its introduction into our Sunday-schools will be likely to insure the best results.

THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. Translated from the Italian by Abby Langdon Alger. Boston: Roberts Bros.

We called attention only last month to the second edition of this book, issued by the Catholic Publication Society. Here now is another translation, admirably done, and offered to the general public by a secular publishing house. These little flowers are almost the most charming of all in the great garden of God on earth. But one needs, if not the saintly, then at least the most rarely poetical of temperaments to delight wholly in their entirely special fragrance.

LIFE OF THE VENERABLE SERVANT OF GOD, JEAN GABRIEL PERBOYRE. Translated from the French by the Lady Clare Fielding. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

The delightful smoothness and general literary excellence of this translation enhance the value of the subject-matter; and that is saying much. For few Catholics of much sentiment will read this account of the martyrdom of a typical French missionary without many sudden heart-throbs and now and then a tear of sympathy. The venerable Father Perboyre was a Lazarist missionary to China who about forty years ago bore witness to the faith of Christ by shedding his life's blood for it. His sufferings as a martyr—as a missionary his heroic endurance is but touched on—extended over more than a year; and if the early Christians suffered more dreadful torments or were in the power of men with a deadlier hatred of the cross than his executioners, we are mistaken. The facts are real, the narrative is charming, and the lesson exceedingly edifying.

DE MONTRÉAL À WASHINGTON (Amérique du Nord). Par l'Abbé Lucien Vigneron. Paris: E. Plon, Nourrit et Cie.

A Frenchman's journey in America, with eyes and ears wide open and no small aptitude to receive impressions, is here given to the public. Among other things of interest are accounts of occasional visits to Catholic institutions of prominence, such as some of the chief ones of Montreal, the Cathedral and the House of the Fathers of Mercy, New York, and many of the seminaries, etc., in Baltimore and the neighborhood.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO; or, A Narrative of Events leading to the Marriage and Conversion to the Catholic Faith of Mr. and Mrs. Marlowe Sidney, of Cowpen Hall, Northumberland. To which are added a few incidents in their life. By their Granddaughter. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

There is a fascination in the *itinerarium* of guileless souls towards the true faith. One is never weary of reading of the battle against prejudice, timidity, human respect, ignorance, fought by earnest men and women who are converted to the Catholic faith. There is enough of the antique about this pretty and naïve narrative to give it a peculiar interest and a pure, frank realism truly charming. Added to the history of the conversion are a few little reminiscences, all rather tame, except the one about the exiled French nuns, which is exceedingly interesting.

A FRENCH NAVY CAPTAIN. Augustus Marceau, commander of the *Ark of the Covenant*. Translated from the French of the Rev. Claudius Mayet, S.M., by Alice Wilmot Chetwode. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

From a blasphemer of religion and a profligate, gambling, tyrannical atheist Augustus Marceau became a devout Christian and finally an heroic and saintly one. His conversion and subsequent career in command of a vessel assisting the missions of Oceanica form a delightful and edifying narrative. The translation is very poorly done.

A GARDEN OF ROSES. Stories and Sketches by Maurice Francis Egan. Boston: Thos. B. Noonan & Co.

Here are twenty-three pleasant little pieces for young and old, written by a practised hand serving a sympathetic, poetical spirit. Scenes Irish, American, French, German, are made the settings of charming pictures of real life and of interesting incidents and graphic traits of character. The book is prettily bound and well printed.

BODYKE: A Chapter in the History of Irish Landlordism. By Henry Norman. Reprinted, with several additional chapters, from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and illustrated with sketches from instantaneous photographs by the author. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Here is a minute piece cut out of the core of Ireland's cancer and put under the microscope of the press.

Every factor of Irish life is here to be studied in its most active and fruitful conditions. Here is the landlord of brazen face and icy heart, and the law officers of a most cruel despotism catching his words of command and passing them on to armed police, who desecrate humble homes, club old men and young men, beat women, level cottages, and thirst to slay. Here are the priests, the sinews of the "plan of campaign" by which, hav-

ing coined their dearest labor, the people refused to coin their blood to feed and clothe their oppressors—the priests bidding every man and woman to heroic defiance and countenancing their every lawful resistance; here is the arch "Agitator" Davitt, representing the *major et sanior pars populi*, and protesting and witnessing; here especially Mr. Henry Norman, correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, whose telegraphic messages and photographic views are in this little volume collected.

We defy any honest reader of this book to lift his eyes from the microscope without saying, "Irish landlordism is an aggravated case of cancer, and one very near the vitals."

A TREATISE OF PRAYER. By the Blessed John Fisher, Bishop and Martyr. A reprint of an old translation. Edited by a monk of Fort Augustus. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

This book is no piece of literary bric-à-brac, but a treatise on prayer of much value. The editor has, in our judgment, somewhat narrowed his market by his archæological whim of reproducing the spelling and other literary oddities of a two-hundred-year-old translation. But for a really excellent statement of the best methods and the highest and lowest forms of prayer we know of hardly any compendium which can be said to excel it. Blessed John Fisher was a saint by more titles than that given him by Henry's executioner. The reason or doctrine of prayer, the fruits of prayer, and the manner of prayer are here taught by a master of all that these words mean, and in a brief manner. A better book than this for beginners, or for persons struggling with the difficulties of practical communion with God, would be hard to find.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

Mention in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF CHARLES DARWIN, including an autobiographical chapter. Edited by his son, Francis Darwin. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE CATHOLIC CHILD'S HYMN-BOOK. By Frank Pentrill. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Co.

THE GIST OF IT: Philosophy of Human Life. By Rev. Thomas E. Barr. With an Introductory Note by Rev. D. S. Gregory, D.D., ex-President of Lake Forest University. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

HANDBOOK OF VOLAPÜK. By Charles E. Sprague. New York: The Office Company; London: Trübner & Co.; Chicago: S. R. Winchell & Co.

LIFE AND DEATH OF VEN. EDMUND GENNINGS. By his brother, John Gennings. London: Burns & Oates.

THE COURT OF RATH CROGHAN; or, Dead but not Forgotten. By M. L. O'Byrne. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

LOST AND FOUND, and other Stories. Boston: Thomas B. Noonan & Co. Hearth and Home Library.

HOFFMANN'S CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ALMANAC, AND CLERGY LIST QUARTERLY, for the year of our Lord 1888. Milwaukee and Chicago: Hoffmann Bros.

ROBERT EMMET: A Tragedy of Irish History. By Joseph I. C. Clarke. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ZWEIUNDDREISSIGSTE GENERAL-VERSAMMLUNG DES DEUTSCHEN RÖMISCH-KATHOLISCHEN CENTRAL-VEREINS IN DEN VER. ST., gehalten in Chicago, Ills., September, 1887. Milwaukee, Wis.: Druck der "Columbia."

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF NEWFOUNDLAND. By the Very Rev. M. F. Howley, D.D. Boston: Doyle & Whittle.

DARSCOMBE HALL; or, Basil's Little Brothers. By Marian Nesbitt. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

CATHOLIC HOME ALMANAC FOR 1888. New York: Benziger Bros.

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EPISCOPACY NO BOND OF UNITY.

THE Catholic episcopate, as an organic body under its supreme head, is the great bond of unity. In the present contention episcopacy is taken in the sense which is opposite, on the one side, to every form of polity which is based on the principle of equality *ex jure divino* in the ministry, and on the other to that form of polity which is based on the principle of inequality, *ex jure divino*, in the episcopal hierarchy.

Episcopacy implies the principles of sacramental grace, the Christian priesthood, and the transmission of gifts by apostolical succession. It explicitly affirms in its strictest form that an order of superior ministers in the hierarchy, by a special consecration derived from the Apostles, is exclusively empowered to continue the line of apostolical succession, and to teach and rule the clergy and people of the churches over which they preside.

The whole theory of the church depends on the relation between it and the justification of individual souls. Justification is by faith, as the symbols of the Catholic Church and of the great Protestant societies agree in affirming, according to the explicit teaching of the Scriptures. Therefore the question of faith is involved in that of justification. The just live by faith. How this life is given, how it may be gained, can only be understood by first knowing what is faith, and how imparted and received. The question, What is saving faith? I pass over.

The cardinal doctrines of the genuine Protestant orthodoxy are: that justification is by a peculiar kind of faith *alone*, and that the Bible is the *only* and sufficient *rule* of faith to each individual believer. The church, as the collection of the regenerated children of God, is, therefore, in the first instance and chiefly,

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invisible, purely spiritual, a communion of the justified on earth similar to that which unites these same souls with the spirits of the just made perfect in heaven.

Outward and visible church-fellowship is an outcome and a consequence of the inward and invisible union. Faith must be professed and manifested in good works, acts of religion, of charity, and of all the moral virtues. The ostensible and apparent inward righteousness of a number of individuals is a reason why they should recognize one another, associate together, have common public worship, participate in the sacraments which they believe the Lord has instituted as outward signs of grace, and by united efforts promote the cause of Christ in the world. As for the ministry, it is not strictly a priesthood or a hierarchy. Priesthood, in any sense in which it is admitted to belong to any person except Jesus Christ, is equally in all believers, who are also, in an analogous sense, all kings. Any collection of true believers suffices to make a complete visible church. Suppose it to be granted that the pure word of God and the sacraments duly administered are such and such, any society of persons professedly believers and regenerate which has these has all that is essential, whatever additional arrangements not contrary to their first principles may be made by voluntary agreement. For the sake of order the ministerial functions are deputed to fit persons, and hence would naturally arise a clerical profession, even if it had not existed from the first, among Protestants, by an imitation of the Catholic Church.

The Catholic doctrine of the church is the opposite of this. The visible body is prior to the invisible soul of the church. In the human being the corporeal element of his composition precedes the spiritual, the matter is the subject of the form. So in the church. Christ appoints the Apostles by an external, visible mission. They preach the truth revealed by the Holy Spirit, embodied in an audible word. The visible sacrament of baptism regenerates the docile hearer, implanting the habits of faith, hope, and charity. The baptized becomes a member of a visible church, with a visible priesthood, sacrifice, and other sacraments, under a teaching and ruling hierarchy, the custodian and judge of all that pertains to the doctrine and the law of Christ. The individual Christian receives faith and grace through the church, and lives, by communion with her soul in her body, the life of grace which is imparted from her head, Jesus Christ, by the life-giving Spirit. The church, in its visible,

corporate subsistence, is One and Catholic. It is one flock under one shepherd. Particular churches, distinct but not separate, are portions of the universal church, and their bishops are not only local governors and pastors, but are in their solidarity the teaching and ruling senate of all Christendom, under their chief bishop and supreme head on earth, who is the delegate and representative of the Sovereign Lord in heaven.

The Anglican theory is a *Via Media* between these two extremes. On the one hand, it makes the visible church come first, as the medium and instrument of the Holy Spirit in giving faith, regeneration, and justification. It recognizes the priesthood, sacramental grace, the hierarchy, and authority to teach and rule. On the other hand, it makes the Catholic Church, as catholic, invisible. On this theory bishops are equal and independent. The Catholic Church is an ideal, a type and plan, according to which particular churches are to be constituted, each in its own separate, individual organic unity and integrity. They are alike but not the same. They ought to preserve union, fellowship, harmony with each other, to profess the same faith, administer the same sacraments, enforce and keep the same law. But there is no universal legislative and executive authority and jurisdiction over them to which each bishop with his particular church is subject, no polity which unites all into one commonwealth, or even into one confederation. Episcopal churches are not like towns and counties in a State, or provinces in a kingdom, but are all separate and independent principalities or republics.

On this theory the Christian Church, as a universal term, is analogous to such terms as The State, The Monarchical State, The Republican State, taken universally. The unity of the church consists in the oneness of the type or model of church organization, and in the common origin of all the churches. Its catholicity consists in the potential multiplication of churches duly organized in all times and all parts of the world, which is made actual, to a considerable extent, by a general diffusion of Christianity organized in episcopal churches essentially true to their ideal, throughout the world. Its apostolicity consists in the continuity of doctrine, polity, etc., and of episcopal succession in an unbroken series of ordinations from the Apostles. So long as a particular church conforms to the one catholic, apostolic type in essentials, and preserves its succession, it cannot lapse into heresy or schism, or cease to be a true church, even though it should be isolated from communion with other

churches. It acknowledges no head on earth but its own bishop, who is the immediate Vicar of Christ and holds directly from him as the only Head over all churches. The schism of a church is a severance of its union with Jesus Christ, which is effected only by the loss of its own identity with itself in its original and normal state, an essential alteration, corruption, and dissolution of its organic subsistence, analogous to death.

Since, therefore, organic unity, like that of a body or a commonwealth, subsists only and completely in a diocese, separation from outward union and communion with the lawful bishop and the flock under his pastoral care is the only kind of severance of external Christian fellowship that is properly the deadly sin of schism which cuts the individual off from the church and from Christ. It is schism when an intruding bishop invades the realm of the lawful bishop, when clergy or people make separate sects, when altar is set up against altar.

Union and harmony, mutual fellowship and co-operation of bishops and churches with each other throughout the world, if they exist, of course produce a moral unity, like that which may be affirmed to exist in Europe when all its distinct nations are at peace with each other. This universal intercommunion is acknowledged to be highly desirable and even obligatory. Those who are responsible for its interruption, or who culpably hinder its restoration when it has been impaired or broken, sin against the law of Christ. It is a very great evil to have rival confederations of bishops and churches arrayed in hostility against each other, mutually accusing and excommunicating each other as heretics and schismatics, "all wranglers," and perhaps in some respects "all wrong." This is the aspect which Christendom presents to one who looks at it from the Anglican point of view.

Now, we have a right to expect that Jesus Christ would create a bond of organic and moral unity in the church, which should be in itself sufficient to preserve it in this unity in the world at large, and until the end of time. Moreover, we have his own explicit declaration that he has done so. It is our contention that episcopacy is not and cannot be this bond. I do not contend that such a model of church organization as the Anglican theory supposes would be metaphysically and physically impossible. If we suppose churches constituted by the Apostles over a large extent of the world, and suppose that they remain unaltered, or all developing alike under a constant law —like oaks and pines, which remain like each other to the end

without change, though in distant places; or like rosebuds, in separate gardens, which bloom alike—we may regard such an order of things as sufficient for the ends of the Christian religion. This is, however, an ideal scheme. In view of the actual character and condition of mankind, even in the order of Christian regeneration, it is practically impossible, except on the hypothesis of a widely-extended and extraordinary intervention of divine power in the government of human affairs, different from the actual and general method of the providence of God. Therefore I contend that the accomplishment of the end of the church would be *morally* impossible on the supposition of the theory of the *Via Media.*

Let us consider the end of the church in relation to the Faith, to the Formation of Christendom, and to the Conversion of Heathendom.

The advantage gained by having the church as the keeper, witness, teacher, and judge of all that God has revealed in matters of faith and morals, instead of having Scripture alone, privately investigated and interpreted, as the Rule of Faith, is this: Such a church, fully authenticated and endowed by God, being once found, the individual has a certain and easy way of obtaining complete instruction in all things needful and useful for justification, sanctification, and salvation; and he has access to all the means of grace. If each separate episcopal church has all the endowments necessary to the fulfilment of this office, so that the ideal catholic church is truly individuated in a multitude of particular churches, it is necessary that each church should possess within itself the principle of its own integral, continuous, and immutable life. It is a body, not a member of a body. It is a principality, not a province in a kingdom. Within its own limits it is sole and supreme possessor, with inalienable and perfectly independent sovereign rights.

Now, in the first place, these numerous episcopal principalities could not have been founded and established, each having the right of domain within its own territory, without the intervention of a universal power, superior to mere episcopacy. In fact, the Apostles possessed and exercised a universal jurisdiction, and under the government of the apostolic college, having St. Peter as its prince, all episcopal sees were parts of one universal whole, which was the One, Catholic, and Apostolic Church. Episcopacy supposes a radical and complete change in the ecclesiastical polity, when the Apostolic Church, according to a sort of nebular hypothesis, was resolved into a number of little episco-

pal churches, not having any common centre of revolution, but each turning on its own axis and moving on a straight line through space.

Episcopacy, as a polity, is a kind of Congregationalism, the diocese being substituted for the assembly of believers gathered in one place of meeting. The diocese may be no more than a small parish embracing a village or a district within narrow bounds, with a population of a few hundreds. Or it may be a large city or district with a million of inhabitants. Size and number are accidents; what is essential is the division of the territory within which churches are established by geographical limits, which protect and bound the supreme and exclusive jurisdiction of each bishop over the clergy and faithful of his diocese. Episcopacy furnishes no clear and binding rule and law for fixing these limits, dividing dioceses, or founding new ones. There is no common and superior authority, and therefore no method of peaceable adjustment, except that of mutual agreement.

Again, there is no adequate provision for settling differences between the bishop and his clergy and people, for determining contested elections to the episcopate, or for exercising any acts of discipline which may be deemed necessary over a delinquent bishop. He has no superior, and is irresponsible, unless he is made subject to some sort of diocesan synod, which is contrary to the genius of episcopal regimen.

When the see becomes vacant it cannot be filled unless a new bishop be consecrated by other bishops. These bishops, in order to fulfil their office worthily, must judge of the lawful election and of the fitness of the candidate. But this introduces an authority and jurisdiction within a diocese which is exterior to it, and is incompatible with the independent, integral autonomy of a church perfect in its own separate, organic unity.

In respect to the office of teaching and feeding the flock, giving to each one that salutary doctrine and rule of life, and those life-giving sacraments, which are the means of justification and salvation, episcopacy furnishes no sufficient guarantee for its faithful fulfilment. The individual believer must be joined to the communion of his true and lawful bishop. He must participate in the sacrifice and sacraments offered and administered duly under his authority. He must receive from him the faith and law of Christ, feed in his pasture, repose in his fold, and follow him in the way which he walks in as the guide to eternal life. If all bishops and churches agree and remain in harmony

and mutual communion with each other, all is well, and there is a perfect security. He knows his lawful pastor, and knows that he will lead him in the way which the Apostles and all the saints of old have trod. For there is no rival claimant, no dissension about the right way to the celestial city. Universal consent is a proof that the tradition of the Apostles has been preserved undefiled, and is a note of truth. But episcopacy furnishes no criterion for determination when rival bishops and churches claim allegiance, when dissensions arise and it is doubtful where allegiance is due. An individual must then fall back on private judgment, must interpret Scripture and tradition for himself, and judge the cause between opposing churches.

It would be necessary that all or the generality of the episcopal churches should be indefectible in the faith and in essential discipline, in order that each one should be a secure and trustworthy teacher and medium of grace; that essential unity should be preserved in the churches, and moral unity or harmonious union should exist among them and be continued.

The Formation of Christendom, according to this theory, also presupposes the indefectibility and consequent moral unity of the collective episcopate, together with the docility and fidelity of the clergy and faithful under their government. Supposing the bishops everywhere to be like James and John and Paul, the clergy like Timothy, Titus, Clement, the faithful like the first true disciples of Christ and the Apostles—in a word, that the nations outwardly converted to Christianity have become communities of saints—the formation of a Christendom on the principles of the Gospel becomes a very easy work. The law of love supersedes the need of external authority and law to a very great extent.

Such a Christendom, the Christian ideal realized in an actual brotherhood of holy nations, might spread through the world until it embraced all mankind, by a spontaneous and harmonious concurrence of all Christians in missionary efforts for the conversion of the world.

It is perfectly obvious that all this is as purely ideal and visionary as the Republic of Plato or the Utopia of Sir Thomas More.

In the real world, and in the actual Christendom, such a loose, disjointed episcopacy as that which Anglican theorists have dreamed of is just as inefficient and impracticable as the most extreme Congregationalism, or as Quakerism in social and political constitutions. As well send a vast number of soldiers organized only in regiments under independent colonels, or nu-

merous fleets of war-ships, each one commanded by an independent captain, to carry on warfare against powerful enemies, to conquer strongholds and gain possession of new domains, as endeavor to subdue mankind to the dominion of Christ and establish his universal kingdom through the whole world, without a church constituted under a consolidating polity, apostolic and catholic in its strict, integral, organic unity.

In fact, the sects which have departed from the centre of Catholic unity, even those which are Presbyterian or Congregational, with but few, insignificant exceptions, have organized themselves into societies of greater or lesser extent, embracing many dioceses or parishes.

Ecclesiastical history shows us that in the earliest ages there were provinces, exarchates, patriarchates, provincial and plenary councils, and, from the fourth century down, œcumenical councils. Metropolitans, primates, patriarchs, with greater or less jurisdiction over their suffragans, are found existing everywhere from time immemorial. Even those who deny the *jure divino* supremacy of the Roman pontiff acknowledge some sort of universal primacy whose origin goes far back of the reign of Constantine.

Now, on the theory that the divine constitution of the church stops short at the episcopate and the organization of separate, independent episcopal churches, it is evident that by common consent this polity was found to be inadequate. It was necessary to establish new societies or confederations on a larger scale, to constitute a universal church embracing greater and lesser divisions, in which dioceses were the component parts and were subject to ecclesiastical laws and a superior executive power. So far as unity was actually preserved during the first ten centuries, it is evident that episcopacy, in the sense of the Anglican theory, was not and could not have been the bond of unity. There was a higher law, the authority of the universal, consolidated episcopate, under its supreme head, the authority of the Holy, Apostolic See of Peter, and of councils approved and sanctioned by the Pope, which preserved catholic faith and discipline. The chief heresiarchs, rebels, and disorganizers were bishops who resisted this authority and fell back on their pretended episcopal rights. They were the authors or abettors of schisms and heresies, which their successors disown and condemn. The progenitors of our modern Greeks and Anglicans were Novatians, Arians, Nestorians, Monophysites, Donatists, and Photians.

All these ancient and modern sectaries have resisted and defied catholic authority, œcumenical councils, and the Holy See. But they have never consistently professed and acted upon the theory of episcopal particularism and independence. "The Church of England" is regarded and spoken of as if it had a moral personality, with attributes and qualities such as we justly ascribe to our holy and august Mother, the Catholic Church. So of other societies, constituted on the episcopal model, whether they really possess valid orders by succession from the Apostles or not. What is the "Church of England," on the theory we are considering? Only an association of dioceses, held together in an external union by the power of the crown and parliament. What is the "Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States," which a certain party is trying to persuade, so far in vain, to adopt the title of "The Catholic Church in America"? It is merely a confederation of dioceses held together by voluntary agreement, under the common authority of a General Convention, composed of two parts like the English Parliament, a House of Bishops and a House of clerical and lay delegates, who are the representatives of the dioceses.

None of the sects pretending to be founded on episcopacy have ever paid the slightest regard to the sacred and exclusive rights of diocesan bishops. They invade without any scruple the territory where legitimate bishops are already ruling, if these bishops are not in their communion. The absurd cry of "intrusion" is raised against Catholic bishops who establish sees on ground which Protestant bishops claim to possess by prior occupation. The rights of the Bishop of London must be, forsooth, held sacred, not only over the town where he has his see, but over the former English colonies which the crown placed under his jurisdiction. But in the case of Quebec and New Orleans, or even the ancient patriarchal see of Jerusalem, the governing authorities of Protestant Episcopacy have no such tender regard for prior and canonical rights.

The Anglican theory of the *Via Media* is a mere theory, a system on paper of a certain school of divines, devised to meet a difficulty, and to serve as a defence against Rome on one side and Geneva on the other. John Henry Newman made the most of it, and tested the capability of the Church of England to receive and act upon it. It may be regarded as practically exploded. Some of the best scholars in the Church of England—*e.g.*, Dr. Lightfoot—give up episcopacy as a divine institution, and there

are others who are among the ablest defenders of its apostolic origin, as Palmer, Bishop Henry Onderdonk, etc., who concede that it is not essential to the being but only to the well-being of churches. The various ecclesiastical confederations in the British Empire and in the United States, which are in mutual communion under an episcopate deriving its succession from Queen Elizabeth's bishops, do not stand, as churches, upon a basis which, according to any form of the theory of the *Via Media*, can be called Catholicism. The common Low-Church Protestantism is just as orthodox, according to whatever standard of doctrine they may be supposed to have, as the so-called Anglicanism. Rationalism, of the extreme type of Stanley, Newton, and even Freemantle, is tolerated. A kind of Catholicism, as we may call it by courtesy, is also tolerated to a certain extent, and has spread to a considerable degree among the clergy and laity. It seems chiefly to be characterized by high doctrines concerning the priesthood, the sacraments, the counsels of perfection, and some other cognate matters, and by great devotion to ritual observances and decorations. There have been, also, some very zealous and self-denying efforts to labor among the poorest and most neglected classes of the people. All this is preparing the way for the Catholic Church by removing obstacles which Protestantism has heaped up, and by predisposing a great number toward a very considerable part of the doctrinal and practical system of the Catholic religion.

As to the church itself, and the idea of its constitution as one, catholic, and apostolic, I do not think that the old Anglican theory of the *Via Media* is the one which prevails among those who call themselves Catholic. I never held that theory myself. I was surprised and rather shocked when I heard it boldly enunciated by Bishop Whittingham, and I was unwillingly obliged to admit the truth of what my father said about it, that it was mere Congregationalism. What I did hold, when I called myself a Catholic but not Roman, was the idea of one, universal Christian commonwealth, under the government of the whole episcopate, which, being assembled, was an œcumenical council in session, and at all other times an œcumenical council dispersed, and governing collectively in lesser councils, or singly in each diocese, but always in dependence, of lesser parts upon greater, and at last upon one universal and organic whole.

This is certainly the doctrine of the separated Greeks, so far as they have any, and I think it is prevalent among those who call themselves Anglo-Catholics.

It is evident that such an organization is imperfect, and could not work after the number of bishops was increased and they were scattered through a large part of the world. Œcumenical councils could meet but seldom, and, when assembled, the diffused episcopate could only, in a great measure, be represented by bishops who were formally or tacitly recognized as delegates. It is necessary, therefore, to acknowledge a power residing in the church at large to perfect its episcopal regimen, by confiding legislative and executive authority to a smaller number, who, not by divine but ecclesiastical right, as metropolitans, primates, patriarchs, are centres of unity within the lesser and greater circles of the ecclesiastical system, and by confiding a universal primacy to one chief bishop, who is the common centre of unity and the administrative head of the entire catholic church.

But even on this supposition, of an episcopate composed of bishops who are all, *jure divino*, equal, and who have perfected and supplemented their organization by an unequal hierarchy, *jure ecclesiastico*, episcopacy is no sufficient bond of unity. The keystone of the arch is too weak to support the structure. Such an ecclesiastical constitution affords no sufficient guarantee for the protection of the established order in the hierarchy against the ambition of powerful prelates. Still less against the encroachments and tyranny of kings and other civil powers. It is not strong enough to keep the church from breaking up into separate fragments, or from being devastated by schisms and heresies.

Taking the standpoint of what we have agreed to call by courtesy Catholicism, without any *jure divino* papal supremacy, what spectacle does Christendom present, regarding only those divisions which have an episcopal hierarchy which really or ostensibly is derived from the apostles! There are some twenty distinct aggregations of bishops, many of which hold no communion with each other. In the East, there are several minor sects which are condemned as heretical by all the so-called orthodox Orientals. Of the orthodox there are several considerable bodies, really separated from each other, but preserving a mutual communion, and having none with any other portion of Christendom. In the West there are the Lutheran Episcopal churches of Scandinavia, the Moravians, several Protestant Episcopal bodies deriving from the Church of England, the little Jansenist Church in Holland, the little Old Catholic Church, and the great Roman Catholic Church, which extends its ramifications through all parts of the world.

We may neglect the minor divisions and take into view what our Anglican friends call the three great branches of the Catholic Church, viz., the Roman, the Greek, and the Anglican. Their mutual estrangement and hostility is surely a sad spectacle, implies great wrong somewhere, and is most injurious to the interests of Christianity. It is a great obstacle to faith in a multitude of individual cases. It is a great hindrance to the due influence of Christianity in carrying on the work of the formation of Christendom, and, where that is necessary, its reformation. It has been and is a most serious impediment to the missionary work for the conversion of the vast masses of mankind who are not Christians. The evil is very much enhanced and intensified by the existence of so many other sects, and the separation of such a multitude of nominal Christians, whose position in the world, influence, and character give them a great importance, from any one of these branches.

The one remedy for the great evils flowing from divisions in Christendom is in a comprehensive unification, which shall bring all nominal Christians to union and harmony, in faith, in love, in fellowship, and common co-operation for promoting the universal reign of Christ and obedience to his law on the earth.

The bond which holds the estranged portions of the church in essential unity is supposed to be episcopacy and what is involved in it. Those who have broken away from this bond can only return to essential unity by returning to the episcopal communion. It is by means of the essential unity that union and communion must be restored in the universal episcopate and in the general body of the church. It is natural, therefore, to look to the Protestant bishops for the unifying influence which shall bring all Protestants together, as a preliminary for a general reconciliation with the Greek and with the Roman Church. I do not see any likelihood that any such event will take place.

It is by episcopacy also that the general reunion must be brought about. That is, the whole body of the bishops must mutually agree, the Pope concurring or else set aside altogether, in a definitive settlement of their differences and a plan of ecclesiastical reorganization. Can any reasonable man expect that this will really be done? Is there any probability that the Greek Church will ever recognize the Church of England as a constituent part of the Catholic Church?

As for the Roman Church and the thousand bishops who own her sway, love for the lapsed churches of the ancient pa-

triarchates, for the scattered sheep of Christ everywhere, and for all the souls whom he has redeemed, will forbid any compromise in the faith, or cession of inalienable rights and powers, which are a sacred trust from the Lord to St. Peter and his successors.

No human device will ever remedy the evils which have been produced by schism and heresy. There can never be one flock and one fold, except under one Shepherd, and he one not receiving his office from the flock, but appointed in perpetuity by the Prince of Pastors himself.

Let us go back now to our starting-point. The primary question is between the principle that each one is individually justified by an immediate action of God upon his soul which is received by faith, and the principle that this is done according to a general law through a medium, the ordinary and appointed medium being the Catholic Church. Close upon this is the question between the principle that Scripture alone is the rule of faith to each believer in his private capacity, and the principle that the church is the Teacher from whom the private believer is to receive the faith. My contention has been that a theory of the visible, catholic church which makes episcopacy the bond of its unity is inadequate, and does not sufficiently qualify it as a medium of grace and a teacher of the faith. Faith is the root of justification and of all religion, both in respect to doctrine and life. The question is therefore radically solved and settled when the relation of the church to Faith is determined.

The chief and most necessary want is that of a teacher and rule of faith which is fitted to give, by an easy, certain, and universal method, complete knowledge of that which God has revealed as doctrine and precept, so far as this is practically important for securing everlasting salvation.

The Protestant rule is defective in this respect. The criterion is in the individual. Mystical Protestantism makes the criterion to be the mind enlightened by the Holy Spirit. Rationalistic Protestantism makes the natural intellect and reason the criterion. In either case the individual must be a theologian or a philosopher for himself, or else he must by accident or choice become the disciple of some one among many differing teachers, all confessedly liable to err.

The *Via Media* professes to remedy this confusion by proposing, in general terms which are apparently a description of the Catholic rule and criterion, the teaching authority of the church. But, in fact, this church on close inspection vanishes

into the invisible, and the criterion resolves itself into the one for which it professes to be a substitute. There is no concrete, definite, unquestionable *ecclesia docens*, endowed with infallibility. Ecclesiastical teaching must be compared with Scripture and with the records of Tradition. What is worse, there are different churches which contradict each other.

Anglicanism is not Catholic but Protestant. Just as in philosophy and science objective truth is a domain which, as it were, lies off in the distance, to be explored and mapped out by curious and adventurous travellers, so the truths of revelation, on this theory, stand apart in certain documents, the Sacred Scriptures, or Scripture and Tradition. They are outside of and above the church. One who has to study the Fathers and Christian antiquity, as well as the Bible, and make a personal criterion for himself by which to judge the Roman Church, the Greek, the Anglican, and the great Protestant denominations, has a harder task than the one who has only to study the Bible.

I will not deny that a great deal of certain and valuable knowledge may be gained from Scripture and the Fathers by those who can study them. But this study will not produce universal agreement even among the learned and sincere. It is, moreover, not possible for the mass of mankind.

The only way which can lead all alike, scholars and the unlearned, adults and children, easily, certainly, and completely to a knowledge even of those truths of religion which can be discovered and proved by reason, is by divine revelation through living, human instruments, who teach others what they have been taught by God. Much more, the mysteries of the Faith must be taught by a divine revelation which is embodied in a sure medium.

It is the Catholic doctrine that the Christian revelation has been confided to the church, a visible, universal, perpetual *Ecclesia Docens*, which is indefectible and infallible. It has four marks by which it is easily distinguished from all pretended, merely human churches: it is One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic. Its bond of unity is the supreme authority which was committed to St. Peter by Jesus Christ, to be transmitted to his successors. This bond, running through the Catholic episcopate, makes it one and indivisible, as the apostolic college was one under St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles. This bond alone preserved the Catholic Church from the apostolic age, through the early and middle centuries, from being shattered into fragments by schisms and heresies. If it were now broken the Catholic

Church would soon be rent asunder by divisions and resolved into separate sects. By virtue of this principle of unity each single bishop and every priest is the mouthpiece of the whole Catholic Church and a minister of grace to the faithful of his flock. A child can learn from his mother all that the church teaches of the way of salvation which he needs to know. Those who are brought up within the church have not to seek for a religion; they have it from the beginning. Those who are without have only to seek for the true church, and, when found, receive its teaching with docile faith. Catholics have a certain and complete religion. We know the genuine and integral Christianity. We have no need to go about to restore unity and reconstruct the church.

All others who bear the Christian name are ever on the search for a Christianity which will satisfy them and quiet their anxious, doubting minds and restless hearts. Those who lament the divisions of Christendom are seeking to bring about a unity which shall be more comprehensive than the true Catholic unity which has never ceased to exist in the true church. Undoubtedly the Catholic Church suffers from the separation of so many millions of baptized Christians from her communion, and desires their return. If they will not do so their divisions and dissensions must continue and increase, with a general tendency downwards toward the abyss of unbelief. Are there any credulous enough to believe that the Greek Church or the Anglican Church, the Lutheran, Presbyterian, Baptist, or Methodist Church, will ever absorb all Christendom, or that an Eclectic Church will ever be formed by a compromise between all these and the Catholic Church? There may be a few such. There may be, also, some who forecast a coalescing of Christianity, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, and, in general, all religions into a new world-religion. But those who believe that Jesus Christ is God, and believe firmly and only in his word, have no reason to await any gathering of all mankind into religious unity and fellowship, except by their gathering together in the communion of that church which Jesus Christ has built upon the Rock of Peter. THOU ART PETER, AND UPON THIS ROCK I WILL BUILD MY CHURCH.

AUGUSTINE F. HEWIT.

RACE DIVISIONS AND THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

Hon. George F. Hoar recently contributed to the *Boston Journal* an article opening as follows:

"The population of Massachusetts to-day undoubtedly exceeds 2,000,000. The State census of 1885 shows 1,942,141. Of these 526,867 were of foreign birth, 244,629 having been born in Ireland; 919,869 were the children of parents both of whom are foreign; 1,039,610 had one foreign parent; 47,030 were of unknown parentage; 556,952 persons had mothers born in Ireland and 556,835 had fathers born in Ireland; 147,352 persons were born in British America; 196,991 had fathers, and 205,766 had mothers, born there. There must also now be a very large though unascertained number of children whose parents, although born here, have retained to a very great extent the opinions, domestic habits, and personal characteristics that their parents brought from abroad, and are almost as much foreigners as were those parents thirty or forty years ago. In sixty-eight of our large towns and cities the classes of persons we have described are a majority of the population. An eloquent and justly-esteemed clergyman, in a public speech at Philadelphia the other day, is said to have boasted that Boston was no longer the Boston of the Winthrops and Adamses, but had become the Boston of the Collinses and O'Briens."

Many years ago Dr. Allen, of Lowell,* gave to the Massachusetts public—an unwilling audience—the statistical studies which have at last compelled such men as Mr. Hoar to seek for a *modus vivendi* for the old and the new populations of that State. Dr. Allen showed in his pamphlets that the divorces were all on one side, and pretty nearly all the children on the other. Dr. Allen's was the hand that wrote the writing on the wall, and now comes the soothsayer to interpret it, and we fear that he is not a Daniel. Dr. Storer, now of Newport, R. I., formerly of Boston, read the fateful words aright in his *Criminal Statistics*, published shortly after Dr. Allen's pamphlet, and we recommend to Mr. Hoar and to all students of the social problems in New England the writings of these two physicians as indispensable aids to forming a judgment. The most potent factor in the settlement of both the school question and the race question is not anything suggested by Mr. Hoar. It is the resistless stream of tendency first revealed to the public by these distinguished non-Catholic medical men, Drs. Allen and Storer, and since then shown by

* *Changes in New England Population.* By Nathan Allen, M.D. Lowell: Stone, Huse & Co. 1877.—*The New England Family.* By Nathan Allen, M.D. New Haven: Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor. 1882.—*Physical Degeneracy.* By Nathan Allen, M.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870.

both the State and national census to be sweeping forward to the inevitable substitution of one race for the other in the commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Now, there are two classes in non-Catholic Massachusetts who are studying these alarming lessons of vital statistics—fanatics who wish to decatholicize the Celt, and level-headed politicians like Mr. Hoar who want to make him and his children thoroughly American. As to the first class their position is peculiar. When the Celt first set foot in Massachusetts the commonwealth had a religion, and, such as it was, made haste to offer it to him. But the offer was received with such disdain, or so totally ignored, that proselytism was changed into persecution—petty persecution in private, and mobs and convent-smelling committees in public. But neither old Patrick nor old Bridget would so much as stop on the way to Mass to answer the doleful wooing of the orthodox or Unitarian Puritan. Then, and ever since then, the main purpose has been to get the Catholic children, and chiefly by means of the public schools. This attempt has failed. Young Patrick and young Bridget, though looking and really feeling like young Yankees, are Catholics. The young generation dresses in Yankee style, sits on the same bench at school with Yankee children, works in the Yankee millionaire's big factory, has no brogue but the Yankee twang, and yet will have nothing to do with the Yankee meeting-house—not a whit more than the old folks would. They would have been better Catholics if they could have had Catholic schooling; but as it was not their fault, God has found ways to help them, and they are Catholics. To borrow a comparison from geology, the religious formation of the State is that of a recent stratum totally distinct from the old one, and everywhere piercing through it without mingling with it in the least.

Both the deacon and the schoolmarm undertook to decatholicize the Celt of New England, and both have failed. Secular schools have injured religion, lowered its tone, weakened its fervor, but they have not wounded it fatally. Catholics love their religion more than non-Catholics have any conception of, and this is true in a special manner of the Celt. The depth of his convictions and the vigor of his Catholic sentiment is little understood by outsiders. The Teuton, indeed, makes an excellent Catholic, and has some good qualities which his Irish brother lacks. But for the high-spirited, aggressive religious character the people under discussion in Mr. Hoar's paper are hardly equalled anywhere. So the malignant pest of unreligion,

sought to be made contagious through the public schools, has failed to penetrate to the vitals of our Catholic life. And meantime we are making great progress in getting our children into schools strictly religious and Catholic. The fanatics have failed.

But Mr. Hoar is not a fanatic and does not wish to meddle with the Catholic religion. What he is anxious for is the mingling of the races in such wise and under such influences as shall produce a type of character worthy of American institutions. He says, in effect: I, as a public man, must adjust my career to the providential lines of my State. Now, I see clearly from statistics and from personal observation that the Catholic Celtic population is coming into control of Massachusetts. Therefore, as a statesman, that population must be the field of my endeavor; I must win the Celts, if not for my political party, at least for the State and for its peculiar civilization. This appears to be Mr. Hoar's mind as revealed by the article we are considering, and it is certainly praiseworthy.

He trusts to education, to the public schools, for the best part of the work done. "Above all," he says, "we should make them [the Celts] see that our common schools can never be a menace to their religious faith; we should strain all our resources, then, to the utmost, that the education to be got there should be better than any other, and keep them open to all the children of the State and free from partisan and sectarian control."

But let us ask Mr. Hoar why religious schools will not assist in making good citizens as well as non-religious ones? Why does he not say, Let *all* schools in the State, public and private, religious and non-religious, endeavor, etc.? Is it because he distrusts Catholic schools? If so, then he ought to say so. Any man in his station who thinks an educational system which is surely getting control of vast numbers of the citizens' children is injurious to public welfare, is bound in conscience to denounce it. We complain of Mr. Hoar that he argues his case before the issue is made up. If he and men of his mind think sound Catholic training is detrimental to American citizenship let them say so. *We* say frankly, nay, the official organ of the whole Catholic Church among us, the Baltimore Council, says frankly, that the Massachusetts public schools are detrimental to the Christian religion, and inimical in the long run to the Christian commonwealth. Here is our side fairly stated, and it has always been so; has he as fairly stated his side? Has he not got before the court, which is in this case the general public, without hav-

ing made up the issue? But if he does not think that training in a Catholic school is calculated to de-Americanize the children, then let him withdraw his plea in favor of the public schools as a necessary part of the process of citizen-making. Or, if he thinks Catholic schools may be made innocuous by some measure of State supervision, Catholics are open to fair proposals of compromise. It strikes us that his statistics should stimulate Mr. Hoar's activity in that direction; for the process of bringing Celtic children into the world and placing them in Catholic schools goes right on in Massachusetts, and in such wise as to settle matters in a way likely to be very unpleasant to the foes of Christian education.

Is it a fact that purely Catholic schools are anti-American in tendency? Yes, if to be anti-public-school be anti-American. Otherwise, No! Can Mr. Hoar or any one else give a particle of proof that American Catholic schooling breeds monarchists, or anarchists, or free-lovers, or bribe-takers? No! These schools are filled by the children of the average Catholic citizen, to whom they give a fair secular training, an intelligent knowledge of Catholic doctrine, a start in a religious habit of life; thence at an early age they pass into the work-shop, the factory, the harvest-field, the store. What we have to fear among the children of both Catholics and non-Catholics is not so much the bad citizenship which runs off into destructive social theories, for that is learned abroad. But we have to fear that bad citizenship which takes to drunkenness, shiftlessness, bribe-taking, and bribe-giving, and that form of civic sloth called abstention from the polls. If Mr. Hoar considers an unreligious school a better antidote for these civil maladies than a religious one, we disagree with him; but let him reveal his mind frankly.

But it appears from Mr. Hoar's own testimony that his Celtic fellow-citizens are already good Americans. We quote again from his article in the *Boston Journal:*

"They are satisfied in the main with our institutions and form of government. They take an eager interest in public affairs. They have a passion for owning and holding land. They have great domestic virtues. The family tie with them is strong. It will be hard to find in history a parallel to the generosity exhibited by our Irish immigrants to the kindred they left behind them. They have admirable soldierly qualities. They have the religious feeling in great strength. They have the capacity for rapid advancement, as any person who will compare the inmates of his household or the workmen in shop or field from that race to-day with those of thirty years ago will agree. They are easily stirred by generous emotions. In the great day of our trial they furnished some of our noblest examples of

courage, patriotism, and devotion. They will compare very favorably with most other nations for industry and thrift."

And it might be further urged, if the public schools are necessary to qualify for American citizenship, what about naturalized citizens? In truth, what makes the foreigner a good American citizen is what makes any man such—that he is an honest man and no crank. The good man and the good citizen are not far apart. In a multitude of cases a foreigner is helped in his appreciation of our institutions by his knowledge of the institutions of Europe.

The following account of a Thanksgiving sermon in Brooklyn is much to the point:

"The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, Mr. Beecher's old associate, preached the sermon, and was frequently interrupted by applause. His subject was 'Elements of Hopefulness in the National Condition,' and he compared this country to the fire, fed by some unseen influence and burning in spite of the devil, which Bunyan's Pilgrim saw. He took his auditors with Pilgrim behind the partition, and showed them the secret forces at work building up the financial and moral qualities of the American nation. After discussing the Anglo-Saxon race Dr. Abbott turned his attention to the question of immigration, and declared that this country is getting a selected population from abroad. He said: 'In spite of the folly of Congress in stationing a marshal at the Custom-House, who forbids even ministers who have a fair salary in view to enter our port, we are receiving a picked class of people. Men cry out that the seven Chicago Anarchists were foreigners, but they forget that the noble policemen, with their seven dead and sixty wounded lying about them, were Irishmen. [Applause.] Because a man is born here is no proof that he will be an American citizen. The man who from his poverty in Europe sees the flag of America, and longs to educate his children under it, is a true American. The Irishman who wants to be an American is more of an American than the American who wants to be an Englishman.' [Laughter and applause.]"

Dr. Abbott is right. Honest men are easily made honest Americans, for the truths underlying our civil polity are self-evident. Schools help, especially religious ones; for all truth sooner or later looks to a religious-minded people to be safeguarded. But what mainly helps is private virtue, deep personal conviction, manly courage, in the individual citizen. If Mr. Hoar thinks "unsectarian" schools better capable of forming such character than religious ones, he is wrong; but what we mostly complain of is that he does not come out with it plainly.

But we must express our opinion that there are many Protestants in Massachusetts who will fight hard against the State schools being such as Mr. Hoar thinks Catholics can perma-

nently use. A non-sectarian school, as he understands it, is a menace and must always be a menace to religion, whether Catholic or non-Catholic. The school forms the man as well as home does, as well as the church does. Meantime the schools of the State are still largely under control of the enemies of the Catholic faith. Mr. Hoar may hope much from school influence, but the present school cannot be a focus for us and the outright antagonists of the Catholic idea at the same time: he cannot hope for that.

The main element in the make-up of a school is not the school-system, or the school-book, or the school-house, but the school-teacher. Let system, book, and house be what the law made them, and be the most innocuous conceivable; what teaches best is the teacher. The teacher is the concrete educational influence, embodying theories, systems, methods in a single living force; working by example, by moral tendencies, by energetic presence, by indirect influences, by collateral duties, by impalpable (but not unplanned) vital relation, often merging the personalities of the children in his or her own.* Mr. Hoar and educators of the ultra-secularist type are aware of this, and hope to use it as a factor in bringing about a change in the Celtic race among them. But is this a secret of their own? Do not Catholics know it also? Is there any other reason than this same one why we are hurrying forward our parish schools to the point at which we can say that all the children of the church are, in their school life, under the personal influence of teachers of guaranteed Catholicity?

We say further that the school that he proposes is purely unreligious, which is what he means by unsectarian. Now, the Catholics are simply certain to have schools that are in some true sense not only religious but Catholic. If Mr. Hoar can bring about an accommodation by which such schools may also be State schools, he will succeed, in all probability, in securing not only the good will of Catholics, but also a large influence of a strictly American character infused into the education of Catholic children. If, for example, the Poughkeepsie plan, or something similar, were adopted in Massachusetts, the State would be safeguarded against the diversion of public money to sectarian purposes, and the Catholic people be content to use the public schools. His suggestion, as it now lies before the public, will but accelerate the building and filling up of Catholic schools entirely under the guidance of the church. There must be a square issue or a genuine compromise. Mr. Hoar

* See Newman, *Idea of a University*, London, Pickering, 1873, p. 300.

shirks the issue and will not propose a compromise. But the processes pointed out by Drs. Allen and Storer still go on, and in no long time must bring Mr. Hoar and the non-Catholics of Massachusetts to a frame of mind more in accordance with actual facts. The American people will see finally, if not at once, that the State, in deciding for or against religion in the schools, has interfered with rights of conscience. In doing this the State has interfered in a matter essentially religious. The division of men's minds proves this, for there is no manner of doubt that infidels trust to the unreligious schools of the present State system for the destruction of religion, and all Catholics trust to religious schools for the religious character of the coming generation.

Either the Catholic children will be trained in schools purely Catholic, owned and conducted by the church as a private corporation, or the State must change the public schools in such a manner as to permit Catholic parents to provide Catholic instruction in them, whether it be in school-hours or out of school-hours. There is no escape from this alternative. Mr. Hoar seems to think that there is. He thinks that there is hope of putting a stop to the building of Catholic parochial schools by making the public schools unsectarian. The law of the church in America as promulgated by the last Plenary Council, the unanimous purpose of bishops and priests everywhere, the ever-deepening convictions of the Catholic people and their unfaltering support as shown in the enormous increase of Catholic schools, especially in recent years—all this ought to be evidence enough to Mr. Hoar that it is not unsectarian schools but really religious schools that Catholics can be alone attracted to. Furthermore, in places like New York, for example, where all, perhaps, that even Mr. Hoar could wish in the unsectarian direction has been brought about in the public schools, the effect has not been to retard the progress of the Catholic schools for Catholic children. Does he labor under the delusion that the Catholic school is the hobby of the priest? When will he direct his inquiries deep enough and balance his mind fairly enough to appreciate the fact that the whole church from Rome outwards, Pope, bishops, priests, and people, are going to have all Catholic children under Catholic influences, doctrinal and moral and personal, in their school life? That this is compatible with a proper and reasonable supervision of the State over the expenditure of its funds in such schools is practically proved in England, Ireland, Germany, and across the border in Canada.

A MARTYR TO SCIENCE.

Dr. Johnson once said that whenever he found himself in a place where a monk of former times had been, his feeling was to kneel and kiss the ground on which he had walked. It was a bold and a startling speech for the people and the times. It is not the purpose of this article to praise the monasteries of the Middle Age, although we know now that except for them almost all of the little that was saved of the learning and wisdom of the ancients would have been lost. The historians, philosophers, and poets of Greece and Rome, such as were spared in the ravaging search by barbarians and fanatical Christians, owed their rescue to the humble, devout men who dwelt in the houses built by themselves in order, by separation from the world, to become wholly consecrate to religious and charitable uses. Of their churches at York, Durham, Antwerp, Amiens, Cologne, Strassburg, and elsewhere, each, like the temple of Ephesus, remains one of the wonders of the world. Yet the names of most of their builders died and were buried with them. They had raised these temples to the glory of the Master to whom all their being was devoted, and when their work, done for the most part in secrecy and silence, was ended, they were laid away in their own crypts by surviving brothers, who then at once returned to their own unfinished careers. This was all as the departed had wished; for they had looked for their rewards in a different country which they had been allowed to foresee, wherein rewards were richer, more precious than what could be bestowed by men, contemporary or to come in future ages, and they would never lose any of the preciousness that was to make them so ineffably dear.

But, turning from the general work of these religious, a brief consideration is asked of an individual monk of that period, who in the picture-books during the childhood of the oldest among us was represented as a malignant sorcerer, but whom now all the world unites in commending not only as the greatest of his class, at least in the department of earthly science, but as second, if to any, only to his namesake who came three hundred years after him.

It is curious to contemplate the long, winding course taken by Greek literature after its decay in Athens, to find its way

into Europe, and first in the extreme West. Having been exiled from its native country and found a temporary sojourn in Alexandria, where it was gradually grafted by the school of Proclus on the mystic philosophy of the East, again banished by Theodosius, it was hospitably received by Mahomet and his followers, and later was as firmly fixed at Cordova as in Bagdad. Thus introduced by the Arabs into Spain, the *Ὀργᾶνον* of Aristotle effected vast changes in the methods of Christian theological teaching and discussion. Philosophy, termed scholastic from the schools instituted by Charlemagne, became absorbed into scholastic theology. Herein was a vast change, and it was wrought necessarily by the conditions of contemporary thought. Very many great minds in the thirteenth century, minds of extensive and varied cultivation, were among the enemies of Christianity. Learned Arabs, Greeks, and Hebrews, sometimes it was found difficult to oppose in debate by even the most gifted of the Christian clergy, because the latter were less familiar with dialectic principles. Thitherto theology had been taught mainly by reference to the traditions of the church, and by appeals on disputed points to the authority of the Fathers, as those writers were styled who came next to the Apostolical Fathers who had been contemporary with the Twelve. Acquaintance with Aristotle's philosophy after its introduction by the Arabs into Spain led naturally, and in not long time, to its employment in religious controversy, and it seems curious how absorbed became not only leading but intellects of all degrees in its use. One reason doubtless was that philosophy, and particularly occult sciences, the Arabs had studied much more than the other departments of Greek literature, because the former harmonized to some degree with their own studies of astrology and kindred subjects. While they knew Aristotle well, they had little knowledge of Homer and Sophocles. These last for a time, and a long time, must give place to the former, who had preceded them in Europe. Not that the poets were altogether neglected, but these harmless singers were submitted to harsh treatment at the universities, which the scholastics dominated to such a degree that, in Oxford especially, during a period of many years, heads were made sore by clubs and stones for no other cause than efforts to put other Greeks along by the side of the great despot of the Lyceum. Plato, for reasons of his own, would have excluded poets from his Republic. For other causes Aristotle excluded them for a strangely long period from Europe.

In the mouths of disputants of all grades wranglings must be-

come numerous like the sands of the sea-shore, and well-nigh as unprofitable. Roger Bacon was the first to find out clearly their absurd inutility. He had studied this philosophy first at Oxford, afterwards at Paris and when he became a Franciscan monk and returned to his native country, having taken his abode at the friary hard by the seat of the university, he set out upon that bold career which was to be attended by many anguishing sufferings, but followed in time by undying renown. No man of his generation so well as he knew the enormity of the evils which were to be combated, none but he foresaw the trials of the combat. For the feeling had for philosophy by the Christian prelates had come down to them from the Greeks along with the books wherein mainly its discipline had been inscribed. With the Greeks philosophy was regarded as a something sacred, almost divine. As such, it was a desecration to employ it for mere human uses. Roger Bacon was the first to maintain, if not in the same words, in precisely the same spirit as his illustrious successor and namesake, that instead of man having been made for philosophy, philosophy was made for man. Philosophy, indeed, had come down from heaven, but not for the purpose of being enshrined in temples before whose altars mankind must bow in adoration as to a God. But it was a gift from heaven to man to be accepted with thankfulness, and to be used, not only as a means of attaining heaven after this mortal being shall be ended, but of increasing the conveniences and pleasures, and alleviating the burdens and sufferings, of this lower life—a boon, in fine, to be made available in every sphere of man's endeavors and hopes for the attainment of good, spiritual and temporal. None but a sublime genius, and brave to audacity, could so have opposed himself to the most ancient, universal, deeply-set prejudices of the world. His courage was the more magnificent because he was too wise not to foresee the martyrdom which was to come, the sorest element of which was the foreknowledge that it was to come from his own brethren.

It was in the year 1240, when twenty-six years old, that, having learned all that was in scholastic philosophy, he left the University of Paris and returned to Oxford. Long afterwards he spoke with deep pain of the years upon years that he had wasted in study to him barren, both at the universities and then with his brothers at the friary, regretting that he had not sooner begun the search for the material good which it was the chief mission of his philosophy to

teach mankind. Already he had become well cultured in languages, and particularly so in mathematics. It was when he had begun with experimental philosophy that he began to speak with boldness against unquestioning subjection to the authority of antiquity in physics. "We are the ancients." No saying of Lord Bacon has been more highly lauded than this. Yet Roger Bacon said the same or its equivalent three hundred years before Francis Bacon was born. The authority of the ancients, founded on the fact that they were the ancients, was ridiculous in the mind of this young monk. In what the world calls ancient times the world was in science in its infancy. We, we moderns, are the ancients. He would not discredit the achievements of man when the world was young. But the world is like man, its life as his life. It must advance and does advance from infancy, through childhood, youth, young manhood, mature age. A man is older than a child, and has profited, if he has not been a fool, by the experiences of childhood, and learned by those experiences to give up and turn away from its mistakes or fall into irrecoverable disasters. There is much that is touching in the solemn reverence and the fond affectionateness with which we remember the remote past even in our own lives. The long silence of those from whom our earliest lessons came leads us sometimes to feel reluctant to vary from their teachings, even when our own experience has shown them to have been erroneous. Until Roger Bacon, rather until long after his time, so had mankind at every period felt towards the wise men of former periods. There seems to have been a feeling, strong like a conviction, that the teachers of remote ages were taught directly from heaven, and taught all that it was good for mankind to know, and that it behooved those who came after mainly to gather up by pious search the things that during the lapse of time had been lost from the inspired wisdom of yore. Such a condition of the mind of humanity seems strange in this age, when inquiry has gone to the extreme of boldness; but in former times it was as if men felt that the eye of God was upon them when they even imagined the calling in question the sacred wisdom which the wise of old had received immediately from his mouth. This huge, time-honored tradition the young monk of Ilchester was the first who dared to question. "I spent twenty years," he said, almost in anger with himself, and referring to the natural sciences, "in the study of authority!" And afterwards he wrote these audacious words: "Do you wish to know what, if I had the power, I would do with the works of Aristotle? I

would burn them up!" Nothing like this had a human being ever dared to say regarding this king of men, whose reign had begun with Alexander of Macedon and was destined to extend two hundred years longer, to the times of Cosmo de' Medici.

In the silence of his cell the thought had come to this Franciscan that the despotism of authority in the natural sciences must be overturned, or the world remain for ever in ignorance of the things which, next to the true worship of God, it was most important to know. His studies had led him to the assurance of having found what were the means for this overthrow so needed for the weal of mankind. This was experimental science. In the investigations conducted in the workshop that he had built he had ascertained many natural facts, and he argued that the material world was full of such, created therein for man's uses, which philosophy not only did not know but would have taught and commanded to ignore; and then he wrote these memorable words: "Experimental Science does not receive verity at the hands of superior sciences. It is she who is the mistress, and the other sciences are her servants. She has the right, in effect, to give command to all the sciences, because it is she alone who certifies and consecrates their resultants. Experimental science, therefore, is the queen of the sciences and the limit of all speculation." To us, as to his contemporaries, these words sound injurious to the supremacy of metaphysical truth.

Fully convinced as to the justice and the strength of his position, he began that system of inquiry which was to devolve the greatest part of its credit upon his countryman who was to come on long afterwards, following his ideas, but unrestrained by authority and aided by the discoveries of three centuries which had been made mainly by accident. His first most noted endeavors were devoted to the reformation of the Julian Calendar. Julius Cæsar, as all know, had reckoned the length of the year at three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours—a wonderful approximation to verity in the existing state of astronomical science. The error of somewhat less than twelve minutes in the lapse of many centuries had induced a state of confusion that not only wrought much inconvenience in general, but interfered more and more seriously with the regulations of the church respecting proper times for the observance of days of special religious obligation. That is one of the most eloquent letters ever written in which Bacon appealed to Pope Clement IV. in behalf of the rectification of the calendar, whose defects he characterized as having become "intolerable to the sage, and the

horror of the astronomer." In it were exhibited the solicitude of a Christian priest, the eager desire for certitude of the man of science, and the winsome courteousness of the diplomat. It is most touching to read, after his allusion to the infidel philosophers, Greek and Arabian, his appeal to that liberal and enlightened prince to signalize and make for ever renowned his pontificate by an action that would be as benignly serviceable to Christianity as to science. The hopes entertained were ended by the death of that eminent pope, and three more centuries must go by before, under Gregory XIV., would be accomplished what Bacon so ardently had wished.

It is most sad to contemplate this unhappy miscarriage. That great genius foresaw the invention of the telescope. The honor bestowed upon Galileo has been proven to belong in its greatest part to Roger Bacon, and, but for his imprisonment and other persecutions, there is little, if indeed any, doubt that he would actually have invented not only that instrument but the microscope also. In the *Opus Majus* submitted to Clement occur passages which clearly indicate this assumption. Having noticed the curious reflections from polished surfaces, casting images, some greater, some smaller than what was real, he was led to conclude that continued experiment might produce instruments that would magnify to degrees according to the degrees that human ingenuity and control of metallic substances could construct. Mankind never has had too much to say in praise of Sir Isaac Newton; yet centuries before him Roger Bacon had struck out the path in the science of optics in the pursuit of which this philosopher attained such splendid successes. In the contemplation of the work done by this monk in the midst of circumstances so adverse to his aims and endeavors, Humboldt named him "La plus grande apparition du Moyen Age."

The genius of a man who could have escaped that delusion of the "philosopher's stone" which took such long hold upon all men's minds in the Middle Age must have been preterhuman. Roger Bacon believed with the rest in the transmutation of the inferior metals into gold and silver; yet he was not only free from the superstitions which were indulged by some of the alchemists, but his practical sense rejected that infinity of fantastic imaginations respecting the influence of the planets and other agencies in hastening or retarding the process of obtaining the *lapis philosophorum*—a mineral substance which, by mixing with the base, would transmute them into the precious metals. He simply believed that the metals were compound, and that re-

peated experiment would lead to the discovery of the processes employed by nature in those combinations. In all his metallurgic work, limited as it was in comparison with his other in the service of science, the mere search for gold and silver, it is most probable, was never among his thoughts, especially his desires. A devotee to experimental science, in what time he could get from his religious duties, he took an interest in metallurgy, as he did in other branches. If he fell into the general error respecting the convertibility of the inferior metals, the error, so far as he was concerned, was free as well from the superstitions as from the frauds into which many who dealt in such practices were led. Partly these superstitions, mainly these frauds, are what induced the infamy which has been attached to the name of alchemy. Yet science admits that it owes much to the alchemists. To one and another of the numerous adepts among them is to be attributed not only the discovery of phosphorus but the concentrated acids; and it is almost certain that to Roger Bacon in special mankind is indebted for the invention of gunpowder. That a pious and enlightened priest—enlightened far above all the men of his time—should have believed in the *elixir vitæ* which was to abolish death is an idea too absurd to be considered for a moment in connection with him. In Sir F. Palgrave's fiction, *The Merchant and the Friar*, there occurs what seems a just opinion about the connection of Roger Bacon with the vagaries of the alchemists in general. He was simply dazzled, according to this writer, by his inability, on account of the existing paucity of known natural principles, to comprehend the possible extent of the wonderful discoveries that were continually being eliminated in his workshop, and doubtless he suffered from the impostures practised in his name by his servants and others upon the credulity and fears of the vulgar.

And now let us consider briefly the penance that this illustrious man underwent for his devotion to the interest of science—a penance more remarkable and more to be compassionated because he must have foreseen its coming, and that from those of his own household.

That preternatural gifts in remote former times were bestowed by the Creator upon some of the human race, or at least that such bestowal was permitted by him, and even in cases wherein the recipients were ignorant of him or hostile to him, cannot be doubted. When Moses, who had been divinely appointed the god of Pharao, and Aaron his prophet, turned the rod into the serpent, "Pharao called the wise men and the magicians; and

they also by Egyptian enchantments and certain secrets did in like manner. And they every one cast down their rods and they became serpents."* Even as late as St. Paul, Simon for a long time had "bewitched the Samaritans with his sorceries." In vain these arts were proscribed by the Roman laws as proceeding from the powers of evil.. The multitudes were credulous still, not only to those that were native, but to the practices of the Thessalian witches, the magi, the sorcerers of Egypt and Phrygia, and other foreign nations, whose manners and opinions they were brought by continued conquests of Roman arms to learn. Christianity must oppose itself to these as to all other practices of heathenism. St. John, in the Apocalypse (xxi. 8), we remember, devoted to the second death, in the pool burning with fire and brimstone, sorcerers along with the "fearful and unbelieving, the abominable, and murderers, and fornicators, and idolaters, and all liars." Among Christians, henceforth, arts which even heathen emperors had condemned must seem yet more black and diabolical, and be forbidden by yet more certain and severe restrictions. Natural, therefore, were the jealousies of the church always of whatever might obstruct the universal prevalence of the Christian faith. We are now considering nearly the most unenlightened period of the Middle Age, a period poor in general culture yet rich in religious fervor. Ever struggling, the church was struggling yet against the powers of darkness, and was timorous against everything that bore even the appearance of an enemy. The Mendicant orders, newly established, had lost none or little of the energetic devoutness of their founders. Called into being in great emergencies, they were among the chiefest supports to the Papacy, whose fortunes were those of the whole church. Besides, human infirmities belong to men in all conditions, the pious and the wicked. A very great man always lives in advance of his times, and is never rightly appreciated because never fully understood by his contemporaries, even those with whom he lives upon terms of most intimate relationship. Especially is this the case with those who, though less, are yet highly gifted, and have those aspirations that are found most often and most eager among the greatest of earth. There is no place so holy, said Thomas à Kempis, wherein temptations do not enter, and the most insidious are they which assail those otherwise most unassailable by evil influences. Leaders of multitudes next below him who towers far above them are few who, in one form or another,

* Exodus vii. 11, 12.

do not undertake to persuade their followers to drag him down from his threatening height, sometimes in order to cast him to death. Socrates nearly foresaw the Messias. At least he demonstrated the inevitable necessity of his being. In his opinion God, the great Unknown, could never become known to the world with satisfaction unless he would clothe himself in human form, and, descending from heaven, exhibit himself in such form before the world, so prone not only to evil deeds but evil opinions. And so, at the instigation of those who stood nearest to him in men's estimation, his people, to whose weal his whole being had been devoted, seized upon and slew him even in the midst of those teachings which, of all that have ever fallen from human tongues not divinely inspired, were nearest to the oracles of God.

Roger Bacon was too far in advance of his time not to foresee that his generation would not be led by him, and that for his persistent refusal to stay behind he must suffer the penalties common to extraordinary greatness. It was Heine, if we are not mistaken, who said that wherever there is a great soul there is Golgotha—that is, its active career is to end with martyrdom. It may have been imprudent, but it was of a part of the integrity and boldness with which he was in the pursuit of science not to attempt to conceal the results of any of his work. His brother Franciscans, timorous like the rest of the Christian world respecting the horrors of demonology, looked upon him with suspicion and apprehension that grew with the ever-increasing wonderful discoveries, all of which were proclaimed with the joyous readiness with which an ardent searcher for truth loves to make it be known when he has found it. In time these brothers were driven to fear, what outsiders had already charged upon this monk, so strangely wise, the exhibitor of such startling things—that, like the sorcerers, he was possessed of demoniacal spirits, and, if not arrested, he would inflict great harm upon the church in general and the order of Franciscans in particular; and so he was ordered to communicate knowledge of his investigations to no one, under pain of imprisonment and being fed upon bread and water only. The order was obeyed, the discoveries he had made were locked most in the recesses of his own brain and partly in those manuscripts to which he gave the name of *Opus Majus*. Extreme penalty for his wisdom was postponed for a season by the promptness of his obedience, and in the course of time occurred events which led to the hope that the ban of silence would be removed and the student be per-

mitted to pursue the career which, if unmolested, would have added untold blessings to mankind. Guy Foulquois, a native of St. Gilles, France, came late to the priesthood. He had been a soldier, a distinguished lawyer, and a high official at the court of Louis IX. When his wife died, leaving him with two daughters, he left the world for the church. He had the good fortune to enjoy the intimate society of St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Bonaventure. His mind, from these associations and his previous studies, had risen to a condition wherein it could note with pleasure the progress of general enlightenment. Pope Urban IV. appointed him legate to England, in order to aid in bringing about a reconciliation between King Henry III. and Simon de Montfort. Pleased with the service rendered by him, upon his return he created him Cardinal Bishop of Sabina. While sojourning in England he did, rather he tried to do, a work far more important than that of conciliating to the king's interest that turbulent noble whose factious endeavors were to be ended only by the defeat at Evesham. He had heard of some of the discoveries of the Franciscan monk at Oxford, and he became exceeding anxious to be made acquainted with them. He succeeded to a limited extent through the connivance of his agent, Remond de Laon, who managed to evade the surveillance under which the monk was held by his brethren. Delighted with what he had obtained, for some years he could only regret that such a man should be the victim of a prejudice so hostile to the interests of mankind. But in the year 1265, on the death of Urban, he was elected to succeed him. In vain he remonstrated with the cardinals, as a truly pious ecclesiastic must do when exalted to such eminence. He could not prevail, and on the 22d day of February of that year assumed the tiara with the title of Clement IV.

It is most grateful to consider the career of this eminent pope. Pious as enlightened, humble as great, he dwelt during all of his pontificate in the town of Viterbo, never for one time entering the great Eternal City, the capital of Christendom. The members of his family, though of noble extraction, he kept far from him, notifying them, early after his ascension, that they were not to expect any special favors at his hands. Following his example, his two daughters gave themselves to the church, becoming nuns in the Abbey of St. Saviour's at Nismes. Often had he reflected upon what he had learned of the work of the humble Franciscan, and pitied his contracted life and the ignorant fears that had constrained it within its narrow limits. Now,

when he had risen to be head of the church, he bethought him to do what was possible in the interests as well of science as of charity. Then he wrote that letter, which is still extant, in which he adjured him, by the respect which he was bound to have for the Apostolic See, to send to him in private an account of the investigations that he had made in behalf of science and their results. It seems now curious that the head of the church should use such precautionary means for the attainment of ends so desirable and benign. But the Franciscan Order were devoted to pious works and to the See of Rome. If he must do contrary to what they had commanded within their own society, he will endeavor to do so without the notoriety that would inflict pain upon followers so devoted and otherwise so helpful to the cause of Christianity. Yet in the letter was an allusion to the restraints under which these writings had been put, and his orders were that, however binding these were, the manuscripts must be sent notwithstanding. It was thus that the world became acquainted with that *Opus Majus*, without doubt the most important work in the service of the physical needs of mankind that had ever yet been done.

We can only speculate what might have been done by Clement, both for science and its suffering, ablest, and most devoted votary, but for his advanced age and engrossment not only with the general affairs of the church, but with the settlement of the Two Sicilies upon the house of Anjou. In less than four years he died, and Bacon was thus left friendless.

Among the Franciscans was one Tineus, of Alessiano, in the diocese of Ascoli, Italy. Of an obscure family, he had distinguished himself by his devotion to the party who were desirous of returning to the stricter discipline of their founder, and who, in distinction to the *Recollets*, were called *Brothers of the Observance*, sometimes *Minors Observantines*. At the death of St. Bonaventure he became general of the order. The death of Clement revived the charges of sorcery against Bacon, and the hostility became so acrimonious that he was summoned to appear before a tribunal met at Paris for his trial. He was found guilty, and the judgment pronounced by D'Ascoli was perpetual imprisonment. He was then not far from being seventy years old.

So harsh a judgment it is sad to think of at any period. Yet one cannot forget the hard trials of the church with evils so manifold that it was impossible in every instance to separate the innocent from the guilty. In vain had the laws of

the empire endeavored to suppress what were considered the worst evils that could befall mankind. The infusion of barbaric blood from the northern regions of Europe had deepened the belief in diabolic influences. We have seen what was the judgment of St. John upon sorcerers, and we remember that St. Paul denounced Elymas as a "child of the devil." What wonder, then, that the Franciscans, an order in which a large party had already risen who were departing from the stern rule of the glorious Saint of Assisium, should feel it their solemn duty to shut for ever the mouth of one among them whose experiments, with results hitherto unknown, were astounding even more than the most audacious of all the "black art's" achievements? We wish we could know some of the incidents of this trial. What may have been the bearing of the accused, whom we know to have been as brave as he was gifted, as true to the cause of religion as that of science? He certainly did not recant, because he would not; did he defy? What was said in his defence, even with caution and timidity, by the few who hoped he might be less wicked than he seemed, or who loved him too well not to murmur some regrets that his face was to be withdrawn wholly from their sight, and its aged wearer to languish the poor remains of life in a dungeon? What affectionate tears were shed at the parting and afterwards in remembering what he was elsewhere than among those horrid implements of his satanic practices? Answers to these questions we can imagine only, and then reflect that it could not have been otherwise. He came into the world before his time, and must suffer the penalties always inflicted upon premature advents. The world could not take the mighty strides needed to follow in his lead. This great truth was felt never so sadly as by our Lord when to his disciples he spoke these parting words: "*Adhuc multa habeo vobis dicere, sed non potestis portare modo.*" * He had been charged with casting out devils through Beelzebub. Even one of the Twelve, after the Resurrection, before believing, must lay his hand upon the prints of His wounds. No; *non possunt modo.* They could not bear until another should come and by degrees lead them up the dazzling heights. So St. Paul wrote to the Corinthians: "*Lac vobis potum dedi, non escam: nondum enim poteratis, sed nec nunc quidem potestis: adhuc enim carnales estis.*" †

Tineus of Ascoli was neither a bad man nor a cruel. The privations of his imprisoned brother probably were not harder

* St. John xvi. 12.

† 1 Cor. iii. 2.

than those which he voluntarily inflicted upon himself as the leader of one of the strictest of monastic orders, chosen from the straitest of its parties. A Franciscan must not only be, but to his brethren, the church, and the world he must appear, guiltless of whatever derogates from the solemnity of his vows. Seven years after these events this leader, on the death of Honorius IV., was raised to the papal throne, taking the name of Nicholas IV. This honor was due mainly to his reputation for sanctity and acquaintance with the wants of the church, and partly to the courage with which he had withstood the pestilence at Sabina during the sitting of the conclave after the death of his predecessor. Yet he besought the cardinals to recall their votes, and on his dying bed declared, with a simple sincerity that no one doubted, "We accepted the purple from fear of offending our order." Nor was he hostile to learning. On the contrary—and it seems like a grim mockery—he not only granted large privileges to the University of Lisbon, founded by King Denis, but he founded himself that at Montpellier. Yet during his pontificate he seems never to have given a thought to the aged brother who still was lingering in the prison to which he had consigned him ten years before, and it was not until after his death that the sufferer was released and allowed to return to his native country. While he was languishing, shut out from the world, some of the irrefragable truths that he had propounded, in such wise as could not fail to become known, made here and there impressions upon minds more cultured and liberal than the rest that induced interventions in his behalf. Besides silence, the coming on of old age, long absence, subsidence of jealousies among his own brethren, another factor in the persecutions by which he had been beset, prevailed at last. An exile of fourscore granted leave to return to his home! What was left for him was to die. Poignant in the highest degree doubtless is the suffering of a great soul which suffers not only unjustly but while laboring for the weal of its persecutors, who inflict because they cannot rise to see its good, grand purposes. Resentment is kept in abeyance because it knows that such inflictions have not been dictated by cruelty but ignorance, which is as implacable. Sadder words never came from the mouth of a dying man than those spoken by the returned exile who, after so many years of anguish, was allowed to die in his native home: "*Je me repens de m'être donné tant de peine dans l'intérêt de la science.*" The illustrious namesake who appropriated so many of his ideas and almost all of his

praise, he also made touching appeals to foreign nations and future ages to ignore the things of which never a temptation came to the humble monk to be guilty. The one anguished in the recollections of infirmities which it is almost incredible that such a man would not have been able to cure; the other, having none of such sort to remember, must repent only of having been made to suffer for the time that, as it seemed to him in his dying hour, had been wasted in the interest of science. So Marcus Brutus, after his desertion by the people and after the defeat of Philippi, turned his eye regretfully back upon the literary and philosophic pursuits of his youth and young manhood, and wished he had never left them for the vain purpose of saving a republic that was already in ruins. Finally, we are reminded in this connection of the last words of Gregory VII. at Salerno: "We have loved justice and hated iniquity, and for this we die in exile."

R. M. JOHNSTON.

DARWIN'S LIFE AND LETTERS.*

READERS of the autobiography of John Stuart Mill and of Mr. Froude's works on Carlyle will rejoice at the publication of the life and letters of another of the teachers and guides of our time. Whether the result will be as disastrous to the influence and to the reputation of the latter as it was to those of the former it is too soon to say with certainty, but we are inclined to think that some, at least, of the magnificence which has hitherto attached to the unknown will disappear in this case, too.

These volumes succeed well in giving the reader a clear and exact knowledge of their subject. Far the larger portion comes from himself, and the remainder is written by one who was brought into the closest relations with him. It is in the very nature of things that the son has not treated the father with strict impartiality, and he might rightly leave that quality to be the distinguishing trait of some other biographer. At the same time we do not think that he would wilfully mislead, although

**The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*, including an Autobiographical Chapter. Edited by his son, Francis Darwin. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1887.

Mr. Samuel Butler, we see, complains in the *Athenæum* of unfair treatment. Of the rights and wrongs in this matter we are not competent to judge; but, as we have said, we see no reason to question the general fairness and trustworthiness of the account of Darwin's life here given.

The work is made up, we may say, of three parts: An autobiographical chapter (which is not a fragment but a brief view of Charles Darwin's whole life); a chapter of reminiscences, written by the editor, giving a picture of the daily home life of his father; and letters of Charles Darwin, beginning with 1828 and ending in 1882. A chapter is contributed by Prof. Huxley on the reception of the *Origin of Species*. The letters make up far the greater part of both volumes. They are divided into chapters according to subject matter, with the necessary explanation by the editor.

Charles Darwin's life was, except in a scientific point of view, uneventful. He was born at Shrewsbury and educated at its school. He then went to study medicine at Edinburgh, but, relinquishing the idea of becoming a doctor, he, with the intention of taking holy orders, went to Cambridge and took his degree there. An opportunity having presented itself of going as naturalist in H. M. S. *Beagle*, he embraced it. Returning at the end of five years, he married, and after a short time settled down in the country in the house where he passed the rest of his life. His purpose of becoming a clergyman was never carried out, having rather died through neglect than having been formally relinquished. Inherited wealth placed him above the necessity of entering into a profession, and consequently he was free to devote himself to scientific study.

In Darwin's character, as it is so clearly and truthfully laid before the reader of these volumes, there are many things which compel admiration. His happy home-life (contrasting so favorably with that of Carlyle), his indomitable industry and wonderful power of taking pains, his patience in suffering, the tenderness of his heart, the warmth of his affection for his friends, his veneration for his father and deference to his wishes, his modesty, and the absence in him of the vulgar ambition to make a display—these are a few of the qualities possessed by him which call for our respect and full recognition. While willingly recognizing these many admirable features of his character and life, we are called on to measure him by the very highest standard of human excellence, as it is estimated by his admirers. He is placed by them on a level with the greatest men of ancient and modern

times, and yet the most remarkable thing which his *Life and Letters* reveals is the singularly limited and one-sided character of his mind. Every period of his life proves this; and unfortunately, as time went on, and after having devoted himself for many years to his own special studies, this want of remarkable mental power became more and more clear. "Shrewsbury school as a means of education to me," he says, "proved a blank," because he had no taste, and could not acquire one, for the classics. "During the three years which I spent at Cambridge my time was wasted, so far as my academical studies were concerned, as completely as at Edinburgh and at school." While he took pleasure in Euclid and in reading Paley, he failed entirely with algebra through his "not being able to see any meaning in [its] early stages." This debarred him all through his life, to his great regret, from "understanding the great leading principles of mathematics," and, we may add, from receiving that discipline of mind which mathematics affords. He professes his inability to enter into metaphysics, or indeed into any kind of abstract reasoning; and, we may say, has given, in his remarks on the necessity for belief in a First Cause, ample evidence of that inability. Giving his recollections of a conversation with Sir James Mackintosh, he expresses his surprise at Sir James' interest in the conversation, for "I was as ignorant as a pig about his subjects of history, politics, and moral philosophy." This was when he was eighteen years old. The following passage contains the most startling revelation of his want of power and illustrates the effect upon his mind of his line of studies. Writing in 1876, when sixty-seven years of age, he says:

"Up to the age of thirty, or beyond it, poetry of many kinds, such as the works of Milton, Gray, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley, gave me great pleasure, and even as a school-boy I took intense delight in Shakspere, especially in the historical plays. I have also said that formerly pictures gave me considerable, and music very great, delight. But now for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry; I have tried lately to read Shakspere, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music. Music generally sets me thinking too energetically on what I have been at work on, instead of giving me pleasure. I retain some taste for fine scenery, but it does not cause me the exquisite delight which it formerly did."

Even in geology his knowledge *seems* to have been hastily picked up, and of botany his knowledge, when he made his voyage in the *Beagle*, was of the most superficial character.

In bringing out these surprising limitations we do not, of course, mean to call in question the universally recognized

ability of Darwin in his own sphere. But in our times the duty of submission to the authority of scientific men is earnestly inculcated and generally acquiesced in far beyond the limits of what is just, and far beyond what scientific men deserve. The ascertainment of facts and their verification constitute the sphere of the scientific specialist. The fact of his being a specialist may even render him less competent to make just inferences from those facts than the man who takes a wider view. At all events, those inferences must be tested by men of more ample culture and of more fully instructed and informed minds. Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, in his admirable work, *Creation or Evolution?*—a work which has not received the attention which it deserves—has very clearly laid down this principle. "That the doctrine of evolution is generally admitted by men of science," he says, "is, admitting the statement to be true, worth this and no more: that candid, truthful, and competent witnesses, when they speak of facts they have observed, are entitled to be believed as to the existence of those facts. When they assume facts which they do not prove, but which are essential links in the chain of evidence, or when the facts they do prove do not rationally exclude every other hypothesis excepting their own, the authority even of the whole body of such persons is of no more account than that of every other class of intelligent and cultivated men." . . . "The principles of belief which we apply to the ordinary affairs of life are those which should be applied to scientific and philosophical theories; and inasmuch as the judicial method of reasoning upon facts is at once the most satisfactory and the most in accordance with common sense, I have here undertaken to apply it to the evidence which is supposed to establish the hypothesis of animal evolution." The revelation which these volumes make of the incapacity of the author of the *Origin of Species* outside of his own special line will, we trust, lead to the fuller recognition of the sound principle inculcated by Mr. Curtis, and infuse into others sufficient confidence to lead them to judge for themselves the value of theories which men of science have been seeking to impose on the world.

Another matter of special interest in these volumes is the attitude of Mr. Darwin towards religious truth, and, what is more important, the bearing of his special theory of evolution (or, to speak more accurately, his theory of natural selection) on the proof of religion. In some degree Mr. Darwin was better placed than his two great contemporaries of whom we have already spoken—John Stuart Mill and Carlyle. His father

was a member of the Anglican Establishment, and when his son failed to carry out the first plan formed for him, that of becoming a doctor, he was sent to Cambridge with a view to his becoming a clergyman. Into this plan Darwin entered without much difficulty. At first he fancied that he could not hold some of the dogmas maintained by the Establishment, but after reading Pearson and other theological works his objections vanished. He does not seem to have given any indication of a vocation to the ministry, and in fact there is very little evidence of his having given even ordinary attention to this, at that time, main object of his life. As was said before, the plan of becoming a clergyman rather died out than was actually renounced.

As in so many other things, Darwin's religious insight was but moderate. But, we are glad to say, he was never actively irreligious, and even when he sank to his lowest level he never assumed an openly hostile attitude to natural religion, at all events. His exact position in the end was this: he had rejected Christianity as a revelation of God, and, while inclining to a belief in the existence of a First Cause and of the immortality of the soul, he could not feel certain of either the one or the other.

It may be worth while to quote his own words on these points. In the autobiography, which he wrote in 1876, this passage occurs:

"I had gradually come to see that the Old Testament was no more to be trusted than the sacred books of the Hindoos. . . . By further reflecting that the clearest evidence would be requisite to make any sane man believe in the miracles by which Christianity is supported; and that the more we know of the fixed laws of nature the more incredible do miracles become; that the men of that time were ignorant and credulous to a degree almost incomprehensible by us; that the Gospels cannot be proved to have been written simultaneously with the events; that they differ in many too important details, far too important, as it seemed to me, to be admitted as the usual inaccuracies of eye-witnesses—by such reflections as these . . . I gradually came to disbelieve in Christianity as a divine revelation. . . . This disbelief crept over me at a very slow rate, but was at last complete. The rate was so slow that I felt no distress."

The first thing to remark here is that, as he himself acknowledges, there is nothing novel in these objections. The second thing is that these volumes afford very little evidence of Mr. Darwin's having given any very serious study to the solution of his difficulties—anything like the study which a serious man is bound to give. He says in a letter to Dr. Abbott: "I have never systematically thought much on religion in relation to

science, or on morals in relation to society." In fact, his loss of religious convictions seems to have been due to the same neglect which led to that atrophy of mind in other matters to which we have already alluded. But, without admitting for a moment that he was justified by the arguments adduced in giving up his belief in revelation, does not the fact that a man of Darwin's power of mind succumbed to these difficulties show to what a disadvantage Protestant principles expose the cause of revealed religion? Protestantism kills, denies the existence of a living church in the world, denies the existence of any actually existing supernatural institution endowed with a divinely given right of teaching, denies the corresponding duty of unquestioning submission to any external spiritual authority, sends its inquirers to make researches about a series of events which took place eighteen centuries ago; and if they are unable or unwilling to enter into such a course of inquiry, it logically has no standpoint for them as intelligent Christians. Such seems to have been Darwin's case.

The limits at our disposal prevent further examination of these volumes. But in conclusion we may say that every defender of religion must rejoice at their publication; for that holy cause cannot but gain in strength by learning the weakness of its enemies.

IN NORTH-EASTERN MEXICO.

The most considerable and interesting town on the Mexican frontier is Monterey, the capital of the State of Nuevo Leon. It has upwards of 20,000 inhabitants, and the guide-books tell us that it is 168 miles from the Rio Grande and 1,791 feet above the sea-level. However, travellers by rail do not reckon distance by miles but hours, and it requires a great number of them to crawl over the narrow-gauge line from Laredo to Monterey; twenty miles an hour is a fair average. But if any one is in a hurry he has no business in Mexico; he will fuss and fume himself into a fever, and all to no purpose. Moreover, on this route one passes through some very fine mountain scenery amidst which one would willingly linger. To the stranger the insignificant but novel incidents of rural life which he witnesses *en route* possess an interest; irrigation, goat-herding, min-

ing, attract attention; and one is not jolted and pounded so unmercifully as on some of the atrocious lines in Texas, and the day's travel does not, on the whole, prove tedious. At Bustamente one stops for dinner; the voracious passenger, who has tasted nothing since he snatched a hasty breakfast at the hotel, seven hours previously, is not critical; he grasps his iron knife and fork (manufactured, one would suppose, especially for this country, for one meets with such rubbish nowhere else), and he attacks with infinite gusto whatever messes of rice, beans, or leather-like steaks may chance to be in his immediate neighborhood.

If one only had time to visit the town, which is about a mile distant, one would enjoy a refreshing prospect. I vividly recall the sense of satisfaction with which, years ago, before the advent of the iron horse had aroused these sleepy valleys from their long repose, after weary miles of interminable dust, cactus, and waste, I rode on a sudden through green lanes with lofty, overhanging trees, backed by fruitful corn-fields, into the peaceful streets of this little Indian town of Bustamente. There are about 5,000 people here, descendants of the original Tlaxcaltec tribe; the town, in fact, is sometimes called Tlaxcala, also San Miguel Aguayo. The smaller a Mexican town the greater the number of nomenclatures in which it rejoices, seeking apparently, by a long array of titles, rooted in different languages, to compensate for its actual insignificance. I said that the place is peaceful, but this does not always hold good; some years ago they got up election riots, a Cincinnati affair in microcosm, and certain of the inhabitants took leave of this troublous mundane state and went over to the majority. I lately enjoyed an interesting chat in the train with the priest, returning, after a visit to his bishop at Monterey, to his lowly sphere of labor. He seemed bright and cheery, however, as a Frenchman always does; but from Paris to Bustamente is a far call. The papers keep one more or less in touch of the outside world, though the echo of the great orb must sound faint and muffled at Tlaxcala. After all, it matters little in what workshop the task is wrought; so that it be executed with fidelity, the toiler will enjoy the consequent repose in the same habitation as his fellow-laborers from whom he may for a period have been divided by the exigencies of the hour. "My people are sunk in ignorance," said the priest; "*mais que faire?* Tamper with their crude beliefs and they will end by believing nothing; if they only had some intelligence! But there is little to work on."

Five miles further on we reach Villaldama, a little larger than Bustamente. Here the people are mainly of Spanish descent. The name of the place was formerly San Pedro de la Boca de Leones (St. Peter of the Lions' Mouth), and here was a hospital or resting-place for the Franciscans on their way from the interior of Mexico to serve the Texas missions near San Antonio and at other places. But this neighborhood has been chiefly remarkable for its mineral wealth, and abandoned Spanish mines are now being reopened with promise of satisfactory results. The most noteworthy of these mines was that of San Antonio de la Yguana, discovered in 1757, which was very rich in silver and attracted quite a population while the bonanza lasted. Eighteen years later the governor of the State, undeterred by the burden of an infinity of Castilian titles and dignities, conveyed himself hither on a tour of inspection, and reported that he found fifteen Spanish families with thirty-two workmen engaged in mining; this must have been after the first rush and excitement was over. Another governor, in 1806, says that this mine had produced many millions in a few days, so rich was the ore. The silver was found in loose stones in a ravine. The miners called it an yguana (lizard), which disappeared suddenly. We know a gentleman who had a mass of ore from here weighing twenty-five pounds, and which on being smelted lost only half a pound in weight. The most important mining operations now being conducted hereabouts are those of the Mexican Guadalupe Mining Company. Their office is at Philadelphia, but the active managers occupy a group of small houses near the railway between Bustamente and Villaldama. They have not been working many years, but are already shipping off two or three thousand tons of silver-lead ore a month to Kansas City to be smelted; they are, however, constructing smelting-works of their own at Laredo, Texas, which will soon be completed. The work is ably carried on by Captain James Baxter, formerly an officer of engineers; he is a skilled miner, a vigorous administrator, and a genial companion, and, being surrounded by a staff of Philadelphians of similar characteristics, the work goes on without friction and with satisfaction to the shareholders. A mess has been established in a small building, where the little community, ladies and gentlemen alike, meet three times a day for meals. The mines are distant fifteen miles, some three or four thousand feet above the settlement; a small railway has been constructed for the whole of this distance except two or three miles, and that will soon be

completed. Remarkable engineering skill has been displayed by Mr. Butterfield, the accomplished young Texas engineer, who has grappled successfully with so many obstacles and corkscrewed his road so cleverly around the mountain-side, through ravines, and over torrents, that nowhere does the grade exceed 5°, and one traverses the whole twelve miles well within the hour. It would be hard to surpass this mountain ride for wild grandeur and rugged sublimity. Here the clean-cut rocky coping of some long range of heights appears like the fortress of a race of primeval Titans; again, as one peers down through light trellis-work into the pitchy black depths of the gorge, he involuntarily shudders, knowing that, should the frail support fail, he would be launched incontinently into the Stygian abodes and be enabled in person to test the accuracy of the researches of Dante and Virgil. No such mishap ensuing, one alights safely at the extremity of the line and sees a long procession of mules laden with ore winding its way down from the mines. The company employs several hundred of these pack-animals, which carry about 300 pounds each; prior to the construction of the railway they did all the transportation, but when the line is completed there will be little work for these sure-footed quadrupeds.

These mines are a great benefit to the neighborhood, giving, as they do, regular employment to three or four hundred men and disbursing in the locality some $10,000 a month. The manager was much exercised at first by the thieving habits of the workmen; first a shovel would disappear, then a pickaxe would go and a crowbar turn up missing. Iron implements cost prodigiously in Mexico, few being made in the country and import dues being excessive. So the captain devised a plan by which to foil the tactics of these sons of Mercury. He made each gang answerable for the tools entrusted to it: if anything went all had their pay docked to make up the loss, but on the missing article returning the arrears of pay would revert to the laborers; by this means they were soon brought to reason. Thieving and sharp practice is a Mexican characteristic; in order to understand it one must regard things from their point of view. The struggle for existence and survival of the fittest is a law of nature. Religion comes in to modify this. Now, these Mexicans have in many cases received but a thin veneering of religion, conferred on them by Spanish conquistadores—not, to judge from the records of their proceedings, the sort of people to present their victims with the best samples of a very pure article: water

cannot rise above its source. But this apart. Great ideas take long to work out; it was centuries, long ages, before the Christianity they had received effected a very marked change in the every-day life of the masses of our European forefathers, when religion, driven by chaotic confusion into monasteries, only served to render the surrounding darkness yet more dense and appalling. Witness St. Bernard's testimony, for example. Indeed, some people think that with our bloated armaments and diabolical contrivances for the wholesale destruction of our kind, and our vast cities with their violent contrasts of selfish wealth and lifelong starvation, of flaunting vice and joyless penury, we ourselves have not as yet mastered the alphabet of Christianity. Well, with these considerations before us, is it any marvel that the Indian, emerged but lately (comparatively) from the savage state of which foray, sack, and plunder are the natural accessories, should still adhere to his ancient mode of viewing things? He has no particular use, we will say, for nuts, pins, and crowbars. But he would be lessened in his own esteem if, the occasion offering for purloining them, he did not avail himself of it. The writer remembers two school-fellows found guilty of appropriating their playmates' goods. Why, to their comrades they were uncanny objects, viewed with horror, as if infected with the plague, and were hastily thrust forth from the establishment. Yet all the time we admired the classical Spartans, though theft was with them an integral part of a boy's training. This is how we account for the "smartness" of high and low in Mexico: their Spanish masters taught them, and that with wide-spread and enduring success. Spain fleeced its luckless dependency, as it does Cuba in our day, and the vices of civilization and savagery mingled in private life. But a truce to these criticisms on the foibles of our neighbor; to return to his country.

The little river Sabinas, which flows through Bustamente and Villaldama, and whose waters alone made the existence of these places a possibility, flows onwards through a pass in the mountains till, after eighteen miles, it brings one to Sabinas, a town of about the same size as those already mentioned. Some years ago I went thither with a lawyer to examine the hacienda of an old Philadelphian established some forty years in the country. He had taken that royal road to affluence for the foreigner in Mexico—marriage—and, after three successive nuptials with wealthy daughters of the soil, found himself a person of consideration. A town house of large size at Laredo, a similar one at

Sabinas, another with well-stocked garden at the hacienda two miles from the town, hundreds of acres of corn towering ten feet above one's head at Christmas, clean and orderly barns and laborers' dwellings, and rights in a cattle-range hundreds of thousands of acres in extent—what more could soul desire? It was interesting on this continent, where things are ordinarily so recent, to read the original grant of the water-rights, over 300 years old, coming direct from the Spanish crown. The writer and his legal friend strolled round the town one afternoon, *magnâ comitante catervâ*—otherwise, with half a hundred *gamins* at our heels—we being unable to ascertain the why and wherefore of our brand-new popularity. The day being cool, we wore our ulsters; next day we learned that two fair men in women's clothes had appeared and caused a sensation in the streets. Another Philadelphian we unearthed in the place, a medical man of intelligence, having injudiciously wedded a tawny descendant of the Aztecs, and judging that she would cut but a poor figure in an Eastern *salon*, had buried himself in this remote spot, which he lamented that the railroad had approached—it being within eighteen miles—and disturbed his isolation. He was, however, evidently pleased to hold converse with civilized man once more, and narrated to us his troubles and his lengthy experience of the Mexican people, especially in collecting fees. The doctor said that from intolerant bigots many of the richer people had now become what they styled freethinkers, affirming that they would believe no more than they could understand; and our medical friend said he had vainly endeavored to show them that as their mental capacity was such that they could understand nothing worth speaking of, their creed could be best expressed by zero.

But I have dawdled unconscionably on the road, my only excuse being the genius of the country. The fifty miles of rail between Villaldama and Monterey are accomplished as rapidly as may be, though the grandeur of the heights on all sides tempts one to loiter, and at length we arrive at the plain brown wooden station of Monterey, where, as these depots do not as yet rejoice in platforms, the traveller is shot out somewhere or other on the track, and, picking his way painfully through a labyrinth of rails, and evading the throng of noisy and importunate porters and hackmen, at last reaches the road leading to the town, about a mile distant. Monterey has a most efficient street railroad, some twelve miles in length, leading to the centre of the town. Near the station are a number of jaecals, or hovels made of stakes,

corn-stalks, and mud, and thatched with palm-leaves—"a bundle of sticks which we call our home," as Father Faber somewhere says. These dwellings, with a jumble of naked children and howling curs rolling promiscuously in the doorways, would look squalid enough did not kind Dame Nature considerately cover them with her graceful robe of green creepers, lovely turquoise and snowy convolvuli, and glorious golden marigold. Passing through shady lanes shut in by high, quick-set hedges and lofty pecan-trees, one reaches the new jail, which is being solidly constructed of huge blocks of limestone; then comes the Alameda, or park, extensive, shady, and cool, but somewhat neglected. Occupying one side of a plaza, or square, is the fine municipal college. But the most remarkable object that arrests attention is the large temple of Nuestra Señora de Roble, now approaching completion, which is replacing an ancient church of smaller size, the tower of which is seen in the background. The nave and aisles of this new church are complete, and the choir and central dome, which are now being built, will produce an imposing result. It reminds one of the Brompton Oratory more than of anything else. It is a pity that the contemplated additions at the altar end of the church should be portrayed in villanous perspective on the wall; it deceives no one, and one resents an attempted deception, especially in a church. There is a fine, broad pavement of the glossy red concrete in common use in Mexico; it is the best flooring for a large building to be met with. The holy-water stoups are of size corresponding to the stately dimensions of the edifice itself, and the water was full of those restless, wriggling abominations, the germs of mosquitoes. A group of women knelt before an altar, one reciting the rosary, the others responding. In the eastern corner of the north aisle is a painting of the apparition of Our Lady of the Oak to the shepherdess, and a score or so of votive tablets are nailed around it on the wall. These are rude paintings, on iron plates, of sick persons in bed or kneeling before the miraculous image, and beneath one reads the story of the sickness, vow, and recovery. The legend of Nuestra Señora de Roble is that she appeared in a hollow oak to a shepherdess on this spot and expressed her wish that a church should be placed there. The pictures represent Our Lady as wearing a huge golden crown and a white satin dress of large dimensions, elaborately embroidered with gold, over which hangs an ample blue cloak. Half the towns in Mexico have some such tradition as this, and in every church and every house is a picture of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, the

patroness of the country. One would think that the constant presentation of the flower of pure womanhood should exercise a refining influence; let us hope that it is so, even should appearances often be otherwise. There never is a bad that could not be worse. After all, the Mexican women have quiet, modest manners, and do not deck themselves out like cockatoos, with vast hats and absurd bonnets, like their fair sisters of the Fifth Avenue. Mothers carefully guard their daughters; affection for children is a national characteristic, and a people with this amiable trait is not without virtue. And let any one who, a stranger in a strange land, has fallen sick in Mexico, truthfully narrate his experiences. Would one of his own Northern people be likely to volunteer to take the small-pox-stricken alien into her house and nurse him with watchful care, not for reward, but from single-eyed charity? As to the truth or otherwise of the legend of Nuestra Señora de Roble, we have had no opportunity to inquire into it, nor are we much concerned to do so. Protestants used to ridicule modern miracles, though acknowledging that many were worked long ages ago. Now, however, they have their faith-cures in Switzerland, Germany, the United States, and elsewhere, yet they would pass by this legend unexamined, with a pitying sneer. Human nature is a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions; we see what we wish to see, and close our eyes to the rest. The constantly recurring miracles of nature, day following night, the tree forming gradually but surely from the acorn—such as these are disregarded by the many because so common. The law by which the diseased limb tends constantly to regain its normal condition does not direct the minds of the masses to a Supreme Will controlling nature. But to the thoughtful mind the truth or otherwise of a particular marvel, living, as we do, in a temple hung with marvels, is a matter of little import; the exception has the effect, however, of leading some to realize the finger of the Infinite who otherwise might disregard it, and so makes for righteousness.

Let us seat ourselves on one of the iron benches beneath the shade of the trees in the handsome Plaza de Zaragoza. Before us is the white marble fountain, into which the water plashes from the mouths of four huge dolphins, cool and refreshing; over it, between the dense foliage, hangs a corona of purest azure, for the skies are always clear in these lands. Through the trees we catch a glimpse of the little cathedral with its two western towers, and between them the façade, adorned with every variety of sacred symbol and grotesque—papal tiaras and

mermaids, crosses and lions' heads, keys and fabulous beasts. Within there is little worthy of remark. The high altar, with its silver frontal backed by a massive reredos, stands in the nave, and behind it is the bishop's throne, the canons' chairs ranged around the walls and apse, and a large brass lectern. The floor is made of pieces of wood six or seven feet long and a yard wide, and these at either end have grooves sunk into them to serve as handles. By raising these planks the vaults beneath the church, which have been employed as places of sepulture, are reached. The little church of San Francisco, near another side of the plaza, is similarly floored; it was formerly the chapel of the Franciscan convent. The friars of this order were the missionaries of Mexico, and by the simplicity of their lives and their singleness of aim did much to counteract the example of the Spanish conquerors, who, as a history of this State of Nuevo Leon says, drank down iniquity like water.

The buildings which surround the plaza, and, in fact, throughout the town, are for the most part constructed of the limestone with which the neighboring mountains abound; and where the owners are fortunately not rich enough to daub the masonry with plaster to be painted as an absurd burlesque of stone-work, the effect is very fine. One also sees some of those curious curled red tiles on the roofs that are found in southern Spain; there are quaint twisted columns and arches like those in the Alhambra—in fact, one is constantly reminded of the Moor. On the opposite side of the plaza to the cathedral is the City Hall, but recently completed, a very fine building; it is surrounded by a broad colonnade, thus facing the main plaza, two side-streets, and the Plaza del Comercio, a large square without gardens or ornamentation, a mere stand for hacks and traders' wagons. On the further side of this plaza is the handsome Hotel de Hidalgo, the only three-story edifice in the town, but it is closed and internally incomplete. It was gutted by fire some time since. No one at present is willing to attempt it, and by leaving it unfinished the owner avoids taxation. In a neighboring street an old Spaniard named Vignau keeps the Hotel Iturbide, the central court, with fountain and dense foliage, bananas, oleanders, and roses, surrounded by a wide cloister on which the various rooms open. It has a monastic appearance, but that impression is rudely dispelled by a large picture suspended against the wall depicting the combats of a certain English pugilist, one Thomas Sayers, who is represented as pounding other half-naked savages into mummies by every vari-

ety of scientific assault. Señor Vignau furnishes his guests with a lengthy document stating his tariff and a score or so of regulations to which they will be compelled to conform. The meals are those usual in the country, the chambers are comfortably furnished, and on the whole it is a fairly good hotel. Not far distant is a really handsome two-story building with massive bronze railings and medallions, and charmingly refreshing court in the centre; this is the bank of the magnate of the frontier, Señor Don Patricio Milmo. He is a fine white-headed man of sixty, with clear-cut, regular features, keen judgment, accurate discrimination, and a just appreciation of the value of his words. His brother Daniel is cashier of the Milmo National Bank of Laredo, Texas, of which Mr. Kelly, of New York, a connection of the family, is president. No more cultivated gentleman or courteous friend than Mr. Daniel Milmo is to be met in either republic, as all those will testify who enjoy the pleasure of his acquaintance. Irishmen appear to do well in Mexico; this is one instance, to which many others might be added.

The little river of Santa Catarina flows by the town, and, seeing some churches a mile off at the foot of the Sierra Madre, we found a plank bridge over the stream, and, passing through suburban gardens and cottages, proceeded quietly along the road; soon, however, a drunken peon from a neighboring grocery hailed us, expressing cordial friendship and insisting on accompanying us. This honor declined, the man drew his knife on us, and, being unarmed, it became rather puzzling what course to pursue. To knock our antagonist down and disarm him, though simple enough, might involve trouble with the authorities; on the other hand, these people can not only stab but throw the knife with great accuracy. After eyeing each other for a time he of the knife proceeded for a space, and, seating himself, awaited our arrival. Strolling after him, we fortunately found a guard-house in a side-street, where the officer, on being appealed to, took a light from my cigar and said it was only the man's fun. But this appeal for protection produced the rapid disappearance of our playful friend, and so all ended peacefully, though it might have been otherwise. This trifling incident is mentioned to illustrate a feature in the lower grade of Mexican life. There are some few cantinas, or saloons, in the towns, but they are above the means of the multitude; these drink at the groceries. Unfortunately mescal is exceedingly cheap, and, though their means are small, the peons can yet indulge in intoxication. It is not pleasant to enter a store to order tea and sugar

and find a peon vomiting over the floor. Apart from that of an occasional drunkard, little violence is to be feared in a Mexican town, provided your house be thoroughly bolted, barred, and safeguarded, and that you possess a reliable watch-dog; but in country journeys it is usual to proceed in small parties and to carry arms. I have journeyed long distances alone, but it is not advisable; the marauding instinct of pre-Spanish days yet remains in active force, and a good horse, watch, or weapon is a prize worth fighting for.

Monterey has several very pretty plazas; that of La Purisima is one of the largest and most pleasing. At one end of it is the little church of La Purisima, with some monuments of ancient date. On the other side of the square is the Methodist mission school for boys; they have twenty-eight in all, nearly half being boarders, and great part of them are training for the ministry of their church. Mr. Bryce, the master, finds the work too much for him. He formerly occupied a chair at the Methodist College of Texas, and would probably be more happy there again. His wife was before her marriage a teacher in the Presbyterian school for girls. Here there are some thirty or forty scholars, mostly boarders, with three American ladies as mistresses, the whole under the direction of a Chicago ladies' society. Both these sects have their native preacher, who conducts religious services, holds prayer-meetings, sells or distributes Bibles and tracts, and attempts similar enterprises in the smaller towns in the vicinity. A number of the Presbyterian school-girls go occasionally to houses where they have friends. Neighbors (inquisitive or sympathetic) are invited in and hear the girls read, talk, sing hymns, and otherwise endeavor to spread their principles. One hears varying accounts of Mexican Protestantism, as is natural. I have myself seen something of Baptists and the two sects just named, and these three are the most active. The Baptists appear to have the most churches and to be the narrowest, ignoring the other Protestants. The Methodists and Presbyterians seek to avoid clashing as much as possible. They have their monthly papers, published in the City of Mexico, well printed and illustrated. Two of them, *El Evangelista Mexicano* and *El Faro*, are now before me, and there are others. Some of the matter is pretty good, but, from their position, these bodies must be proselytizers or nothing, and so a great portion of their columns is occupied by hostile criticism of Catholic doctrines, or by exposure of the failings, real or imaginary, of various Mexican clergymen. The Methodist journal

gives an account of the baptism, at one of their meetings, of several men; these must have been baptized in infancy, so it would appear that Catholic baptism goes for nothing in the eyes of these people. Then there is a long story of the supposed poisoning of one of their native female teachers. It is of course assumed that she was intentionally poisoned, that this was done from religious hostility, and that it was the work of the Jesuits.

There have been and are occasionally popular demonstrations, more or less violent, against the missionaries, and it would be singular if this were not so. Few people like to hear their cherished beliefs derided, and the ignorant man's only argument is personal violence. The advent of the missionaries has produced a great deal of angry feeling that did not previously exist. For instance, a Mexican lawyer and man of some education recently said to me: "These Protestant missionaries merely come here for a living. They are paid by rich societies in the United States. They are not learned men, and their proper position is tilling the soil in their own country. If I were governor I would put them all in prison, or rather put them to death. Las Casas and the men who originally taught religion to the natives of this country were devoted apostles, who valued money no more than the stones under their feet. Why should we leave the church of all lands and all ages for an institution set up by Luther and Henry VIII. for their own immoral purposes?" This is the view of the educated Mexican Catholic; the devout peon will not be more tolerant. An English lady some time in the country says that converts are gained by judiciously subsidizing the very poor in times of distress. These adherents, however, are of dubious fidelity, for they sneak off to Mass before the missionary is out of bed, and when death threatens call in the priest.

This corresponds with what one has heard elsewhere, and whatever the belief or unbelief of the Mexico of the future may be, it is most unlikely that it will be Protestantism. A Baptist minister in these parts, a year or two ago, entered Mexican territory from Texas by rail, having with him a huge luncheon-basket apparently filled with tracts. The custom-house officials, however, on proceeding to search beneath this pious crust, discovered hams, canned meats, and similar articles subject to enormous duties, and these they promptly confiscated, leaving to the divine his papers, and with the wholesome precepts contained therein he possibly regaled himself. However, this gentleman has ever since been an object of suspicion to the authori-

ties, and I was lately told of his being in prison for attempting to smuggle a buggy, though that is no doubt a good story. The cashier of one of the banks in San Antonio told me that he was surprised to recognize in a reverend-looking individual in black who entered the bank a quondam Mexican scout who had served under him many years previously when he held rank in the army. "Why, Joey, what on earth are you doing in those clothes?" said the colonel, all amazed. "Missionary, sir!" was the reply; then, with a wink exquisitely comical, "I never got a hundred dollars a month for scouting, colonel." I lately saw a missionary in the train piously poring over a pocket Bible; he was soon in high controversy with a Mexican. "I shall possibly come into the fold some day," said the latter, "but tell me one thing and I will give you a thousand dollars: whom did Cain marry?" And hereupon, having discomfited the preacher, he became jubilant. The divine, replying that the name of the first murderer's lady was not recorded, retired and consoled himself with that useful handbook, Prendergast's *Spanish Method*. Some days later I saw him boarding the cars in company with a broad-backed female of Teutonic proportions, presumably his wife. "Why," as Max O'Rell says in his *Filles de John Bull*, "does a married clergyman appear so comical an anomaly?" In some of the Eastern patriarchates the parish priests, we believe, are invariably family men, and this, Protestants think, does not impair their efficiency. Still, an African traveller is unmarried, a naval or military officer is unmarried, or else marred—that, at any rate, is the view they take of it in England. St. Paul says that the unmarried man will care for the Lord, but the married one for his wife; and fully granting that this applies to laity as well as clergy, one naturally demands a higher standard from the master than the scholar. "Two gowns do not go well together," says some one in Victor Hugo's *Toilers of the Sea*. True, there are bad priests, and scandals are not a few in some parts of Mexico. Yet Judas and Nicolas have always had their successors, as is but natural. Still, the fervent Catholic traveller in Mexico is apt to exclaim: "Happy the land where priestly vocations are carefully tested, and those only dedicated to the sacred ministry who possess the very exceptional qualities needful for so solitary and painful a life!"

Well, as to these Protestant missions and missionaries in Mexico let us be fair and charitable. Here is a nation, to say the least of it, needing improvement; in Chicago and Boston are wealthy and benevolent men and women wishful to benefit

their kind; the religion in which they were nurtured is Protestantism, which has conserved much Catholic doctrine; they fancy that it is a panacea for all spiritual ills. I have not found these American missionaries so ignorant as some Mexicans would represent; they appear to be respectable, well-conducted people. But what they and their employers cannot see is that to upset established beliefs is a very serious matter. They want to persuade the people to disbelieve this doctrine but to retain that one, to disown the authority of the church but to accept that of the Bible. They will find that their destructive arguments will not cease to operate at the point where they intend them to. Protestantism is arrested rationalism. If they succeed in arousing the questioning spirit it will sweep away their own tenets as well as those they assail. A most amiable Protestant missionary lady told me that she would ordinarily trust no Mexican servant. However, securing one who was a "church-member" (of the mission, that is), she relaxed her vigilance, and her finger-rings vanished as if her maid had been a mere Catholic! So we will leave the Mexican Protestant bodies, Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, Presbyterian, and what not, with their four thousand church-members, all told, and their comfortable domesticated apostles. They may stir up bigotry and ill-feeling, and in some measure upset what religion the people have; but I doubt of permanent results. Revolving such considerations, I left the hospitable Methodist establishment, and, strolling down the street, dropped into the little suburban *Santuario de Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe*, some ten years old. Over the entrance we read: "*Non fecit taliter omni nationi.*" Within, a group of women in their black ribosas kneel before the image of the Lily of Israel; all is quiet, hushed, devout. Will our Protestant friends replace all that this is and all that this signifies with their discordant sects?

We leave the city of Monterey, passing between lofty, massive walls of limestone, above which rises the dark foliage of the orange brightened by luscious clusters of the golden apples of the Hesperides. I have eaten this fruit in Spain, California, Florida, Africa, the West Indies; in none of these places does it equal the large compact fruit of Monterey, with its rind no thicker than a kid glove. Beyond these pleasant gardens are fruitful corn-fields, which for miles occupy the valleys and plains adjoining the town, and looking back one sees the city nestling betwixt the overhanging heights of the Sierra Madre and the Silla, the latter the most exact copy of the American

military saddle imaginable. The confined position of Monterey makes it warm in summer; in the winter it is pleasant enough. It might, too, be healthy, but filth confined for centuries in deep, sunless vaults instead of being put to its legitimate purpose of fertilizing the soil revenges itself on the ignorant or thriftless populace. Who can wonder if fevers of various sorts are frequent, and the town compelled to pay the usual penalty for outraged natural law? On the outskirts of the town, raised on a slight eminence, is the bishop's palace, now used as a barrack; dismounted guns, shot, and military débris lie around, for forty years ago General Taylor fought two actions at Monterey, in which many Americans who afterwards commanded great armies in the great civil war served as captains or lieutenants. General Grant also gained his first distinction in the street-fighting at the battle of Monterey. In the town is the Virgin Bridge, so called from the apparition of the Blessed Virgin to the Mexican soldiery, advising them that they should win the (first) battle, which was verified by the event. The present successors of these troops are said to be far more orderly and presentable in every way than their predecessors, but there is yet room for improvement. They more than carry out the late Dr. Nicholl's precept to live on a dime a day, for they have but a real as a daily allowance to provide food, clothes, cigarettes, everything; no wonder the service is unpopular.

The one thing at Monterey having a real practical interest for Americans is the bathing establishment four miles north of the city, called Topo Chico Springs. It is reached by a street railroad which crosses the main line of rail near the station. This health-resort is new, but deserves to be better known. The waters, for certain diseases, are said to be unsurpassed, if equalled, on this continent. There is only a small village near the baths, so man is unable by his negligence to contaminate air and water as at Monterey. There is a good stone hotel, quite new, and in process of enlargement; it is managed by Americans—as, in fact, the whole settlement is—and Mr. Cook, who presides over the culinary department, prides himself on being able to infer from a guest's appearance the kind of fare that will prove most acceptable to his palate. There is a cozy drawing-room with piano, easy-chairs, books, Mexican ornaments and curios, and a pleasant little society to beguile the evening hours. The rooms have good Brussels carpets, clean beds, chests of drawers and ample mirrors (luxuries not ordinarily found in Mexican hotels), and each chamber has its own

little gallery outside its French window, where one may remain undisturbed and contemplate the surrounding scenery. Charges at the hotel are exceedingly moderate, and every effort is made to give satisfaction. The bath-houses are spacious, airy, clean, and excellent in every respect, and compare favorably with those at Langenschwalbach, Schlangenbad, Leuk, San Moritz, or any of the celebrated European resorts. There are swimming-baths and a great number of private ones, and several American and German medical men are in attendance.

There are hot and sulphur springs, the hot water as warm as one can bear with comfort, 106° F. An elaborate analysis of its mineral contents has been made by one of the scientists who accompanied the Emperor Maximilian. We cannot reproduce this in extenso, but there is oxide of iron, lime, magnesia, soda, silica, and subphosphate of alumina. The sulphur spring contains white sulphur, silica, iodine, magnesia, potash, soda, and sulphuretted hydrogen; its flow of water is about 60,000 gallons per hour. Dr. McMaster, who resided some years at the well-known Hot Springs of Arkansas, and who has visited the thermal springs of New Mexico and California, is unstinted in his praise, saying that rheumatism with all its various complications, liver and kidney complaints, catarrh, blood-poisoning, skin diseases, etc., yield readily to this water. The testimony of other physicians is to the same effect. Hard by some Americans have recently established a dairy, importing their cows from Texas. They obtain a ready sale for their milk at fifty cents a gallon and butter at seventy-five cents a pound, and ought to do well, as good butter could not be had here before their arrival. On the whole, the Northerner in search of health, rest, or change might do worse than pay a visit to Topo Chico Springs.

Saltillo, Mexico. CHARLES E. HODSON.

THE WYNTERTONS OF NETHERWOOD.

(CONCLUDED.)

SCARCELY two months had elapsed since I had last seen Netherwood Court; the roses had not ceased to blossom in its gardens, the glory of the summer had not departed from its woods and groves, the birds still sang among its leafy thickets, and yet how changed the scene appeared to me as I once more drove up the familiar avenue! The splendor of an August sunset was flooding the air, and through the spaces between the stately limes I could see the blaze of beauty on the terraces and lawns —the brilliant scarlet of geraniums, the deep ultramarine of salvias, the rosy pink of graceful oleanders, and the creamy white of the royal magnolias which displayed their shining foliage on the west front of the house. As usual on summer evenings, I found the hall-door open, so I entered unattended, crossed the wide vestibule, and gently pushed back the portals of the library, thinking I might probably find there the master of the mansion. The room was untenanted, however, so I traversed its spacious length and knocked at the door of an inner and much smaller apartment which Capt. Wynterton was in the habit of using as a study. "Come in," said his well-known voice, and in a moment more we were shaking hands.

After a few brief words of greeting I seated myself by the window, Capt. Wynterton remaining standing on the hearth-rug. He was the first to break the silence.

"I am so glad you have come, Temple," he said. "You know what trouble I am in?"

"Yes," I replied. "Sir Philip Fletcher was with me this morning; I have heard all."

"What is your opinion?" he asked.

"My opinion is that you are entirely in his power. His conduct is ungenerous, not to use a harsher word."

Capt. Wynterton shivered and turned round to the fire, for the evening was somewhat chilly, and some logs were burning on the hearth. The look of misery on his face went to my heart.

"I might have known that boy would be my ruin," he said, speaking with evident effort. "It is my own fault; I have only myself to blame. I may as well tell you at once what has

been concealed from you too long: Hubert is not my own child."

I got up and moved to his side, and there was a few moments' pause. "Tell me all about it," I said at length.

Had the announcement come upon me with the force of a startling surprise, I am not sure that I should have been able to repress all outward manifestations of astonishment; but it was merely the confirmation of my long-standing conviction, and I therefore remained perfectly unmoved, to all appearance at least. Capt. Wynterton was too completely absorbed to notice my calmness or think it wanted accounting for; perhaps he attributed it to my professional training, for lawyers, like priests and doctors, have many strange tales to hear. He drew forward an arm-chair for me, seated himself in another not far off, and began his recital.

"You remember how passionately I longed for an heir in the early days of my married life. My dear wife often used to check me when I expressed myself too strongly on the subject, reminding me in her gentle way that God knows best what is good for us. It would have been well for me if I had heeded her pious admonitions; but as one year after another went by without bringing any hope of a child, my impatient eagerness increased, until at last I felt that if this one great wish of my heart were denied me I could find no enjoyment in all the numerous blessings God was showering down unceasingly on my thankless head. You know how we went abroad for the sake of my wife's health, and how after some time we had the joyful assurance that God was about to bestow on us the earnestly-coveted gift of a child." He paused, overcome by emotion, and I came to his relief.

"I distinctly recollect the letter in which you told me you were intending to return to England as soon as possible, in order that the heir might be born at Netherwood. The next time you wrote it was to relate your compulsory halt at Bordeaux, your terrible anxiety about your wife, the boy's birth, and her critical illness." I stopped speaking, and Capt. Wynterton resumed his narrative.

"There was an old saying one of our masters used to be fond of quoting when we were at school, '*Satan is complaisant to eager wishers*,' and I am a proof of how fatally true that saying is. To my great grief and disappointment, our son died a few hours after his birth, and his mother's life was despaired of. For more than a week she lay in a state of unconsciousness, while I hung

over her in speechless sorrow, fearing each hour would be her last. But one morning the doctor detected a slight improvement, a flicker, as it were, of returning consciousness, and at the close of his visit he told me that what he now most dreaded was the effect which the knowledge of the baby's death might have upon his patient, who was certain to ask for her child in the event of her regaining the power of speech. Then, with the swiftness of lightning, there came upon me the temptation to which, alas! I yielded—the idea of substituting a living child for my own dead one, and thus both providing myself with an heir and sparing the feelings of my wife. The doctor acquiesced at once, for he regarded the question from a purely medical point of view, and the plan was accordingly carried out. Some people in an humble class of life and in straitened circumstances, to whose family twins had just been added, were induced to part with one of their newly-born sons, and the affair was so cleverly managed that no one except the doctor, the nurse, and myself suspected anything about it. You know my history from that day, so I have nothing more to tell; but you can never know the misery, the remorse, the vain regret which it has been my lot to endure. Only when it was too late did I see what I had done in its true colors; especially when Beatrice was born, and I felt that I had deprived my daughter of her inheritance and robbed her of her birthright, my self-reproach knew no bounds. And now it seems as if I were to be the means of destroying the happiness of her life!"

"Poor Beatrice!" I could not help exclaiming. "I am afraid it is a sad business for her, however it may turn out. Does she know anything yet? Have you told her what Sir Philip's errand was? There is no time to be lost; the inquest on M. Morizot is to be held the day after to-morrow."

I was horror-struck to see the effect of my words. Capt. Wynterton turned white to the very lips, grasped the arm of his chair as if for support, and turning towards me with a quick movement, "*What* did you say the man's name was?" he inquired eagerly.

"Morizot," I replied—"Jean-Baptiste Morizot. I saw the name on a letter which had come for him; the landlord asked me what he was to do with it. I think the post-mark was Lyons. Did you know him, Wynterton?"

"Sir Philip said he was a dark young man, about Hubert's age, who had lately come from the south of France," he continued, without heeding my question. "Morizot was the name of

Hubert's parents. The curse has come upon me, in truth, for I do believe the unhappy boy has killed his own brother!"

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. But as I uttered the word my heart misgave me, for I remembered what had been said to me that very morning: "*They might be mistaken for one another.*"

"The similarity of name is a strange coincidence," I remarked aloud, "but I have known stranger. No doubt there are plenty more families of that name, though it is a peculiar one. I see no reason to conclude that he is even a distant relative."

"I could tell if I saw him," pursued Capt. Wynterton, "for I distinctly remember, when the two infants were shown to me, I rejected the one because it had a purple mark on its cheek. Those marks are seldom, if ever, got rid of. Do you happen to know if he had one?"

I was obliged, reluctantly, to own that both Fletcher and the landlord of the lodging-house had mentioned this disfigurement to me. "I knew it!" cried my friend: "Hubert's hand is stained with the blood of his twin-brother! Alas! alas! would that I had died before this disgrace came upon me!"

No words can say how deeply I felt for Ambrose Wynterton as he sat leaning his head on his hand, the large tears rolling down his cheeks. I pressed his hand in silent sympathy. "I do not see that you did do so very wrong in adopting the child, after all," I said at length. "You did it for your wife's sake, from a desire to spare her pain."

"No, no, Temple," he rejoined, looking up; "it is of no use trying to gloss it over or palliate what I did. I interfered with Providence and practised a gross deception. I had set my whole heart on having an heir; nay, more, I determined to have one, and cared not at what cost of honor and principle. Now I must bear the consequences. God knows I am heavily punished!"

"Better be punished in this world than in the next," I said, with a sigh. "But this thing must not be known, the secret must be kept to the end. Besides, we have yet to ascertain whether the man was really Hubert's brother. I cannot take it for granted in the way you do. The matter must be investigated. The first thing to be done is to decide about Sir Philip's proposal, the acceptance or refusal of which involves so much to every one concerned," I concluded, trying to recall the thoughts of my unhappy friend to the business about which I had come down.

He looked up at me with an expression in which humiliation, misery, and remorse were blended in a manner that I cannot

attempt to describe. "I sent for you to decide that question," he replied in a weary tone. "I will tell you what Father Quentin said. I believe his judgment is sound. He advised me to state the case to Beatrice without any attempt to influence or persuade her, and he doubted not she would be willing to make the sacrifice, and I, he said, must be willing to accept it."

"That is exactly what I think," I said with decision, "and I am glad that his opinion so fully coincides with my own. I do not see that you have any room for hesitation, Wynterton. Beatrice is a good girl and devotedly attached to you; she would do anything to spare you sorrow, and I am sure you will have no difficulty in gaining her consent."

"Perhaps not," he rejoined, "but I shrink from letting her know what is required of her. It seems such a shame that this fair young girl in the springtide of happiness should have her whole life blighted for my sake, who am a miserable old man, with one foot, so to speak, in the grave. I cannot bear to think that my child must thus suffer for her father's fault!"

"You forget," I said, "that it is for Hubert's sake, not yours, she will do this. She will see nothing but his guilt and his wrong-doing as having been the means of bringing this misery on us all. Whatever you do, pray do not undeceive her as to the relationship in which she stands to him!"

"No, I will not. Father Quentin warned me to be careful to conceal that secret. Let me tell you something more he said: he reminded me that God never lays on his children burdens that they cannot bear, nor duties which they have not strength to fulfil; who knows, he added, but that in some way of which we little dream this trial may be lightened for Beatrice?—either some way of escape may be made for her, or, if it come to the worst and she is forced to marry a man who does not scorn to make his own profit out of his friend's misfortunes, her self-sacrifice may be rewarded even in this life, sunshine may once more return after the storm, and her lot be less dark than we are now inclined to fear that it will prove."

"I rejoice to hear that Father Quentin takes so sensible and hopeful a view of the subject," I said. "That ought to encourage and cheer you, my dear friend; do not be so much cast down about this sad affair. There is no doubt as to what is to be done now: Beatrice must be told, for I think I can venture to assert that even in the event of her marrying Sir Philip, as it appears she must, the unhappiness entailed on her can scarcely be as great as that which will inevitably come upon her if mat-

ters are left to take their course. I am thoroughly convinced that he will show no mercy, and his evidence will insure a verdict of manslaughter, possibly of wilful murder, against Hubert."

"It would be different if Sir Philip were an absolute stranger," Capt. Wynterton said, "though even in that case I am sure Beatrice could never bring herself to like him; but, as it is, she has a strong aversion to him, and I tell you plainly that I fully share her feeling."

"His conduct in regard to the unfortunate occurrence which has given him so much power over you certainly places his character in no very advantageous light," I replied, "and he cannot be said to be either generous or high-minded. But, on the other hand, you must not forget that you cannot, under existing circumstances, bring yourself to look at him fairly. He is sincerely fond of Beatrice, after his fashion, and if he does not make her really happy I do not think he will make her miserable. There is one thing against the marriage, however—he is not a Catholic."

"As to that," her father said, "he can scarcely be called a Protestant, at least in the ordinary acceptation of the word, for he told me he had no definite religious beliefs, and no prejudices either. He added that, if Beatrice agreed to marry him, he would at once consent to place himself under instruction with a view to being received into the church. So that obstacle, at least, is removed. I had better see her at once, I suppose," he concluded, with a sigh.

I noted his pallid and weary face, and the air of exhaustion with which he stretched out his hand to ring the bell. "Not to-night," I said; "it is getting late, and you are evidently tired out. To-morrow will be quite time enough, and you will feel refreshed then, I hope."

He readily assented, glad to delay, even for a few brief hours, the interview he so much dreaded. I wished him good-night and left him, as I had several letters to write.

Before repairing to my room I turned my steps in the direction of the chapel, and there I found Beatrice kneeling at the feet of an image of Our Lady of Dolors, engaged in saying her beads. If sorrow is to come upon her, there can be no better preparation for meeting it, I thought, as I knelt beside her and silently joined my prayers to hers.

III.

Well and wisely has it been said that when confronted with an unlooked-for crisis we are what we have made ourselves, since it is repeated action which prepares us for sudden choice.

Beatrice Wynterton's life had hitherto been all sunshine and summer; she had been sheltered from every rough wind and screened from every untoward blast; her path had been strewn with roses, and every pebble likely to wound her delicate feet had been as far as possible removed out of her way. Yet the storm, when it came, did not find her unprepared, nor did it leave her utterly prostrate. For under her soft and girlish exterior she possessed her father's strength of will, and a high and dauntless courage inherited from the long line of illustrious ancestors to which her mother had belonged. She had, moreover, never breathed any other atmosphere than that of a truly Christian home; for Capt. Wynterton had been most careful in the choice of those to whom her education had been confided, and her religious education could not have fallen into better hands than those of Father Quentin. She had already learnt to make duty, not inclination, the guide of her actions, and in all things to consider rather how she might please God than how she might gratify self. She understood the beauty and value of sacrifice, and, by the daily and hourly practice of renunciation in regard to matters so small as often to be imperceptible to the eyes of those around her, she had trained herself both to see clearly what she ought to do, and also to face unflinchingly the consequences of her decision in the painful and trying circumstances in which she was about to be placed. The reader will perhaps deem me partial, and I fully admit that such maturity of mind and character is rarely to be met with in a girl of nineteen. But the portrait of Beatrice is no fancy sketch—it is, on the contrary, taken from real life; she is no imaginary woman, but a creature of flesh and blood, and I think that her conduct will, in the sequel, be found to justify my praise.

The next day was Wednesday, the morning on which Mass was ordinarily said in the chapel of Netherwood Court, and the whole household was assembled there as usual. My thoughts were naturally a good deal preoccupied by the interview so soon to be held, and I could scarcely take my eyes from Beatrice and her father. The latter had evidently passed a sleepless night, and I was shocked to see the change which the last two days had made in his appearance. In the clear morning

light he looked haggard and broken; he seemed to have suddenly grown twenty years older, and his step, usually so elastic, was slow and weary as he prepared to leave the chapel.

There was not much said during breakfast-time. Capt. Wynterton's appetite had forsaken him. Beatrice looked anxious and distressed. From the little that had been told her already she evidently gathered that something worse was yet to come, and was agitated by the painful suspense in which she was held. When we rose from the table Capt. Wynterton beckoned to his daughter to go with him into his study, whither I followed them, feeling certain that my presence, far from being a restraint, would make matters easier for both father and child. Nor was I wrong, for no sooner had the door closed behind us than Capt. Wynterton turned to me with the words: "You must tell her, Temple."

"Beatrice," I began, "you know that Hubert has got into trouble, and is consequently obliged to keep out of the way for a time. We would fain have spared you all further knowledge of his misdeeds, were it not that you, and you alone, can save him from exposure and shield your father's name from public disgrace." Then in as few words as possible I told her what had occurred, without, however, mentioning the price at which Sir Philip's silence might be purchased.

She was horrified at the story. "How dreadful," she exclaimed, "to think that Hubert has actually killed some one! How sorry he must have been when he found the man was really dead! What will become of him? Will he be put in prison and tried for murder?"

"I have told you, my dear child, that it rests in your power to save him from punishment and your father from dishonor."

"It rests in my power?" she repeated. "I do not understand what you mean, Mr. Temple." She looked from me to her father, and as her eyes rested on his dejected countenance her whole heart seemed to go out towards him in sympathy and love. "Dear father," she said, "if there is anything I can do, tell me at once, and it shall be done."

"Do not promise too rashly, my child," Capt. Wynterton interposed; "it involves a great sacrifice on your part."

"Nothing can be a sacrifice that I do for you, papa," she promptly replied. "What do I not owe to you? You have been everything to me, father and mother too; I wish I could spare you all pain and bear this grief instead of you. Besides, Hubert is my brother as well as your son" (here a spasm passed

over Capt. Wynterton's features); "it is my duty to help him if I can. What is it, Mr. Temple, that I can do or relinquish?"

I fancy the idea that suggested itself to her mind was that of relinquishing her fortune. I own that it cost me an effort to tell this generous, warm-hearted girl what was required of her, but I accomplished my task. She listened in silence; her eyes dropped and her lips quivered. I could see that a struggle, short and sharp, was going on within. Almost mechanically she pulled to pieces a flower she was holding in her hand, and as the bright petals floated slowly to the ground it seemed to me an emblem of the ruthless destruction of her own hopes and dreams of happiness. When she again looked up a change had come over her countenance, as when, on a summer's day, a chill mist suddenly rolls up, blotting out the sun and making the world look dull and gray.

"It is very mean of Sir Philip to trade on our misfortunes, but I will do as he wishes," she said. Then she turned to her father, threw her arms around him, and burst into tears. "He must not take me from you, father dear," she sobbed, burying her face on his breast. "Promise you will stay with me always, always!"

"My darling!" he murmured, fondly stroking her head, "my own sweet child!"

I am a matter-of-fact man of business, but I confess that my own eyes were not dry as I rose and left the room.

A few hours later the telegraph wires carried to Sir Philip the message he desired to receive, and with the words, "*Beatrice consents*," Hubert was saved from exposure and protected from punishment.

Capt. Wynterton appeared completely shattered. The shock he had received on first hearing of Hubert's grievous misconduct, the various emotions which followed, the acute humiliation he endured at finding himself at the mercy of a man whom he disliked, and the bitter pang it cost him to solicit such a sacrifice at the hand of his only and beloved child, were more than his bodily powers were able to endure, and his physical prostration was evidently so great that when he besought me not to leave him, as I was intending to do in order to return to town immediately after luncheon, I felt unable to refuse his request that I would remain until the morrow, supported as it was by the additional plea that he had determined to make a fresh will without delay. So we sat together through the hot summer after-

noon, in the study where we had spent so many happy hours, but where I was never to sit again beside the companion of my youth. "God bless you, Temple!" he said, when our business was finished. "God bless and reward you for all you have been to me and mine! No one, surely, had ever a truer or more faithful friend."

I had not long retired to rest that night when I was aroused by a hurried knocking at my door. It was Capt. Wynterton's valet. He begged me to come at once to his master, who appeared seriously ill. The doctor, summoned in haste, pronounced the attack to be a severe paralytic seizure, and said that, though his patient might rally, it could only be for a few hours, and that the end was apparently not far off. We kept our vigil by the sufferer's bed, Father Quentin, Beatrice and I, until dawn gave way to sunrise, and sunrise to the brightness of the morning. The broad casement window stood wide open, and the song of birds and the scent of flowers penetrated into the chamber of death, as if to dissipate its gloom and fill it with the presence of life and the promise of joy. At length the Angelus bell rang from the tower of the church Ambrose Wynterton had built in the far-off days when his heart beat high with hope; and, now that he was stretched upon his dying bed, the familiar sound aroused his slumbering senses. Once more he opened his eyes, and, faithful to the pious habit of a lifetime, feebly attempted to make for the last time the sign of our redemption: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of death," we heard him whisper, and then he ceased to breathe.

It was the day appointed for the inquest, and I was only just able to reach London in order to be present at it. Sir Philip Fletcher gave his evidence with ready facility and perfect assurance, and, nothing being known which could in the least degree suggest Hubert Wynterton's name in connection with the circumstances attending Morizot's death, the jury found no difficulty in returning the verdict usual in such cases, and affirming that he destroyed himself while of unsound mind. They were evidently under the impression that he had lost heavily at cards, and then, in despair at having gambled away his employer's money, had put an end to his existence. One man, somewhat shrewder than the rest, put several awkward questions to Sir Philip as to whether he had seen any one leave the house, but his cool self-possession carried him safely through the danger, and the manner in which he told how his slumber had been

disturbed by the report of fire-arms, and how he had rushed across the street to find the house empty and deserted, was truthful enough to carry conviction to any mind. The inquiries I subsequently caused to be made in regard to Morizot, who had come over to England on business connected with a Lyons firm in whose employ he was, established beyond a doubt the melancholy fact that Hubert had, unawares, incurred the guilt of fratricide.

When the funeral was over I communicated to Hubert and Beatrice, in the presence of Father Quentin, the last wishes of Capt. Wynterton as contained in the will which, with a presentiment, I believe, of his approaching end, he had so recently instructed me to draw up. The shock to Beatrice was naturally very great, and her grief even more bitter than that occasioned by her father's death, for it is less painful to part from those we love than to sever ourselves from our ideal of them. She had so profoundly loved and reverenced her father that she could not bear to think him less than perfect, and, though she would neither blame him herself nor allow any one else to do so, it was not difficult to see how her honorable and sensitive nature recoiled from the thought of the deceit he had practised. The only form in which she gave open expression to her feelings was that of intense sympathy for the mental suffering he must have undergone, and of eager anxiety that the secret of Hubert's real origin should be for ever buried in the grave of her beloved parent. On this point I reassured her, and thought it wiser to spare her all knowledge of the relation in which poor Morizot had stood to Hubert, as also of the amount of the latter's debts and the extent of his misdoings.

The reader already knows that Hubert was no favorite of mine, but I am in fairness bound to confess that his conduct on the present occasion was such as to change my long-standing dislike into pitying compassion. He was so penitent, so humble, so repentant, so full of sorrow for all his misdeeds, and for the manner in which they had hastened, if not occasioned, the death of his adoptive father. He acquiesced without a murmur when he found himself disinherited, considering the loss of the estate to be—as in fact it was—the due punishment of the fatal act in which all his wrong-doing had culminated, and he declared himself willing to carry out Capt. Wynterton's desire that he should in future reside out of England. On this condition his debts were to be paid, and he was moreover to have a thousand pounds down, besides an allowance of five hundred

pounds a year for his life. "It is surprising how much good one often finds where one least expects it," I remarked to Father Quentin when the painful interview was over.

"Yes," he replied, "Hubert's character is a weak one; he is passionate and impulsive, and has unfortunately altogether failed to acquire self-control."

"It is deplorable," I rejoined, "to think he should have gone so far astray, when we remember that he is not yet twenty-one. Do you think he will really reform? I am afraid his present mood will too soon pass away."

"He is humble, and therefore I have hope of him," the charitable priest answered; "and even at his worst he did not altogether abandon the practice of his religion, though he has, I fear, been sadly careless and remiss. The longer I live the more convinced am I that there are no sins so fatal as pride and apostasy, and it is these which, as a rule, prepare the way for final impenitence."

I must add that subsequent events proved the correctness of Father Quentin's view of the case. Hubert settled on a sheep-farm in the neighborhood of Buenos Ayres, and when last I heard of him he was leading a quiet, steady life, and altogether doing very well.

Sir Philip Fletcher undoubtedly desired to marry Beatrice for her own sake, but it cannot be supposed that he became less eager to secure her hand now that she was the mistress of Netherwood. He behaved extremely well, however, and showed both consideration for her feelings and deference to her wishes. Though deeply in love with her, he readily assented to her proposal that the marriage should be postponed for a year, an interval which she intended to pass in complete retirement, under the roof of a widowed sister of the Mr. Newburgh whose name has already been mentioned in these pages. This lady, who owned a small estate in the lowlands of Scotland, had offered Beatrice a temporary home in her house.

But man proposes and God disposes. In the following spring Sir Philip was thrown from his horse while out hunting, sustaining severe injuries, from the effects of which he died about three weeks afterwards. He had fulfilled his promise of placing himself under instruction, and was, I believe, received into the church in his last hours.

Thus Beatrice found herself without claims of duty, ties of kindred, or anything that could prevent her from carrying out the desire she had secretly cherished ever since the death of her

father, and devoting her life to prayer, penance, and expiation. She therefore caused the Netherwood estate to be sold, and out of the proceeds of the sale placed in the hands of trustees a sum sufficient to yield a yearly interest of five hundred pounds, and thus furnish the income allotted to Hubert. After founding Masses in perpetuity for the souls of her father and mother, Sir Philip Fletcher, and Jean-Baptiste Morizot, the victim of Hubert's violence, she arranged that the whole remainder of the purchase-money, with the exception of the amount required for her dowry, should be made over to the bishop of the diocese, and thus restored to the church, in the event of her remaining in the convent where she purposed trying her vocation. She had always had a great devotion to St. Teresa, and a strong attraction to the venerable and illustrious order of Mt. Carmel, and she finally decided to enter a convent of that order in Spain, over which a sister of her mother was at the time ruling as prioress.

After the lapse of rather less than two years I found myself, towards the close of a brilliant summer day, ascending one of a range of hills which are situated in a picturesque and beautiful district of Spain. It was my first visit to that land of romance, and my rapturous admiration caused not a little amusement to Father Quentin, who was my companion on this occasion, and was himself well acquainted with the country, having been in his earlier days professor in the College of Valladolid.

"You seem to fancy you have found the earthly paradise," he said with a smile, "and certainly this road is steep and rugged enough to be the path to heaven!"

As we gradually ascended, the prospect became more and more enchanting; beyond the hills lay mountains, beautiful in form and clothed with pine-forests to their summit, while on one side the view was terminated by the Sierra Nevada, a splendid mass, towering above all the subordinate objects in regal majesty, while the rays of the setting sun tinged the eternal snow. Our path lay through groves of olives and oranges, through woods of cypress and ilex, here and there skirting or crossing a clear and crystal stream, while from time to time the sound of a bell, made soft and musical by distance, was heard from some village church. When at length we reached our destination and rang at the outer gate of a convent which is situated on the summit of a hill, nothing could be more beautiful than

the view which was unfolded to our gaze, and in spite of my fatigue I felt almost sorry that we had no further to go.

Beatrice Wynterton was to be professed on the morrow, and it was in order to assist at the ceremony that Father Quentin and I had journeyed southwards. Being an accomplished Spanish scholar, he was able to accede to her earnest request and preach on the occasion. I think no one who heard that sermon could ever forget it, or cease to remember how the holy priest poured forth the treasures of his matured wisdom and fervent piety, as he spoke, in terms which moved all hearts, of the necessity of suffering, its merit, and its glorious reward. "Ere long," he said in conclusion, "our Lord will say to each of his faithful servants, whether toiling in the world and bearing 'the burden of the day and the heats,' or hidden from the eye of man in the solemn seclusion of the cloister: 'My child, long enough thou hast carried the cross; now is the time for the crown.'"

At the conclusion of the ceremony Beatrice prostrated herself on the pall of brown serge, while the nuns chanted the *Te Deum*. The last notes died away and she lay prostrate still; nor, prompt though she had ever been to answer to the call of duty and respond to the voice of obedience, did she rise when commanded to do so. In that supreme moment, the consummation, as it were, of her sacrifice, God had taken her to himself. She was already numbered with his saints in glory everlasting.

A. M. CLARKE.

LOUIS PASTEUR.

II.

PASTEUR'S studies on vinegar had taught him many things, and on turning to the question of wine he came, as usual, with a preconceived idea as to its fermentation. He felt quite convinced wine does not "work" to the extent that is generally supposed. As it is composed of many different bodies, special ethers are undoubtedly formed, and reactions may likewise take place between the other substances. According to Pasteur, the "ageing" of wine was due to the oxygen of the air, which in dissolving became mixed with the wine. It is, however, absolutely necessary in wine-making to oxygenize it to a certain extent. Therefore he thought the changes which wine undergoes, rendering it either acid, sharp or sour, might probably be brought about by the presence of a microscopic fungus. Chaptal, in his work on wine-making, had announced the existence of a flower to which he gave the name of *Mycoderma vini*, and which, in his idea, was not injurious to wine; it develops rapidly on newly-made wine, but does not multiply on that which has been in cask a long time. With the *Mycoderma aceti*, which Pasteur had discovered in vinegar, the contrary takes place: far from thriving on fresh wines, it finds its full nourishment in old vintages. Thus it arrives that as the wines "age" the *Mycoderma vini* dies and is replaced by the *Mycoderma aceti;* the latter develops rapidly, nourishing itself at first from the cells of the dead *Mycoderma vini.* In hot weather wine frequently turns, and various reasons were given for this. Pasteur declared it was owing to fermentation caused by an organized ferment, proceeding undoubtedly from germs existing in the grapes at gathering-time, or else from bad grapes such as are inevitably to be met with in every vintage. Being fully convinced that the alterations in them are due to the presence of a microscopic fungus, the germs of which exist from the moment of the fermentation of the grape, he at once understood that were the wine raised to a temperature of 55° or 60° centigrade* for a few moments only, it would be saved from all deterioration. He at once tried the experiment, and, having heated some bottles to 60°, he placed them in a cellar after they had cooled. At the expiration of six weeks

* 140 degrees Fahrenheit.

he examined them, and no deposit whatever had formed, whereas in other unheated bottles of the same vintage a deposit was quite perceptible; this latter increased rapidly, and on microscopic examination was found to be mixed with a coloring matter which had become quite insoluble. But Pasteur, as his son-in-law tells us, in nowise claimed to originate the process of wine-heating; he but placed it on a scientific basis.

Notwithstanding these results Pasteur clearly perceived the general disbelief in his heating theory, which was supposed by the incredulous to injure the taste, color, and clearness of the wine. He first requested persons in society to give their opinion, which was almost universally in favor of the heated wines; then he appealed to wine-merchants, etc.; and in 1865 a sub-commission was appointed to come and examine a large number of specimens at the École Normale. At this tasting a slight preference was shown for the heated wines, which had been previously pointed out to the commissioners. Pasteur requested these gentlemen to return, when, at a second meeting, the heated and unheated wines would be offered them without any indication whatever. After many tastings Pasteur, astonished at the wonderful delicacy of palate shown by the commissioners, used a little artifice. He offered them two glasses taken from the same bottle. It was quite amusing to see the hesitations, some pronouncing in favor of the first glass, others preferring the second. In fine, it was admitted that the difference existing between the heated and unheated wines was so imperceptible that all those concerned should feel grateful to the man through whose suggestions such a simple process for neutralizing the causes of deterioration had been advised. Not long elapsed before wine began to be heated in barrels, and thus the benefit derived from this method of preservation became more generally spread.

Pasteur's first studies on virulent diseases were made in 1856. Hitherto their causes were supposed to exist in the atomic movements which belong to bodies undergoing molecular change, and to possess the power of communicating themselves to the various constituents of the living body. Pasteur's researches on fermentation, and the discoveries resulting from them, changed these theories.

His attention was first directed to that dreadful malady known as splenic fever in horses, malignant pustule in man, *maladie de sang* in cows, and *sang de rate* in sheep. In one year France alone has sustained a loss amounting to fifteen or twenty

millions of francs from this fearful disease. Spain, Italy, Hungary, Brazil, Russia, where it is known as the "Siberian plague," and Egypt, where it is supposed to be one of the ten plagues of Egypt, have all seen their flocks and herds destroyed by the splenic fever. No cause could be assigned for this disease, and research was all the more difficult as it seldom presented the same symptoms in the different animals, and was consequently supposed to vary according to the species smitten with it. Persons immediately employed about animals are the most frequently attacked by malignant pustule, therefore no doubt existed as to its having precisely the same origin as splenic fever. The faintest scratch is sufficient to let in the virus; or a sting from a fly which has sucked the blood of an animal dead from splenic fever is also a frequent cause of this malady.

Pasteur at once began experimenting, associating in his labors M. Joubert, one of his old École Normale pupils. In 1877 he declared before the Académie des Sciences that the only agent of splenic fever was, without doubt, the *bacilli* in the blood, the existence of which Drs. Rayer and Davaine had detected in 1850. Carrying his investigations still further, Pasteur found two distinct viruses, one of which, requiring air, formed the agent of simple splenic fever, communicated by one living animal to another. But when contagion was brought after death and putrefaction had set in, then the disease assumed the name of *septicæmia*, this terrible malady being produced by an *anærobic* microbe, which, requiring no air for its life, invaded the organs and blood as soon as all the oxygen was consumed. Pasteur, having procured specimens of the blood of animals, some of which had died from splenic fever and others of *septicæmia*, cultivated the two viruses so successfully that he was able to produce either disease by inoculation.

Having made these discoveries, the next idea which presented itself to him was that of finding some means to arrest the ravages of the disease, and to this point he now turned all his thoughts. After much reflection on the phenomena of vaccination he felt convinced that if he could arrive at attenuating the virus of splenic fever by an artificial culture, and then inoculate with the virus thus attenuated, he would have found the prophylactic remedy of the disease. But a difficulty here presented itself in the double form of generation which the microbe of splenic fever presents. The parasites of virulent diseases generally develop themselves simply by fission, and at first Pasteur believed this microbe to be reproduced in this manner

only. Soon, however, he saw that although the microbes showed themselves at first under the form of transparent filaments, yet after exposure to the air they soon presented spores in certain numbers all along the filaments. After a short time these spores merged into the filaments, thus forming one mass of germs. In this lay the great difficulty in attenuating the splenic-fever microbe, for these germs might be exposed to the air for a considerable time, in fact for years, their virulence remaining unabated. Therefore, finding the oxygen of the air an insufficient aid in this case, he set to work to find in what condition the production of spores could be rendered impossible. These researches were pursued by Pasteur and his two assistants, M. Chamberland and M. Roux, for some time with the greatest secrecy, none of the three workers wishing to give utterance to any of his hopes until certain of success.

At last the day of triumph arrived when Pasteur was able to affirm that "it is impossible to cultivate the splenic microbe in neutralized chicken infusion at 44° or 45°, but at 42° or 43° it is easily done, and no spores are produced."

Thus at this degree of temperature, and in contact with pure air, a culture of parasites of splenic fever, free of all germs, can be kept up. If the contagium is then tried on animals, after having been exposed to the heat and air for two, four, six, eight, or ten days, its virulence will be found to vary according to the time of its exposure, and thus it offers a series of attenuated viruses. In the case of vaccination it was thought advisable, and almost necessary, to use two vaccines, one feeble, the other much stronger, allowing an interval of twelve or fifteen days to elapse between the two inoculations. Pasteur, moreover, declared that by his various cultivations of the different viruses he could not only vaccinate *against* the disease, but at will inoculate splenic fever at whatever degree of violence he desired.

Immediately after the communication of this great discovery to the Académie des Sciences, in the early part of 1881, Pasteur was invited by the Baron de la Rochette, President of the Société d'Agriculture of Melun, to come and make publicly an experiment of splenic-fever vaccination. He accepted the invitation, the society offering to place sixty sheep at his disposal. He decided to treat them in the following manner: Ten were to be left untouched, twenty-five were to be vaccinated with two viruses of unequal force at twelve or fifteen days' interval. A few days later these same twenty-five sheep, together with the other twenty-five, were all to be inoculated with the

virus of the most violent splenic fever. A similar experiment would be tried on ten cows. Six were to be vaccinated, the remaining four being left untouched, the whole of them to be inoculated with the most violent splenic-fever virus on the same day as the fifty sheep. Pasteur declared positively that all the twenty-five unvaccinated sheep would die, whereas the twenty-five vaccinated ones would resist the violent virus; that the six vaccinated cows would not be touched by the disease, whilst the four unvaccinated, if they escaped death, would still be very ill. The Académie des Sciences, rather startled by the boldness of these declarations and being less imbued than Pasteur with that *foi qui sauve*, begged him to be more prudent, as, if the experiments failed, the Académie would be compromised to a certain extent by his previous assurances of success.

On the 5th of May, 1881, the trials began at a farm in the commune of Pouilly-le-Fort, at a short distance from Melun, in the Department of Seine-et-Marne. The Agricultural Society requested that a goat might be substituted for one of the sheep in the batch of twenty-five which were not to undergo vaccination. The inoculations were performed with the syringe of Pravaz, and in this first vaccination twenty-four sheep, six cows, and one goat each received five drops of the attenuated splenic-fever virus. On the 17th of May a second inoculation took place, the virus used being a little stronger than the first, and on the 31st of May all the animals, vaccinated and unvaccinated, were inoculated with the violent splenic-fever virus. Two days later it was found that Pasteur's predictions were fulfilled almost to the letter. Of the twenty-five *un*vaccinated sheep twenty-one were dead, as was the goat; two sheep were dying, and the remaining one was so ill that it could not live beyond the day. The non-vaccinated cows were in a state of high fever; they could no longer eat, and had immense swellings behind the shoulder at the point of vaccination. The vaccinated animals, on the contrary, were in perfect health. Before the end of that year Pasteur had inoculated 33,946 animals; by the end of 1883 about 500,000 had been vaccinated. Thenceforward the results obtained were marvellous, and comparison was easy, as many cattle-owners inoculated but half their flocks in the beginning, in order to convince themselves of the efficacy of the method. It was only when the non-vaccinated fell victims to the terrible malady that they were clearly convinced of the value of the remedy. Pasteur, although knowing the period of immunity after vaccination to last for a much longer time,

recommended the operation to be repeated every year in March and April, as at that time of the year splenic fever has not made its appearance.

But, having found the remedy for the disease, Pasteur could not rest until he discovered the origin of the malady. Various causes had been assigned, some tracing it to the excess of red globules in the blood of the animals, and this, in its turn, to the over-richness of the pasture land, affirming that the disease was unknown in districts where the soil is sandy. Pasteur did not share this opinion, but felt convinced, from his minute study of the parasite, that the germs were in all probability contained in the food. After many trials in certain stricken districts, he came to the following conclusion: Upon the death of an animal from splenic fever the body is buried on the spot, when the knacker's establishment is not near. The body naturally putrefies; even when not cut up, blood always issues from it, and thus the earth in the neighborhood of the body becomes contaminated. As the bodies were frequently buried in pasture-fields, Pasteur at once thought the food eaten by the animals grazing in such fields might be the medium for the introduction of the disease. Having learned that a diseased sheep had been buried in a field belonging to a farm near Chartres, he collected some of the earth around the spot, and, having examined it, found, as he expected, that it contained the spores of the splenic microbe. He inoculated some guinea-pigs with them, and at once produced splenic fever and death. In a meadow of the Jura Pasteur tried the same experiments, and in a field two years after the dead animals had been buried in it, and after sowing, reaping, and ploughing, he still found the deadly spores.

It might have been supposed these germs would have completely sunk into the depths of the earth washed down by rain; but even were such the case, Pasteur showed that earth-worms bring them back to the surface, these germs being easily found in the deposits of earth left on the surface by the worms. Thus he declared that the germs of the malady would unquestionably be found where the soil was richest, as in districts where the soil is poor and chalky the earth-worms do not find subsistence; were the body of an animal which had succumbed to splenic fever to be buried in such a place, the germs would sink into the earth and remain there. Thus he showed that in the Beauce, one of the richest and most fertile districts in France, the disease formerly made immense havoc, whereas in Sologne, where the soil is sandy, it is almost unknown. From these facts

he concluded that if sufficient care were taken with regard to dead animals, and inoculations regularly performed on the living, this scourge would disappear, and with it the malignant pustule from which men suffer.

Pasteur's microbean theories were of the utmost value in different cases of medicine and surgery, and many of the most learned hospital practitioners in Paris had recourse to him for aid in cases of puerperal fever, typhoid fever, a terrible disease of the bones and marrow known under the name of *osteomyelitis*, etc. After minute study of these maladies Pasteur declared that they were all caused by the presence of a microbe in the blood, which microbe he not only found but cultivated, as he had done with that of splenic fever and fowl cholera. Having found that all these diseases owed their origin to a parasite, Pasteur determined to devote his studies to a malady which attacked equally both the human race and the lower animals. It was with this object in view that he undertook his marvellous experiments on hydrophobia. Before his time it had defied all analysis, and its cure was deemed impossible. He set to work, nevertheless, with a confident expectation of finding for this, as for other diseases, a sure remedy. In his researches for the special microbe of hydrophobia he was doomed to be disappointed, however, as the microbe in the saliva of rabid animals is not special to their diseased state, but exists equally in the saliva of perfectly healthy ones. Maurice Raynaud had clearly proved that the saliva of a man attacked with hydrophobia, if inoculated to an animal, will cause death much more rapidly than even the rabic virus itself, and thirty-six hours after death the saliva still retains its virulent properties.

So far back as 1821, a highly interesting article, by Magendie, appeared in his *Journal de Physiologie experimentale*, and he may be looked on as the inventor of the method of successive inoculations from animal to animal. Later on we find M. Galtier, a professor at the Veterinary School of Lyons, who in the inoculations, substituted rabbits for dogs, because in them the period of incubation of the malady is much shorter.

On this point Pasteur made important microscopic examinations, and discovered in the tissues and blood of animals that had been thus inoculated a particular microbe, which he likewise found in the saliva of children who had died from various maladies, and even in that of adults in a perfectly healthy state.

To Dr. Duboué, of Pau, belongs the honor of having first proved the real seat of hydrophobia to lie in the brain and

spinal marrow. Until his time it had been generally believed that the rabic virus was carried into the system by the blood of the animal bitten, but Dr. Duboué pointed out that the rabic virus must be carried by the nerves and nervous fibres. The length of time elapsing between the bite and the moment at which the disease manifested itself afforded to him a proof amounting to demonstration of what he advanced, since, were the virus carried by the blood, the rapidity with which it circulates would make the period of incubation much shorter. Thus, when Pasteur undertook his studies on hydrophobia he found the field cleared, scientifically, but the finishing touch was still required in order to bring forth a practical result from these discoveries. He began his labors by seeking the particular microbe of hydrophobia, in which research disappointment awaited him; but as a compensation he made the discovery of the normal saliva-microbe. One of the first communications of Pasteur on this subject was made in May, 1881, in which he declared that he agreed with the statement made by Dr. Duboué two years before: the seat of hydrophobia lay in the nervous system, and the rabic virus was to be found equally, if not even more, virulent in the brain than in the saliva of men and dogs whose death had been caused by rabies. He likewise announced that he had been able to diminish the period of incubation, and felt certain that he could communicate the disease either by simple inoculation or by trepanning, using for this purpose some of the brain substance of a mad dog in a pure state.

Then followed the trials of inoculation from rabbit to rabbit, and the discovery that the virus obtained by successive inoculations was always maintained in a state of purity and at the same degree of virulence; moreover, all the marrow of these rabbits was rabic. For the purpose of inoculation this marrow is cut into pieces about two inches long, which are suspended in numbered vials, in which the air is kept dry by pieces of potash. The time during which they retain their virulence varies according to the thickness of the pieces and the lowness of the temperature in which they are kept. The process of inoculation is performed by mixing a piece of the marrow with a little broth which has been heated to at least 115° centigrade for the purpose of destroying germs, and then injecting it under the skin by means of a Pravaz syringe. The injections are continued during ten days, the first being made with marrow devoid of all virulence. On each succeeding day a marrow of a more recent date, and consequently more violent, is inoculated,

until at the tenth injection the marrow used is almost fresh, having been bottled for a day or two only. By this process a dog is rendered quite refractory to hydrophobia, and it may be inoculated with the most violent rabic virus, either under the skin or on the surface of the brain, without the malady making its appearance.

Pasteur had operated, in this manner, on fifty dogs, none of which had become mad, when on the 6th of July, 1885, an Alsatian boy, aged nine years, who had been bitten by a mad dog at eight o'clock in the morning on the 4th of July, was brought to him in his laboratory. The child had fourteen bites, the principal of which had been cauterized with carbolic acid twelve hours after the accident. The day of his arrival there was the weekly assembly of the Académie des Sciences. Pasteur assisted at it and begged Dr. Vulpian* and Dr. Grancher, professors of the Faculté de Médecine, to come and see the child. Having examined his wounds, they declared that as he would undoubtedly fall a victim to hydrophobia, Pasteur would be justified in trying his method on the boy. After much hesitation he at length consented, and the same evening, in presence of these two physicians, and sixty hours after the child had been bitten, the first inoculation was made.

The marrow used was from a rabbit which had died mad on the 21st of June. During the ten following days new inoculations were made, each time with a more virulent vaccine, with the result that towards the middle of August the child was out of danger and returned to Alsace. Thus passed off triumphantly Pasteur's first trial of his vaccine on a human being. On the 1st of March, 1886, Pasteur read a report to the Académie des Sciences, announcing the result of the first series of persons inoculated according to his method. Up to that date 350 persons had been inoculated, and out of the number only one had succumbed, a little girl of ten named Louise Pelletier, who, having been severely bitten on the head—the most dangerous of all places—was only brought to Pasteur thirty-seven days after the accident. All the others were cured, and the death of the child was not surprising; in fact, feeling certain she was doomed to fall a victim to the bites she had received, some of his assistants tried to dissuade Pasteur from inoculating her, but he declared that all efforts should be made to save her, in spite of the little chance of success. From the date of Joseph Meister's treatment up to October, 1886, more than 1,200 persons have been inoculated at the

* Dr. Vulpian died last spring.

laboratory for bites from mad dogs, and out of this number only six or seven have died.

Pasteur is now engaged on important experiments for the modification of his vaccine, in order to apply it to wolf-bites, and his method of vaccination in such cases is likewise undergoing a change. He was much dissatisfied with the results obtained on the Russians who arrived at his laboratory at the beginning of last year. The first group, from Smolensk, was composed of eighteen men and one woman, all of whom had been bitten by a mad wolf on the 28th of February. They had been cauterized, and, the municipality of Beloë having furnished them with the necessary funds, they started for Paris, arriving there on the 13th of March, 1886. The inoculations began immediately, but out of the nineteen persons three fell victims to hydrophobia. The others were cured. It must not be lost sight of that fifteen days had elapsed before they were inoculated, and their wounds were fearful to behold; a tooth of the wolf was found embedded in the temporal bone of one of the men. Nine other Russians arrived at the laboratory, from Wladimir, on the 8th of April. They had been bitten on the 25th of March and cauterized six hours after. Pasteur, thinking the three Russians of the first group had succumbed for want of a sufficient number of inoculations, administered three each day, instead of one; he likewise proposed to make them two series of inoculations of fifteen injections each. However, before the end of the second series one of the patients died, on the 19th of April, and Dr. Vicknevsky, who accompanied them, preferred to leave Paris. Of the eight remaining Russians one died on the return journey, and another succumbed on reaching Russia. The other six recovered.

After these deaths numbers of journals began to cry down the Pasteur method, but most unjustly. It should be borne in mind that in neither of the two groups of Russians had hot iron been used for cauterizing; in one instance azotic acid was employed, in the other carbolic acid. During the time which passed before reaching Paris probably their nervous systems had been hard at work, and these different and grave causes must have all been completely unfavorable to the full success of the inoculations. The day is probably not far distant when Pasteur's system will be so perfected that it will be as successful with the lupine as with the canine virus. In Russia, at all events, where terrible ravages are committed each winter by the wolves, and where hydrophobia exists in an endemical state, much attention is bestowed on the study of his preventive treat-

ment. At the present writing two Russians, Drs. Ounkowsky and Parchewsky, have already left the laboratory, carrying various vials and instruments necessary for their operations, and a trepanned rabbit which is certain to die in a week. Should a longer journey be necessary more rabbits must be taken, so that when the first dies the second may be at once trepanned and inoculated with the marrow of the first. A third Russian, Dr. Kronglevsky, a professor of the Faculty of Medicine at St. Petersburg, is still studying the Pasteur method in the laboratory of the Rue d'Ulm.

Two American physicians, one from New York, the other from Philadelphia, have likewise taken away the precious little animals. Two Italian doctors from Rome and Naples, a celebrated physician from Stockholm, a Spaniard from Madrid, and a Portuguese from Lisbon, have left Paris full of admiration for Pasteur, and animated with the firm hope that success may attend their experiments.

On reflection, what can be simpler than the entire proceeding? It does not require anything that cannot be easily procured, and in conscientious hands all due precautions will be taken for maintaining the perfect purity of the air during the preparation of the vaccine. We therefore trust that before long each capital will be endowed with an establishment where the inoculations can take place. It must never be lost sight of, however, that the first thing to do for a person bitten by a rabid animal is to cauterize the wound.

Dr. Tardieu, an eminent Parisian physician, after much study of the question, has shown in his report to the Comité d'Hygiène that the *medium* period of incubation generally lasts about forty-eight days for face-bites, whilst for wounds on the limbs it may be usually estimated at seventy days. He affirms that in patients under twenty years of age it lasts about forty-one days, whereas over twenty it is generally about sixty-seven. These figures are not given as absolute rules, but they prove clearly the great utility of cauterization, and on this point Pasteur himself is most explicit.

Some have sought to find a resemblance between the vaccine of small-pox and that of hydrophobia. This is, however, a vast error. For ordinary vaccination we all know that a very small particle of vaccine is used, and even that small quantity produces a malady more or less developed according to various constitutions; whereas the hydrophobic vaccination is continued during ten days, the injected virus is strengthened by successive

passages from rabbit to rabbit, and the patient under treatment experiences no disagreeable sensation whatever. In fact, the virus used by Pasteur is so violent that an eminent French physician, who once assisted at the inoculations in the Rue d'Ulm, declared he was completely *stupéfié* at the boldness of Pasteur.

Much still remains to be said on hydrophobia; even when these lines appear, the Pasteur method may have reached a still higher degree of perfection, for its inventor is not a man to rest quietly on his laurels—his motto has always been "*en avant.*" If we have interested the reader, and inspired him with some of our own feelings of enthusiasm in this great work, which in all parts of the world is called upon to render incalculable services, then indeed we shall not have written in vain.

Since Pasteur's microbean theories have been received, Dr. Verneuil, one of the greatest French medical celebrities, has taken seriously under consideration the possibility of pulmonary consumption being due to the presence of a microbe. He has opened a subscription for the purpose of erecting an institution for receiving consumptive patients alone, and the first name on the list of donors was that of Pasteur, his offering being accompanied with the following letter, which we find reproduced in the *Gazette hebdomadaire de Médecine et de Chirurgie*, and addressed to Dr. Verneuil:

"MY DEAR COLLEAGUE:

"I send you my modest offering. Accept it, I beg of you, as a proof that I enter, heart and soul, into your most excellent work.

"Allow me to add that I am very happy to give you, thus publicly, a mark of my personal sympathy. You are one of the great converts to those ideas which have succeeded in gaining all unprejudiced minds within the space of only a few years.

"Let us leave those whose ideas are behind the age to attempt the revival of the most antiquated of medical doctrines, that of the spontaneity of virulent and contagious maladies. However desperate their efforts may be, they will not prevent future generations from always going forward towards the increasing light of the microbean doctrines.

"With the expression of all my sympathy, L. PASTEUR."

The day is probably not far distant when all voices will unite in one general song of praise to the illustrious man whose life has been spent ever working for the general good. It may truly be said of him that few existences have presented a more perfect model of a life devoted to ends beneficial to all humanity.

GEORGE PROSPERO.

AT THE GATES.

Lo, He stands at the gate and knocks,
  And thou wilt not let Him in!
The lofty chamber rocks
  With the shouts and the cymbals' din;
And the thousand lights that glow
On smooth limbs white as snow,
  Gleam back in arcs of fire
From jeweled cups, whose wine
Makes each eye with frenzy shine,
  And kindles man's mad desire.
Fierce 'gainst each massive rafter
Beat the drunken cries, and the laughter
Rings out 'gainst the carven blocks
  Of the palace of Death and Sin.
Lo, He stands at the gate and knocks,
  And thou wilt not let Him in!
The brazen portals stand
Unmoved 'neath His nail-pierced hand;
Alone with the night and the rain,
Alone with the longing pain
  For the souls that He yearns to win,
With an endless patience He waits,
Thy Saviour and mine, at the gates,
  And thou wilt not let Him in!

O foolish heart, awake!
  O blind! thy gates throw wide
  To the loving Christ who died
In anguish for thy sake!
Lo, the garish splendor dies
In the tender light of His eyes;
The throbs of His Sacred Heart,
  As it beats for thee, strike dumb
  The clamor of horn and drum,
And Riot and Sin depart,
  For the silence of peace is come.
No longer the arches rock
  With the shouts and the cymbals' din;

Alone with the night and the rain,
Alone with their gnawing pain,
Stand the spectres of Death and Sin—
Yea, they stand at the gates and knock,
And He will not let them in!

JOHN E. MCMAHON, U.S.A.

THE LOCKED ANTLERS.

THIS is the spot where they died,
With none to observe them
Save their mute fellows, wide-eyed,
But helpless to serve them.

Here in the forest they met—
Their fronts grimly lowered
As unto battle they set
Their prowess untoward;—

Met, and these antlers of might—
Their prongs interlocking—
Head unto head fettered tight,
The foes as if mocking.

Held them, their blent, hurried breath
Blown hot in their faces—
Held them till thirst ushered death
To seal their embraces.

. . . . . .

Servants of Hatred, and slaves
To Pride and to Passion,
Look you! what terrible graves
Death loveth to fashion!

Here lie the mouldering rags
Of Passion rude strangled—
Here lie the skulls of the stags,
With horns intertangled.

CHARLES HENRY LÜDERS.

LET ALL THE PEOPLE PRAISE THE LORD!

The Vespers had all been sung, and a true, sweet, heart-entrancing Vespers they were — true in that every antiphon and psalm had been chanted, and as well the chapter and the hymn appointed for the festival, with the Virgin's glorious canticle, followed by the duly ordered prayer, the versicles and responses. When the devout words of the *Salve Regina* had ceased, a galaxy of lights gleamed upon the altar and shed their radiance upon the white-robed choir of men and boys ranged in their due rank on either side, from whose voices no other tone had been heard but that which fitly joined the chanting of the priest—the tones of the church's own true song, sweet, intelligent, devout, and heart-uplifting, the song of many centuries, heard from age to age, which saintly hearts had inspired and saintly voices loved to sing from childhood to the hour that summoned them away from earth to sing the meaning of all song in heaven.

There was a heartiness and a holy joy in the chanting of the singers; a well-ordered, edifying seemliness in the observance of all the proper ceremonies directed by the ritual; and such a brightness and happiness shone upon the faces of all the choristers, as from side to side of the lustrous choir rolled forth the waves of antiphonal melody, that I thought: Here might the holy Psalmist find, apart from the noisy clamor of the world, a chosen number who truly sing, as he himself sang of old: "*Lætatus sum in his quæ dicta sunt mihi: In domum Domini ibimus. Stantes erant pedes nostri in atriis tuis Jerusalem!*"—I was glad when they said unto me: Let us go into the house of the Lord. Our feet have been wont to stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem!

Now the lights upon the altar are all shining, and the service of adoration and praise of the Blessed Sacrament goes on, and, amid the rising clouds of incense, the full-voiced choir in double chorus chant the laudatory ascription: *Genitori, Genitoque, Laus et jubilatio:*

"Honor, laud, and praise addressing
To the Father and the Son,
Might ascribe we, virtue, blessing,
And eternal benison.
Holy Ghost from both progressing,
Equal Praise to thee be done!"

All knees are bended and all heads bow low as, during a moment of impressive silence of all music and song, the Benediction of the Sacramental Victim is given; and then, in joyful acclaim, rises again the psalm of praise, heard once before at Vespers, calling upon—upon whom? Each other among the choristers? Not only so, but upon *all the people* to unite in the general outpouring of thankful hearts, the burden of whose tuneful song is: *Laudate Dominum omnes gentes, laudate eum omnes populi!*—O praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise him, *all ye people.* For his mercy is confirmed upon us, and the truth of the Lord remaineth for ever!

Yet not one note of melody was heard from one of the crowded congregation present!

I had heard other such invitations from the clear, sweet voices of the two bright-faced boy choristers, who, standing before the altar, had intoned the psalms, *Confitebor* and *Laudate pueri:* "I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart, in the assembly of the righteous and in the congregation." "Praise ye the Lord, O ye children; praise ye the name of the Lord. From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, the name of the Lord is worthy to be praised." But from the beginning to the end of the service not one of the people uttered a sound.

The Benediction is over, and now I see the long line of choristers departing from the Sanctuary; and as they go I hear them singing a parting hymn whose words are a loving lingering upon the same glad theme of praise:

"The day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
Yet pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all!

"Around thy throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the skies
Bring ceaseless hymns to thee.

"Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
But oh! the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

"Yet, Lord, to thy dear will
If thou attune the heart,
We in thine angels' music still
May bear an humble part.

"Shine thou within us, then,
A Day that knows no end,
Till songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend!"

The notes of the sweet melody die away; the procession of choristers has passed out of the choir; the lights upon the altar are extinguished; the people rise and depart, and I am left alone, to think. For a thought has persistently intruded itself upon my mind from the beginning of Vespers to the close of the Benediction and through the singing of the recessional hymn—a thought that comes to me in the form of a question: What is the chief object, among all possible purposes sought by the church, in calling a congregation of people together at this Vesper service or at any public service?

The cause which has thrust this question upon me is quite evident. From the beginning to the end of this otherwise perfectly celebrated and charmingly devout service my mind has suffered a painful sense of oppression, caused by the silence of the people, which was all the more oppressive because, on this particular occasion, there was such a large congregation present, numbering very nearly two thousand souls. We of the choir were undoubtedly filled with the joy of the festival, and manifested the gladness of our hearts, as nature and grace equally prompted, by "coming before the Lord with a song, and making a cheerful noise to him with psalms," but the vast, crowded nave seemed dismal, dull, and irresponsive.

I am not long in finding what I am sure must be the general intention of the church in having the people assembled congregationally for divine worship. It surely is Prayer, for that embraces all the offerings of human hearts to God. But what kind of prayer is that which specially befits human hearts to offer in common, in a united assembly, which is, as it were, the voice of an assembly? It is unquestionably the prayer of Praise.

People may come to the church at any hour and upon any day, and pray, alone or in company with devout friends, before the altar; and pray as they may desire, for pardon of sin, for blessings needed by themselves or others. They may pray with intent and power of intercession for the living and the dead. They may come and throw themselves at the feet of God, and there pray with rapturous contemplation, and fly with wings of love into the embrace of the All-Holy and Perfect by the loftiest of all prayers, the Prayer of Union. But though the soul in its glorious liberty may never be denied the use of any or all of

these pinions of the spirit upon which to soar, untrammelled by time or space, into the bosom of its God, and even thus employ its powers during the season when, obedient to the divine summons of the church, it comes to unite itself with the voice of "the church assembled for Praise," it may not now, I reflected, separate itself in spirit, and neither ought it to separate itself in voice, from the united chorus of Praise, and thus deprive God of the very offering he expects to receive, and the chief, if I may not also say the only, object or purpose upon which the church decrees the assembling of people together for religious worship.

I am writing this essay to bring this point home to my readers, many of whom, I venture to assert, have never reflected upon the essential reason lying at the bottom of the strict obligation to come to Mass, or of the object sought by the church in the celebration of Vespers and calling the people to be present at such services.

They are not called there to pray as they please. They are called there by the church to praise God, first and last; and they have no spiritual liberty to ignore that purpose altogether and cheat God of the praise of their hearts—nor of their mouths either, if they are not dumb—while they selfishly spend the whole time begging God for all sorts of private blessings, temporal and spiritual; praying for this and praying for that, busy enough in supplication in order to get something *from* God, but never dreaming that the first reason of all for their being there is to give something *to* God, the only thing that a creature can give him, and the only thing the Catholic Church was founded to give, and that is Praise. Yes, Divine Praise is the one purpose which takes precedence of all other purposes, as it is the end for which public religious worship is established; and yet I think he would not be far wrong who should say that if it be not the last of all the motives present to the minds of the people, as an assembly, at Mass or Vespers, or the last one that draws them thither, it is certainly the least.

I said, *as an assembly*. For it must be borne in mind that the church does not call the people together at her official services as individuals, but that they may form a representative body of the worshipping church gathered together in the name and by the authority of Christ, the Head of the church. *Ubi Christus ibi ecclesia*—Where Christ is, there is the church. Where is Christ? "Wheresoever two or three *are gathered together in My name*, there am I in the midst of them." It is undoubtedly the realization of a divine idea that worshippers should unite together in the more solemn acts of worship, for such a commu-

nion in worship is as universal as the notion and practice of religious worship itself.

That Praise should be esteemed as the first and chief purpose of a religious assembly is beyond question. Let us examine what is the primary, fundamental idea of those two public, common services of the Catholic Church—the Holy Mass and that part of the Divine Office called Vespers.

The Mass is a sacrifice. Whence is derived the notion and purpose of sacrifice? Of all human religious institutions, no act of worship can be shown to have been so ancient, coeval as it was with the first life of mankind upon the earth, or so universal in its acceptation and practice by every nation. Whatever false interpretations of it there may have been, so surely as worship in any sense is of divine institution the act of sacrifice is none the less so. Upon what ethical principle is sacrifice founded? Upon the obligation of the creature to recognize the supreme sovereignty of the Creator. By the sacrifice of what one is and of what one has, man makes an act of abnegation of his own self-sovereignty and of all right to assert himself as the lord and master, or as being in any sense the maker of his own being or of any other creature, and consequently renounces all claim of honor or praise as rightfully ascribed to himself. To God alone belongs all praise for the existence and life of all creatures. To question that truth would be the word of the fool, who says in his heart, There is no God; desiring in his heart to exalt himself, and to be looked upon by his fellow-beings and other creatures "as a god." Then why should he make any act of sacrifice to any other being, and offer the tribute of praise which he thinks due to himself? This was the folly of Adam, and in the foolishness of this arrogant self-sovereignty, this original sin of wishing to be "as a god," and hence by nature led to deny God the supreme praise which is his due, lies the secret of the universal tendency of the whole human race to do the same.

We now plainly see the ethical necessity for the institution of the act of sacrifice: not only as a testimony of God's supreme sovereignty, to whom all praise is due, but also as an act of reparation on the part of the human race to the outraged majesty of God on account of the original sin of the race and its manifold consequences. Worship, Sacrifice, Praise are all correlative.

Sacrifices in blood-shedding and offerings of the fruits of the earth could have no meaning or value except as being vivid and forcible external manifestations of the spiritual interior sacrifice of Praise, the obligation of which their practice

enforced, and which, in the new religion revealed by the Saviour of the world, took the place of the former typical sacrifices of other creatures exacted of mankind. But the humanity of Adam neither would nor could offer this worthy sacrifice of praise, on account of its prevaricated nature. This alone could be rendered by the humanity of Christ, through and by whom alone can man receive strength by divine grace to renounce his own assumption of self-sovereignty, and offer the meed of praise demanded by the supreme, creative sovereignty of God. This is signified and expressed in the doctrine of redemption as taught by the Catholic Church, and also in all her official prayers of worship, every one of which concludes with "*per Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum*"—through Jesus Christ our Lord.

The Mass is, then, the external form of divine Christian worship, which fully embodies and expresses the interior, spiritual sacrifice of Praise due from man to God. That it is also in its expression an external act of sacrificial worship needs no apology, since every human interior act naturally demands the corresponding exterior word, or form-expression, of it.

The Mass is the Christian's obligatory spiritual sacrifice of Praise. That is why it is called Eucharist, or Thanksgiving; and it is the only fully worthy means of offering the interior, spiritual sacrifice of Praise—an obligation on the part of man which he cannot shirk from taking a responsible, active part in; a part that he cannot delegate to another, not even to the sacrificing priest. When the priest is about to enter upon that portion of the Mass in which he is to pronounce the sacrificial words of Consecration, he turns to the people and says to them: "Pray, brethren, that my and your sacrifice may be acceptable to God the Father Almighty," and their response indicates what is the spirit of that sacrifice: "May the Lord receive the sacrifice from thy hands to the praise and glory of his name, to our benefit and to that of all his holy church." Read the various Prefaces preceding the Sanctus, and see what sublime ascriptions they are of praise to the Thrice Holy One; begun by the priest again presenting the chief motive of the sacrifice, and the people acknowledging it in those beautiful salutations and responses: "*Sursum Corda!*"—"Lift ye up your hearts!" "We lift them up to the Lord." "Let us give thanks to our Lord God." "It is meet and just so to do." I need not quote further from the language of this divine service of Praise, which all know the Mass so exhaustively realizes, whether regarded as a whole or taken in its minutest details of language or incomparably expressive ceremonies.

What is the service of Vespers? An educated Catholic ought to know that it is one part of a complete, well-ordered service of divine Praise, beginning with Matins, followed by Lauds and the Little Hours—Prime, Tierce, Sext, and Nones; altogether combined making what is called the Divine Office, the recitation of which is of daily obligation upon all priests and monks. It is made up of portions of Holy Scripture, prayers and sacred anthems and hymns, the greater part being taken from the Psalms of David; the office for Sunday comprising no less than forty-two of them, the rest of the entire Psalter being divided up between the other days of the week.

Unquestionably the intention attached to this Divine Office by the mind of the church is that of Praise. It is the rule in monasteries that the whole of this office be recited and in great part chanted every day, as is said, "in choir"—that is, by all the monks, assembled together congregationally, to the performance of which duty the monks of some orders are obliged to rise and sing nearly one-half of the office during the night, sending up the grateful psalm of praise to God while the greater part of the world is asleep, or while many who may be awake are dishonoring God by sin and self-indulgence.

In good old Catholic times it was almost everywhere a common custom in Christendom for great numbers of pious Christians to visit and attend even the night offices in the churches of the monks, with whose voices they mingled their own with great delight and fervor of heart, deeply impressed with the sense of the obligation of praising God and inspired by the holy example set them of offering this sacrifice of the praise of their mouths. In a former century there used to be a pious confraternity of this sort in Paris, styled "Confraternitas Beatæ Mariæ Parisiensis surgentium ad Matutinas"—The Parisian Confraternity of the Blessed Virgin of those who rise for Matins.

The opening words of the office furnish the key to the spirit of the whole: "*Domine, labia mea aperies, et os meum annuntiabit laudem tuam*"—O Lord, thou shalt open my lips, and my mouth shall declare thy praise. Then to a most wonderful melody is sung the 94th Psalm: "Oh! come let us praise the Lord with gladness, let us joyfully sing to God our Saviour. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise to him with psalms."

Of all the various portions, or so-called "hours," of the office the church has selected that of Vespers, and appointed it to be chanted in all churches, whether parochial or monastic, because of its appropriate length, the seasonable hour for its celebration,

and from the fact that this "hour" of praise was one which had always been more commonly attended by the people, and was therefore one which they understood best and were more accustomed to take an active part in. In former times the conclusion of the office called Compline was always sung as a part of Vespers, as indeed it is in many places to-day in Europe. This Divine Office of Praise is one of the most ancient and most permanently enduring and established institutions of the Catholic Church for the public common celebration of divine worship.

If it could be celebrated according to the standard desired by the church in the style and form of its chanting, with due performance of all the ceremonies of the ritual; and if the people could be sufficiently instructed so as to have an intelligent appreciation of its language and an æsthetic appreciation of its marvellous melodies, its sublime rhythm and its unrivalled beauties of devout tone-expression, it would be impossible to imagine a common congregational form of a service of praise that could rival it in suitability and adaptability to their spiritual needs.

The liturgical services of Holy Mass and Vespers are, then, services of Divine Praise, which, if they were not so, would not be worthy services of religious worship at all, for the chief end of worship, as I have shown, is Praise. The Christian religion in its spiritual sacrifice of praise has fulfilled all the former typical sacrifices, whose ultimate object could have no other meaning. The Christian Praise is at once the praise of Reparation and Perfection. As a sacrifice of reparatory praise it is based upon the principle of the virtue of obedience, thus repairing the vice of human disobedience and refusal to acknowledge the supreme sovereignty of God; whence we derive the reason for the obligation of "hearing" Mass—a term whose use is fraught with unfortunate consequences, giving rise to the present practical separation of the people from union with the sacrificial act of divine worship; for it is not simply hearing or attending Mass that is meant by the obligatory decree, but *uniting* themselves with the priest in its celebration.

As a sacrifice of perfect Praise it is an oblation based upon the principle of the virtue of Charity, or Divine Love—the New Sacrifice which is made possible to prevaricated human nature by the divine grace of regeneration in the Christian humanity.

And now the light of day is fading in the church where I sit and think, and the air, so lately tremulous with song, seems hushed into a reposeful silence by the winged shadows of the twilight as they hover, now over altar and shrine and countenance of pictured saint, now higher over lofty column and carved

capital and upon the deep embrasures of the storied windows, till they soar fluttering upward and are lost to sight amid the fretted groins of the deep, embowered roof. Again there comes back to me an echo of the parting hymn sung by the choristers:

"The day of praise is done,
The evening shadows fall,
Yet pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all!"

Glimmering far in the distance I see the twinkling olive star of the Sanctuary, as though it were an evening star flashing like a jewel upon the hem of the heaven-bright mantle of that True Light who, as a Sun of glory, was enthroned upon the altar's firmament to shed his beaming rays of light and peace and benediction upon the throng of loving hearts prostrate before him, and now has sunk beneath the horizon to rest in his evening Tabernacle of repose. And I ask myself: Why is this service of the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament so eagerly sought by worshippers; what brings together such crowds of people; and what is the principal occupation of these pious souls in presence of their Sacramental God? Out of the whole number of people how many came here this afternoon expressly to praise him? In how many minds was the thought uppermost that this is a blissful moment granted to them to offer to their loving God the grateful sacrifice of Praise? What would be the honest reply if I questioned one coming from High Mass, Vespers, or Benediction, and asked how much of the time of divine worship he had employed in acts of praise? Would it not be that he had come for this or that special intention; to pray for some temporal or spiritual favor; that he took the opportunity of saying his penance, or reciting the beads, making acts of contrition, or fulfilling the conditions of some novena; meanwhile enjoying the delightful singing by the choir, and gazing with admiration upon the splendid ceremonies? But of Praise? O yes! in a general way, of course. But, to make distinct acts of that nature, it really never crossed his mind. Yet here is the Catholic Church establishing these divine services, and perpetuating them through all time precisely for that end.

And now my thinking has served me well; for the reason of the lack of due appreciation of this chief motive of worship is at once apparent. The manner in which the services in our churches are nowadays conducted is such as to impress the minds of the people that, if Praise be indeed the chief motive, such is not *their* part in them. That is the duty of the clergy, and possibly of the choir also. It is for *them* to do all the prais-

ing while the people occupy themselves with silently praying for themselves and others. They instinctively and justly reason that if Praise is expected of them, and they should honestly attempt to unite in it, they would be obliged to speak up as boldly as they felt or sing out as sweetly as they could; and entering into the courts of the sanctuary, they would devoutly say with the clergy, and heartily mean what they say: "O Lord, thou shalt open my lips, and my mouth shall declare thy Praise."

Again I say the divine services are services of the worship of Praise—Praise by the clergy, the choir, *and the people.* Shut the mouths of those who sing the song of Praise unto the Lord, and it is not exaggerating the truth to say that they who are thus silenced will cease to think of Praise as any prominent or urgent purpose of their presence, and leave it to those who can open their lips and declare it.

These are hard, blunt facts and stubborn conclusions. Are my readers surprised, then, that I am pleading so earnestly for congregational singing?

With one other thought—and a grave one it is, and deserving of larger development than I can give here—I leave the subject now. Why do we lament that in our day faith is growing cold? Why is infidelity so successful in spreading its poison among the masses? I have already indicated the reason in the course of this essay. Our age is witnessing one of the very worst exhibitions of the spirit of the fallen nature of Adam the world has ever seen — the spirit of self-sovereignty, self-dominion, self-conceit; the arrogant assumption of the ability, by nature, not only to discover all truth, but as well of creating it, and consequently seeking to deny to God the honor, glory, and Praise due to him as Creator, and the lowly worship of loving obedience to his divine laws as Lord of all. And are we not aiding and abetting this satanic war against the Most High God by putting our hands upon the mouths of his own loving children, whose hearts are burning within their breasts to find utterance, and forbidding them to raise their voices and thus drown, with the all-powerful accents of the Word of God, this hellish clamor of the world, the flesh, and the devil? Their hearts are full enough, and out of the fulness of those hearts they would eagerly and joyfully, if so bidden, speak and sing the words of divine Praise; and as the full tide of holy song would rise in waves of sublime majesty to heaven from the sanctuaries of faith, who would not feel that with these true, loyal souls their bond to God was safe against all attempts of the enemy to weaken or to rend it?

ALFRED YOUNG.

JOHN VAN ALSTYNE'S FACTORY.

XIV.

IN THE MOONLIGHT.

PAUL MURRAY was neither a sage nor a saint, and had he combined the qualities of both he would still have been human. He was simply a very young man, high-principled, and generously gifted by nature, and steadied, moreover, not alone by common sense but by a profoundly-rooted religious faith. Still, he had never been specially devout, not even when he had felt it his duty, as the eldest and best-beloved son of a typical Irish mother, to examine seriously whether he could not gratify her most ardently cherished desire for his vocation. But he was sincere all through, and incapable of pretences. He had inquired diligently whether her wish might not be the token of a higher leading, but with his eyes wide open he had seen what seemed his destined path stretching across the every-day level of Christian duty. Apparently it was to be a commonplace and dusty road, leading to no eminences of opportunity, opening up no vistas of delight. Nevertheless he had set himself to plod along it with a gay heart and an easy conscience. He never went out of his way to seek for trouble, and his thoughts, when they plunged into the future, had been busied chiefly with the problems which affect the mass of men—rarely with personal considerations.

But now, when the horizon had suddenly expanded before his eyes, when without effort of his own he had been lifted out of the rut and endowed with wings, he would have been more or less than human if a great elation had not threatened to intoxicate him with the sense of power. All that men toil for and grow old before they grasp, even when most successful; all that they seek in haste through hidden and ignoble ways, was to be put into his hands at the very threshold, and yet bear on it no taint of dishonesty or self-seeking. True, it was restricted in its use by an obligation of honor and of conscience, but the obligation was one by which he felt that he would have chosen to bind himself under any circumstances. No matter how strictly he might read it, it would leave him practically free; his hands would hold a visible sceptre. He might go where he would; he might command whatever he desired; he might do all that he pleased.

He was still on the road leading towards home when these suggestions occurred to him. His mind, which had been sobered, almost arrested in its action, by the weight of Mr. Van Alstyne's unexpected communication, regained its resilience at a bound. He was too excited to go indoors. The night was fine and still after the storm, and as he went up the easy rise leading to the knoll of which he had spoken as the best site for the church, the round, yellow moon floated above the low hills to the east as if to share his solitude.

He might do all that he pleased. His thoughts returned to harp once more on that chord. He was in the full flush of youth and strength, and his heart, which until within the last few days had been as untouched and virginal as that of a pure young girl, became in an instant fully conscious of itself. He owned, with a quick throb of mingled hope and fear, that his ability to please himself would be curiously curtailed, even abrogated, unless he could persuade Zipporah Colton to come more than halfway to meet him.

He had felt rather than thought about her hitherto; his fancies had hovered about her like moths about a candle, and he had run the risk of singeing his wings almost as heedlessly. He had been aware that a new thread had entered the tissue of his destiny, but as yet he had instinctively refrained from examining the effect it would be likely to have upon the pattern. Even now his thoughts, although he tried to bring them into order, were tinged with the double glow coming from their natural elevation and the special exaltation of the moment.

To a young man capable of that rare thing, a unique, pure, and serious passion, the girl who awakes it is never an ordinary creature of flesh and blood. In herself she may be the essence of the commonplace, but to him she shines through a glorified mist, she is haloed with all virtues, she is hedged around with a rose-thicket, impenetrable save to the destined prince at the one fortunate hour. She has been revealed to him by he knows not what unlooked-for miracle, and at first he hardly cares to hope that the unexpected flash has been a mutual illumination. Her remoteness is but one lure the more to his imagination; when he forms a desire it is not that she were nearer, but that he may find in himself force enough to overpass the happy obstacles that lie between them. If, ordinarily, there are not many obstacles to surmount, it is because ordinarily there is no question of such a passion of the soul involved. In the spring the pairing season comes, the birds of a locality and a feather flock together, and

the new nests are built without other prevision of consequences than is implied in that instinctive reliance on Providence which experience seldom fails to justify. The world, otherwise, would lapse speedily into the sterility of decay, affording meanwhile, in its decline, an unexpected opportunity to political economists of the *laissez-faire* school for testing the value of the Malthusian theory. The love which brings about such unions is without doubt a true one, since the pivot on which the round world turns must be made of solid stuff; nevertheless it is, perhaps, not often that of which the saying holds immutably, that its course did never yet run smooth.

To Paul Murray, as he stood alone in the still night, the moonlight flooding the wide, familiar levels which his eyes beheld but of which his thoughts took no cognizance, there grew into unmistakable distinctness the obstacle which from the first had so daunted him that he had turned from it instinctively, even while persisting in his gaze on what lay beyond. He came not merely of that race whose existence has been a crucifixion for six centuries, but of blood which on both sides had been poured out like water through martyrs and confessors, even though it reddened still with shame as it contemplated what it counted as its sole disgrace, its one apostate. There was a Murray now living who had lost his vocation, trampled on his faith, imperilled his soul for the love of a woman; there were children of his whom Paul had never seen, though of one of them the daily journals brought him frequent news, since he was the governor of a neighboring State and talked of as a candidate for the presidency—children who had been taught to despise the religion of their fathers and to blush when reminded of their lineage. Until now Paul had thought most often of this uncle—a feeble old man, and said to be in his dotage—with a scornful, indignant wonder; to-night he brooded over him with a self-pitying, dangerous compassion.

He had very little actual knowledge concerning that nominally Protestant life with which he was strictly contemporary. Brought up himself to revere the same ideals and hold the same beliefs with his fathers, immersed in affairs and occupied with thoughts which had no immediate reference to such matters, he had never studied the phenomena presented by a generation drifting rapidly away from dogmatic belief toward an easy and complaisant liberalism. To him a Protestant was still what the name had implied in the family traditions—a bitter but sincere believer, to whose bitterness much might be forgiven on account

of his sincerity, since he was still undergoing the penalty threatened unto the third and fourth generation of those who forget God and turn away from his law. The only convert whom he had personally known was Father Seetin, and such of his own experiences as the old priest had recounted to him in their somewhat familiar intercourse had been of a sort which did not run counter to this impression.

Miss Colton, indeed (his thoughts reverted to her after having made, in a much briefer space, the round thus indicated), did not seem personally bigoted. If she were she would hardly accompany his sister to daily Mass, as she was still doing. But that, after all, meant nothing. There was no prohibition on her side which forbade such action, and on Sundays she invariably went elsewhere. Her convictions, though erroneous, were doubtless as deeply rooted as his own. If she loved him—Paul stopped, frightened, despite himself, by the strong shudder which thrilled him as that thought took form; a moment later he took courage and pursued it. Perhaps in that case she might even be willing to sink their differences and marry him in spite of them. But could he, dared he, in honor and conscience, seek to make her love him when he knew that he must demand even more than that? It was not alone his obligation to consider the expressed mind of the church with regard to such marriages which bound him. The authority which imposed that obligation could release from it under given conditions and for substantial reasons. But he had given his word to his mother on her death-bed, and he knew himself incapable of violating it. Suppose the girl he loved were made of stuff so like his own that she, too, would be unable to deny or even question the faith she had sucked in with her mother's milk?

It was a thought characteristically Irish as well as Catholic—the instinct of a race whose glory it has been to be persecuted and to stand steadfast, as well as the word of a faith which, because it gives a certainty profounder than conviction, which goes deeper than the reason ever sounded, and puts its tendrils about life itself, fails to comprehend, even when it sees, that readiness to be blown about by every wind of doctrine which is of the essence of heresy. By a not unnatural contradiction, the attitude which he trembled to find in Zipporah Colton was at the same time one which would have ennobled her in his eyes—nay, which did so now; for, with a lover's veritable instinct, he heightened every wall of separation between them and made every abyss bottomless. Why, else, does Love have wings?

He turned and looked all about him at the field of which he was to be the master, and where the eyes of his imagination beheld already the hive which was to be; the new industries that he would introduce; the opportunities it would be his duty to open up for thousands to make of this life something more desirable than a mere round of ill-paid, grinding toil. At his left the stream flowed tranquilly, broader here than elsewhere, interrupted sometimes in its course by mossy boulders, around which it poured with a song and a dash of silvery foam, shaded now and again by wide-branching trees, illumined all along its path by often-broken, as often-renewed gleams of light from the far-off skies. What a paradise life might be made if here, where the last Adam was to be left free to transmute into blessing the curse of labor pronounced upon the first, the one drop which would make the cup of his existence brim to the lip were not withheld! What a renewal of the patriarch's vision, where angels might continually come and go, to keep open and illumine the way leading visibly from earth to heaven!

A week earlier and no such dreams as these would have come to disturb the easy rhythm of Paul Murray's pulses. He had grown accustomed in certain ways to the management of wealth, and Mr. Van Alstyne's gift would have occurred to him only as adding the power of expansion and the seal of continuity to his already familiar efforts. He thought of that, but without impatience, though he sighed as he turned once more to face the light. Wealth, in its vulgar aspects, would have had no power to dazzle him, as it would have none to gild his disappointment should one await him. Now, as before, he could not fail to welcome it as a gift of God, which would multiply indefinitely his powers of service. But how strange that the touch of a girl's hand, the sound of a girl's voice, the sight of dusky lashes sweeping a blushing cheek, should have come in a day to have power either to deepen into ecstasy or else to rob of zest all other goods of life! How willingly, were it in his power, he would throw all else aside, and be but too content with poverty and labor, if so he might have her, and with her a quiet conscience!

XV.

IN MARY ANNE'S KITCHEN.

MARY ANNE MURRAY and Fanny were alone together in the long kitchen at the back of the house about ten o'clock the following morning. Davie was off in a meadow adjoining Mr. Van Alstyne's grounds, surveying the breaking-in of a colt concerning whose destination he entertained prophetic hopes. Certainly its training had been taken in hand the very next morning after he had announced his coming birthday to the owner of it. Fanny, in a blue gingham bib, her fair locks tucked beneath a knotted kerchief, her little arms bare to the elbows, was taking her weekly initiation into household mysteries at the hands of her sister. She stood on a stool in front of a floury moulding-board, across which the clambering vines about the end window were casting flickering shadows. She had been concocting vanilla cookies, and had an array of them before her, which she was marking elaborately with a three-tined fork, preparatory to laying them in a baking-pan. The front gate opened and shut, and Fanny, lifting her eyes from this operation, presently beheld an anxious-faced woman, with one rosy baby in her arms, and another, just able to toddle, clinging to her skirt, coming down the walk at the side of the house, evidently on her way to the kitchen-door.

"Here comes Mrs. Lant, Sissy," she said in a low voice, turning to Mary Anne, who was at some distance, testing the heat of the oven. "Did brother Paul tell you? Davie says Job Strong says he had to help carry Mr. Lant home again last night, an' Davie guesses he'll have to go this time. Isn't it awful?"

Mary Anne rose quickly from her stooping posture and came over to the table. "That will do, Fanny dear," she said. "I wish the men would not speak about such things before Davie. These are ready now, and you may wash your hands and keep the children out in the garden while I talk to Mrs. Lant."

A characteristically timid knock on the half-open door announced Mrs. Lant; the next instant she set it wide, and with her disengaged hand urged forward the little Bessie, whose own inclination was to hang back and bury her face in her mother's gown. A newly-baked cooky in Fanny's hand speedily tempted

her out of her shyness, and Mrs. Lant, relieved of both her babies, came and sat down at the end of the table where Mary Anne was busy. They looked at each other with sorrowful comprehension and simultaneous sighs.

Mrs. Lant was the wife of the man whom Paul Murray had picked up on the road the evening before; he was an assistant-engineer, whose intelligence and general ability had already earned him promotion, as they would have continued to do but for the fatal habit into which he had lately relapsed after an unprecedentedly long interval of self-restraint. He belonged in the neighborhood, although he had been in John Van Alstyne's employment but two years, coming there from a mill at the Corners, whence he had been discharged on account of drunkenness. Mr. Van Alstyne had taken him on in a capacity beneath his abilities, solely at the entreaty of his wife, whom he had known all through her girlhood in the village. Lant had signed the pledge at the time, and observed it so faithfully that he had risen from one step to another until early in the past summer, when the prevailing epidemic had carried off a crippled little son of whom he was passionately fond. He celebrated the interval before the funeral with a spree of an aggravated character, but apparently settled down again into sobriety directly afterwards. But he lost then the control he had been slowly gaining over his appetite, and, a second relapse having also been condoned, he had now fallen again, notwithstanding the peremptory warning addressed him by his employer.

"It don't seem one bit of use, Miss Murray," the woman began, the sobbing sigh in her voice which betrays a recent convulsion—"Eben, he can't help it. Ma says it's a judgment on me, an' that I hadn't any call to go an' marry a man without no fear o' God before his eyes, an' the love o' liquor in his bones. But I thought," her voice beginning to shake again, and finally ending in a cry—"I thought if there was *any* way o' savin' him it would be by lovin' him, an' God knows I did that an' do it still. But he can't—there an't no use."

There are some griefs which the most compassionate heart can find no words to soothe. Mary Anne said nothing; she only laid her hand on Mrs. Lant's shoulder and stroked it gently from time to time, while the poor creature, her head buried in her arms, which she had flung out upon the table, was shaken with the tempest of her sorrow.

"I ben driven round from pillar to post, an' from post to pillar, ever since I married him a'most, an' I'd kind o' got over

hopin' it would ever be any better," she began again. "But when he'd kep' stiddy for a year an' more, an' we moved into the new house all by ourselves last fall, I thought mebbe things *had* begun to take a turn. But they han't. He says to me only this mornin', when he come to himself, 'It's all up, Almira Jane,' says he; 'there an't no good o' my strivin' any more. It comes at me like a tiger, an' I got to give in. But I won't be a millstone round *your* neck no more; I'll go off an' hang myself quiet somewhere, an' then folks 'll help you with the children!' An' he 'll do it, too. That's what I was afraid of the last time, but I never heard him say it out before."

"O no!" said Mary Anne, horrified. "He won't do that; we *must* do something—we must contrive some plan. I'm afraid —I'm *afraid* my brother cannot keep him on. He went off and left his engine yesterday, and, but for some one else noticing, there might have been an accident."

"Yes, I know," returned Mrs. Lant; "Job Strong told me when he helped bring him in last night. An' I talked to him cross-like about it when he first came to; for indeed, Miss Murray, I'm 'most wore out with worry. But it *an't* so much his fault, do you think?" looking earnestly at Mary Anne. "It's a disease, like. His father was just the same when he was young, but he reformed an' was stiddy for years, an' then he took to it again at the end. When it's in the blood so, there don't seem any way to get it out."

"Only the grace of God," said Mary Anne softly.

"Yes, I know; but that he han't got. He was so down this mornin' that he cried, an' I cried along with him an' tried to cheer him up. An' I said to him that the minister 'd be here tomorrow, an' why wouldn't he go down with me to church an' swear off solemn-like? But he says: 'It's all very well for you, Almira Jane, but what have I got to swear by.'"

It was an old story, to which Mary Anne had listened more than once before. It was to her entreaties that Eben Lant had owed his last reprieve. But now she felt herself powerless, and had only her silent tears by way of answer. Mrs. Lant wiped away with the corner of her apron those that kept welling down her own cheeks as she talked.

"I know Eben can't keep on here at the fact'ry, an' so does he; that's what makes him give right up so. 'If I can't quit it here,' he says, 'where the boss treats you like a man an' goes out of his way to give you a hand, how 'm I goin' to do it anywheres else?' An' it's true, Miss Murray—how is he? He fell

off asleep again then, an' I got up as soon as it was light, an' I walked 'way out to ma's at East Milton. I thought if she'd take the two biggest little girls I could get somebody, mebbe, to keep the baby for me between hours, an' perhaps Mr. Murray would take me on at the mill. I'm used to it—I used to work over at the Corners before I met Eben there an' got married. But ma couldn't," she went on, with another hopeless sigh; "she said she'd like to, an' I s'pose she would, but when a woman marries again where there's children already she can't do just as she wants to. I'm clear beat out; I don't know *what* to do."

"It seems very hard," said Mary Anne, "that it should be you who must try to earn money, with a husband so young and strong."

"He *an't* strong when he's got *that* the matter with him! An' why shouldn't I go to work that way to help him, if only I could? I han't got no call to turn my back on him just for that. If he was bed-ridden, or anything, folks 'ud think it was all right; an' why not now, when what he's got is more 'n twice as bad again? But I can't—I don't see any way to turn. I s'pose I'll have to go into the county house until the baby's weaned, an' *then* I'll have to leave *them* there when I come out!"

"I told ma," Mrs. Lant sighed out again, after an interval of silence, "what Eben said this morning, an' I thought—God forgive me!—she seemed to ketch right on to it. She said he was a reprobate, an' there wa'n't no kind o' use in tryin' to do anything for such, an' that the churchyard was the best place for 'em. Isn't it strange, Miss Murray, how your own flesh an' blood is the very hardest to you sometimes? She said old Mr. Lant was just such another, for, if he hadn't ben, the Lord would 'a took him when he was turned round an' joined the church an' was a-walkin' straight, instid o' waitin' until he tumbled down in a drunken fit after so many years. An' it *is* hard to see through, but oh! Miss Murray, if I believed it about my Eben, it 'd only make me stick closer to him, because he hadn't anybody but me to look to. But I *don't* believe it."

"O no!" said Mary Anne, "you mustn't believe it. It isn't *right* to say such things, nor to think them. The mercy of God is above all his works. Poor Mr. Lant! he is nobody's enemy but his own."

"Indeed he isn't, Miss Murray. There isn't a feeliner heart, nor a better husband, nor a kinder father when he is himself."

"Couldn't you leave the children with him if you go into the

mill?" suggested Mary Anne. "I feel sure my brother would employ you."

"He'd feel too ashamed, I'm afraid; but that an't all. I dasn't do it. O Miss Murray, I never meant to tell *anybody*, but I must tell you—you an't like folks: you can feel for a person. I never said it even to ma, but she lived nigh us then, an' she suspected it from the way he went on, an' she never could abide him since. It was him lamed little Eben; he *would* stand him up on his shoulder, spite of all I could do, when he'd had too much once, an' he let him fall. But that sobered him, an' kep' him so straight that I was a'most thankful for it. He was so bright an' cute, the little fellow, an' Eben he had such a longin' to make up to him in some way for what he'd done. He had all his plans laid to give him the best o' schoolin'. He had begun to put money in the bank an' all, just gittin' ready for that, an' then he died. *Everything* seems to go against Eben; he never has *any* chance! An' all along I knew what you say 's true about the grace o' God. I kep' tremblin' all the time that things seemed comin' right without that, an' I kep' hopin' an' prayin' that somehow or other he'd git low enough to go down on his knees an' cry out for help in the only place where there is any. But now I don't know *what* to think. If anything like what he said should happen to my Eben I should go mad. I *couldn't* stand it! O my God, it would be too *awful* hard to bear!" Her head went down again on the table. Mary Anne sank on her knees beside her, crying too.

"*Don't* cry so, dear," she said presently; "we can manage it some way. Perhaps Mr. Lant can get some jobs among the farmers—I want a man to do some things here about the garden next week—and you can bring all the children to me in the mornings and come for them noons and nights. I will look after them. I believe Mr. Lant *will* take another turn. I have known men worse than he, who did, after all, give up drinking and keep sober until the end of their lives. You *mustn't* give up. You must go right on praying for him, and so will I."

Mrs. Lant looked up through her tears with a pitiful smile. "God in heaven bless you for that word, Miss Murray! But you are too good—I couldn't trouble *you* like that. I never thought—" she stopped, and then broke out again in a different tone: "I *won't* lie to you about it—I can't. I come here just *longin'* to hear you say that, when I found ma couldn't. I felt sure you would if there wasn't any other way. There isn't anybody like you in the world. Would you speak to Mr. Murray for me,

please? If it was me that took to drinkin' he wouldn't turn Eben away, nor think he ought to put me out o' doors either. Now would he?"

Fanny came up to the open window with the child fretting in her arms. "I guess baby wants you, Mrs. Lant," she said; "I can't keep her quiet any longer."

"Bring her in, dear," said Mary Anne, rising hastily, "and then put the cakes in the oven and look after them. I must go into the mill for a minute. You'll sit here, won't you, Mrs. Lant, until I come back?"

"I'm afraid I mustn't stay very long," said the poor woman, turning to take her baby. "I'll wait an' see that the oven 's all right for the little girl, but I left Janey in next-door when I come over, an' I ought to get back. Mr. Lant, he an't very well this morning, an' he was in bed yet." This gloss was added for the juvenile ears of Fanny. Except to Miss Murray and to "ma," Mrs. Lant always kept a brave front, and, from the force of habit, still drew a veil over her wounds, even when she knew that it was threadbare and utterly transparent.

Mary Anne returned in a few minutes. There was a little furrow between her eyes which had not been there when she left the kitchen, but her voice was, as usual, quiet and self-contained.

"I did not see my brother, Mrs. Lant," she said; "he has gone to town on business. Mr. Van Alstyne was in the office, and I spoke to him. He is not willing to break his rule about employing married women as factory hands when their children are so young as yours. He says there will be plenty of work for your husband when they begin digging for the new mill next week."

"I'm afraid Eben won't like that," said the wife, sighing. "It'll be such a come-down for him after what he's ben a-doin' lately. But don't you fret about it, Miss Murray; I know you done your best for him."

But, sympathetic as she was, it was not Mrs. Lant's troubles which were now lifting Mary Anne's eyebrows and lowering the corners of her mouth. Mr. Van Alstyne's words as he parted from her at the mill entrance were still ringing in her ears.

"I don't quite know what took your brother to Riverside to-day," he had said in answer to her question; "but it is a pretty good day for a drive, and I suspect that Miss Colton's being there may have had something to do with it. He took

my buggy to the train this morning and will fetch her back in it to supper. An attractive young lady that!"

XVI.

"A PERSON AT THE CENTRE."

MR. COLTON'S house bore so good a reputation as a place of entertainment for members of the Methodist itinerancy that there was nothing unusual in the fact that toward noon on Saturday a gentleman in a brand-new suit of clerical black and a clean but badly-tied white "choker" rang the door-bell and sent down his name to its mistress. Under ordinary circumstances Mrs. Colton would not have received this announcement with especial pleasure. In her own way she was as religious as her husband, and perhaps even more wedded to the opinions she had accepted as most in conformity with her own, but there was a warmth of nature and an effusiveness about him which occasionally overflowed into extraordinary conduits, with the tolerably certain result of diminishing the home supplies, and with this she was not at all in sympathy. Nor, except at Conference times, when she accepted the office of hostess as a recognized duty, did she really enjoy the chance guests who came to her door at dinner or supper hour, as to a house of call where their cloth entitled them to welcome. But to-day she had her own reasons for being pleased to see her visitor, and went to greet him, if not with a smiling face, at least with not too unrelenting a composure.

"*Good*-morning, Sister Colton," he said, rising and offering her a pudgy hand. "As I have seen your daughter so much more recently than you have, I thought I would call and let you know she seems to be in excellent health and spirits."

"Zipporah is at home just now, thank you, Brother Meeker," said Mrs. Colton, returning his greeting and then seating herself in a bolt-upright position at some distance from the easy-chair into which her guest was subsiding; "she came up yesterday."

Notwithstanding the nature of her reason for welcoming Mr. Meeker's advent, Mrs. Colton's voice, at the first mention of Zipporah's name, had involuntarily taken on a more than ordinary constraint. Zip and her mother were very like in some respects, and not least so in an instinctive sense of feminine reserve and dignity, against which it was extremely easy to offend. There are mothers who accept on behalf of their daughters

every masculine tribute of the sort Mr. Meeker had offered as undoubted compliments, to be treasured as an Indian treasures scalps, indifferent whether they be red, or black, or gray; but Mrs. Colton was not of their number. At this moment she felt that her curiosity concerning the girl's surroundings would be allayed at too dear a cost if she had to purchase its satisfaction either by questioning her guest or even by seeming to listen with too evident attention to anything he might have to volunteer. At the same time her resolve to obtain whatever information he possessed on that score remained unshaken.

Brother Meeker was himself rather non-plused by the likelihood of meeting Zipporah at dinner. The novelist's omniscience is so limited in its scope that it is hard to say whether nature or grace had most to do with the fact that at this period of the Reverend Adoniram Meeker's life the most ardent of his irascible propensities was a tepid rancor, not often, and not easily, heated into effervescence. That task, however, had been recently accomplished by Zipporah Colton, and though under ordinary circumstances his emotion might never have bubbled over into speech, yet his presence in town on business connected with his approaching marriage, his need of a good dinner, and the fact that he had travelled in the same train with Paul Murray that morning, and so been reminded anew of the affront he had received, all combined to make Brother Meeker feel that the providential moment for action had arrived. Such, at least, had been his persuasion until he listened to the unexpected news with which Mrs. Colton had replied to his first greeting. His interior kaleidoscope got a new shake on the instant. He began to doubt whether it were wise to provoke another encounter with so ready-tongued a young woman, even under cover of her parents. Of course he ought to be able to count on their support under the circumstances; but then, could he, as a matter of fact? He looked at Mrs. Colton and thought her expression unpropitious. And at this point his conscience came up to the help of his timidity, and while still bearing him unimpeachable witness that he had no intention of unveiling his personal wound, yet proposed a doubt as to whether his smarting under one might not give the color of mere self-indulgence to what he felt like saying. He was a conscientious man, Brother Meeker, and he kept on revolving this doubt, his lips, meanwhile, engaged in more ordinary platitudes of speech, until Mr. Colton came in to dinner. He entered alone, to the secret relief of his wife, who had expected

to see her daughters with him, and who learned with pleasure that they had gone home with their brother. She was conscious of one of those inexplicable maternal intuitions which assured her that Zip's presence would be superfluous if she were to accomplish her purpose of using her husband in skilfully pumping her guest on the subject of Milton Centre and the nature of its special attractions.

As for Brother Meeker, his courage began to revive again, and with it that ineradicable propensity to gossip which the late Henry Fawcett, as Mr. Leslie Stephen records, thought that no man worth his salt is ever without. As to his conscience, he had, in fact, a rather strong case against it, inasmuch as Zip had wounded his *esprit de corps* rather more severely than his private susceptibilities. He felt entirely sure that he had been well within the limit of both his right and his duty in warning one whom he considered as a lamb of his flock of what he thought a dangerous occasion, and, while a cool rejoinder or a civil silence on her part would not have surprised him, such a rebuff as he had actually experienced was too much for his official dignity. Even the late Mrs. Meeker had never ventured to such lengths profane.

"Well, now, it is a pity Zip didn't come home with me," Mr. Colton said, as the dessert was being set on the table; "between you we should have heard all about the village you are running together. Church and school, eh? I haven't had a chance to talk much to her yet, but you ought to be doing pretty big things down there."

"Well, I suppose we ought to," said Brother Meeker, dubiously, "but—but the church services are intermittent nowadays, you know. And as for the school, since Brother Jones's time the preacher in charge hasn't had much to do with it."

"How is that?"

"Well, Mr. Van Alstyne is a sort of an autocrat, as it ware, and the house that has always been used as the parsonage belonged to him, though he always gave it rent-free. It was very commodious, too—*very* commodious I may say," interjected Brother Meeker with a sigh. "But Brother Jones and the Romish priest at Milton Corners got into some difficulty about the Irish children, and Mr. Van Alstyne unfortunately took the part of the priest and told Brother Jones he must stop going into the school to talk to them. He was rather per*emp*tory about it, I have heard, and Brother Jones, on his side, insisted

so strongly on his Christian liberty that Mr. Van Alstyne refused to give the use of the parsonage after the end of that year, and cut down his subscription so largely in other ways that it has not been possible since to provide full support for a resident pastor. So my hands are tied, as it ware. And then there is a great deal of backsliding to contend with. Some of the people have got into the habit of going over to the Presbyterian church at the Corners when there is no preaching, instead of coming to East Milton, and continue it occasionally even when there is; and some, especially of the mill-hands, lounge about and do not go at all."

"A good, rousing revival is what you want," said Mr. Colton, looking interested.

"Yes, if it could be got up; but there don't seem to be much material to work on. Mr. Van Alstyne's attitude has been unfortunate in more ways than one. He has been a sort of petty Providence, as it ware, in the village for these many years, and his example in always staying away from the meetings has been prejudicial, as I may say. Besides that, the fact of his contributing so largely to the resources of the church got the people into a habit of depending on him, and so they don't take the interest they ought to."

"He must be a curious sort of a mixture," said Mr. Colton. "There seems to be no limit to his liberality when he chooses to exercise it, by all I could hear when I was down there, and what my daughter has been telling us. But he is evidently as queer as Dick's hat-band."

"Well, that is true enough. His generosity hasn't any bounds except his whims, so far as I have been able to judge. His daughter-in-law, who resides with him—a very charming lady, too—has hinted to me that his eccentricities really seem to surpass the limits of good plain sense at times. But I wouldn't feel prepared to go to that length exactly, from anything I have been able to observe myself. There is a certain method in his madness, if I may use the expression."

"You'd better set Zip at him," suggested the father with a complacent smile; "she seems to have found the way into his good graces at the first try. He gave her a blank check for some commissions he entrusted her with yesterday, and seems to have left her completely free as to how she should fill it up. Who was it she bought a piano for, Martha?"

"One of the school-children. Murray was the name, I think."

"Oh! Murray is the manager at the mill. Yes, that is quite in keeping with what I know of Mr. Van Alstyne." Brother Meeker paused to clear his throat and to consider. "I have been rather unfortunate in my attempts to see Miss Zipporah thus far," he said finally. "I don't get to the Centre very often except on my regular Sundays, and she is never there on those occasions."

"She goes to Milton Corners every week to visit a friend she has there," explained Mrs. Colton.

"Yes, I know; but if she could feel like stopping over and helping me a little in the way of taking a class at Sabbath-school, we might keep up some sort of service every Lord's Day, even when I cannot be there. All that is wanted is some one with a little influence to make a start, and others would join in. I own I had great hopes when I heard who was to have the school this session, but thus far I have been disappointed."

"She gets rather tired of teaching on week-days, I suppose," said Mrs. Colton, "and feels like resting and enjoying some young company. There isn't much, I believe, in Milton Centre? Help Brother Meeker to some more pudding, Thomas."

"I *will* take just a morsel, thank you. No; there is not a great deal. Brother Crandall has two grown daughters, but I don't know as they would be very congenial. And there's—well, there's the manager's sister, Miss Murray. I believe Miss Zipporah has made quite friends with her. I did hear that they walk over to church together pretty nearly every morning before daylight. I can't say of my own knowledge that it is so. And then there is young Murray himself." Brother Meeker cleared his throat again, and applied himself to his pudding.

"What's that?" said Mr. Colton. "The Murrays are Romanists, aren't they?"

"Well, they are, unfortunately. The fact is, what with the priest over at the Corners—who is, as you might say, a renegade Methodist himself, having been brought up by most excellent parents, I am told—and the superior position and ability of young Murray, Romanism has a much securer footing down our way than it otherwise would have. As Mrs. William Van Alstyne was saying to me but yesterday, her father-in-law seems so taken up with the Murrays that there is no predicting to what lengths he won't go to please them. I"—Brother Meeker hawked once more and then prepared for his plunge—"the fact is, I have felt it my duty to hint to you that"—he glanced at Mrs. Colton, and saw, or thought he saw, a danger-signal that

shunted him a little from his first position—"Romanism, as we all know, is very insidious, and your daughter, being at an age when its fascinations, especially when embodied by other young persons, as it ware, of both sexes, are more enticing, if one might so speak, than when the judgment is matured—I—in fact I have once tried to warn her, but without much success. It may be that your advice, as her parents, would be more acceptable."

Brother Meeker had got his budget pretty well emptied by this time, and it may be hoped that he experienced an interior relief, but outwardly and for the moment he could hardly be supposed to draw any perceptible satisfaction from his efforts.

"O pshaw!" said Mr. Colton good-humoredly, shoving his chair back from the table as he spoke. "I wouldn't fret on the score of Zip's Romanizing, if I were you. You say you don't know for a fact that she goes to church with Miss Murray, whereas I have it from her own lips that she has attended service with the Cadwalladers every single Sunday. As to getting up before daylight to go on week-days! He don't know Zip, does he, Martha?"

"I don't think he does!" said Mrs. Colton, bridling. The allusion to the likelihood of religious perversion, entirely sincere on the preacher's part, had with her also fallen on momentarily deaf ears, and for the life of her she could no longer refrain from the little, feminine, personal dig which she thought Brother Meeker deserved—"not as well as he might, considering! I can't imagine any *reason* he can have for supposing Zipporah so susceptible that every chance acquaintance she makes need be supposed dangerous to her!"

"Can I give you a lift anywhere, dominie?" asked Mr. Colton, as they all rose. "There's the buggy at the door, and I am due at the office just on the nail to-day, for Nat is going up-town with his sisters, and there is no one else to take his place."

Brother Meeker felt the invitation most opportune. For a man who had with some difficulty collared himself, "as it ware," and discharged what he now felt to have been a painful duty, his immediate reward was not great, and his impulse to get away from it was rather urgent. He got his good-byes said, therefore, and was well out of sight by the time Mrs. Colton's first flush of feminine triumph had sufficiently subsided to permit her to regret having indulged her little temper so soon. What was the man hinting at about "young Murray"? and why couldn't she have held her tongue a minute longer, at all events,

and got at all he had in mind? But for him she would still be in ignorance that there was any "young Murray?" in existence, who need cause her any manner of anxiety. There was still Zip, who might be interrogated, to be sure; but the subject would be a difficult one to broach now, even if it were her mother's way to try to take a bull out of a china-shop by its horns, which it never had been.

LEWIS R. DORSAY.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A CHAT ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

Katharine Regina, by Walter Besant (New York: Harper & Bros.), and *Miser Farebrother*, by B. L. Farjeon, same publishers, are sure of a large sale. Besant is a favorite just now, because he persuades his readers that in following his characters they are helping along a great reform in the lives of the working-people of London. Mr. Besant is a humanitarian; he thinks that people can be made and kept good by clean rooms, fresh air, baths, good music, and innocent amusements. There is no doubt that the horrible crowding, the lack of any substitute for the pleasures of the gin-shop or of the beer-saloon, the monotonous toil of the poor in large cities, affect them and their children as the absence of sunshine affects plants. There are sins to which the penury of the poor makes temptation easy. But Mr. Besant's plans for a large pleasure-palace for working men and women, and for the securing of fresh air, comfortable rooms, and rational amusements for them, would prove abortive if directed only by the "religion of humanity." The impression one gets from Mr. Besant's novels is that he, a man of heart and talent, kindly takes care of the people whom God forgets! God, if recognized at all, is always a long distance away in Mr. Besant's schemes. He and his people are expert in the art of helping themselves, and, if they have any time to spare, they are willing to help God in managing the world! In *Katharine Regina*, as in *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, the problem of providing better homes for working-girls is considered. Mr. Besant is dissatisfied with institutions such as the late Mr. Stewart planned for them. He thinks they ought to be allowed to receive young

men in the evenings. From all this we gather that Mr. Besant has nothing better, in spite of all his elaborate and interesting writing on the subject, to offer than the old plan of providing for lonely girls—that is, by marriage.

Mr. Besant is a keen observer, and his sympathy is always alert for the sufferings of the London poor. He shows that no creature is so helpless as a young girl of good principles cast on the world without preparation for the battle of life. Katharine tries to be a governess. The market is over-crowded; she loses her places and comes very near to despair and death, when she is saved by the return of her lover and marriage. Mr. Besant does well to point out the ulcers at the root of a social system which substitutes selfishness for Christian charity, which helps Dives to ignore Lazarus by teaching him that a machine-like system of alms-giving may quiet his conscience. But Mr. Besant would do well to remember that the elevation that may come from clean and well-ventilated rooms and popular concerts cannot reach much beyond the surface. It is foolish to teach the mass of people that amusements and luxuries should be some of the objects of life, and that these things belong of right to them. Mr. Besant seems to follow Mr. John Bright in this abortive and dangerous teaching. Mr. Besant, in *Katharine Regina*, shows in the character of the young German, Dittmer, two of the remedies which must be internally applied—and by themselves—to the great mass of men to-day before they can begin to feel that poverty may be made endurable. These remedies are persistent industry and frugality. The young German is poor, yet he does not suffer; he is hopeful; he enjoys a moderate amount of play after his work. If many of our young American clerks who see no "future" before them had the self-denial to appreciate these remedies, there would be more happiness among them.

"'I have learnt what I could—mathematics, languages, book-keeping, short-hand, physical geography, commercial and political history, and the present condition of trade over all the world. I know every harbor and its exports and imports, and the principal merchants who carry on its trade.

"'Modern trade wants all this knowledge. There will very soon be no more English merchants, because our young men will not learn the new conditions of trade. In every office there must be clerks who can write and speak foreign languages. Your young men will not learn them, and your schools cannot teach them. Then we come over—we who have learned them. For my part, I can write and read English, Swedish, Danish, French, Spanish, Italian, Dutch, and German. Do you think we shall be content to stay here as clerks? No, no. Do you think that I have

come here to sit down with forty pounds a year? We are cheap, we German clerks. You say so. Mein Gott! you will find us dear. We are learning your trade; we find out your customers and your correspondents; we learn your profits, and we undersell you. We do not go away. We remain. And presently, instead of an English house, there will be a German house in its place, because your young men are so stupid that they will not learn.

"'I study English commerce—I study how it began and why it is now coming to an end. The English clerk will not learn anything, and expects to be paid like an Amtsrichter at least. In Deutschland we learn, and we are poor at first. *Ja wohl!* we are poor, but we can wait. It is your high salaries in your army, in your navy, in your church, in your trade, in your administration, which ruin Great Britain. Everywhere the German merchant drives out the Englishman and the American; your commerce goes out of your hands; for the moment only it remains in London, thanks to the Germans and the Jews. When we have taken Antwerp it will all go there—all—and where will be your London then? All—all shall be Deutsch.'"

Dittmer here puts his finger on some truths that Americans, as well as Englishmen, are learning, and will fully learn when it is too late. *Katharine Regina*, as a novel, is not worth much. As a suggestive essay on a great social question it has value.

Mr. Farjeon gained his reputation by a supposed resemblance to Dickens. If this ever existed it has now entirely disappeared. *Miser Farebrother* has no depth of any kind. It is a crude story, whose personages seem to be painted mechanically on a hard, flat surface. There is the distractingly amiable young woman, who is the daughter of an utterly bad old man, the villanous and doting mother of an evil and ungrateful son, the perfect young man, the murder, the trial of the wrong person, the acquittal, and the death of the wicked people. The rest can easily be supplied by any reader of novels.

The author of *St. Elmo*, Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, was once the most popular of American novelists. But this was about the time of the war. Then *St. Elmo* was a frequent subject of conversation and admiration among young ladies. If there are ladies now alive who read *St. Elmo* when it first came out, it may edify them to verify the impressions of their youth by means of *At the Mercy of Tiberius*, Mrs. Evans Wilson's latest book. It was, perhaps, in *St. Elmo*, that the world was told that "man is a limitless microcosm." At any rate, there were many similarly fine sayings in it, and there are many more fine sayings in *At the Mercy of Tiberius*. But we are anxious to know whether the young ladies of 1863, who are now the young ladies of 1888—for nobody ever really grows old—will find the satisfaction in

this new book which they found in the other? We fear not; for Helen Mar in *The Scottish Chiefs*, and even Catharine Seton in *The Abbot*, are in 1888 not what they were in 1863. We are the same, of course, but the books have somehow changed.

At the Mercy of Tiberius is not a story of ancient Rome. It is a tale of Ancient and Modern Nowhere. The people in it are supposed to live in one of the Southern States. Beryl is the heroine's name. Her mother has been disowned by her proud father because she married a foreigner named Ignace Brentano. Beryl supports her by making sketches and painting Christmas cards. But Beryl resolves to meet her grandfather and to wrest some money, badly needed by her mother, from him. They meet. They are well matched. Their vocabulary is limitless. He begins:

"'Are you some exiled goddess travelling *incognito?*' [in other days Mrs. Evans Wilson would have written *incognita*—or are we more critical now?] 'If we lived in the "piping days of Pan," I should flatter myself that "ox-eyed Juno" had honored me with a call as a reward of my care of her favorite bird.'"

When the proud general finds out who she is he stares "at the majestic form and the faultless face looking so proudly down upon him as from an inaccessible height," and he draws his breath "with a labored, hissing sound." "A stranger," she cries, "but a lady, every inch. I demand the respect due from a gentleman." For a moment they eye each other "as gladiators awaiting the signal"; then General Darrington springs up, and "with a bow, stately and profound as if made to a duchess," he replies, "And in the name of Southern chivalry, I swear you shall receive it." She "begins to walk slowly up and down the floor; and smothering an oath under his heavy moustache, the old man sinks back in his chair." She throws up her hand "with an imperious gesture, not of deprecation but of interdict, and all the strong calm in her face seemed shivered by a passionate gust that made her eyes gleam like steel under an electric flash."

The general and his granddaughter "go on" in this way for some time. They part in anger, and that same night the general is murdered. "Tiberius" is the prosecuting attorney in the case against Beryl for the murder of her grandfather. His real name is Lennox Dunbar, and we are informed that he was like a bust of Tiberius. During the trial the agony of suspense and three-syllabled words is terrible. The mildest thing is this speech:

"There is no heaven on earth, but the nearest approach to it, the outlying suburbs whence we get bewildering glimpses of beatitude beyond, is the season of courtship and betrothal. In the magical days of sweetheartdom a silvery, glorifying glamour wraps the world, brims jagged black chasms with glittering mist, paves rugged paths with its shimmering folds, and tenderly covers very deep in rose-leaves the clay feet of our idols. That wonderful light shines only once full upon us, but the memory of it streams all along the succeeding journey; follows us up the arid heights, throws its mellow after-glow on the darkening road, as we go swiftly down the slippery hill of life."

Classic names and allusions strew the pages of *At the Mercy of Tiberius* like broken rainbows. Beryl, after uttering the most impassioned speeches, flavored with a *consommé* made from Lemprière's Dictionary and an encyclopædia, is imprisoned for the murder of her grandfather. To add pathos to Beryl's imprisonment Mrs. Evans Wilson tells us that she was born on the Fourth of July—"Independence Day." Lennox Dunbar, the "Tiberius," falls in love with Beryl. After a number of improbable episodes it is found that Beryl's brother tried to steal General Darrington's valuables, and that during a struggle General Darrington was killed by lightning. The erring brother becomes a Jesuit and dies an edifying death among his Jesuit friends—"cowled monks," in the picturesque language of the author. Notwithstanding the two pagan mottoes from Emerson which adorn the title-page, the book shows genuine respect for Christianity.

One of the most charming young women in modern fiction is Helen Eustis in "Azalia," one of Joel Chandler Harris's short stories collected in his last book, *Free Joe, and Other Georgian Sketches* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons). The title "Azalia" would, judging by the ordinary short story, lead one to suppose it was a girl's name, and that the girl was perhaps an untutored Cracker maiden who, meeting a "city chap," fell in love with him and died in the most pathetic way. It is an agreeable disappointment to find that Azalia is the name of a place in Georgia. Helen is a witty and unaffected Bostonian. Mr. Harris does not tell us this; he lets us make Helen's acquaintance. Miss Tewksbury, Helen's aunt, is afraid of the Kuklux, and when the young lady is ordered to Azalia for her health Miss Tewksbury's fear of danger becomes almost a certainty.

"'Dr. Buxton,' Helen says, 'is a life-long Democrat, consequently he must know all about it. Father used to tell him he liked his medicine better than his politics, bitter as some of it was; but in a case of this kind Dr.

Buxton's politics have a distinct value. He will give us the grips, the signs, and the passwords, dear aunt, and I dare say we shall get along comfortably.'"

And they do. Their experiences in the South are pleasant. Goolsby, the book-agent, is delightful. He says to the ex-Confederate General Garwood, speaking of a book he is selling:

"'It's a history of our own great conflict, *The Rise and Fall of the Rebellion*, by Schuyler Paddleford. I don't know what the blamed publishers wanted to put it "rebellion" for. I told 'em, says I, "Gentlemen, it'll be uphill work with this in the Sunny South. Call it 'The Conflict,'" says I. But they wouldn't listen, and now I have to work like a blind nigger splittin' rails. If sech a book is got to be circulated around here, it better be circulated by some good Southron—a man that's a kind of antidote to the poison, as it were.'"

The discussions between General Garwood and Miss Tewksbury on slavery are amusing. Miss Tewksbury insists that there was no good in slavery:

"'You must admit that but for slavery the negroes who are here would be savages in Africa. As it is, they have had the benefit of more than two hundred years' contact with the white race. If they are at all fitted for citizenship, the result is due to the civilizing influence of slavery. It seems to me that they are vastly better off as American citizens, even though they have endured the discipline of slavery, than they would be as savages in Africa.'"

"Azalia," with its pleasant atmosphere, in which good-humor plays the part of oxygen, is an excellent story. The other tales in the book possess that unaffectedness and spontaneity characteristic of Mr. Harris' method, from which nothing could be more different than that of the other Southern writer, Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson.

Mr. Marion Crawford's industry and versatility seem boundless. *Marzio's Crucifix* is hardly noticed when *Among the Immortals* is announced and *Paul Patoff* (New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) actually appears. It shows no falling off in style; Mr. Crawford's style is lucid, elegant, and always adapted to his subject. He is a master of the art of narration, though by no means of the art of construction. And his power and his lack of power are plainly manifested in *Paul Patoff*. The young diplomatist, the son of an English mother who hates him, is a strong and real character; "the moral sufferings of his childhood had killed the natural affections in him, and there had remained nothing in their stead but a strong sense of duty to his nearest relations." Madame Patoff's love is wrapped up in her son Alexander, an effeminate dandy. She

has always preferred Alexander to Paul. And so strong becomes her dislike to the latter that, being a fixed idea constantly dwelt upon by a morbid mind, it leads her to attempt to kill the son she hates. Mr. Crawford's wonderful descriptions of life in Constantinople—the Mohammedan celebration in the cathedral of Santa Sophia, the scenes in the Bazaar, the death of the Turkish lady—almost make us forget the repulsiveness of the subject. The effect of maternal dislike on a character so well balanced as that of Paul Patoff has been carefully studied, it is true. But all Mr. Crawford's skill cannot make the reader accept Madame Patoff's condition of mind as anything but monstrously impossible. A mother could prefer one son to another, but the mother who could twice attempt to kill the son she disliked exists only in fiction. Alexander Patoff and his brother visit the mosque of Santa Sophia on the last night of the feast of Ramadan. Alexander had insulted a Turkish woman during the day and caused his brother much anxiety, as Paul was an *attaché* of legation and he feared that his career might be injured by his brother's indiscretion. During the ceremonies Alexander disappears. It would be certain death for a Frank, particularly a Russian, to venture among the fanatics in the body of the mosque, or even into the street. Paul and his attendant only know that he has disappeared. Alexander and all traces of him are lost. Madame Patoff assumes at once that the son she hates has killed the son she loves. When Paul, whose impassive nature has been touched by the vision of a sweet and womanly English girl, proposes to her, he is met with the spectre of his supposed crime. His mother assists in exciting the doubts of Hermione, the girl who has promised to marry him, and he goes away, vowing to bring his brother back or not to return himself. The adventures that follow are as exciting as any in the *Arabian Nights*. By means of the almost preternatural shrewdness of Balsamides Bey, Alexander is found in a cell where he has been kept for over a year. The Turkish lady whom he had affronted decoyed him to her palace, and, having played a practical joke on him, had kept him prisoner, being afraid either to kill or release him. Here the story ought to end, but Mr. Crawford tacks to it a kind of supplement. Alexander endeavors to induce Hermione to discard Paul; Hermione hesitates, and Madame Patoff, to help along Alexander in his suit, tries to murder her other son. Finally this obnoxious woman goes raving mad. Alexander's cowardice and selfishness are made apparent to Hermione, and the usual marriage-

bells ring. Mr. Griggs' speeches to the American "scientist" are particularly good. Professor Carver insists that Christians in arguing with "scientists" always fall back on faith and refuse to listen to reason. "When you can disprove our position," answers Mr. Griggs, "we will listen to your proof. But since the whole human race, as far as we can ascertain, without any exception whatsoever, has believed always in the survival of the soul after death, allow me to say that when you deny the existence of the soul the *onus probandi* lies with you, and not with us."

For the Right, by Karl Emil Franzos (New York: Harper & Bros.), is introduced by a rather rambling preface written by George Macdonald. The scene is laid in the Lower Carpathians. Taras Barabola, a just man but a proud one, resolves that the wrongs done his people shall be righted. He resists the desire of the peasants to help themselves by arms. He appeals to the law, and fails. He appeals to the emperor, and fails. Then he becomes an outlaw for justice's sake, and, acting according to his private interpretation of the right, commits wrongs as grievous as those done by the Polish landlords. In one or two places the translator indulges herself in the use of the word "Romish" several times. *For the Right* is an instructive book, and a strong argument, although Mr. George Macdonald does not seem to see it, against the cherished privilege of private judgment in matters of faith and morals. Taras is shot in the end—a victim of oppression, an untutored conscience, and pride.

Not long ago most people, not specialists in the literature of the world, mentioned Fernan Caballero as the one modern Spanish novelist. Her *La Gaviota* was translated into all the modern languages, and the *Alvareda Family* was as well known as Sardou's famous Benoiton domestic circle. But Fernan Caballero has of late been lost sight of in the increasing number of Spanish writers who reflect, more or less, the realism of French fiction, whose influence rules in that department of literature. The Italians have almost outdone the French in the nastiest of their imitations of Zola and De Maupassant. So far as we know the Spaniards have no Zola, although they have several Daudets. Perez Galdos is the best known of these. He aimed to be a realist, and yet he is not without idealism. But the influence of the French writers is evident, as it is evident in the works of all Continental writers of fiction, and even in those of Americans. Mr. Howells, for instance, has not escaped it, and the

effect of Balzac's *César Birotteau* on *Silas Lapham* may be easily traced.

Perez Galdos is a writer of talent, and an artist who pays strict regard to the form of his work. It is said that he is a Catholic, and that he has steadily refused to connect himself with any of the Spanish secret societies. In *Léon Roch*—pronounced Rock after the Calabrian manner—his latest novel, printed in New York by Wm. S. Gottsberger, he shows a certain respect for the mysteries of Faith, and yet he delights in holding up to ridicule many things to which Catholics owe and pay reverence. Bigotry, intolerance, that travesty of religion which sets the letter above the spirit, which substitutes extravagant formulas for the charity of which St. Paul speaks, offer fair material for the pen of the satirist. One may forgive gibes which strike the excrescences—the barnacles, as it were—on the surface; but when in *Gloria*, a very powerful novel, Señor Galdos advocates a kind of Spinozism as a substitute for the Catholic religion in Spain, one wonders how deep his supposed Catholicity is.

Léon Roch is an elaborate attack on what Señor Galdos considers the exaggerated religious devotion of Spanish women. He damages his case, however, by over-coloring his picture. He makes Léon Roch a very high type of a free-thinker. He is a Christian in all but belief. He accepts the effects of Christianity on civilization, without admitting its divine foundation. He is represented as naturally good, naturally patient, and of the highest order of intellect, while his wife, Maria, is of inferior fibre in every way. He typifies the persecuted and long-suffering spirit of unbelief, while she, with all the faults of a passionate, vain, narrow-minded, and impulsive woman, personifies that of the Catholic religion as opposed to the saintliness of liberalism. Léon Roch is not an atheist exactly. Señor Galdos would have given his readers a fair chance of deciding between the effects of free-thinking and of exaggerated devotion on the modern Spanish character, had he not handicapped all his religious characters with foibles or vices. They are either hypocrites or fools. There is one priest, an Italian, who has some merit, but even he is surrounded by a disagreeable atmosphere.

In fact, Léon, suffering as he is represented to be, occasionally utters sentiments which would have exasperated a better-tempered woman than Maria. Maria forces her husband to promise that he will give up his meetings of free-thinkers, on one condition, which he puts into these words: "You may go to Mass on Sundays and holydays, and confess once a year,

but without previously selecting your confessor." He even promises to go to Mass with her every Sunday. She insists that he shall go to confession. In this scene the falseness of Señor Galdos' argument is most apparent. No really religious woman would be so foolish and so ignorant as to imagine that she could make her husband religious by persuasion or coercion. And Maria, were she true to nature instead of a mere puppet of Galdos', would have trusted that even the mere formal act of assisting at Mass might lead to better things, and have been content with concessions which were important steps in her direction. Besides, she would not have been ready either to accept or reject his concessions until she had consulted her confessor. We are led to believe that Maria was the slave of her director, yet she invariably acts in accordance with her own will, or rather that of Señor Galdos. Pepita Fúcar, his other heroine, is not at all devout. She is a married woman when she meets Léon again. He is present at the sick-bed of her child, who is on the verge of death from croup. The suspense of the mother is intensely portrayed, and, indeed, this episode is the best in the book; but Pepita, who takes the place of Maria in Léon's affection, makes the most violent love to him at the bedside of her child. This is very nasty. Léon, as usual, recalls her to a sense of her duty. But Señor Galdos leaves us no doubt that he prefers Pepita, who is willing at any moment to break the Sixth Commandment, to Maria, who is supremely chaste but a devotee. Even according to Galdos, Maria, who confesses often, is a better woman than Pepita, who may possibly go to confession once a year.

Maria, torn by jealousy, at last dies. Léon, with "saintly" patience and incorrigible self-conceit, preaches to everybody who will listen. The way is made smooth for his marriage with Pepita, when her husband, supposed for a few pages to be dead, suddenly appears, and Léon and Pepita separate. This is the end.

Galdos has great talent; some of his descriptions are charming; he has that literary knack which all writings must have, just now, to produce interest; but there is a falseness in the labored attempt he makes to show how saintly an unbeliever is, and how unsaintly believers are, that ruins all confidence in his "realism" and spoils the best points of an admirably written novel.

Mr. Daniel Connolly's *Household Library of Ireland's Poets, with Full and Choice Selections from the Irish-American Poets and a*

Complete Department of Authentic Biographical Notes, is a *livre de luxe*. It is published by the author. The seriousness of his purpose and the exquisiteness of his taste, in addition to the expenditure of time and money which were necessary to create such a work, deserve the appreciation of all lovers of good poetry. Mr. Connolly has labored with enthusiasm and industry. No more satisfactory book on the subject could have been made. Representative selections from nearly every Irish poet deserving of the name are included here. It is the only collection in which may be found an anthology of Irish poetry for the last twenty-five years. Mr. Connolly's taste is as good as it is catholic. He does not refuse some poems of Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, who is Irish only by a slender thread of blood, and he makes us acquainted with some of the latest writers whose claims to Irish blood are more evident and whose poetical status is fixed by excellent work—Miss Tynan, Miss Guiney, and Mr. James Jeffrey Roche.

A RULE OF LIFE.

To do, each day, its work, however small;
  To see, each day, that something has been done;
To rear, each day, life's solemn fane more tall,
  Still near and nearer to the blessèd sun—
  This is to live life well: the task, begun,
Never to be relinquished, though beset
  By faint-heart fears and sorrows many a one;
This is to live that life may claim no debt
Unpaid, when summons the Great Arbiter
  To the dread audit of the Last Account,
When Death shall close the balance, and refer
  Life's books to Him who claims a full amount.
One day's work little on the whole may touch,
Yet many a little added maketh much.

FRANK WATERS.

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A YOUNG GIRL'S CONVERSION.

"The story of my conversion! Why, it was so simple it would not be worth telling."

This was my reply when the suggestion was made to me; but I was still asked to consider it, and, thinking, it came to me that it might be an act of gratitude for so great a grace, and so I began to write.

In my youth I was far enough away from the Catholic Church. "A daughter of the Puritans"—for my ancestors crossed in the *Mayflower*—I only knew of the church to feel a supreme pity for her children as ignorant, idolatrous, and superstitious. How I had acquired these ideas I cannot tell, for neither by my parents nor teachers had such things been directly said, but I suppose the whole atmosphere of my surroundings led to it, and especially the books I read.

When I was about fifteen the good Providence of God threw me into the society of a Catholic. She was a lady of great intelligence, refined, enthusiastic, and warm-hearted—indeed, one who could not fail to win both respect and love. I had known her for two or three months when my mother said to me one evening: "I have just heard that Miss H—— is a Catholic, and I do not think well of your being so much with her."

"A Catholic!" I replied; "why, that is impossible. She could not be a Catholic and I not know it in all this time."

I thought it over, and made up my mind to inquire about it. The next day I asked a mutual acquaintance, and, to my surprise, heard that it was really so.

One, then, could be intelligent and be a Catholic! This was a new thought to me, and I made up my mind to watch her every word and act, and see what a Catholic really was.

I saw her now very often, and after a little while led up the conversation to her faith. Now, I thought, I shall see something of the superstition and idolatry of Catholics. "I wonder," I said, "that in these days one like you can give up her reason and intelligence to the guidance of priests."

"What if I give myself to the guidance of a divine and infallible authority?" she answered.

"Oh! that is another thing. If there were a divine and infallible authority it would be wisdom indeed to be guided by it."

"Do you believe the words of our Lord when he speaks of establishing his church?"

"Yes," I said; "at least I have read them a hundred times and know them by heart." For if there was anything I felt sure of, it was my knowledge of the Holy Scriptures; from my earliest youth I had been to Sunday-school twice every Sunday, and our principal exercise had been reading and learning by heart the New Testament and parts of the Old.

"Well," she said, "let us recall his words: 'Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. . . . Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world. . . . And the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, will

teach you all things, and bring all things to your mind whatsoever I have said to you, and he will teach you all truth.' Do you remember these words of our Lord?"

"Yes," I said, absently, "I remember them." While in my heart I said, "Did our Lord really say all this, and, if he did, what does it mean?"

"Do you remember, too," she went on, "that when he sent his apostles to teach and preach he said, 'He that heareth you, heareth me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth me'? Does not this look as if our Lord left us teachers who had authority, and whom he would guide always in all truth? If they could teach error would not the gates of hell have prevailed against the church of Christ?"

I could not say anything to this, for these words of our Lord were solemn words, and must mean something, and what could they mean but a divine and infallible authority?

Such conversations came often now in our intercourse. The subject of the church as a divine teacher took precedence of all others with me; that admitted, everything else came as a matter of course. Still, I was much interested in seeing what the Scriptures said of other Catholic dogmas, and my surprise was great to read in them all that the church teaches in regard to Mary, the Mother of Jesus. I saw that they said she was full of grace, blessed among women, that the Lord was with her, and that the Holy, which should be born of her, should be called the Son of God. I saw, too, that Mary herself had said that all generations should call her blessed. When I read these things I felt as if I had read before with my eyes only, and not with my intelligence.

But what wonderful revelations of love opened up to me when I read, in this new light, the promises of our Lord when he instituted the sacrament of his Body and Blood! I wondered how I could ever have thought that such strong, simple, and plain words, such solemn and wonderful words, could mean nothing, or the very opposite of what they said.

I had not as yet spoken of these thoughts and conversations to my parents, for it all seemed so strange and unexpected to me that I scarcely knew where I stood.

I still watched my friend to see what were the fruits of Catholic faith. I found her life most edifying, and step by step I was led on, until I felt that I must ask my father for that privilege of liberty of conscience that, as a Protestant, he could not reasonably refuse.

I knew that I should pain him to the heart's core, and he was a most loving father; but God's claims were first, and it had to be done.

How well I remember that evening when I first opened my heart to him! With the blood of the Puritans in his veins, and the faith of the Puritans in his heart, he walked before God, according to his light, pure, upright, and devout. He had, outside of his life-long prejudices, a very logical mind, and he was true now to his principles. With a sad heart he gave me the liberty I asked, only begging that I would wait awhile and read more, and talk with those whom he would bring to me.

My father thought that I was influenced by the power which Catholic worship has over the senses; but though I felt deeply the great beauty of the Catholic liturgy, and was impressed by the music and paintings and architecture, still I was too much my father's daughter to be led by these things; it would have to be the head and not the heart or imagination that would take me into the church.

The Annual Conference of ministers was about meeting, and we always entertained some at our house. When they came and heard of my state of mind, each one made an effort to enlighten me in regard to the truth. The minister of the church which we attended, too, had many talks with me. My father was not always well pleased with these conversations, for one of them admitted in one of them that he had always believed that purgatory was a very reasonable and almost necessary doctrine, and another would not admit that the words, "the church is the pillar and ground of truth," could be found in the New Testament, and was very uncomfortably silent when they were found.

Those were painful days, full of discussions and controversies, in which, though my arguments prevailed, none the less did my heart suffer. I think the last point was reached when my mother, who followed more her impulses and emotions, said that she would rather see me dead than to see me a Catholic.

I had before this been presented to a Catholic priest, dear Father Starr—so gentle, so kind-hearted! I remember well my feeling of surprise, mixed with a little bit of humiliation, when he gave me a small catechism to read and study. Dear little catechism! How I learned to love it! In simplest words, that a child could understand, was the whole Christian faith given by Christ to his apostles to teach and to preach. On every page was text after text of Holy Scripture, the two going together—the written word of God and the living voice of the church.

Time passed on, and I felt that the final step must be taken. God had given me the gift of faith, and I must now profess it before God and man; so at the altar of God, one Sunday after Vespers, I was made by baptism a child of the Holy Catholic Church. I was at this time about seventeen years old.

What can I say of the new life into which I now entered? It almost seemed as if our Lord were living in the world again, and that I heard his voice day by day, and received from his very hand the wondrous gift of his own Body and Blood. The world with a divine and infallible teacher, and our Lord truly present in the sacrament of his love, was indeed a very different world; it seemed almost heaven upon earth.

Many years have passed since then, and every day I have thanked God more and more for this gift above all price—the gift of faith.

And here the story of my conversion should properly end, but there are one or two incidents that happened later that I would like to speak of.

About two years after my conversion my mother said to me one Sunday evening: "I have had a very strange interview this afternoon. A lady met me as I came down the steps of the church, and asked me if I had not a daughter who had become a Catholic. When I replied in the affirmative she said she had two sons who had become Catholics, and one of them was studying for the priesthood. She said she thought it might be a consolation, under the circumstances, for us to see each other and talk together. She walked with me some distance, and told me that although she had felt this change of faith in her sons very much, still she would not, by a word even, bring them back, if she could. They were happy and full of peace, and she thought they could serve God where they were."

I listened with interest, and was glad of the interview, hoping it might be some comfort and help to my mother. I had almost forgotten the whole incident, when one evening, at the house of my first Catholic friend, who was now married, and while we were celebrating, by a little festivity, the baptism of a son for whom I had been godmother, a gentleman called and was presented to me.

I found that he was a convert, and was soon convinced that he was the son of the lady who had had that interview with my mother. Had he, I wondered, heard my name or of my conversion? He spoke of his brother, to whom he was deeply attached. He was studying abroad and was soon to be ordained a priest. I was very much interested, for converts in those days were not so frequently met with as now, and it was a pleasure to me to hear how they had come into the church.

Our acquaintance ripened, and ended in our receiving together another sacrament of the Holy Catholic Church—the sacrament of Matrimony. The dear brother is now an influential priest, whose writings are well known both here and abroad.

I think I should beg pardon for introducing these last incidents; but since I write as an act of thanksgiving I could not pass over the temporal blessings that followed my coming into the church; for our Lord's promise was truly fulfilled to me, that "every one that hath left parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, or lands, for the kingdom of God's sake, shall receive a hundred-fold in this present time"—may he grant me grace so to be faithful as to obtain the rest of the promise!—"and in the world to come, life everlasting."

ANTHONY COMSTOCK.

Anthony Comstock is not perfection, but he hates bad pictures, obscene statues, and impure reading, and therefore he has our sympathy. In his little book, *Morals vs. Art* (J. S. Ogilvie & Co., New York and Chicago), Mr. Comstock argues his case and does it well. We challenge any fair man to read it without saying, Well done, Anthony Comstock! The reader will stand a short extract: "We are charged with lack of judgment. It is, however, a little significant of good judgment and wise and judicious management somewhere, by some one at least, that out of one hundred and twenty-one indictments secured by us, brought to trial since January 1, 1887, conviction has been secured in one hundred and eighteen cases." "From January 1, 1887, to December 21, 1887, 87 persons were arrested, 121 convictions or pleas of guilty, 98 sentences imposed, making a total of 88 years, 7 months, and 25 days' imprisonment, and fines amounting to $6,005. There were seized and destroyed 27 obscene papers, 107 obscene books, 792 obscene figures, 20,643 obscene pictures, 25,300 obscene circulars, songs, etc., 56 articles of indecent or immoral use, 2,908 negatives for printing or making obscene photographs, over one-half a ton of lottery circulars; also, more than a ton of gambling implements, etc."

As to the protest of some New York artists against Mr. Comstock and the Society for the Suppression of Vice, it amounts to this: "What is not obscene to an expert is not obscene to the general public." You might as well say the same of the physician's books on anatomy. You might as well say that the dissecting-room should be open to the public. You might as well say that the studio full of nude living models may be the recreation-room of the artist's boys and girls.

Let the "experts," Mr. Comstock says in effect, keep their nudities in their studios and private galleries, whither the general public does not enter. But the indiscriminate sale of objects dangerous to morality is as much a matter for the attention of the policeman and the magistrate as the selling of intoxicants to minors. The law has guardianship over the public morals as well as over the public health, and plain jurymen and honest judges have notably proved Mr.

Comstock right and the lovers of the nude to be wrong. Art for art's sake is not, we think, true art; at any rate, art has no vocation to destroy the modesty of the young and minister to the pruriency of the profligate.

If forced to choose, we had rather suppress vice with Anthony Comstock than propagate French art with the Society of American Artists.

SILVER AND GOLD.

Père Caussade, in his little book, *Abandonment to Divine Providence* (Benzigers), says: "A soul becomes subject to the divine action the moment a good will is formed in the heart."

I am asked: How does this good will show itself?

I answer: By loving everything as God loves it.

I am asked again: But suppose I love my dinner; I love and enjoy the taste of the food, the feeling of satiety; and I enjoy my appetite?

I answer: Very well; that was all right with the Jews. God's will was to give them a good dinner as a reward. Did he not give them the land flowing with milk and honey? But the Christian is invited to a higher reward, and therefore his love cannot lawfully rest upon what the love of the Jews could. He is called to a far higher love.

The Jews could pay silver over the counter: that was all God asked from them. From us he demands nothing less than gold. Why did he demand silver of them and gold of us? Because he gave them a silver prize, but us he gives a golden one.

I. T. HECKER.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY AND VERACITY.

"So far as my experience goes," wrote Professor Huxley not long since in the *Nineteenth Century*, "men of science are neither better nor worse than the rest of the world. . . . We have our full share of original sin; need, greed, and vainglory beset us as they do other mortals. . . . But, for all that, there is one moral benefit which the pursuit of science unquestionably bestows. It keeps the estimate of the value of evidence up to the proper mark; and we are constantly receiving lessons, and sometimes very sharp ones, on the nature of proof. Men of science will always act up to their standard of veracity when mankind in general leave off sinning; but that standard appears to me to be higher among them than in any other class of the community."

What there is of pre-eminent virtue, that is to say, in Professor Huxley, belongs to him in his capacity as a "man of science"; what remains to him of "vainglory" and inveracity, remains chiefly because the rest of us are still sinners. Should we simultaneously cry *peccavi* and mend our ways, the professor would rise at once to that higher plane on which his "standard of veracity" is already planted, and make admissions which he is still withholding because he finds us not yet able to bear them. Already the exigencies of science have put him in a position whence he can good-naturedly chaff the "Bishop of Manchester" for giving away all, and more than, he has, in his haste to placate the scientists, and remind him that there is really no occasion for theology to admit that there is any "antagonism between the 'regular economy of nature' and the 'regular economy of prayer.' No one," adds the professor, "is entitled to say *à priori* that any given so-called miraculous event is impossible; and no one is entitled to say *à priori* that prayer for some change in the ordinary course of nature cannot possibly avail. . . . The belief in the efficacy of prayer depends upon the assumption that there is Some-

body, somewhere, who is strong enough to deal with the earth and its contents as men deal with the things and events which they are strong enough to modify or control; and who is capable of being moved by appeals such as men make to one another. The belief does not even involve theism; for our earth is an insignificant part of the solar system, while the solar system is hardly worth speaking of in relation to the All; and, for anything that can be proved to the contrary, there may be beings endowed with full powers over our system, yet, practically, as insignificant as ourselves in relation to the universe. . . . For we are not justified in saying that it is impossible for beings having the nature of men, only vastly more powerful, to exist; and if they do exist they may act as and when we ask them to do so, just as our brother men act. . . . Certainly I do not lack faith in the constancy of natural order. But I am not less convinced that if I were to ask the Bishop of Manchester to do me a kindness which lay within his power, he would do it. And I am unable to see that his action on my request involves any violation of the order of nature. . . . How is the case altered if my request is preferred to some imaginary superior being, or to the Most High Being, who, by the supposition, is able to arrest disease, or make the sun stand still in the heavens, just as easily as I can stop my watch or make it indicate any hour that pleases me?"

Certainly this is very handsome behavior, so far as it goes, on the part of Professor Huxley. What he says is not only true in fact, but even on his lips it sounds as honest as any one could expect, considering the low moral condition of the general public to which it is addressed. No, brethren, he says in effect to the bishops, it is not because we scientific people know what the order of nature is that we are obliged to laugh at you, but only because of "the inadequacy of the evidence to prove any given case of such (miraculous) occurrences which has been adduced. . . . I do not know any body of scientific men who could be got to listen without the strongest expressions of disgusted repudiation to the exposition of a pretended scientific discovery which had no better evidence to show for itself than the story of the devils entering a herd of swine, or of the fig-tree that was blasted for bearing no figs, when 'it was not the season of figs.' Whether such events are possible or impossible no man can say; but scientific ethics can and does declare that the profession of belief in them, on the evidence of documents of unknown date and of unknown authorship, is immoral. Theological apologists who insist that morality will vanish if their dogmas are exploded would do well to consider *the fact that, in the matter of intellectual veracity, science is already a long way ahead of the churches.*"

Well, the professor having already owned up to "vainglory," not much account need be made of this brag. One may grant him, too, the private possession of all the veracity he has any use for. It is only our weakness, and that of "the bishops," that made him yield to the temptation of trying to throw dust in our eyes. Privately, or with other good scientists, he smiles at his little joke in pretending that the evidence for a "scientific discovery" and the evidence for any historical fact whatever may be coupled together in such a fashion. Of course, he says, we all know that the alleged fact in the first case is subject to experiment under given conditions, and its verification depends on that process and not on the character or the number of the alleged witnesses. But what I said was good enough gag for people who are idiotic enough either to be or to play at being Christians. You observe, I gave them another bit of the same stuff further on, about there being as much "sheer fetichism among the Roman populace now as there was eighteen hundred years ago." No doubt, if you, who are truth-

tellers like myself, ask how I know that the people who "ascend the steps of the Ara Cœli Church about Twelfth Day" in Rome are worshipping idols, I admit at once that I was talking arrant *à priori* nonsense, and evolving their mental condition wholly from my inner consciousness, independent of evidence. But what would you have? Hadn't I been roasting the bishops of Manchester, Carlisle, and Bedford in their own frying-pan, and was it more than common humanity on my part to throw in something soothing in the way of a gibe at what I knew they heartily hated?

STORY OF A CONVERSION.

I was baptized in infancy, my parents being members of the Episcopal Church, which I was taught to respect as the "true church." My first religious impressions were received from my mother, who used to entertain and instruct me with those beautiful stories from the Bible that are so wonderful and delightful to a child; and quite early in life I read the Bible through from beginning to the end, obtaining a clearer idea of its contents, and perhaps a greater reverence for it, than I otherwise could have done. I learned nothing of Catholicity, excepting that it was practised by the ignorant and superstitious. I became conscious very early in life of my need of religion, and longed to be able to call myself a Christian, not considering myself entitled to the name when my creed was so vague and indefinite. My marriage with a Presbyterian gentleman opened a field for thought and study before unknown to me, and I read with special interest, among others, some theological works of Dr. Woods, of Andover, and of Dr. McCosh. I also listened to eloquent preachers, and saw and learned much sincere piety among the members of this sect. Presbyterianism was therefore, to me, the first stepping-stone to Catholicity, by stimulating thought in the direction of religion and giving me examples of piety outside my own church.

I tried honestly to follow the teaching of Dr. Watts in the little poem:

> "Seize upon truth where'er 'tis found,
> Among your friends, among your foes,
> On Christian or on heathen ground;
> The flower's divine, where'er it grows:
> Neglect the prickles, and assume the rose,"—

and I believed in an invisible church, which included all in the world who honestly tried to practise the teachings of our Lord. In listening to sermons I believed it possible to extract some good from the most tedious (as those both learned and simple often seemed to me), and I think I never failed to receive this reward for patient listening. I read the Bible carefully and prayerfully, making my own interpretations, but I found no resting-place amid the variety of sects. I saw the doctrines of Penance and Extreme Unction plainly written in the New Testament, but it did not occur to me that they were taught anywhere else, until, in conversation with a Protestant friend on the subject, she said reproachfully, "These are Catholic doctrines." In the course of time I met Protestants who were interested in Catholicity and who discoursed upon it frequently; but I avoided the subject, and, as much as possible, the otherwise pleasant friends who enjoyed these speculations. My husband, however, was in earnest, and was after a few years converted, and I was extremely distressed when he took our child to Mass.

After this event I could not refuse to give the subject due consideration, nor to read the Catholic books he was pleased to bring me. I also made friends among pious and devoted Catholics and distinguished theologians, who greatly helped to dispel the clouds that had hitherto darkened my mind. The church I had so long ignored rose to the dignity of a Christian church, a teacher of truth instead of error, and so I advanced another step on the difficult road. I had given little attention to the question of infallibility, which is the chief point to be decided; for having once found the infallible church, her teachings are, of course, to be accepted. And would it be possible for a wise and good God to leave his creatures a fallible church for their guidance?

I did not believe the dogma of the Real Presence, as I could not understand it, and I objected to devotion to the Blessed Virgin. I went one evening to the Redemptorist church in New York, with a party of Protestants, to hear a sermon on devotion to the Blessed Virgin, by a noted priest of this order. The crowd was so great that I was obliged to sit on one of the steps outside the Sanctuary. The sermon interested me, but I was chiefly attracted by the sea of upturned faces with rapt expression, such as I had never seen on any crowd of listeners. Toward the close of the sermon the speaker bade them "kneel to the Mother of God," and I was surprised to see the congregation, with one accord, fall on their knees. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed the sermon, and again the people knelt with great devotion, my Protestant friends doing the same, because, as they afterwards said, "when you are in Rome you must do as the Romans do." But I stood up, honestly believing that I would dishonor God by even seeming to kneel. A priest who was near the sacristy door requested my husband to ask me to leave the church if I would not kneel; but fortunately I sat down and was permitted to remain.

One of our party afterwards said to me that the priest would lose his influence over these people if even one person were seen to stand during this ceremony. It was an educated man who told me this; he had written an interesting book; but he was ignorant, as so many are, of religious matters.

A third and most important step in my conversion was the pointing out by a friend of discrepancies in the Book of Common Prayer—such as the teaching in the liturgy of baptismal regeneration, which is opposed in the "Articles"; the conferring of the power to forgive sins in the ordination of the clergy, which is so little practised as to be unknown to most people, and so forth—a most painful discovery; for, though glad to learn truth "where'er 'tis found," I was unwilling to see the structure on which I had always stood show any signs of weakness.

I still considered it my duty to attend the Episcopal Church, but I could not pray, and the sermons conveyed no meaning to my mind. I became bewildered and unhappy, apparently losing sight of the truths I had originally believed. One Sunday, after listening to a sermon by the eloquent Dr. Hawks, I returned home in an unusually desponding frame of mind. My heart and eyes were full of tears, and I said: "Am I so insignificant that God does not remember me? Is there not some little service that I could render him, if he would remember me and make me a Christian?" And God heard me, as he heard the little boy who prayed for bread (a story told in a touching poem by Dr. Hawks). I was directed that day to a priest, from whom I received instruction, and through the goodness of God I was led into his holy church. I received conditional baptism, and the "Faith" I asked for "of the church of God." I received First Communion, and I became heart and soul a Catholic.

This event occurred nearly thirty-three years ago, and I am more thankful for the gift of Faith than for anything else in the world.

I cannot retrace the exact steps by which I was led to believe in the presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, but it was probably a simple belief in the words of Holy Scripture, as literally interpreted by the Roman Catholic Church: "Jesus took bread, and blessed, and broke, and gave to his disciples; and said: Take ye and eat: This is my body. And taking the chalice, he gave thanks; and gave to them, saying: Drink ye all of this. For this is my blood of the new testament, which shall be shed for many for the remission of sins." After having once received our Lord in the Holy Communion I could no longer doubt.

To ——,

On Receiving a Gift of Writing-Paper.

My willing pen doth much thy gift commend,
And finds thereon a pathway clear and free;
But didst thou ponder well, my generous friend,
The risk of trusting such unspotted leaves with me?

Wilt thou stand sponsor for the erring thoughts,
The words of folly, and the sense unknit,
The sad erasures, and the ugly blots
Which may, perchance, deface the whole of it?

Thy stainless gift is like the beauteous soul,
Which God entrusts, alas! to faithless hands;
On which we trace, at will, as on a scroll,
Much more than wisdom prompts or truth commands.

If then, in haste, in passion, or in guile,
My wayward pen shall slip, and aught indite
Upon these spotless leaves that may defile
A form so chaste, a face so fair and bright—

I will bethink me of His mercy and His grace
Who, when He gives a soul to sinful men,
Still grants a kindly power to efface
Its guilty stains and make it pure again.

Alfred Young.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SERMONS FROM THE FLEMISH. 8 vols. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

The decree of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore enjoining the preaching of five-minute sermons at every Low Mass on Sundays and holydays has given a special value to collections of short sermons. Several of these collections have already appeared, partly in consequence of, and partly to help in the carrying out of, this decree. We have great pleasure in welcoming this collection, new to English readers, but well known and of proved worth in Belgium. It is the work of various writers. The volumes already published contain sermons for every Sunday in the year. For some Sundays there are as many as eleven sermons, the number never being less than five (except for Palm Sunday). These Sunday sermons fill six volumes. The seventh volume consists of homilies for each Sunday and of meditations on the Gospels. The eighth volume (and the last published so far) contains the sermons on the feasts of our Lord. Their length averages seven pages.

These sermons deal chiefly with the moral precepts of the Gospels, and seek to enforce the ordinary obligations of the Christian. They are simple and direct, and, avoiding rhetoric and verbiage, bring home with great force and power and ample illustration those truths which every Catholic is required to learn and to practise. Each sermon has one or two clear, well-defined points, to the enforcement of which the whole discourse is devoted; and not unfrequently the earnestness which is their chief characteristic rises to eloquence. The translation is, on the whole, well done. We believe that five thousand copies have already been sold abroad, and, considering that the work is only sold in complete sets, this is a good indication of its merit. We hope that it may meet with a corresponding success in this country.

INTEMPERANCE; or, The Evils of Drink. A poem. Third edition. Together with an appendix containing temperance songs and poems. By the Rev. J. Casey, P.P., author of *Our Thirst for Drink: Its Cause and Cure*. Dublin: James Duffy & Sons.

This little volume contains much homely, direct, powerful moral teaching clothed in simple verse. The author is an Irish priest who loves God and his countrymen, and can write good songs; hence this publication. The songs are particularly good, some of them touching, all of them exceedingly useful in conducting temperance "rallies," arousing the emotions of all classes, and awakening the attention of the stupid, the ignorant, and the depraved. One of these songs well sung is worth twenty average temperance discourses, especially as they are set to such popular tunes as "The Wearing of the Green," "John Anderson, my Joe," etc.

The book has been in print in its present shape for over two years, and should by this time be in the hands of all active Catholic temperance men; but we fear that it has not been properly brought to the notice of the Catholic public in this country.

Ecclesiastical History of Newfoundland. By the Very Rev. M. F. Howley, D.D., Prefect-Apostolic of St. George's, West Newfoundland. Boston: Doyle & Whittle.

The learned author calls the bleak island of which he writes so well in this book his country, and he loves it tenderly. He says that it has been the passion of his life to gather the materials of his work, describing its religious history, snatching up eagerly every atom of information that might tell of the early navigators who came to its misty shores—many of whom never lived to leave them—every local tradition of neighborhoods, parishes, even families, "every anecdote of the olden time, every scrap of manuscript; every inscription or epitaph having the slightest pretension to antiquity, every vestige of the former occupation of Newfoundland, whether civil, military, or ecclesiastical." He has rendered a valuable service to his countrymen and made a readable book for the intelligent reader who cannot claim that honor.

We read in this volume of the trials of the Catholic colonists, their fortitude in bearing the persecutions of the government in early days, their constancy in the practise of their religion, their public spirit in steadfastly resisting their oppressors, their noble generosity in condoning all past offences when peace came. All this is well told, and makes us thank God that their children are worthy of their heroic sires, as we discover from those chapters which tell of the progress of religion in later times.

The book contains some valuable maps and several engravings. The publishers have done their part in first-rate style.

A Menology of England and Wales; or, Brief Memorials of the Ancient British and English Saints, arranged according to the calendar. By Richard Stanton, priest of the Oratory. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The fathers of the London Oratory have already distinguished themselves in sacred biography. Not to mention the Oratorian Series of the Lives of the Saints, published many years ago, Father Bowden's *Miniature Lives of the Saints* have had an unprecedented success, which they fully deserved. The recent beatification of those who suffered for the faith in England in the times of Henry, Elizabeth, and James was brought about, to a very large extent, by the efforts and labors of the fathers of the Oratory. The cardinal archbishop and the bishops of the province of Westminster did well, then, in committing to them the preparation of a work designed as a means of promoting a more general devotion to the saints of the country entrusted to their spiritual care.

The scope of this work is indicated by the title Menology. It is something more than a calendar or martyrology. The term Menology is used in religious orders for the account of their saints and other members distinguished for their holy lives, arranged according to the days on which they died. On the other hand, the lives are brief—"brief memorials" the title-page calls them. For example, Alban Butler's life of St. Dunstan is more than twice the length of the life contained in this volume. In this way the main object of the work has been kept in view, which is to provide for each day in the year a brief memoir suitable for fostering devotion to the saint of that day. To accomplish this satisfactorily long study has been required. For as a really good short sermon often involves more labor than a long and rambling discourse, so the summing up in a few

lines of the chief incidents of a saint's career, the seizing upon and indicating in concise terms his special traits of character and the inmost sources of his exterior life, require long study and a rare gift of condensation. And so this work is the outcome of great industry. In order to ascertain the names of those whom it should include, no less than one hundred and twenty-two calendars (many of them in MS.) have been consulted, and eighteen martyrologies—some of these, too, not yet printed. For the lives themselves no available source has been neglected. An important and interesting feature of the volume is the account of those who have given up their lives for the faith in post-Reformation times. For these the archives of the diocese of Westminster have been rendered accessible to Father Stanton. He has had, too, the assistance of many scholars in different parts of the world. As the result of all these combined efforts, we have a volume for which, on the whole, the Catholics of England, and of all other countries who take an interest in the propagation of the faith, cannot but feel the greatest gratitude to Father Stanton and to all who have contributed to its publication.

NEW PARKS BEYOND THE HARLEM. By John Mullaly. New York: Record and Guide Office.

In the hot and sparsely wooded regions of Hindostan the man who plants a grove of trees is regarded as the greatest benefactor of his kind, and his name is held in benediction by posterity. Now, we consider that the man whose forethought has planned and whose public spirit has secured large and attractive breathing-spaces for the crowded population of our great city has also the highest claim to the gratitude of his fellow-citizens. And this is the work that Mr. Mullaly, almost single-handed, has virtually accomplished for New York. His interesting account of the location, character, and extent of the "New Parks beyond the Harlem" is, we confess, an agreeable surprise to us. We had no idea that such ample provision was being made for the wants of our growing city, in this direction; and we are pretty sure that most persons who take up his book will find an equally agreeable surprise in store for them. Whether we consider their extent or their varied character, these new parks will be a splendid acquisition to a city that so sadly needs such surroundings. New York has no suburbs, and, were it not for the Central Park, it would be difficult to find a breath of woodland air within a reasonable distance of the city. It cannot be denied that the Central Park is now in reality central, and as a recreation ground is already inadequate to meet the growing wants of the metropolis. Other and more extensive play-grounds for the people are needed, and in the "New Parks beyond the Harlem" they are supplied.

While reading over Mr. Mullaly's brilliant descriptions of Van Cortlandt, Bronx, and Pelham Bay Parks we felt an almost irresistible impulse to go right off and visit them, but our enthusiasm was restrained by the expiring echoes of the latest blizzard from the West, and so we contented ourselves with looking over the exquisite bits of landscape with which the book is copiously illustrated. The project of securing these new parks for the public, the steps that led to their selection, and the difficulties encountered are all vividly set forth in this work. Its power of language and beauty of illustration make the book worthy of its well-known author and of the cause it advocates.

LOOKING BACKWARD—2000–1887. By Edward Bellamy. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

The preoccupation of men's minds with the social problem is faithfully mirrored in a great deal of the light literature now current in all tongues. True, the labor question, and the condition of the poor as affected by it, have afforded an occasional theme for the more prolific novelists for the last half-century. Mrs. Trollope turned an honest penny by depicting, in *Michael Armstrong*, the horrors of child-life in English cotton factories; Mrs. Gaskell twice or thrice used her knowledge of Manchester operatives to deepen the colors on her canvases; Charlotte Brontë, who was interested solely in the emotional life of individuals, and had little or no care for humanity in general, nevertheless found the "strike" to abound in picturesque material. In France there was Victor Hugo, arraigning society in a grandiose mixture of sounding sense and bombastic nonsense, and, among ourselves, Mrs. Stowe, laying the train which abolished the compulsory servitude of a race. But instances like these were, after all, sporadic, and in most cases could not be held significant of any popular tendency. They were for the most part in the nature of "art for art's sake," and in that they differed, as we think, from the more or less important works of recent fiction of which Mr. Bellamy's present venture is a specimen. These are the outgrowth of a deepening public sentiment impatient of old expedients, and resolved on some effort to shift the burdens and equalize the rewards of labor.

Mr. Bellamy's remedy is State socialism, to some modified form of which sound thinkers on all sides are doubtless looking as the direction from which light must finally come. His man of the nineteenth century, who falls into a mesmeric sleep in 1887 and wakes in the year 2000, finds all Americans of that date absolutely freed from care for the morrow and anxiety for the day, by a state which is itself the only employer of labor and the only distributor of its products. That variety of envy which arises from the sight of the unequal distribution of material goods has been made impossible by the expedient of annually allotting to each man and woman of the community an exactly equal share of all there is to be divided. The "insoluble labor problem" of all the ages has been solved, for "when the nation became the sole employer, all the citizens, by virtue of their citizenship, became employees, to be distributed according to the needs of industry." In other words, the principle of military service, as it is understood to-day, furnishes to the republic of the bi-millennial epoch the model for the final settlement of the labor question, and the "common enemy" against whom all combine is no longer a hostile state, but hunger, cold, and want, the foes of every state. From the age of twenty-four to that of forty-five every able-bodied man and woman serves the community in that branch of labor for which nature and inclination fit him, though no one is allowed to make election of his calling until after having served the first three years in whatever capacity "his superiors" assign him. The more difficult and trying tasks, such as mining, have the shortest hours of labor. The more skilful, intelligent, and able citizens receive no greater share of the nation's goods than the weak, the imbecile, or the manual laborer, but they are expected to do a greater amount of whatever work they have chosen to do. The basis of allotment for material goods is humanity; the just claim of each springs from the fact that he is a man.

"All men who do their best do the same. A man's endowments, however godlike, merely fix the measure of his duty." There is no longer any money, and hence the love of it can no longer engender evil. America (always in the year 2000) is only one among a community of enlightened nations, so that even in the case of foreign exchange all balances are settled in national staples. Neither are there any jails, not because there are absolutely no crimes, but because criminals are recognized as suffering from ancestral diseases, and are treated in the hospitals, their detention or other remedial treatment being doubled as to length or intensity if, on being accused, they are found to make a false plea in excuse. This contingency rarely arises, lying also having gone out of fashion. "The lie of fear," explains "Dr. Leete," "was the refuge of cowardice, and the lie of fraud the device of the cheat. . . . Because we are now all social equals, and no man has either anything to fear or anything to gain from another by deceiving him, the contempt of falsehood is so universal that it is rarely, as I told you, that a criminal in other respects will be found willing to lie."

It was just at this point that Mr. Bellamy's Utopia began to look a little hazy to us. His book is entertaining, and in several respects it is more than that. Grant his implicit assumption that the unequal distribution of material goods is the source of all miseries the human race is subject to, and he has a good deal to say for himself. No one can deny that such inequality does count for very much in the great total, but to believe that a mere rectification of this item would make the balance swing true is to admit an extremely short-sighted credulity. The total absence of the religious motive, in spite of vague allusions now and again to the "fatherhood of God," and a characteristically humanitarian "sermon" preached toward the close of the book, sharply accents a materialism which finds another expression in the remark, quoted from an author of the bi-millennial year, that "the vacuum left in the minds of men and women by the absence of care for one's livelihood has been entirely taken up by the tender passion." The question of the family, indeed, though treated at some length, has been rather evaded than answered by Mr. Bellamy. He says, it is true, that neither sex having anything but love to ask from the other, there are no longer any marriages but those of pure inclination—which is a solution extremely suggestive of that given concerning the absolute reign of truth in "the year 2000." Mr. Bellamy, in fact, contributes not very much of value to current discussion of the theme he essays. There is much that society might equitably and legitimately organize to do in the way of equalizing burdens, regulating trade, destroying monopolies, and opening avenues to willing labor. But supposing it to do all that can be done in that direction, the race then, like the individual now, would die of weariness, were nothing better in store for it. In the midst of poverty and anguish it is possible already to live in something nobler than resignation, in something fuller than content. But that is because it is now possible, under the hardest of actual conditions, for regenerated man to transcend his material environment and live the life of joy which is above nature. It is because he seems so dead to this fact that Mr. Bellamy's book is most unreal.

THOUGHTS ON THE HOLY GOSPELS: How they came to be in manner and form as they are. By Francis W. Upham, LL.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt.

This book is written to refute the errors and calumnies of infidels concerning the Four Gospels, and is a valuable addition to apologetical literature. The author is a believer in the authenticity of the Gospels, and has plainly made a deep study of the evidences which are calculated to establish it. He has mainly in view the difficulties presented by Strauss and Renan, though he notices more obscure and later controversialists on the same side. Being a Protestant, we can hardly expect to find him fixing definitely enough the authority by which the canon of the New Testament was established; yet he has much to say on this point that is useful to Biblical students, and especially so to persons in all states of life who have to contend with anti-Christian scoffers. His theory of an oral Gospel as in use before a written one is worthy of attention and is suggestive of the Catholic doctrine of apostolical tradition. He holds a reasonable view of inspiration and is orthodox as to our Lord's Divinity. It is noticeable that he affirms the first part of St. Luke's Gospel to be a transcript of "the Memoir of the Holy Virgin" concerning the events which transpired from the message of the Angel Gabriel till the finding in the Temple. Altogether a learned, well-written, and, as far as it goes, a sound treatise on the greatest of all books. The author has added an index with explanatory notes, which will be of much assistance.

MEMOIR OF BISHOP WILLSON, first Bishop of Hobart, Tasmania. By Bishop Ullathorne. New York: The Catholic Publication Society; London: Burns & Oates.

The venerable Bishop of Birmingham gives us in this little volume a sketch of a noble and heroic soul. Bishop Willson was a man whose life, especially its earlier years, was full of incidents of a peculiarly instructive kind for men who have to contend against obstacles to their vocation. How much "a plain man" can do for God is here told, and well told.

LIGUORI LEAFLETS; or, Holy Thoughts for Every Day in the Month, with some Additional Practices of Catholic Devotion, etc. Edited by Eleanor C. Donnelly. With an introduction by Very Rev. Thomas Cooke Middleton, D.D., O.S.A. Philadelphia: Frank A. Fasy. 1887.

A book of one hundred and thirty-eight pages, small enough for the vest-pocket, and containing selections from the writings of St. Alphonsus for the mornings and evenings of the thirty-one days of the month. The uses of such little manuals are well understood by all intelligent Catholics, or ought to be. The great range of St. Alphonsus' writings, and especially his deep spirit of fervor and unction, make them especially apt for making such a compilation. Miss Donnelly's poetical dedication to Cardinal Gibbons is a real gem, and we hope will appear among her other poetical writings in future publications of them.

MR. ABSALOM BILLINGSLEA, AND OTHER GEORGIA FOLK. By Richard M. Johnston. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1888.

This collection of Georgia stories which were published in magazines is in Mr. Johnston's usual vein. Pathos and humor are intermingled, and the peculiar features of country-life in Georgia, as it used to be, with the peculiar dialect, are photographed with minute fidelity. The little book is very entertaining reading.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF ST. TERESA. Vol. II. By Henry J. Coleridge, S.J. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

We have in this biography a most interesting picture of the strong and beautiful character of the saint, a faithful account of her many supernatural favors, as far as they are known, and a carefully prepared record of her foundations. The letters add greatly to the completeness of the biography. Only the most important of them, however, are published. The work will be completed in three volumes, and will rank as one of the best lives of the saints that we have. We have read through the first volume, and are now reading the second, and in our opinion Father Coleridge has succeeded in this work as well as he did in writing *The Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier*.

THE HOLY ANGELS. By the Rev. R. O'Kennedy (of the diocese of Limerick). New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

This is an admirable book, at once compendious, clear, and interesting. It treats in the catechetical form all the subjects suggested by its title—as, for example, the nature and excellence of the angels; the fall and punishment of those among them who prevaricated; guardian angels; the fallen spirits in their relations to men, and the safeguards against their attacks; the subject of magic in our days; and, finally, the state of man before and after the fall, and the glory of the blessed in heaven. That the matter is sound is guaranteed by the *imprimatur* of Cardinal Manning; and that the manner is excellent and the typography nearly perfect is a testimony which we very gladly render.

HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. By George Park Fisher, D.D., LL.D., Titus Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1887.

We doubt not that the writer of this book has striven to fulfil his "honest desire to avoid all unfairness," but the impartial and critical school to which he belongs, in their very attempts to explain in a purely human way divine facts, only show the futility of such efforts.

The scope of church history, he tells us, is the description of the "rise and progress of that community of which Jesus of Nazareth was the founder." Accordingly he sketches the work of Christ and his apostles in founding the church, and reviews the extension of their labors by their followers up to the present time. A glorious work indeed for one who, with the human qualifications requisite, has, in addition, spiritual discernment of the things that are Christ's. To these sacred annals the Christian looks for evidences that his faith is divine; for assurances that his hope, if he fights the good fight, is certain; and for instruction in holy living and dying. Every believer must have his hagiology of some kind. If it be not Linus, Clement, Ignatius, Irenæus, Cyprian, Augustine, Bernard, Francis, Dominic, and Xavier, it will be Wickliff, Huss, Luther, Cranmer, Calvin, Knox, and Wesley. Some living chain must link us back to the time when Christ taught.

Professor Fisher gives in some respects a well-defined account of the earliest period of the church. Originally, he declares, it was "the body of disciples with the apostles at their head" (p. 15). Concerning its organization he says: "The injunctions to the apostles to superintend the

flock and the rites of baptism and the Lord's Supper imply definite association" (p. 35). "To the apostles [was] given the power of the keys and the power of binding and loosing—that is, the authority to exercise Christian discipline and legislative or judicial function in connection with the planting of the Gospel" (p. 37). Concerning the New Testament Scriptures he writes: "It was no part of the intention of the apostles and their helpers to create a permanent literature, nor did they foresee that their writings, which were called into being by special wants and emergencies, often by an inability to visit in person the churches which they addressed, would be compiled into a volume and stand in the eyes of posterity on a level with the law and the prophets. For a considerable time the words and works of Jesus were orally related by the apostles, and by other witnesses, to their converts. As the apostles for a number of years spent much time together at Jerusalem, this oral teaching would naturally tend to assume a stereotyped form. This fact of an oral tradition preceding written narratives must be taken into account in explaining the characteristics of the first three Gospels" (p. 42). In another work, entitled *The Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1883), the author says: "The persons and transactions through which revelation is made . . . are anterior to the Scriptures that relate them" (p. 414). "Christianity was not made by the Scriptures. On the contrary, the Scriptures are the product of the church" (p. 415).

With such a notion of the apostolical church, how, pray, does he defend the Congregationalist system? He appeals to the following text of Holy Scripture: "All ye are brethren" (Matt. xxiii. 8), and argues from it that "the original basis of ecclesiastical organization" was "the fraternal equality of believers" (p. 35). But does not this argument militate just as strongly against apostolic as against hierarchical authority? It certainly does. The equality of believers should surely have no greater organic force after the apostles were dead than before. His argument, therefore, fails to establish his point. In his conception of the church there are here two ideas that destroy each other. He advances another argument from Scripture: "Instead of a sacerdotal order there was a universal priesthood": "Be you also as living stones built up, a spiritual house, a holy priesthood. . . . But you are a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood" (1 Pet. ii. 5, 9) (p. 35). We answer that in these passages there is only the declaration of a universal priesthood (which doctrine the Catholic Church has always held), but this does not preclude an order of true sacrificial priesthood in addition. In this instance his reasoning is fallacious.

Another defence of his church theory is his assumption that the connection of the churches originally was not organic. Against this theory we oppose the following facts: (1) The teaching of the apostles produced doctrinal unity; their authority could not be ignored; they certainly were not inferior to the seventy-two to whom Christ said: "He that heareth you heareth me, and he that despiseth you despiseth me" (Luke x. 16). (2) There was only one baptism. (3) There was intercommunion. (4) There was a common worship, without which intercommunion would have been impossible. Is not doctrinal, sacramental, and liturgical union organic? Yes; and it is precisely the unity which is a note of the true church.

That the church maintained this kind of unity by the Papal bond of

unity for centuries is admitted by all. Professor Fisher says: "The church stood forth after the middle of the second century as a distinct body. It claimed to be, in opposition to heretical and schismatical parties, the 'Catholic Church.' Membership in this one visible church was believed to be necessary to salvation. . . . The unity of the church was cemented by the episcopate—by the bishops as successors of the apostles. The episcopate, like the apostolate in which Peter was the centre of unity, was a unit" (p. 57). How is this fact to be accounted for? Is it credible that the church could maintain her original unity without also maintaining her original doctrine? Could unity be perpetuated without the continuance of the authority which produced it? Would not this be to suppose an effect without a cause? Again, were the sacraments instituted to be perpetual? If they were, is not the perpetuity of doctrine implied also? Was not the doctrine of the apostles given for all time? If this was a bond of unity in the beginning, must it not always be so? There is a perpetual living witness that answers these questions—the church. The Catholic Church has a twofold verification: first, the external fact that she extends back and merges into the apostolic church; secondly, that there is such an internal coherence in her doctrines that to change one is to destroy all of them. Developments consequent upon her extension, the persecutions she has suffered, the peaceful conquests she has won, the different moral and intellectual conditions of her children and the world, have only manifested more clearly the perfect harmony of her teaching and the perpetuity of her life.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

IRELAND'S CAUSE IN ENGLAND'S PARLIAMENT. By Justin McCarthy, M.P. With Preface by John Boyle O'Reilly. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

SHAKSPEARE IN FACT AND IN CRITICISM. By Appleton Morgan, A.M., LL.B. New York: William Evarts Benjamin.

SONGS OF A LIFETIME. By Eliza Allen Starr, author of *Patron Saints* and *Pilgrims and Shrines*. Published by the Author, St. Joseph's Cottage, No. 229 Huron St., Chicago, Ill.

EMMANUEL; or, The Infancy and the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ reproduced in the Mysteries of the Tabernacle. By Mrs. Abel Ram, author of *The Most Beautiful among the Children of Men*. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

THE SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1888. By J. A. Lyons, University of Notre Dame.

MANUAL OF THE ANTI-MASONIC LEAGUE. With a Brief of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. Marshall, Ill.: Church Progress Printing House.

MORALS *vs.* ART. By Anthony Comstock. New York and Chicago: J. S. Ogilvie & Co.

SERMON preached at the Solemn Benediction and Installation of the Right Rev. Camillus Beardwood, first Lord Abbot of the Cistercian Monastery, Mount St. Joseph's, Roscrea, by Father Antoninus Keane, O.P. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS; or, Travels in Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, Samoa, and other Pacific Islands. By Maturin M. Ballou. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

THE HEREAFTER. Twenty-three Answers, by as many Religious Teachers, to the Question, What are the Strongest Proofs and Arguments in Support of the Belief in a Life Hereafter? Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSION to Investigate and Report the Most Humane and Practical Method of Carrying into Effect the Sentence of Death in Capital Cases. Transmitted to the Legislature of the State of New York.

ADDRESS ON THE PRESENT CONDITION AND PROGRESS OF POPULAR EDUCATION IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK. Delivered by J. Edward Simmons, LL.D. Published by order of the Board. New York: Hall of the Board of Education.

THE BAD CHRISTIAN; or, Sermons on the Seven Deadly Sins, and the different Sins against God and our Neighbor which flow therefrom. By Rev. Francis Hunolt, S.J. New York: Benziger Bros.

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